



“You will know them by their fruits.” Mt. 7:16

LIFE of WILLIAM CARVOSSO

Sixty Years a Class Leader

Written by Himself

Chapter 1

When I have lately reflected on the forbearance of God in sparing me while I lived without Him amidst innumerable sins and provocations, more than twenty years, and have also considered the amazing displays of His mercy and love during nearly half a century, since I fled as a poor, penitent sinner to Jesus Christ for pardon and salvation. I have felt an ardent desire to write down something of His kind dealings toward me, and more especially so since my dear son requested me to do it.

Convinced in my own mind it is a duty so to do, I now sit down to make the attempt. I can appeal to Thee, O Thou Searcher of hearts, that in this matter I aim at nothing but Thy glory, and my earnest prayer is, that to what I write Thou wouldst give Thy blessing for Thy own name's sake. Amen.

I was born March 11, 1750, near Mousehole, in the parish of Paul, county of Cornwall. Of my father I knew but little. He went to sea in a trading vessel when I was very young and was afterward taken by a press-gang and put on board a man-of-war. He continued in the king's service many years and died in Greenwich Hospital. My mother was a churchwoman, and one, I trust, who feared God and found her way to Heaven. We were four brothers and one sister. I was the youngest of the family and till I was ten years of age lived with my mother, who during this time carefully taught me to read. A respectable farmer of the same parish now requested me to come and live with him; to this I cheerfully consented. After a while my master became very earnest about having an indenture for me, and just at this time, my father happening to come into Plymouth, he went up to him and got me bound till I was eighteen years of age. Three years after this my master died; but, as I was treated with great kindness, I remained in the family eleven years. During this time, I was borne down by the prevailing sins of the age, such as cock-fighting, wrestling, card playing, and Sabbath breaking; and though I cannot recollect that during this period I heard a sermon by a Methodist preacher, yet I a regular attendant at my parish church.

When I reflect on these years of my life, I cannot but praise God for His kind providence over me while “I knew Him not. How often am I constrained to say, “Through hidden

dangers, toils, and death,

Thou, Lord, hast gently cleared my way.”

Twice I was near being drowned; once, when a child, by falling into a river; once, by attempting to cross over Hayle, on horseback, when the tide was too high: this was a very narrow escape. On another occasion I was thrown from a horse and taken up for dead.

In the year 1771 the Lord was pleased, in His mercy, to convert my sister, and having tasted that the Lord was gracious, she came from Gwineaer, a distance of twelve miles, to tell us of the happy news and to warn us to flee from the wrath to come. On entering my mother's house on the Sabbath morning, I was not a little surprised to find my sister on her knees praying with my mother and brothers. After she had concluded, she soon began to inquire what preparation I was making for eternity. I was quite at a loss for an answer. She then asked me if I attended the preaching of the Methodists. I told her I did not. Upon this she particularly requested me to go that night. “And be sure,” says she, “you hear for yourself.” As the evening drew on, I felt a very strong desire to go to the preaching, which was at Newlyn, in a room on the Maddern side of the river. As soon as I entered the place, I steadfastly fixed my eyes on the preacher, who was Mr. Thomas Hanson. His text was, “We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.” The Word quickly reached my heart, the scales fell off from my eyes and I saw and felt I was in “the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity.” I had such a sight of the damning nature of sin and what I had done against God, that I was afraid the earth would have opened and swallowed me up. I then made a solemn promise to the Lord, that if He would spare me I would serve Him all my days. I now gave up my sins and all my old companions at a stroke, and at once determined, if I could see any one going to Heaven, I would join him. For myself, I was determined to go to Heaven, cost what it would. That night I had a hard struggle with Satan about praying before I went to bed. He appeared as if he was by me and labored to terrify me with his presence and the cross of the duty, but the Lord helped me against the temptation by applying that portion of Scripture, “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works,” etc.

Satan instantly fled and I fell on my knees. It would be too tedious to mention everything that passed and all my inward struggles before I found the Lord. I suffered much for many days, but about the space of eight hours before I received the pardon of sin, I might say with David, “The pains of hell gat hold upon me,” and the adversary of my soul harassed me with this temptation, “The day of grace is passed; it is now too late.” I had no one to instruct or encourage me, no one to point me to Christ; I knew nothing of the way of faith, nor had I been at a class meeting. I remember, however, that in the midst of the conflict, I said, in answer to the powerful suggestions of the devil, “I am determined, whether I am saved or lost, that, I have breath, I will never cease crying for mercy.” The very moment I formed this resolution in my heart, Christ appeared within and God pardoned all my sins and set my soul at liberty. The Spirit Himself now bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. This was about nine o'clock at night, May 7, 1771 and never shall I forget that happy hour.

From experience I now well knew that Satan was a “roaring lion,” but I was not yet aware of his being able to transform himself into “an angel of light.” He now told me I must not declare what I had experienced; that if I did, I should at once fall into condemnation. I was caught in a snare and without the least hesitation I said, “Then I will take care not to mention it.” For two days I kept it from my brother, who lived in the same family and was laboring under the same distress of mind as that from which I had been delivered. But overhearing some friends at Mousehole, after they came out of a meeting, talk on the subject of their knowing their sins forgiven, I was drawn to join in

the conversation and told them of what I had felt. The delusion under which I labored now vanished and I at once saw the matter in a Scripture light: that “no man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel;” but, that as “with the heart man believeth unto righteousness,” so “with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.”

Here I would remark, how wonderful is God's method of saving sinners and spreading the knowledge of His grace! My sister was converted at the distance of many miles from us, but, in the fullness of her heart, she came that distance to tell us what great things the Lord had done for her and to invite us to partake of the same salvation. The Lord was pleased to bless her visit and to make it instrumental in bringing my brother Benedict and myself to the knowledge of the truth.

My brother and I both joined the society at Mousehole at the same time. At this period the society there was very small, consisting of one class only. In this class the principal persons whose names I can recollect, were John Harvey and his wife (in whose house both the class meeting and the preaching were held,) Jacob George and his wife, Joseph Beaden and his wife, John Yeoman and his two daughters, and Richard Wright, who afterward became a traveling preacher and was one of the first who went to America.

In the same happy frame of mind, which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but, oh, how greatly was I mistaken! I was a young recruit and knew not of the warfare I had engaged in. But I was soon taught that I had only enlisted as a soldier to fight for King Jesus, and that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also, which now began to make no small stir.

Having never conversed with any one who enjoyed purity of heart, nor read any of Mr. Wesley's works, I was at a loss both with respect to the nature, and the way to obtain the blessing of full salvation. From my first setting out in the way to Heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian; and though I had not much time for reading many books, yet I blessed God, I had His own Word, the Bible, and could look into it. This gave me a very clear map of the way to Heaven, and told me that “without holiness no man could see the Lord”. It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from “an evil heart of unbelief.” My heart appeared to me as a small garden with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up, I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind and what a work must be done before I could be “meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.” My inward nature appeared so black and sinful that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. I had ever kept in remembrance

“The blessed hour when from above

I first received the pledge of love.”

What I now wanted was “inward holiness;”

and for this I prayed and searched the Scriptures.

Among the number of promises which I found in the bible, that gave me to see it was my privilege to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezekiel 36:25-27. This is the great and precious promise of the eternal Jehovah, and I laid hold of it, determined not to stop short of my privilege, for I saw clearly the will of God was my sanctification. The more I examined the Scriptures, the more I was convinced that without holiness there could be no Heaven. Many were the hard struggles which I had

with unbelief, and Satan told me that if I ever should get it, I should never be able to retain it; but keeping close to the Word of God with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of it would do in a dying hour and the Judgment day.

Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that He would cleanse my heart from all sin and make me holy, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

I well remember returning one night from a meeting, with my mind greatly distressed from a want of the blessing. I turned into a lonely barn to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. O what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! Thomas was under its wretched influence only eight days before Jesus appeared to him; but I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus and believing on Him for the blessing; not having then clearly discovered that the witness of the Spirit is God's gift, not my act, but given to all who exercise faith in Jesus and the promise made through Him. At length, one evening while engaged in a prayer meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith, by believing, "I shall have the blessing now." Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room, and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, "I shall have the blessing now," than refining fire went "through my heart, illuminated my soul, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole." I then received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, "This is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart." I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was nothing, and Christ was all in all. Him I now cheerfully received in all His offices, my Prophet to teach me, my Priest to atone for me, my King to reign over me.

"Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!"

O what boundless, boundless happiness there is in Christ, and all for such a poor sinner as I am! This happy change took place in my soul March 13, 1772.

Soon after this, Mr. Wesley's pamphlet on Christian Perfection was put into my hand. I do not know that I had ever seen any of his works before. On reading this little work, I was filled with amazement, to think that a man I had never seen could read my heart in such a manner. This tended greatly to establish me in the truth of the gospel.

About three years after I became a member of the society, I was requested to take the charge of a little class, to which I submitted in the fear of God. I had been a leader about four or five years, when I was convinced it was my duty to alter my condition in life, by exchanging the state of a single for that of a married man. In this matter I ever believed I was divinely directed; for God gave me a wife who proved a helpmeet for me all the days of her life. In matters temporal and spiritual, I always found her a lasting blessing to me.

On entering into the marriage state, I took a small farm near Mousehole, and engaged myself on the Seine in the summer, during the pilchard season. Though our accommodations were humble, for some years the preachers lodged with us. But I never found the sea to agree with me, and at length I earnestly prayed that God would direct my steps, and fix me in some place where I might support myself and family wholly on the land, and soon He condescended to grant me the desire of my heart.

For this I hope I shall praise Him in time and to all eternity.

Unsolicited, and in a manner which I did not expect, my way was opened to take a farm in the parish of Gluvias, near Ponsanooth. And here, at Christmas 1788 I brought a beloved wife and two children, and before the end of a year came round we had another son. In entering on our new sphere of life, with little capital, we had many unpleasant things to encounter, but the Lord was with us, and brought us through all.

Here I found my outward religious privileges were widely different from what they were at Mousehole; it was like being brought from the land of Goshen into a dry and barren wilderness.

There was no chapel in the neighborhood, but at a farmhouse, about three quarters of a mile distant, we had preaching once a fortnight. Here was a little class, feeble and destitute enough; for it had no leader, he having been removed some time before, and not one of the members could even assist in holding a prayer meeting. When I beheld these few poor sheep in the wilderness without a shepherd, I began to discover the reason why God had brought me from the distance of twenty-six miles and fixed me in this place.

I took the charge of the little class, and went on for some years without seeing much good done.

At length, two pious men came into the neighborhood for a short time to work, and I was led, in rather a singular manner, and without knowing their characters, to give them lodging at my house.

With their help, a prayer meeting was now commenced, and about this time I saw it my duty, though the Lord had given me but one talent, to attempt in the prayer meetings to give a word of exhortation.

I saw sinners perishing without repentance, and the Lord seemed to say to me, "Their blood will I require at thy hands." With fear and trembling I opened my mouth to beseech them to flee from the wrath to come; and soon after, to our great joy, it pleased the Lord to convince and convert a few souls, and add them to our little number.

It was about this time that the Lord condescended to hear prayer and convert my two elder children. Returning one night from the quarterly meeting love feast at Redruth in company with a pious friend, he told me he had the unspeakable happiness the night before to witness the conversion of his young daughter while he held her in his arms. I informed him I had two children who were getting up to mature age, but I was grieved to say I had not yet seen any marks of a work of God upon their minds. His reply I shall never forget: "Brother," says he, "has not God promised to pour His Spirit upon thy seed, and His blessing upon thy offspring?" The words went through me in an unaccountable manner; they seemed to take hold of my heart: I felt as if I had not done my duty, and resolved to make a new effort in prayer. I had always prayed for my children, but now I grasped the promise with the hand of faith, and retired daily at special seasons to put the Lord to His word. I said nothing of what I felt, or did, to any one but the Searcher of hearts, with whom I wrestled in an agony of prayer.

About a fortnight after I had been thus engaged with God, being at work in the field, I received a message from my wife, informing me that I was wanted within. When I entered the house, my wife told me, "Grace is above stairs, apparently distressed for something; but nothing can be got from her, but that she must see father." Judge of my feelings, when I found my daughter a weeping penitent at the feet of Jesus. On seeing me she exclaimed. "O father, I am afraid I shall go to Hell!" The answer of my full heart was, "No, glory be to God, I am not afraid of that now." She said she had felt the load of sin about a fortnight, and that now she longed to find Christ. I pointed her to the true Physician, and she soon found rest through faith in the atoning blood. My eldest son had

hitherto been utterly careless about the things of God, and associated with youths of a similar disposition of mind; but now he became the subject of a manifest change. He cast off his old companions, and one Sunday afternoon, just before I was going to meet my class, he came to me with a sorrowful mind and expressed his desire to go with me to the class meeting. He did go, and that day cast in his lot with the people of God, and, blessed be His holy name, they both continue to this day.

The society had now considerably increased, and the barren wilderness began to rejoice. We had two large classes, but no one had yet arisen to assist me as a leader. We had now preaching twice a week, and the place where we assembled became too small for the congregation, and there was also much uncertainty about our being able to occupy it much longer. I therefore saw it my duty to do my utmost to get a little chapel erected, before the Lord should remove me from them. After much labor and anxiety, a suitable spot was procured for the purpose. To build the chapel was a great work for us; but by labor, giving what we could, and begging of those whom the Lord inclined to help us, we at length saw the blessed work accomplished. And now that I beheld the desire of my heart given me, O how did I rejoice and exult in the God of my salvation! The work of the Lord prospered more and more in the society, and I now began to feel a particular concern for the salvation of my younger son. I laid hold by faith on the same promise which I had before urged when pleading for my other children, and went to the same place to call upon my God in his behalf. One day while I was wrestling with God in mighty prayer for him, these words were applied with power to my mind: "There shall not an hoof be left behind." I could pray no more; my prayer was lost in praises, in shouts of joy, and "Glory, glory, glory! The Lord will save all my family!" While I am writing this, the silent tears flow down from my eyes. His life was quite moral, I could not reprove him for any outward sin. In his leisure hours his delight was in studying different branches of useful knowledge: but this, though good in its place, was not religion; I knew his heart was yet estranged from God. After the answer I had in prayer, I waited some time, hoping to see the change effected in him as it was in his sister and brother; but this not taking place according to my expectations, I felt my mind deeply impressed with the duty of embracing the first opportunity of opening my mind to him, and talking closely to him about eternal things. I accordingly came to him on one occasion when he was, as usual, engaged with his books: and with my heart deeply affected, I asked him if it was not time for him to enter upon a life of religion. I told him "with tears," that I then felt my body was failing, and that if anything would distress my mind in a dying hour. It would be the thought of closing my eyes in death before I saw him converted to God. This effort the Lord was pleased to bless. The truth took hold of his heart; he went with me to the class meeting, and soon obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins. This was a matter of great joy and rejoicing to me and my dear wife; we had now the unspeakable happiness of seeing all our dear children converted to God, and traveling in the way to Heaven with us.

Our place of worship now again became too strait of us, and the society and friends of God's cause had so increased, that after much deliberation it was resolved to pull down the chapel that had been erected a few years before, and build a much larger one on the same site, and attach a burying-ground to it. This was done accordingly; but I did not take so prominent a part in it as on the former occasion: God had now raised up others to take this burden from me.

In the month of June, 1818, it pleased the Lord to visit me with a severe and heavy trial, by bereaving me of my dearly beloved wife. She died of that painful disease, a cancer in the breast. In the beginning of her complaint, two physicians were consulted; but, by reason of a difference of opinion between them, it was never cut out. For eighteen

months she suffered at times indescribably, but the Lord wonderfully supported her. She bore up under the affliction in a most astonishing manner. Such were the manifestations of the divine presence to her soul, that in the midst of her severest sufferings, she would often sweetly sing her favorite hymns, and so loud as to be heard over all the house. "The God of Abraham praise" was the hymn she much delighted in singing, especially these two verses: —

"The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God:
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood."
"He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborn,
To Heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore."

One morning, when distracted by pain, she said, "Do not trouble yourself about my everlasting state, for the Lord has given me such an assurance of hope, that should pain be permitted utterly to deprive me of my reason, I know I should go to Heaven." A short time before she expired, she called me and my son Benjamin to her bedside, and requested us to sing that beautiful hymn: -- "Let earth and Heaven agree," etc...

She sweetly joined with us as far as her strength would admit, and the triumph of faith and love contained in the hymn appeared the language of her heart. Just before she fell asleep in Jesus, she said, "The rest shall be glorious." I was enabled, without a murmuring thought, to offer her up unto the Lord as His own gift, in the full assurance of faith, that we should soon meet in Heaven to part no more forever. She was the first person interred in the Ponsanooth burying-ground; and I intend that my body shall be put in the same grave when I die, that we may sleep together till the great day when the "trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible;" and we, and I trust all our dear children with us, shall fly up and be forever with the Lord.

Soon after this, in the beginning of the year 1814, a great and glorious revival broke out at Redruth, and spread to various parts of Cornwall. It was such a revival as my eyes never saw before.

I call it "a glorious revival;" for such it proved to my soul: my faith was so increased to see the mighty power of God displayed in convincing and converting such vast multitudes. For this great and merciful visitation numbers will praise God to all eternity. It has been my privilege to witness the happy deaths of many who were brought to the knowledge of the truth at this time. At Ponsanooth we partook largely of the general good. The society, which, twenty-five years before, consisted of one small and feeble class, now became a society of near two hundred members, divided into eleven classes. Three of these came under my care, and one of them was committed to my younger son, who had for some time before acted as a local preacher.

My daughter and elder son being married; I had now none of my family with me but my son Benjamin, to whom I was united in love and affection more than I can express. But,

lo and behold! The time was now come when I must give up my Benjamin to the Lord. I was present at the quarterly meeting, held at Redruth, March, 1814, when Mr. Truscott, then superintendent of the circuit, proposed to the meeting that he should be recommended to the ensuing conference to be employed as a traveling preacher. This was passed unanimously, for I did not dare to oppose it, being quite convinced it was of the Lord; for I had reason to think, even from circumstance connected with his childhood, that God had destined him for the ministry. He passed the district meeting; and, being accepted by the conference, he was appointed the first year to Plymouth Dock circuit. When the time came for parting, we mingled our tears together, but resigned ourselves to the will of the Lord.

For many months after my son left me to enter upon his great and important work, being quite alone, I scarcely knew how I should get through. In this state of things, I spread my case before the Lord, and earnestly sought direction from above. He saw my motive was to please Him, and He condescended to direct me. One evening, while sitting alone and considering whether I ought to give up my farm and free myself from the cares of the world, these words came with power to my mind: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door." I immediately considered it the voice of the Lord, and my heart replied, "Then I will at once go out of the world, and retire from all its cares." From this moment I saw my way clear; I was entirely freed from the world, and resolved to give up my few remaining days wholly to the service and glory of God. When my friends, belonging to the society at Ponsanooth, heard of my determination, sorrow filled their hearts, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could bring their minds at all to submit to it. On laying the matter before the preachers' and the leaders' meeting, it was thought best for me to continue as the nominal leader of my three classes, and to visit them as often as I could, three other leaders, or assistant leaders, being appointed to take charge of them in my absence. Thus it had continued to the present time.



Chapter 2

I now went to live with my daughter at Downstall, in the parish of Mylor, about three miles distant from Ponsanooth. Since I have given up the world, my peace has flowed as a river, and my joys have abounded like Jordan's swelling stream.

"All glory and honor to Jesus alone."

O what a salvation is that which Jesus has purchased for poor sinners! It is a full, free, and present salvation; a salvation from all sin, its guilt, its power, and its very inbeing; and a salvation is attained by simple faith. O how great are the privileges of believers! Not only are they cleansed from sin, but are become the children of God; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. "All are yours; and ye are Christ's."

Many circumstances have occurred in my life, besides those already mentioned, in which it has pleased the Lord to make me useful, both to His own people and turning one Sabbath day from worship, I happened to look behind me, when I saw a neighbor of mine coming. It was immediately impressed upon my mind that came up with me. I then spoke freely to him about his future state; but I soon found death and eternity were subjects he had thought little about, for he was asleep in his sins. I began to preach the law to him, and often, while speaking, lifted up my heart to God to bless what I said. I asked him if

he was willing to die in his present state. He acknowledged he was not.

I then earnestly requested him that, as he was now laboring under indisposition, as soon as he should reach his house, he would go into his chamber and fall down upon his knees and implore that mercy of which he stood so much in need. Blessed be God, he took the warning; for he went home and instantly retired for prayer. The Lord gave him to see and feel that he was a poor, lost sinner. He soon obtained an interest in the blood of Christ, lived for some time a striking witness of the power of divine grace, and died happy in God.

In the latter part of the year 1815, when I was going to see my son, then traveling in the Liskeard circuit, when I came to Teague's Gate, between Gram-pound and St. Austell, a young female, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, came out to take the toll. She was a stranger to me; but the moment I saw her, I felt such a love for her soul, and such a concern for her salvation, that I thought I could have died for her, if that would bring her to the Lord, and be the means of saving her soul. But as soon as I had delivered to her the toll she instantly retired, and I had no opportunity of speaking to her. When I had proceeded a few steps from the gate, I stopped my horse and lifted up my heart to God; for I was at a loss what to do, whether to go forward, or turn back to inquire into the state of her mind. While I reflected for a moment, It was impressed upon my mind I should see her again when I returned, so I proceeded on my journey; but, during the eleven days that intervened, she was seldom absent from my thoughts when on my knees before God in secret.

On my return, as little before I came to the gate, I resolved, before the Searcher of hearts, that if she should again come out I would not deliver her the money till I had made some inquiry into the state of her mind. As soon as I saw her come out, my heart said, "Surely, the Lord has a hand in this matter!" As soon as we came near to each other, to open the way for a conversation, I said to her, "Can you be happy in this lonely place?" But I soon found she was a stranger to happiness, of she was an unawakened sinner, without God and without hope in the world. While talking to her for a short time, her mother, overhearing the conversation, came to the door. On seeing her, she slipped from me and went in. On this account I felt sorry, as I had not said to her all I intended. I immediately alighted, went in after her and found the Lord had touched her heart, for she was bitterly weeping. At the sight of this I soon wept also. Her father was present, a pious man and a class leader, but unknown to me: he requested me to pray with her. The Lord poured His Spirit upon us, and my soul seemed overwhelmed with the divine presence. After prayer, her father said he had often wished his daughter to go with him to class meeting, but he could never induce her to do it. I urged her to promise me that she would go that night; for I learned that was the night of the class meeting. She felt the cross, and seemed reluctant to take it up; but I continued to urge my plea. She wept much, and my own mind was much affected. At length I was constrained, by the love I felt for her soul, to say, "I cannot let you go unless you promise me you will tonight go with your father." She was already much affected by the conversation which had taken place, and I felt considerable hope that I should not in her case find a very difficult conquest. Accordingly, she soon promised me that that night she would go with her sister and join the people of God.

After this I heard nothing of them for four months. About this time, Liskeard friends having requested me to pay them another visit, I had again to pass through Teague's Gate. When I came near I labored to conceal my countenance as much as possible, by leaning forward on the neck of the horse. But the moment Jane saw me she knew me, and exclaimed, "You were sent here to save my soul!" I said, "It is the Lord that did it, and you must give the glory to Him." Her sister hearing my voice, ran out with heaven

sparkling in her eyes, and shouting aloud the praises of the Most High.

“Come in, come in!” was their language. I went in, and they told me they both went to class meeting that night, according to their promise; “and now,” said they, “we are both happy.” Their father assured me there was now no need to urge them to go to class meeting, for they were anxious to go at every opportunity.

About eighteen months after this, it pleased God to remove Jane to a better world. She held fast the beginning of her confidence and died in sure and certain hope of eternal glory. A short time after her death, I called to see the family, and said to Robert, her elder brother, “You must now go and fill up your sister's place in the church.” Jonathan, the younger brother, being present, burst into tears, and from that time gave his heart to the Lord. He continued steadfast in the ways of the Lord three years, and then died happy in a Saviour's love. About twelve months after the death of Jonathan, I called once more on the family; and finding Robert still unconverted, I felt a longing desire for his salvation. When he came in, I requested the other members of the family to leave the room. I then asked him what objection he had to give his heart to God. The silent tear soon began to flow, and before we parted he promised he would give himself to the Lord, and go with his father to class meeting. Five years he walked in wisdom's ways, and then finished his course with joy. O how do these things humble my soul in the dust! With a heart deeply affected with my nothingness, I sweetly fall at the feet of Jesus, –

“And the Lover of sinners adore.”

Yes, I will give all honor to my precious Jesus alone. His love is a fire in my heart while I am writing, constraining me to cry out, –

“O how precious! O how precious!

Is the sound of Jesus' name.”

But I must leave this delightful subject, and go to record more of His wondrous works.

Can I forget the happy seasons and manifestations of the power of God, which I have witnessed at Bicton-Mill, with my Brother Body and his family? No, never by me can these things be forgotten; particularly while at one time conversing with the eldest daughter, Mary. She had for some time known her acceptance in Christ, but now she said, “I want to be cleansed from inbred sin, and to love God with all my heart.” I told her, “The will of God is your sanctification, and God Himself had expressly said, ‘I will “sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean:... a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit I will put within you.” Here,” said I, “the eternal God speaks to you.

Take Him at His word; and, at once `reckon yourself to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.” She obeyed the command; and, through an act of faith in the atonement, entered into the glorious rest of the people of God: --

“A rest where all our souls' desire

Is fixed on things above;

Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,

Cast out by perfect love.”

She now told me she felt the blood of Christ had cleansed her from all sin. I corresponded with her for some years. She was a burning and a shining light; but the Lord did not leave her long a member of His church below. A short time before she was taken ill, she said to her sister, “I dreamed last night I was with you and others in a prayer meeting. It was a blessed time, and we were all happy in God. But it seemed to me I was suspended in the air above you all.” she died in the faith, leaving a blessed testimony behind her that she is gone to glory.

The first time I visited Callington, a friend asked me to take a walk before meeting. We

called on Mr. Jope, and I fell into conversation with his daughter Nancy, on the necessity of preparing to meet God, and the danger of delaying such an important work. After I left her, her spiritual state so lay on my mind that I could sleep but little during the whole night. In the morning I felt it a duty impressed on my mind to see her again before I left Callington. It was not a little cross "to flesh and blood," but I saw I must do it. So I went to her and delivered my own soul. She wept much, promised to give herself to God, and to unite with His people. The next time I came into that neighborhood, I found her at a friend's house where I took tea; she was then concerned for her soul, but in a state of bondage, and quite unacquainted with the plan of salvation. I spoke to her of Jesus Christ, and of the punishment which He had borne in His own body on her account, and show her that now there was nothing wanting but faith on her part. Afterward in an exhortation at the chapel, I offered in my simple way, Christ as a full, free, and present Saviour, able and willing to save unto the uttermost.

When I came out of the meeting, she caught hold of my arm, and said in the fullness of her heart, "I am happy; I am happy. These words applied to my mind, --

"Thy debt's discharged, --thy ransom's paid;

My Father must forgive,'

and I instantly believed, and received the pardon of my sins." She has since been ranked among my much esteemed correspondents.

Jan. 14th. O how precious is the Word of God to my soul! Especially the promise of full salvation, the truth of which I have happily experienced for many years; nor have I at proper times shunned to declare what God had done for my soul. Not all the powers of darkness have been able to baffle me out of the reality and truth of this glorious doctrine. It does really appear to me, it would be one of my greatest sins to deny this work of the Spirit of God in my soul.

June. Being pressed to visit the friends at Breage again, I have been over a second time, and spent some weeks with them. I rejoiced to find so much good resulted from my former visit, and I hope on this occasion I did not spend my time in vain with them. At a meeting one night, the power of God descended among us as a mighty rushing wind, and one present was filled with the Spirit in a very remarkable manner. At the request of the friends I visited Porthleven. I went from house to house and reasoned with the people about righteousness and a Judgment to come, and I invited several to come to a class meeting which was to be held the next day. At that meeting the Lord poured out His convincing Spirit and four were deeply awakened. After a long and affecting struggle, Christ appeared to the distressed and set their souls at liberty. O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! I went to Ponsanooth, and while meeting one of the classes, we had a very gracious visitation from above. One who had been for four years seeking the Lord, after a severe struggle with unbelief, was enabled to believe with her heart unto righteousness and boldly testified that she had received forgiveness of sins. Two others at the same time entered into the rest of full sanctification.

Glory be to God for precious faith; it makes His fullness all my own! O what hath Jesus done for my soul! He hath already bestowed on me the exceeding riches of His grace and will bestow the riches of His glory too. I shall soon see Him as He is; for when Christ, who is my life shall appear, I shall appear with Him in glory, and shall be like Him for ever. O the blessings of the cross of Christ conferred on me, who am unworthy of the least of all His mercies! My precious Immanuel! Since the day of my espousals to Thee, now more than forty-six years ago, how hast Thou, by ten thousand benefits, endeared Thyself to me! Yet can I never be satisfied till I possess Thy full vision, and have in Heaven the complete enjoyment of Thyself: --

“Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful son I'll raise,
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.”

August 1st. In meeting the class at Ponsanooth, we had good times; our souls were watered with showers of divine grace and our hopes began to revive, that, after our days of mourning, the Lord would again soon pour out His Spirit upon us. O Lord, hasten it for Thy names's sake! O what a necessity have I seen of late, of adding courage to my faith; yea, and temperance, patience, godliness, etc. I want to be always abounding in these things and to have more and more of the image of God stamped upon my soul.

5th. This morning I have been meditating on the dreadful evil of sin. It was sin that caused angels to become devils, and it was sin that caused Adam to be driven out of Paradise; by sin he lost the favor and image of God, and brought death into the world with all our woe! I see it was a manifestation of God's just displeasure against sin, when He swept off a whole world at one stroke.

But, O my blessed Savior! When I turn my thoughts for a moment to reflect on what Thou hast done and suffered to redeem the ruined race, I have still a clearer discovery of its dreadful evil. When I behold Thee at Pilate's bar with Thy sacred body “all one wound,” and follow Thee to Calvary, and see Thee “stretched on yonder tree,” fainting and “crushed beneath my load,” crying out, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” I see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and am constrained to say, –

“O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?”

Sept. 5th. I and now returned from a third visit to my Breage friends. Many of them are full of faith and love, standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. I was with them twelve days. In meeting the class of Mr. Glasson, Sr., he bore testimony to the efficacy of the blood of Christ, in cleansing his heart from all sin. On that and other occasions, several more bore a similar testimony, all referring to the same unworthy instrumentality. O my God, the work is Thine and Thou shalt have the glory!

Nov. 13th. After an absence of three weeks in visiting different societies, I am, through mercy, again returned to my home. Two weeks I spent with my son in the St. Austell circuit. On my way back, I called to see my Sparnock friends, met the classes, visited from house to house, and had the happiness of seeing two poor backsliders restored. May they never turn again to folly! Feb. 18th. 1818. Since the above date, I have been on a tour of ten weeks among the churches.

The first two weeks I spent at Camborne. I met all their classes. The friends were exceedingly kind, and the Lord blessed me among them. I lodged at Capt. J. Vivian's, where I was very kindly entertained. Mrs. V., feeling a particular interest in the spiritual welfare of her servant girl, requested me to speak to her about her soul. At first I could find no access; she was shy and reserved. At length the Lord softened her heart, and “I had the happiness of seeing

“The humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow.”

I invited her to class meeting; the Lord met with her there, and she covenanted with Him to give Him her whole heart. It is now some time since this took place, and she is still steady in the ways of God.

May He save her eternally, for Christ's sake. Amen! I visited Wall, and was much blessed among the friends there. After spending a few days with my warm friends at Breage, I proceeded to Mousehole, where I rejoiced to see the mighty works of God displayed in

convincing and converting sinners. I intended to stay only one week, but the work of the Lord broke out among them, and the friends would not let me go. In my usual way, I went preaching from house to house, and I believe God never blessed my feeble efforts more than at this time. In one house I found a poor penitent, to whose broken heart the Lord revealed His pardoning mercy. We fell on our knees to give glory to God for what He had done. And now a brother of her who was the subject of the happy change being present, fell on the floor, and cried aloud for mercy in an astonishing manner, and before I left the house the Lord also set his soul at liberty.

In another house, while relating this circumstance, the arrow of the truth reached the heart of a poor backslider, and she trembled as in the presence of God. The next morning I found her weeping for her ingratitude, and now made willing to return to her offended God. The following Sunday, I met her at the class meeting; may I also have the pleasure of meeting her in Heaven! There was a gracious work among the children in the Sunday school. None but those who have witnessed such a revival can form any idea of it. Some of them seemed as deeply convinced of sin as if they had been forty years of age, and after they had found peace, could give as clear an account of the work of grace on their minds as if they had been in the good way seven years. But it will require great care to rear these tender plants.

March 11th. As I was going to Mabe chapel with Mr. N. Earle, he said to me, "There goes another backslider!" I stepped forward, took him by the arm and said, "What harm did Jesus ever do you, that you should turn your back on Him?: I then entreated him to return again to the Lord. He promised me he would, and accordingly came to class meeting, bringing another poor wanderer with him.

While I was praying, the power of God descended, and he and his penitent companion were cut to the heart, and wept aloud for their sins. They continued in fervent prayer for the space of three hours, when the Lord was pleased to bestow on them a gracious sense of his pardoning mercy.

Lodging at Mr. E.'s, I felt impressed with a sense of duty to speak to one of the same village about her soul. I asked her if she ever prayed; she frankly told me she had not; and when I urged her to begin, she said she knew not how. I told her, prayer did not consist altogether in words, but in the desire of the heart, and requested her to kneel by her bedside that night before she slept, and say, in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" She promised me she would. I called again the next morning, to inquire if she had performed her promise. She assured me she had, and that she had also, in the same manner, prayed that morning. The happy result of this was, the next Sabbath she was deeply awakened in her own house, and I received a message to come and visit her.

When I came, it was to me a very affection sight indeed, to see the streaming tears, and to hear her penitential cries. Soon the Lord Jesus revealed His pardoning mercy to her soul, and, blessed be God, she has now been steadfast for many years. May she stand to the end! 12th. This day I enter on the sixty-ninth year of my age. And now, while I take a survey of God's dealings with me, and tender mercies toward me, I clearly discover goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I have been encompassed on every side. Surely I may say,-

"When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
His arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man."

How applicable are these words to me! Whole living in ignorance and rebellion against

my God, He protected me, He bore with me, and kindly continued to strive till I gave Him my heart; and since that period,-

“Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
Has gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snare of vice,
More to be feared than they.”

O where shall my wondering soul begin to praise Him! Eternity – eternity itself will be too short to praise Thee, O my God!

April 29th. A respected friend at Probus sent me a letter requesting me to pay the friends a visit.

I went accordingly, and stayed with them four weeks. One morning, while I, with a friend, was visiting the sick, I fell into conversation with a woman who happened to come into one of the houses which we had entered. I questioned her concerning her soul, and soon found her utterly dark and insensible to spiritual things. I spoke to her faithfully of righteousness, death and judgement; and, like Felix, she trembled. The next day I called on her, and found the truths delivered to her the day before had taken hold of her conscience. “I have been,” said she, “a vile sinner against God for forty years. Till I saw you yesterday, I had been all my days asleep in sin.” Seeing that she was wounded by the sword of the Spirit, and now wanted the Comforter, I told her that, notwithstanding all her guilt and sin, I had good news to tell her. “Jesus” said I, “is now ready, willing, waiting to save you.” This was news so good, that she could not at first believe it. I then said, “Are you willing to give up all your sins, To give God your whole heart, and to serve Him all your days?” With a full heart she said, “Yes, I am.” “Then,” said I, “now is the accepted time with God; He needs no price, no worthiness, no delay all that Christ requires is, that you feel your want of Him.” We knelt with her at a throne of grace, wrestled for her in mighty prayer, and the Lord heard, and set the captive free.

With streaming eyes, and hands and heart uplifted to Heaven, she cried, “Glory be to God, the dead's alive, the lost is found!” Before she rose from her knees, she told him what God had done for her soul. This produced a blessed effect upon him; from that time he gave his heart to God, and set out with his wife in the way to Heaven. After the lapse of apparently some years, Mr. Carvosso interlines his journal, and says Blessed be God, I hear she is now gone home to glory! May 7th. This is a day which I shall have to remember to all eternity. On this day, forty-seven years ago, the Lord pardoned all my sins. And, glory be to His name, the last year has been the best of all the whole! I do find that “the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” I may now say with Bunyan, “I have got into that land where the sun shines night and day.” I thank Thee, O my God, for this heaven, this element of love and joy, in which my soul now lives! But I am not yet landed on the eternal shore; still I live in an enemy's country. But Thou, O Lord, who has kept me hitherto, wilt keep me unto the end! Thou hast told me Thou wilt never leave me, no forsake me, and that Thy grace is sufficient for me. I rely on Thy Word, cast all my cares on Thee, and believe that henceforth as my days so shall my strength be.

14th. My soul more longs for Zion's prosperity. Not only do I desire to see sinners convinced and converted to God, but I want to see the work of grace deepening in the hearts of God's children; I want them to be saved from all the carnal mind, and to enjoy the blessing of perfect love. How few they are, comparatively speaking, who have entered into this glorious liberty! I find, by conversing with professors, that many who truly desire this inestimable privilege are prevented from laying hold of it by setting it too high. It is nothing more nor less than simply loving God with all the heart.

Blessed be God, I do enjoy this great salvation. 20th. I have just received a letter from a class leader, who thus speaks: "With gratitude I inform you of the dealings of the Lord with us here. I bless God, I still know and feel that through the blood of the atonement I am cleansed from all sin. In all my temptations, my Saviour

'-- keeps me to prove

His utmost salvation, His fullness of love.'

My dear wife also is enabled to hold fast her confidence in Jesus as her full Saviour. At times, I believe, she holds with a trembling hand, and, by permitting the enemy of her peace to approach too near, she loses part of the happiness which she might enjoy. My class prospers; it is now the delight of my soul to meet this little band of undaunted Christian warriors. Be assured we have not forgotten you; for we have reason to bless God that you ever held out to us the freeness of a full salvation. Go on still and shun not to declare the whole counsel of God. When you have a few days to spare we shall be glad to see you."

Sept. 8th. —

"Keep me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

Never was I so truly happy in increasing union with the Father, Son and Spirit. Yea, in the night season of late I have been constrained to say with David: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." Of late, truly my peace has flowed as a river.

Feb. 11th, 1819. O what sweet communion have I this night had with my blessed Jesus! And how many precious promises have been applied to my mind, such as these, "Thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name." "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." At these refreshing seasons, how easy it is to plunge into the fountain that cleanses from all sin!

13th. This morning the Lord shined into my heart by His Holy Spirit, and gave me to see what is implied in the believer's being "an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ." Such was my faith, I could easily claim all that God had in earth and Heaven as my own. It is by believing, or by faith, that we are enabled to see the true nature and emptiness of all the things of this world, and that we see they were never intended for our rest or portion. By faith we see, that at last a smiling or frowning world amounts to nothing; we see the soul's wants, and miseries, and cure; we see Christ and Heaven near; we triumph over all our foes.



Chapter 3

April 10th, 1820. Giving glory to God, I can say with dear Mrs. Rogers, I am now right, and I trust Him for all that is to come; and though all weakness, ignorance, helplessness, and unworthiness, yet I have the testimony of my own conscience, and the witness of the Spirit, that I am wholly and unreservedly His — His in body, spirit, soul; for Christ is in my heart; I dwell in God, and God, in me. God is love, and He is all I want for time or for eternity.

May 7th. A day never to be forgotten by me. It was on the seventh of May my chains fell off, I was made free in Israel, and became a follower of Jesus. Yes, on this day I was justified by faith, and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; on this day I received the Spirit of adoption, and was enabled to say, "Abba, Father;" on this day my name was written in Heaven, I was married to Christ, and my Maker- -the Lord of Hosts – the holy One of Israel – the God of the whole earth – became my Husband. And hast Thou kept Thy poor unworthy dust forty-nine years in the wilderness? Yes, glory be to God! Thou hast kept me by Thy almighty power.

8th. This day I consider myself as entering upon a new year, and I have covenanted afresh with my God. Thou, O Lord, knowest all my wants. I feel I am weaker than a bruised reed, and if Thou leave me but a moment, I must perish, and sink, and die. But though I am all weakness, Thou art all strength; then, O my God, help me, by faith's strong arm, to lay hold on Thee. I know Thy promises are firmer than the pillars of Heaven, and Thou hast said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This, Lord, is enough; in Thy might will I go forward.

9th. This morning, while meditating on these words, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation?" etc., what an increase of faith did I feel! This is one of the great and precious promises, which are given to us that we may be made partakers of the divine nature. O how sweet and delightful to my soul are these words, "the divine nature!" This is what man lost when Adam fell. But, glory be to God, what I lost, and more than what I lost in Adam, is purchased for me again by the precious blood of Christ; for "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." So that it clearly appears to me, that, if we are not wanting to ourselves, we shall in the end, through the superabounding grace of Christ, be gainers by the fall. When God's children get to Heaven they will sing a note which angels cannot: these cannot sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," etc. But this will be the theme of redeemed sinners to all eternity.

I went to Dunston to a monthly meeting, and from that place I was, by the kindness of Mr. Webb, conveyed to Wisewandron. Of Mr. W., it may be truly said, he has a church in his house. He has public worship within his own dwelling, and himself and Mrs. W., with five children and three servants, all meet in class! Here I met with two friends who had cast away their confidence. I reprov'd them for their cowardice told them of the stab they had given to experimental religion, and encouraged them again to look to the Saviour. I have reason to believe my conversation with them had a good effect. Before I left they were again restored to the joy of God's salvation.

I went to Tideford to meet a class, and here fell in with Mr. R. Geake, who insisted on my going with him to St. Germain's, and then he told me I must consent to visit Dock. The next morning I went with him accordingly, and was kindly received and entertained by the friends there. On entering the house of Mr. K., he said, "While you stay with us, you are to make this house your home." The next day he took me to visit a friend; several persons were in the room which I entered, and I began at once conversing with them about their souls. The one to whom I more particularly addressed myself, I soon found was a stranger to the things of God. She expressed a wish to go to Heaven, but frankly acknowledged she was afraid to die, and said she believed if death should arrest her in the condition which she then was she should be lost. I urged her at once to give her heart to God, and to promise me she would that very night begin earnestly to pray. She was silent for some time. I told her God was present and saw the answer. At length she said, "What is the use for me to promise? I have already made promises, but have broken them all." I told her these had been made in her own strength, but that I wanted her to promise in the strength of the Lord. This remark fastened on her heart as a nail in a sure place, and

to my no small surprise, she immediately turned to me and said, "Sir, will you pray with me now?" We then knelt down, and I interceded with God in her behalf. The next time I saw her, she told me, that after I left her she sought a retired part of the house, and there fell down upon her knees and offered herself to God. From that time she sought the Lord sorrowing, and at the end of twenty-one days, her load of guilt was remained, and she was enabled to rejoice in a pardoning God.

At Mr. K.'s I one day met with two who were earnestly longing to be delivered from the plague of an evil heart of unbelief. I showed them what was their privilege as believers in Jesus Christ, and, blessed be His holy name, before we parted, they both received the witness that they were saved from sin. In meeting their classes I had many blessed seasons.

I now went over to Plymouth to see my old and much respected friends, Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Here I remained three weeks before they would suffer me to get off from them. One day I fell into close conversation with Mrs. I., and found that though she had been two years a member of the society, she was quite a stranger to the nature of faith, and the knowledge of remission of sins. I desired her to get me a Bible, that I might point her to Him, "by whose stripes we are healed." I also took our hymn book, and showed how gospel faith is described there. Soon the blessed light of faith shined into her heart, and she cried out, "I see my debt is paid. Jesus hath died, hath died for me." She now sent for Miss H., to whom also God graciously revealed Himself, enabling her to "reckon herself dead indeed unto sin." I have now a letter before me, dated many months after this, in which she speaks very decisively of the change then wrought. She says, "Till I saw you, my dear sir, I thought there was no higher attainment for me on earth than justification, but by your instructions God showed me otherwise, for which I shall bless Him to all eternity." Surely these things are of the Lord; yet I have sometimes thought I would pass them over in silence, but when I have thought thus, I have been admonished from within not to do it; so I dared not yield to the suggestion.

While at Plymouth, I sometimes met three classes in a day, and I can truly say it is a work in which my soul delights. I love to prop the feeble, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to proclaim liberty to the captives; to be in any way employed under God to hold forth to redeemed sinners a full, free, and present salvation, through faith alone in the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

April 24th, 1821. While talking with an old woman, sixty years of age, she was soon cut to the heart and in a very short time the Lord set her soul at liberty. The change was so great, and the transition so sudden, that language failed to express her gratitude to God. She soon ran and told her neighbors what God had done for her soul. Another woman was deeply affected at what she saw and heard, and also sought and soon found a sense of divine mercy.

26th. While at Breage, a friend informed me that H.M. Had a great desire to see me. I went to him and found he had been five years under the afflicting hand of Providence. He told me he wanted the assurance that he was a child of God; and then said how he had read and prayed, and had the clergyman to administer the sacrament to him, in hopes that he should there by attain what he wanted. "But," says he, "all seems to be of no use." I replied, "No, it is 'not of works, lest any man should boast.'" I then brought the Bible to him and opened to I Peter 2:24, and requested him to read for himself: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." He looked upon me with great earnestness, and cried out, "It was faith I wanted; I could never read for myself before." At that moment the Lord set his soul at liberty and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I do not think I was with him more than half an hour before the happy

change took place. Soon after this he took his flight to the paradise of God.

From Breage I went to Mousehole, and while here I completed the fiftieth year of my spiritual pilgrimage. This event was rendered the more abundantly gratifying and delightful, because it took place at the spot where I commenced, and in the presence of the three who set out in the way to Heaven with me. After the lapse of half a century, here were I, my dear Brother Trewavas, Brother

M. Wright, and my own brother Bendedict, still kept by the power of God, through faith, with our faces Zionward.

“O that we at last may stand
With the sheep at God's right hand;
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Christ to Heaven!”

May 17. Being at the house of a friend at St. Day, I was informed of a man who had been in deep distress of soul for three weeks. I felt pity for him and expressed a desire to see him. His cry was still, “Mercy, mercy, good Lord!” but he was almost spent out. I directed his mind to the right object, by telling him I had good news for him, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. It was but a short time before his cries for mercy were turned into shouts of “Glory, glory!” The backslider for seven years. She became deeply awakened and now sought God with great earnestness. It was a pleasing sight to see the husband rejoicing in the Lord, and the wife a weeping penitent at the Saviour's feet.

July 3d. I have been confined to bed four days by an inflammation in my leg. But though my body has been afflicted, my mind has been in perfect peace. My soul has mounted on the wings of contemplation, and I have enjoyed sweet communion with God. His presence makes my paradise.

5th. With one who now rests above, I can say, “I generally glide very happily along the heavenly track, having my sails swelled with the precious gales of grace from the spicy hills of Zion.” I steer by the compass of God's Holy Word and make a straight course to the heavenly country. But I feel this happy state is attained and secured to me by faith alone. I am called to fight against combined and multiplied enemies, but I hear the eternal God saying, “Fear not, be not dismayed, I am with thee.”

7th. I feel the work of grace deepening in my soul and I have increasing life, power, liberty, and delight in the service of God. In meeting the class last night at Mylor Bridge, I felt Christ was eminently present and precious. O Lord, make me more thankful for these bright manifestations of Thy love to my soul! I do feel Thy ways pleasant and that in the keeping of Thy commandments there is great reward.

12th. I am now returned from a visit to my friends at Sparnock. I had not seen them for three years and was happy to find so many of them with their faces Zionward. When here, about four years ago, I met with two sisters, whose hearts had departed from God and His people for some considerable time, and the Lord was pleased to make me the happy instrument of restoring them to the joy of His salvation. I rejoiced to find them still graciously preserved, with their souls truly alive to God. It was with divine satisfaction I met them in class on Sunday morning, and there also I met with my dear Sister Oats, whose body the Lord restored so remarkably at the time of her conversion. She now appeared in such a happy state of body and mind that I was constrained to say, “Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!” 22d. Glory be to God, I still enjoy that peace which the world cannot give nor take away. O what cause have I to praise God for keeping my helpless soul in the safe and precious path of simple faith and humble love! May I ever lie at His feet, and never

depart from the rule of His written Word.

27th. This morning these words of the Psalmist were made a great blessing to my soul: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." 28th. This morning I had sweet intercourse with the ever blessed Trinity, and my mind was deeply impressed with humbling views of the infinite condescension and love of God. O blessed free grace; free for every soul of man! I could weep for the hardness and stupidity of poor sinners, who know not, but neglect and despise so great salvation. I have been confined at home nearly six weeks with an inflammation in my leg. How it will end I know not, but I leave myself in the hands of the Lord, who will do what is best for me. I see I have no reason to murmur, but great cause to be thankful for the health I have enjoyed during the last fifty years; not one week have I been confined to my bed by a fever, a broken bone, or any other affliction.

"In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my path to Thee."

Sept. 2d. How sweet is a life of faith! It seems to me I never saw so fully the worth of faith as at this time. I see gospel salvation is

"Only to believers known,
glorious and unspeakable."

Nothing will stand the fiery test but the righteousness of God by faith. Without Christ all is sand – all are filthy rags. In the past night I had many sweet moments in meditating on this delightful verse, –

"Thy name, O God, upon my bed,
Dwells on my lips and fires my thought;
With trembling awe in midnight shade
I muse on all Thy hands have wrought."

I felt I could easily die, and that to die would be gain. It was not ecstasy – not rapture; but a secret stillness, an inward heaven – the love of God filling the whole soul. Sweet would it have been to have laid my head upon my last pillow, and fallen asleep in Jesus. Some days before this my faith was severely tried; and not without a cause. O what a necessity there is for more self-denial! Lord, keep me ever watching!

19th. Last night my soul was drawn out in an extraordinary manner while praying to be filled with all the fullness of God. Jesus spake with power, and said, "All that I have is thine." My soul leaped for joy, my eyes flowed with tears, and all within me shouted, "Glory, glory to the Lord!" In looking over the "Minutes of Conference" for 1821, I was pleased and profited not only on account of the many thousands which the Lord has been pleased to add to the church, but also to see the blessed spirit of union and love which subsists among the preachers. They seem determined to adopt every measure which they think will advance the Redeemer's kingdom. I was glad to find, among many others this resolution: "We again resolve, after the example of our venerable fathers in the gospel with all plainness of zeal, to preach a free, present, and full salvation from sin; a salvation flowing from the mere grace of God, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, apprehended by the simple exercise of faith, and indispensable preparatory to a course of practical holiness. And in this great work, our only reliance for success is on the grace of the Holy spirit; by whose inspiration alone it is, that the gospel in any instance is rendered the 'power of God unto salvation.'" I am more than ever persuaded that when this doctrine is preached, God will own and bless it; and that signs and wonders will be wrought in the name of Jesus.

Oct. Having received repeated invitations from my Camborne friends, I resolved to pay them another visit. On my way I called to see Mr. Burgess, at Redruth, and he insisted on my remaining with him a few days. With him and his amiable and excellent family, I spent many happy hours talking about the things of God. I stayed here ten days, and met several of the classes, but was grieved to see so little of the life of religion in that place which had so long been the praise of all Cornwall. I had some profitable seasons with them, especially at their love feast, when I was enabled very freely to lift up my voice for God, in that house where I had often before joyfully testified of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost.

At Camborne I was received with the utmost love and affection, and here the Lord was again pleased to use me as an instrument for good. After meeting Captain Lean's class one night, two young men, who were brothers, came in to converse with me. One of them was a poor heavy-laden sinner, seeking Jesus, but he knew not how or where to find Him. I began at once by telling him that Christ has suffered in his stead, and borne his sins in His own body on the tree, and that through His stripes all that believe are healed. After an hour and a half's conversation with him he cried out,-

“Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.”

It was an interesting and an affecting sight to see the heavenly joy that beamed in his countenance, to hear the effusions of his grateful heart, and to behold his brother on his knees blessing and adoring the God of salvation for what He had wrought. They quickly left us, and ran with speed to tell their dear father, and mother and sister, of the glorious news; so they all rejoiced together, and gave glory and praise to Immanuel for what He had done for their dear William.

This was the beginning of good days. Soon the prayer meetings began to increase, and the Lord poured out the Spirit of grace and supplication upon the people. At one of those meetings one evening I gave out that beautiful and favorite hymn, --

“Thou hidden source of calm repose, Thou
all-sufficient love divine;”

and then gave a short exhortation upon it. From the striking language of this hymn, I endeavored to show what Christ is to the believer. While speaking, such views of the adorable Jesus were given to me as I think will never be erased from my mind in time or eternity.

Being invited one Sunday to visit a member to the society who was very ill, I asked her if she had satisfactory evidence of her interest in Christ. She said, “No; nor had I ever a sense of the pardon of my sins.” When I beheld her destitution of soul, and the evident marks that death was near at hand, I was filled with much compassion for her case. I began to encourage her hopes, and offered her Christ as a ready, able, and willing Savior – waiting at that moment to remove her guilty load. I showed her the atoning sacrifice, explained to her the plan of salvation by faith, and told her that God required an act of faith in her to believe what Christ had done for her. She felt the Comforter drawing near, and said, “I never saw it in this light before.” In a short time she was enabled fully to rely on Jesus, and now her eyes overflowed with tears, and her heart was filled with peace and joy in believing. She lived three weeks after this, held her confidence to the last, and finished her course with joy.

A friend invited me to come over and meet the classes at Tuckingmill. In speaking to the people in one of the classes, I found a poor, heavy-laden penitent. I labored to encourage her, but such were her strong cries and tears, that I thought it best to pray with her. Her mind apparently becoming a little more composed; I asked her how she felt. She said, “I

see I must go home and pray more.” Aware that this was a snare of Satan, I replied, “There is no necessity for that; the Lord is here, and is now waiting to bless you. There is nothing wanting, but for you to believe in Jesus as your Saviour. And if He died for you, ought you not to believe in Him, and love Him?” The light of faith appeared, and her soul found liberty through the blood of the lamb. Full the assurance of faith, she cried out, “Now I know my sins are forgiven.” I lodged at Mr. S. Burrell's that night, and with him, the next day, I called on her, fearing lest Satan might have beguiled and robbed her; but to our agreeable surprise we found her, having laid aside her ordinary work, keeping the day holy. “I have,” said she, “set apart this day to praise the Lord for what He did for my soul yesterday.” This I thought was a very pleasing testimony to the reality of the work. In meeting the other classes at Tuckingmill, we had refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord.

While at Camborne, I strove earnestly to show leaders and people the necessity of being cleansed from all sin., and of pressing into full salvation, and I had the happiness of seeing many lay hold on Christ as their perfect Saviour. In meeting Captain Lean's class one night, four plunged a second time into the all-cleansing flood. They felt so much of the overwhelming power of grace, that it was some time before they had bodily strength sufficient to walk home. The time of my visit was greatly protracted beyond what I intended, but my soul was kept as a watered garden, and my confidence in God, and in the power of His glorious gospel, was, I believe, never stronger.

Nov. 24th. I met the class last night at Mylor Bridge, and strongly pressed believers to seek entire holiness. I was examining myself this morning, and thought I never found myself more dead to sin.

O what gratitude of heart did I feel on this account! Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!

Dec. 7th. O I want to live every moment in dependence on the blood of Christ, and constantly expecting the fulfillment of the divine will in all the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost in my soul. The way into the holiest is opened, and blessed be my gracious Lord! Through Him, as my prevailing Advocate, my soul has access, and waits in believing expectation for all that faith beholds! 15th. Since I wrote last I have had severe conflicts with the powers of darkness, but Jesus has proved my strong tower. O what a blessed thing it is to have a refuge to flee to in the time of distress! Since the storm, it has been a blessed calm, all joy, all peace. I have had sweet communion, and a closer walk with God. I have no footing of my own to stand upon; this is all sand, but Christ is a rock, and glory be to God, I am built upon Him, and all the storms of this life and floods of temptation from the enemy have not washed me off. I bless the Lord, I never lived more in the liberty of the sons of God, nor felt more of the worth of Christ, than of late. I can truly say, “I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.”



Chapter 4

January 15th, 1822. —

“What now is my object and aim;
What now is my hope and desire?”

I bless God, I can say, it is to follow the Lamb whither- soever He goeth, and to aspire after the perfection of His image upon my heart. From the ground of my heart I can say, Christ was never so near, so dear, so sweet so precious to my soul as He has been of late, and is to the present moment.

My soul is in its element when I am thinking and talking about Jesus. I can say, indeed, with one of my dear friends, from whom I have just received a letter, “I am at the bottom of all, but I do feel increasing delight in serving my Father and my God.” 18th. Last night, while meditating upon Christ's death and passion, and His intercession at God's right hand, I had a more affecting sight of Christ crucified than I ever before had in my life. All His wounds and bruises appeared to my soul in such a manner as affected every nerve in my body. I thought on that verse of Mr. Wesley: ---

“Five bleeding wounds He bears,” etc.
and never saw so much in it before, while a voice seems to say, “I suffered this for thee.”

21st. I have found this day, what I have not infrequently found before, that the violent storm is often near the calm. It seemed this morning as if all the powers of darkness were let loose, and determined to devour me. I kept continually calling upon God, and looking up to Him, and casting my soul upon His precious atonement, being determined to hold fast my confidence and not give way to unbelief. I found I had nothing of my own to fly to, or depend upon, nothing but my faith. No promise appeared all this time, nor had I any sensible enjoyment, nothing but a sight of my weakness, imperfections, shortcomings, and failings. Not that I felt condemnation for any particular act. This was a conflict of a peculiar kind, for thousands of times before, when I have been violently attacked by the enemy, I have looked up to Jesus, and found Him to be a strong tower. Now, naked faith was my only defense, the only weapon with which I could maintain the fight. I looked round for help, and at last I thought on our Lord being led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. On this the adversary began to yield, and in a moment, Jesus appeared to my believing eyes, and spoke to me in His well-known voice: “To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.” In an instant my enemies were all gone, and O how did the transcendent glories of my precious Redeemer beam forth upon my soul! And His name was sweeter than honey and the honeycomb! This conflict for the trial of my faith was but of short continuance, but quite long enough, for it was smart work on both sides while it continued. Could Satan have wrested my shield from me, he would have made an easy conquest. This I was well aware of, and therefore took the more care to hold it fast, and exercise it with all the strength I had, looking eagerly and constantly to my Advocate. O what necessity there is to keep close to Jesus, and to be ever on my guard, watching unto prayer! 25th. I was never more affected in hearing the gospel than I have been of late; every sermon I hear seems better than the former. I feel and increasing love to the ministers of God, and am ready to say, “How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!” etc. O I long more and more for the salvation of souls, and willingly would spend and be spent in helping the children of God on their way to Glory. I think I never did feel my heart so much delighted in the work of meeting classes, as of late. My soul rejoiced last night to see a poor backslider return to the class, for whose restoration I prayed much, and with whom I had often conversed on the subject of her return to Jesus. The Lord softened her heart while she was making an humble confession of her revolting from Him, and expressing her determination to arise and once more seek His face.

Feb. 2d. The more I converse with sinners, the more I discover the darkness of their fallen state.

Yesterday I was talking to a man fifty years of age, and found he could not give me an answer to that simple question. "What did Jesus Christ come into the world for?" He was confessedly speechless, though living at a very small distance from a place where the gospel is preached. O what a necessity there is to preach from house to house!

6th. In the course of the week past I have met six different classes, with much pleasure and profit, for "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." But I mourn to think there are so very few who enjoy the full liberty of the gospel. Vast numbers of professors look at purity of heart as a thing so high as to be quite beyond their reach, and hence are indifferent about it. Some of them think, if they get it, they shall never hold it fast. Unbelief has so far crushed the energies of their souls, that they do not "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and the necessity of the thing they seldom attempt to urge upon themselves by reflecting on such a portion of God's Word as this: "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." In meeting classes and in private conversation, during the fifty years of my pilgrimage, and more particularly within the last eight years, I have gained considerable knowledge of professors, and must express my grief that the number of half-hearted is so large. Alas! What multitudes are at ease in Zion, settled upon their lees, neither hot nor cold.

Were "the mystery of faith" better known, the improvement among God's professing people would be much more rapid. Many are not defective in their sincerity, but in their faith. It is simply because of unbelief that they do not enter into the glorious rest which is before them, and nigh unto them.

They do not see it is their privilege to venture now on Christ for the blessing they want, whether justification, or sanctification, without hesitation or delay, because He hath said, "All things are now ready! Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation; by grace are ye saved through faith." An impenitent sinner, one who lives in the wilful breach of a known law, has no object of faith but the threatenings, which declare that he shall have his "part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone;" but every true penitent has Christ set before him, and is invited and urged, and commanded to lay hold of Him for pardon, holiness, and Heaven. O that the blessed Spirit would help the infirmities of the children of the kingdom, and give them to see their privileges, and the way to possess them!

29th. I attended a missionary meeting at Penryn last evening and felt more than I can express for the poor souls that are still in heathen darkness. But I thank God for the prospect that the glorious gospel will soon be sent among a greater number of them. On this subject there is a blessed spirit of unity among preachers and people. My heart says, -

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

March 6th. In meeting the class last night, at Garrick, my soul felt much of the inward heaven. O what a blessed light shined into my mind, while I was giving out this beautiful verse of the hymn,

"Open my faith's interior eye,
Display Thy glory from above,
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love."

April 25th. I paid my Camborne friends another visit, and lodged at friend Bennet's,

Camborne Vean. It being his appointment to preach at Kehelland on the Sunday, he pressed me hard to go with him. I feared the walk was too long for me to undertake, but went with him, and found freedom in speaking to the people. On our way from the chapel we overtook two young women and overheard one of them talking to the other on the subject of believing in Jesus Christ. I stepped forward and asked her if she knew anything of that important subject. She said she did once. I earnestly entreated her to give her heart to God and unite with His people once more. The following week they both came to Captain Lean's class, and after a hard struggle in prayer for about two hours, the Lord set them both at liberty.

The next Sunday several of the Camborne friends made an appointment to go to Kehelland, to hold a prayer meeting. The news of our coming excited some curiosity among the people, so that the house was crowded within and without. The power of God descended, and many sinners were pricked in the heart. This was a drop before the shower. The Lord began a gracious work among them and some of the most wicked and notorious sinners in the neighborhood were awakened.

Trejuthan, a spot which had remained barren and unfruitful for a number of years, now became as the garden of the Lord. For some days the cloud of mercy hung over it, and so plentifully poured its gracious contents on the dry ground, that the deep concern for the salvation of their souls seemed to draw off the people's attention from every other subject. I went into a house one day, which I had not before entered, to inquire after a servant girl in whose spiritual welfare I felt some concern. Her mistress, I found, was unawakened. I warned her of her danger, entreated her to give her heart to God, and before she slept that night, to commence a life of prayer. I commended them to God in prayer and called again, in a few days. I now found Mrs. E. a penitent and used my earnest endeavors to lead here to Jesus for pardon and salvation. After a while we united in prayer; the Lord quickly answered for Himself and filled her heart with triumphant joy. It was a pleasing sight to behold the change in this family. Here were the husband and wife and their servant, just brought out of darkness and sin, now all rejoicing in the Lord together.

I took tea one evening at Brother Smith's. Just before we were going to unite in prayer one entered the room who was a stranger to me; I had no sooner opened my mouth in prayer, than he was deeply awakened and roared from the disquietude of his soul. I think I never saw a man in my life whose anguish of spirit was greater. He was a backslider and saw and felt his ingratitude. After a severe struggle he obtained mercy and joyfully testified that God had pardoned all his sins. Returning one night from Troon, I saw one coming behind me and felt my mind impressed to speak to her about her soul. I stayed till she came up with me and had not spoken many words to her before she burst into tears and loud cries. Her bodily strength was so affected by the distress of her mind, it was with much difficulty we could get her to Captain Lean's. Several friends prayed with her, but she continued to groan under the weight of her guilty load. The cries and wailings of her broken heart were deeply affecting. At length the Comforter appeared and she cried out, "The Lord hath shaken body and soul over Hell, but blessed be His name, He hath not let me fall in!" Some time after, I met her in class and she bore a lively testimony that the Lord had pardoned and adopted her into His family.

Brother W. J. requested me to visit her father-in-law. He soon began to weep and exclaim against himself as a vile sinner. It appeared that when he was a youth of seventeen he knew something of religion, but had now lived long without God in the world. He was sensible of his state and scarcely dared to look up for pardon. I was affected to see a man sixty-three years of age in such a distressed state of mind. The tears which streamed over his aged cheeks told the contrition of his heart. I encourage him to expect mercy

from the God against whom he has sinned. I told him there was no need to despair, because Jesus Christ was an Advocate for such sinners as he was. "And now," said I, "if Jesus Christ has groaned and died to redeem you and risen again for your justification, and is ever at the right hand of God making intercession for you, do you not think you ought to love Him?" He at once saw his obligation to the blessed Savior and cried out, "O yes, I do. I do love Him!" At that moment the Lord revealed His pardoning mercy to his soul and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and with full hearts we knelt down to give the praise to whom it is due.

I might relate many other instances of a similar nature. I believe the Lord never condescended to own my feeble endeavors more than He has in my visit to Camborne this time. Great good was done in the class meetings, especially in Captain L.'s, in which it was not uncommon for two or three to find peace in an evening. Into this class the people so crowded for some weeks that it could not be regularly met at all. As many, probably, as five hundred have been at one prayer meeting. I continued with them four weeks; I was then obliged to leave them because the exertion was too great for my bodily strength. Never did I wonder more at the universal love and affection of the people toward me. To Jesus alone be all the praise!

Aug. 7th. I feel determined more than ever that God shall have my whole heart. I want to be practically conformed to the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, and to feel the well of living water continually springing up within my soul. "I see faith and hope must replenish and support my joy; without their aid my joy must quickly droop and die. But by the aid of these important graces the soul is ever filled with heavenly fragrance, and a fire is brought from above which devours all the stubble of inbred sin, and every plant, root and branch, which my Father has not planted. Hereby my soul shall be purified in all its powers and faculties, even as gold is purified in the furnace. Many waters cannot quench it; many floods of temptations and trials only serve to make it burn still brighter and brighter. O how precious is the love! It is the bond of union with my heavenly Bridegroom, the pledge of my immortal crown, the foretaste of my glorious Heaven above, the source of bliss through the ages of eternity. I have found, in all my experience, that in every temptation the victory much depends on resisting the first onset. To reason for a moment is dangerous. Is the object, or gratification, forbidden? That is enough, if we truly love the Lord our God. But when we deliberate, we throw ourselves into the arms Satan. Neither ought consequences to be considered; God will see to these; better suffer anything than His frown." O may I ever walk by this rule and live to please my God alone!

8th. Oh what am I? abject nothingness. Yet Jehovah is mindful of me, and after plucking me as a brand from the burning, after cleansing my unholy soul by the power of His Spirit, accepting the conquered rebel; yea, adopting into His family and favor the poor fugitive, He doth now reward my poor services with His approving smile and continual presence, teaching me in ignorance, strengthening me in weakness, supporting me in trials, blessing my feeble endeavors and labors, fighting for me against every enemy, and making all things work together for my good. O my soul, what mercies, what boundless love!

13th. I awoke this morning very early and found my mind solemnly engaged with God. Not a cloud appeared, and my soul longed to take her flight to be forever with the Lord. My mind has recently been pained to meet with so many who have long been professors of religion and still know nothing of their interest in Christ. Of justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit, they seem just as ignorant as if they had never heard a gospel sermon in their lives.

16th. It has been a matter of great joy to my soul to hear of the general revival in the

Methodist connection during the past year and that no less than twelve thousand members have been added to the church. O Lord, grant that these souls may find their way to Heaven!

“Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God!”

18th. This day I unexpectedly met with a Christian friend from a neighboring society. I felt our conversation on the things of God was particularly profitable. It turned on the necessity of our retaining a clear happiness, but of our usefulness also. My mind has latterly been greatly pained to see the little effect the gospel has on the minds of the people, how few there are who seem to hear for eternity! Lord, save them from becoming gospel-hardened! 21st. I have just been thinking upon my dear son, who is now in New South Wales. To what an amazing distance has the kind hand of Providence removed us from each other! But a moment's reflection tells me it matters little whether we spend our few days on earth in each other's company, or at the distance we now are. The evil to be dreaded is a separation that shall never end, and this is the separation which, it is to be feared, must take place between the branches of many families. How awful the thought, that husbands and wives, parents and children, should be parted forever! I bless the Lord, it is transporting to me to look forward to that day when I shall meet my dear wife and all my dear children in Heaven, to be separated from them no more to the countless ages of a blessed eternity.

23d. I have been meditating on God's tender mercies toward me, as manifested in Christ Jesus, and really feel astonished that I should spend so small a portion of my time in praising Him for such amazing benefits. O how am I not more thankful! Lord, save me from the sin of ingratitude! 28th. In the many waking moments of the past night, my soul has had sweet fellowship with the Father and His Son Christ Jesus. Glory be to God, I frequently find many precious promises applied to my mind when I am lying on my bed! But this morning it was suggested to my mind, -- Suppose these promises should not come from the Spirit of God? For a moment I felt a shrinking back, through the temptation, to unbelief, but suddenly these words were applied to my mind: “Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.” In a moment the temptation was gone and I was constrained to cry out with Thomas, “My Lord and my God.” It was a blessed season and the witness of perfect love was again renewed to my soul. This blessed witness of the Spirit, both in justification and sanctification, is what I see the necessity of more than ever. For my own part I do not see what progress professors of religion can make without this. Did I say religion? Can they be deemed the possessors of true religion at all till they so believe as to have the witness in themselves? Till they have this gospel faith they can only be denominated “seekers of salvation.” It is extremely painful for me to reflect on the multitudes who are stopping short of their inestimable privilege. But blessed be God, I do hope the happy number of those who enjoy it is on the increase. Thou knowest, O Lord, how I long to see it.

O send forth Thy Spirit among the people for Thy name's sake! Amen.

29th. This is a morning without a cloud; all is calm, and joy, and peace; nothing of rapture, but solid, unutterable bliss! I cannot express what I feel; it is “joy unspeakable and full of glory;” a sinking into nothing at the feet of Christ; a feeling that He is “all in all.” “My soul on His fullness delighted I east.”

30th. This day I went over to see my much respected friends at Treworlas. On my way I called to see the old blind man, to whom the Lord graciously revealed His pardoning love three years ago.

While I was conversing with him. He was then in the eighty-third year of his age. I now found him sitting outside the door, and no sooner did he hear the sound of my voice than he knew me, though I had not spoken to him for about two years. He still retains his confidence in his atoning Savior, and our interview was crowned by the refreshing presence of the Lord. I spent five days with Mr. W. and his excellent daughter, who still bears every mark of the plain, humble Christian.... O Lord, do Thou keep her henceforth and for evermore!

I found it delightfully profitable to converse with several of my old friends in that neighborhood.

One day I fell in with a poor backslider and earnestly entreated him to return again to the Lord. He accordingly came to the class meeting while I was there, and returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul. Before I went, it was my earnest petition that God would give me one soul. Glory be to His name, I trust He has granted my heart's desire.

Sept. 18th. This day, while conversing with a poor, dark sinner about righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come she wept bitterly. O Lord, seal the truth of the gospel upon her heart, and may these impressions not be as the early cloud and morning dew! 19th. This day, returning from Ponsanooth, I fell in with a Christian friend and we talked freely together of the deep things of God. She longed to be saved from all the carnal mind, but had not clear views of the nature and method of full salvation. If saved from all sin she thought it must be impossible to feel such and such temptations. On this account her mind was often perplexed and she knew not how to proceed to the Canaan of God's perfect love, but it pleased the Lord, while I was conversing with her on this matter, to shine into her heart by His blessed Spirit, and enable her to go on her way rejoicing. Just as I parted from her, I met with a man who had been overtaken in a fault and had for some short time withdrawn from the people of God. Of his unfaithfulness I had no suspicion till I saw he sought to shun me. I talked to him faithfully and affectionately; he acknowledged his error and promised to return again unto the Lord. He has since walked steadily in the path of duty.

22d. The Lord keeps my soul like a watered garden, as a spring shut up to all but Himself. How sweet the moments which I have enjoyed with my God this night! His love has been in my soul as a well of living water.

While pleading for the salvation of a poor sinner, with whom I conversed some days ago and whose heart then appeared somewhat contrite, the answer was, "Thy prayer is heard; it shall be so." Language fails to describe what I felt.

30th. I rode to Cury to see Mr. W. Heady. With this man of God and his pious family I was much delighted; himself, his dear wife, and three servants, all happy in God, and apparently of one heart and one mind. Joining in prayer, at a friend's house before we parted, the power of God came down in an extraordinary manner; one young man received the blessing of a clean heart, and a young female was awakened and wept bitterly on account of her sins. We found it difficult to part.

21st. I see a greater necessity than ever of living near to God, and of keeping the heart with all diligence continually, in order to redeem the time; without this there can be little or no progress in the divine life. Without watching unto prayer, O how soon would this heavenly fire abate in my soul! What a necessity do I see for leaders and people to struggle hard to keep the life of God in their souls! O what a danger there is of becoming withered branches! Lord, save Thy people from a dead, or dry, formal way of worship; pour out Thy Spirit, and let there be a shaking among the dry bones.

27th. This morning I have felt an increased vigor of spirit, and a fresh resolution to

devote myself more fully unto the Lord, and to urge on others the great necessity of their receiving and retaining the witness of the Spirit. What I mean by the witness of the Spirit, Mr. Wesley very clearly explains in his excellent sermon on this subject. "The testimony of the Spirit," says he, "is an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God directly witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me and given Himself for me; that all my sins are blotted out, and that I, even I, am a child of God. But let none ever presume to rest in any supposed testimony of the Spirit which is separate from the fruits of it."

Nov. 1st. I now feel the infirmities of age fast growing upon me; my memory fails me greatly, especially in writing; I have restless nights, and often a violent pain and much heat in my feet; but, while I lie awake, I bless God I do not suffer from the lashes of a guilty conscience. No, glory be to God, I can say, –

"Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart,
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's from.
In shame, my glory and my crown."

13th. I bless the Lord He is still deepening and widening His good work in my soul. In all my pilgrimage I never saw so much included in the word "believing" as I do now. I clearly perceive that were I for a moment to cease believing, I should at once be swallowed up by the enemy of my soul.

Were I to suffer unbelief to slip in, to true peace of mind I must say, "Farewell." But I bless God, whenever the adversary attacks me I do feel a power to look to Jesus, and I find His name a strong tower and a city of refuge. I find no way to conquer but through faith in His blood.

15th. A few days ago, I felt such a longing desire to save souls that I said in my heart to the Lord, if He would condescend to use me as an instrument in His hand, to bring one more soul to Himself, I would forever praise Him for it. When at Ponsanooth, I was informed of a young woman who was so ill of a consumption that her medical attendant had given her up. The moment I heard of her case, I felt an ardent desire to see her. As she was known to have a strong dislike to religion and religious people, the friends told me it would be useless; but what they said noways discouraged me. I resolved I would try to gain access to her, and, if I could, have some conversation with her about her soul. I accordingly went to the house and informed her mother what was my business. Her mother said she was not yet down stairs, but she would tell her of it. The answer was, that she did not wish to see me. This did not dishearten me nor quench my desire for her salvation, but it instantly struck me, that if I would see her at all I must come upon her unawares. Two hours afterward I again called at the house and found her sitting by the fire, exceedingly pale and deathly in her appearance. I was well assured in my mind, that if I would have access to her I must attempt in the gentlest manner, by the tenderest love and affection, and by indirect approaches; so I asked her several questions concerning her complaint, and found it such as was likely soon to bring her to the grave. I then asked her if she believed there was a God. She answer, "Yes," in a rather high and forbidding tone of voice.

"And do you believe," said I, "that He knows the secret thoughts of your heart?" "Yes." "But do you think you have ever sinned against this God?" "O yes," said she. My heart rejoiced to hear from her such admissions as these. "And" said I, "are you willing to die in your present state of mind?" She candidly confessed she was not. I then told her Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, that He had died to purchase salvation for her;

but that He had said in His Word, except we repent of our sins we should eternally perish, and that, after she had repented, in order to be saved, she must believe that Jesus bore the punishment due to her sins "in his body on the tree." Her heart now began to soften, and she burst into tears, while I endeavored more at large to show her from the Scriptures, and from our expressive hymns, the willingness there was in Christ to save her. At my leaving, I proposed prayer, to which she readily assented. The next day I visited her again, and no sooner did I enter the room where she was, then I perceived her to be a very different creature from what she was when I approached her on the preceding day. She now opened her mind and freely entered into the important subject, and while I conversed and prayed with her the Lord wrought powerfully upon her heart and she wept much. Four days after this, it pleased God to set her captive soul at liberty by the manifestation of His pardoning love, and soon after she died happy in the Lord.

16th. Today I had a conversation with one of the members of our society on the subject of the witness of the Spirit. Like too many others, he was resting short of this privilege. Finding he had not read Mr. Wesley's sermons on this subject, I earnestly requested him to procure and read them as soon as possible. What a thousand pities it is that the excellent sermons of Mr. Wesley are so little known or read among many of the Methodists!

18th. Last night, in the midst of much pain and affliction of body, the Lord wonderfully supported me by His presence. O how sweet was that union which I had with the Father, Son, and Spirit, and how harmoniously do they unite together in the great scheme of my redemption! I bless God, all my desires are satisfied in Him! He is my reconciled God in Christ Jesus; I felt His presence with me in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, in reading and in writing. O may my every breath be praise!

March 14th, 1823. Since I last wrote in my journal, O how greatly has my mind been weighed down, to see the indifference, coldness, and deadness of the people at Mylor Bridge! I can scarcely see one young person in the place who has serious concern for his soul. O that God would speedily put a stop to this torrent of ungodliness!

25th. Yesterday the Lord visited my soul in an extraordinary manner; I was constrained to shout aloud for joy and gratitude to think that He should make such a worm as I am the instrument of bringing sinners to repentance. By a letter from Miss F., of Mullion, I have just received a pleasing account of the happy effects of the revival in her father's family and among her neighbors. "Wherever I go," she says, "I find religion is the chief topic of conversation. My two brothers, a sister, and two servants, have all joined the society, and are the subjects of a gracious change." I have received another excellent letter from one of the young converts. When she was made happy in God, I advised her to seek out her former companions, and do what she could to bring them to partake of "like precious faith." It appears she has followed up the advice with much zeal and perseverance, and with some she has been happily successful.

April 12th. For several days past the enemy of my soul has made repeated and fierce attacks upon me; it seems as if he had rallied up all his forces to try what he could do to shake my confidence in God, but, blessed be His name,

"Still, in spite of sin, I rise,
Still to call Thee mine I dare."

Without much of this holy violence, I find I cannot conquer, or drive back the armies of the aliens.

But, glory be to God, neither their magnitude nor their number discourages me, for it is not in my own strength I go against them; no, because I feel I have none. Gladly do I join with one of old, and cry out with my whole heart, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us

the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!”

May 1st. This morning in meditating on the Word of God, I felt it was precious to my soul. I could exclaim: “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him;” and when I remembered it is said, “The Lord's portion is his people,” I thought within my self, “If the Lord has taken me for His ‘portion,’ and I have taken Him for mine, then truly I have the best of the bargain.

O yes, I have greatly the advantage! ‘Nothing but sin I call my own;’ but He had given me the riches of His grace here, and reserved for me the riches of His glory hereafter. O how delightful the thought! He has indeed given me not only His gifts, but Himself also.” While I indulged in this train of meditation, my heart was sensibly affected with the divine goodness.

7th. Through the tender mercy of my God, and the kind intercession of my dear Redeemer, I am spared on earth to see the return of another of my spiritual birthdays. I see sufficient cause to be humbled as in the dust before God on account of my shortcomings, imperfections, and the little improvement of my precious time. O, it is well for me that I have an Advocate! But, on the other hand, what abundant cause I have for gratitude and thanksgiving. Yes, glory be to Thee, my God, I see I have! I bless Thy name, I have beheld Thy mighty power displayed this year in the conviction and conversion of sinners, particularly at Gunwalla, Mullion, and Ruan. It is now fifty-two years since the Lord spoke peace to my troubled mind. Then I could say, “Behold, God is my salvation, my strength, and my song,” and, after the long lapse of so many intervening years, O what a heavenly sweetness do I still feel springing up in my soul! Yes, glory be to God, I still feel I have built on the Rock of eternal ages!

8th. This morning, early, at the dawn of day, when I seemed entering on a new year, I renewed my covenant with God, and solemnly engaged to be His forever, and, glory to His adorable name, my God and my Father condescended to renew His covenant with me. In a very remarkable manner this promise was applied to my mind, “I will put my laws in their hearts and in their minds will I write them; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.” Three times God spake with power to my soul; in such a wonderful manner did He speak the third time, that had He not veiled His glory in a moment I could not have lived under it. I cried out, “Lord, it is enough!” I was then enabled to believe from my heart that my Maker had again renewed His marriage covenant with me. O what an increase of confidence in Him did I feel after this! And what fresh vigor of soul to pursue my way to the realms of bliss and glory! Never, I think, shall I forget this morning's covenant with my God.

Aug. 11th. I have recently returned from a visit to my much-respected friends at Saltash. They nobly hold fast the blessing of full salvation, and are more and more established in it. They still meet in a select band, and, instead of four enjoying perfect love, there are now more than twice that number. I had the great pleasure of meeting in band with them, and also of seeing another brought into full liberty. In this little place there are several of the excellent of the earth. I should have stayed longer with these truly respectable friends, but was obliged to hasten home, from an attack of my old complaint, and inflammation in the leg.

Nov. 30th. A few days ago I was requested to visit a person who was dangerously ill, there being no hope of her recovery. I was well acquainted with her, and had often warned her of her danger as a sinner, and invited her to give her heart to God, but she did not close in with the offers of mercy.

After a close conversation with her, she seemed to obtain some knowledge of her lost estate, and showed marks of repentance. I was sensibly affected by her cries and tears

and gave her all the encouragement I could. The next morning I called again to see her. She wept, much, but I told her it was a nice point to say whether her repentance was genuine or not. I, however, felt much love and pity for her, and, while endeavoring to prove and illustrate, from the Word of God, the willingness of Jesus to save sinners, and earnestly interceding with God in her behalf, it pleased the Lord to answer for Himself, by bursting her bands of guilt and sin asunder and shedding abroad His love in her heart. She cried out, "Jesus is here, Jesus is her!" She now felt clearly assured that Jesus had pardoned all her sins by the Spirit which was given unto her. The following day I found her standing fast in the power of Jesus to save unto the uttermost. Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning? A short time before this occurred. I had been breathing my ardent wishes to God that He would again permit me to see His holy arm displayed in the salvation of another sinner. He has now granted me the desire of my heart; glory be to His holy name!

Dec. 6th. I received a message from my brother, at Mousehole, informing me that if I would see him once more in the body, I must hasten to him without delay. I set off with all speed, and found him very low, but very happy in God; I was with him five days before he took his flight to Paradise.

Such was his assurance of salvation and such the heavenly manifestations of the occasion, that I sat by him with sweet composure and divine satisfaction of mind and beheld him fall asleep in Jesus.

Thus, after fighting the good fight of faith for more than fifty-two years, he finished his course with joy, leaving behind him a name that will long be precious to those who knew him. From the time he joined the society to the day he entered into the joy of his Lord, he was one of the most unblameable of men: I never knew or heard of a stain on his character. The cause of God lay near his heart and to the utmost of his power he struggled to promote it. For many long years he was one of the principal pillars of the excellent society at Mousehole. Many of the preachers, who in succession have visited this favorite place, held him in high esteem and remember his name with pleasure. The regularity with which he attended the prayer meetings and every other means of grace was proverbial. Few men more revered the Sabbath than he did.... So generally was he beloved and revered for his piety, that all parties in the neighborhood seemed to regard him as the most fit person to instruct, comfort, and pray for them in a dying hour. He filled the office of class leader for more than forty years, and greatly was he beloved and respected by his members, and, as a man of uprightness and general integrity, his name was known far beyond the immediate circle in which he moved. Truly it may be said of him, "He feared God above many;" but now he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

On my way home I visited Breage, Mullion, and Constantine, and rejoiced to find so many of those who had but recently entered on the work of God steadfast in the paths of duty. While I was at Constantine a gracious revival commenced and I had the happiness of seeing many sinners awakened and brought to the knowledge of the truth.



Chapter 5

March 11th. 1824. I have now finished the seventy-fourth year of my age. Taking a retrospect of my past life, I am constrained to say, "Goodness and mercy have followed

me all my days.” And, glory be to God, my last days are my best! I often think with gratitude what a mercy it is, that in my old years I am enabled to live free from all the distracting cares of this world! Herein I clearly see the kind hand that has led me, as well as fed me, from my infancy, and in those days when I knew Him not. My soul is humbled in the dust, to think of the goodness of God. I can truly say, I have proved Him a Father to the fatherless. My prospect is unclouded, and, I believe, I never before felt such an establishment in grace, such an inward recollection of thought, and such a heavenly frame of mind. Truly, my divine Shepherd makes my soul to lie down in green pastures.

May 7th. This is a day which I have been anticipating with great pleasure and sacred delight.

Glory be to Thee, my God, that I am permitted to see another annual return of the memorable day in which my soul was brought out of darkness into marvelous light! Never, I trust, shall I forget to praise Thee for what Thou didst for me, a poor sinner, this day fifty-three years ago. Unworthy worm as I am, surely I may ask, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?” July 5th. I believe I never had greater pleasure in meeting classes, in laboring to prop the feeble knees, strengthen the hands that hang down, and press on believers to all the depths of humble love.

Blessed are those who live in the possession of all this glorious salvation. O my God, I bless and praise Thee that ever Thou didst bring me acquainted with that faith which is of the operation of the Holy Spirit, that faith which works by love and purifies the heart! I have lately had the joy of seeing three old backsliders return unto God, and besides, of seeing their backslidings healed. O that others of this class would also return to the Lord before repentance is hid from their eyes! On the death of one of these poor, unhappy wanderers, I have lately had many sorrowful reflections. For some years she was a member of my class, but her heart departed from God, and then she left His people. I followed her closely in her wanderings from the “fountain of living waters,” and frequently warned her, and entreated her to return. At length she gave me a flat denial, saying, “I will never join the society at ---.” The Lord still strove with her. One night she had a most terrific dream, and by her horrid screams in sleep, she alarmed the house in which she lived. When pressed the following morning to tell what it was that induced her to utter such cries in the night, she was not at first willing it should be known, but after a while she said, “I dreamed I was dying unprepared, and that I saw Satan standing by the bedside, waiting to carry away my departing soul.” When I heard of this, I told her it was certainly an awful warning from God, and that she ought not any longer to quench the Spirit. But all was in vain; her heart continued obdurate. When she got married, feeling I could not yet entirely give her up, I went to her house for the purpose of once more trying to persuade her to return to that Savior whom she had forsaken, but my efforts were apparently fruitless. Judge what were my feelings when, a short time after, I heard she was dead! She was ill only from the Friday to the Tuesday following. The doctors who attended her saw the disease was mortal and told her husband of it. She had no apprehension of danger herself, and her husband had not the courage to communicate the doctor's opinion till just before she expired! Another case of the kind, more awful than this, came under my notice some years ago. A man with whom I was well acquainted, being a professor of religion for a long series of years, departed wickedly from God by the sin of drunkenness. In his backslidden state I had many opportunities of conversing with him, and often did I earnestly entreat him to return unto the Lord. But he waxed worse and worse. One Saturday, attending market at a neighboring town, he stayed at a public house, with two sons of Belial, till near midnight. On his way home he fell down, and died in a moment! His wife told me he was brought home, in a state of intoxication, about ten days before by one of his companions. “Shall I not visit for these things, saith

the Lord?" Dec. 3d. This morning, while meditating on the riches of divine grace, how was my soul filled with the fullness of God, and lost in wonder, love, and praise! Heaven appeared so attracting, I was constrained to check the desire of departing to be with Christ, and to die is gain." Never had one, every way so undeserving, so much reason to praise the God of love. Day by day – nay, every hour that I breathe – He loadeth me with His multiplied mercies. If I did not love Him with all my redeemed and consecrated powers, I should of all mortals be the most inexcusable. O His love to me is boundless! I proved it an ocean without bottom or shore. O that all the world knew the riches of divine love, especially the rest from all sin – that rest of perfect love which is received by simple faith alone!

5th. By the urgent request of the friends at Stithians, I attended a love feast there. The preacher having disappointed the congregation, I was pressed by many to give a word of exhortation. In doing it, I found great liberty, while faithfully addressing those who were living without God in the world.

At the love feast, I was delighted to hear the people speak so freely, scripturally, and experimentally, and so much to the point. The chapel, at times, seemed filled with the glory of God.

22d. At the kind and pressing request of Mr. Carter, I went to Breage and remained with him a fortnight. Accompanied by Mr. C., I visited every house belonging to several of the villages round about, endeavoring in every family to scatter the seeds of eternal life. What may be the result will be known in the great day of account. The people received us kindly and several of them have since attended class meeting. I then went to Mr. Glasson's and adopted the same plan in his neighborhood.

One day, while conversing with a poor backslider, who was just at this time beginning to turn again to the Lord, a young woman, who had been living without God, came into the house and listened very attentively to the conversation. I felt my mind impressed to say something to her before I left. I had talked to her but a very short time before the Word reached her heart, and the silent tear stole over her cheeks. While praying with her she wept bitterly. The next night she came to the prayer meeting and the Lord set her soul at liberty. Another, an old man, was deeply convinced that night, and soon after found pardon. Four that week were brought to enjoy the peace of God.

In going from house to house, I met with one woman who appeared to know nothing of prayer.

I earnestly desired her to try to pray in her heart that God would bless her at that moment. It was some time before I could prevail upon her to do it, but no sooner did she lift up the desire of her heart unto the Lord than I perceived that He answered. Her hard heart was quickly melted and the waters of contrition gushed out. She now promised she would give herself to God. On the Sunday following, with her soul deeply burdened with the guilt of sin, she came to the class meeting; my heart rejoiced to meet her there, and soon the Lord turned her sorrow into joy. Another mourner, who came with her, was also made a partaker of the joys of salvation.

Feb. 3d, 1825. In the past week I have visited Ponsanooth: I rejoiced to find so many of the young converts steadfast in faith and practise. I met the Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday classes, and we had most blessed seasons together. The following Sunday I was at their monthly meeting, and surely the power of God was with us. Three entered into the enjoyment of entire sanctification, and bore a lively testimony to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. In meeting the class the following evening, another young man entered into the rest of perfect love, and "with a loud voice gave glory to God." These were seasons never to be forgotten.

March 2d. In the "Methodist Magazine" for last month, I this day read the memoir of Mr. Robert Spence, of York. I know not when I have met with any man's experience to come so near to mine as his does. A conversation with Mrs. Mather was made an unspeakable blessing to his soul. It was by her he learned his privilege to claim the promise of full salvation and expect the evidence in believing. Afraid of mistake, he artlessly interrogated, "Is this Methodism?" It was replied, "It is old Methodism – proved Methodism." Yes, and I bless God that I have the pleasure of putting my hand to the truth of this. I can say, "It is old and proved Methodism:" for on the thirteenth day of the month, it will be fifty-three years since I obtained the evidence in believing, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God cleanseth from all sin."

6th. Yesterday, while I was in my closet pouring out my soul in prayer, the Lord the Spirit applied these words to my mind, with great power and energy: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." At this time my soul is encompassed with mercy and full of the hope of immortality. To the praise and honor of His grace, who is the glorious Giver of all good, I can say with good Lady Maxwell, "My evidence for sanctification is as strong as a cable fixed to an immovable rack, and as bright as the sun at noonday."

"To know Thou tak'st me for Thine own,
O what happiness is this!"

April 14th. I have lately been reading Mr. Fletcher's Letters, and they have been a great blessing to my soul. He exhorts believers to hold fast their confidence, but not to trust or rest in it; but to trust in Christ, and remember that He says, "I am the way," not for you to stop, but to run on in Him. This is a wise and important observation, which has much included in it. Happy would it be for believers did they all comprehend and practically observe it!

20th. A few ago days I was called to visit a sick man. I had been with him before, and found him very dark and ignorant. I asked him if he prayed; he told me he did. I inquired what he prayed for.

That God would take him to Heaven, he said. "And what would you do," said I, "in Heaven in yours sins; Heaven is no place for an unregenerate soul. God's Word is gone forth, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;' and therefore," I said, "except you repent you must perish." I now found him much distressed in mind; he said he had not rested since my conversation with him. When I beheld him in this state on the brink of eternity, it is impossible to describe the love and pity I felt for him.

He knew but little, having never been able to read the Word of God. I gave him all the help I could; and though a kind of despairing gloom pervaded his mind, yet a ray of hope would occasionally animate his feelings. In speaking of him of the consolations of divine mercy, I was wonderfully assisted; but in the course of a few hours he died. The strong compassion I felt for him, connected with those marks of penitence which he manifested, forbid me to entertain the thought that he is eternally lost; but this matter must be left to the decision of the great day.

May 7th. It is fifty-four years, this day, since God in His rich mercy, first visited my soul with His pardoning love and blotted out my sins as a cloud, and mine iniquities as a thick cloud, for His own name's sake. Yes, glory be to God, it was that night that my chains fell off and I partook of the freedom of a follower of Jesus Christ. Nor am I yet weary in well-doing, or cut down as a cumberer of the ground. O the boundless mercies of my God to me! 26th. I have lately been greatly blessed under the ministry of the Word and in reading the blessed Book of God. O what beauty do I discover in it! It is sweeter to my taste than I ever before felt it.

“I love thy name, I love Thy word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.”

I have just received a letter from a dear child in the gospel, M. B. It affords me much gratitude and joy to think that the Lord has now kept her six years in the slippery paths of youth. O my heavenly Father, keep her unto the end!

Sept. 12th. I have of late been much confined at home by reason of my lameness and the infirmities of age. Except a few times to Ponsanooth, I have only been abroad once for the last three months, and that was on a visit to Constantine, when the Lord condescended to use me as an humble instrument of pointing another poor sinner to the outstretched arms of mercy. While meeting Brother Harvey's class I saw a respectably dressed young man, a stranger to me, sitting rather apart from those present, who did not belong to the class. I afterward inquired who he was found him to be Mr.

James Box, who was in an afflicted state of body, but did not enjoy religion. I then felt regret I had not spoken to him, but the next day I received a message requesting me to visit him. On entering the room where he was, I found him on a sofa, in a very feeble state of body, and his soul heavy laden, dark and comfortless. He expressed strong desires for salvation from guilt, and sin, and Hell, but knew not the way to attain it. Finding that he was already broken and a contrite spirit, I immediately pointed him to the Lamb of God. Nor had I long been talking to him of Jesus, before the blessed light of truth shone upon his mind, and while he was repeating with his lips, and endeavoring to apply to himself that precious passage of Isaiah, “He was wounded for our transgressions,... and with his stripes we are healed,” he was enabled to believe to the saving of his soul. The overwhelming power of the Spirit so descended upon him that his feeble frame shook under it, while in the fullness of his heart, he cried out, “Now I can love God.” After this I saw him several times and found him still holding fast his confidence and rejoicing in the God of his salvation.

15th. During several of the days last past, and I may add, of the nights too, for I have slept but little, my soul has been in the “land of Beulah,” where the sun and moon shine together, and never go down. This is a delightful country. It is

“A land of corn, and wine, and oil.
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing bless'd:
there dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.”

19th. I have just received a letter from my dear son in New South Wales, in which he mentions the conversations which took place between him and me fourteen years back, that led to his conversion. As far as my recollection goes, I think he is correct. He says: -- “You may be assured I have not forgotten the conversation about the salvation of my soul which took place while we were standing together near the entrance to the stable-door. But the remarks which you made to me on the following Sunday, I think, while I was occupied in my old way, about your declining health, and the disquietude which it would give you in a dying hour to leave me behind in an unconverted state, enforced as they were by the eloquence of falling tears, and the sighs of a full heart, produced on my obdurate mind a deeper impression than any precious efforts of your faithfulness and love. But the most effectual and best remembered of all your paternally kind attempts to effect the great change in my soul, was the invitation to attend the class meeting, which you gave me on the succeeding Tuesday evening. Though at this distance of time, and very much greater distance with regard to place, everything that occurred that evening is as vivid in my recollection as if it had taken place but yesterday and in the house in

which I now sit. I was then sitting in my usual position, with the book open before me which had so long kept my heart from God. Half-past six o'clock was the time -- I knew it was the meeting night, and, from what had taken place between us on the Sunday, I anticipated another attempt that evening. At length the fastening of the door moved; it produced a thrill with me; you entered, prepared for the meeting, and I was affectionately urged to go with you and cast in my lot with the people of God. I could hold out no longer; the conquest was won, and I yielded to the reasonable request to accompany you to the hallowed and hallowing assembly of those that feared God. In so doing I found my soul stimulated to seek that grace by which I was enabled to turn my feet to the testimonies of the Lord, and having obtained help of God, I continue to the day. To Jesus, my Savior, be ascribed all the honor and the praise!"

I have often thought, if parents were to plead more importunately with God in behalf of their own offspring, He would surely hear their cry, and we should not see so many professors' children living in a state of ungodliness and sin. I remember my wife told me, that after she had once been fervently pouring out her soul to God in behalf of our children, on rising from her knees -the Bible being on the table before her -- she opened it on these words, which she regarded at the time as given her in answer to prayer: "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hands unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." The Lord granted her desire of her heart, for she lived to see her three children converted to God. Now I consider that, as God has promised to pour out His Spirit on our seed, and His blessing on our offspring, He has graciously bound Himself to hear prayer, and we have an unquestionable right to pray for the fulfillment of the covenant; nay, He Himself has gone so far in encouraging us to ask the fulfillment of His promise, that He has condescended to say, "Put me in remembrance; as if He had said, "When you pray, be sure to bring the promises with you." Hence, I conclude, if I have faith to give full credit to God's Word, that promise which I lay hold of is mine, and all it contains, so far as my wants are concerned. On the other hand, if I entertain a doubt, or stagger at the truth of God, I consider I have no claim, and my prayers will not find access. Such is the dreadful effect of unbelief that, speaking after the manner of men, it binds the hands of God. It is said of Jesus on one occasion, "He could do no mighty work because of the people's unbelief." I see a great deal included in that verse of our hymn which says, --

"Faith, might faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

But we must not forget, that, however great may be our faith, it may be tried to the uttermost. This is very evident from the case of Abraham, and the woman who came to our Lord for her daughter.

Both these had mighty faith, yet were they severely tried before either of them obtained their suit.

The great object is to persevere in the prayer of faith. While all things are possible to him that believeth, we must endeavor so to believe as never to faint in crying to God. This is the conduct that honors Him, and the Lord saith, "Them that honour me I will honour." 25th. The Word of God never appeared so valuable in my eyes as at the present moment. Truly it is a lamp to my path and a light to my feet. All language fails to express the regard which I feel for it. "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart." Blessed be God, this is not only David's experience, but through grace it is mine also. I feel an ardent desire and holy longing within me to outvie,

if I could, all the heavenly host in loving and praising the God of my salvation.

“Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on angels' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love.”

28th. Yesterday Mr. J. Box, of Constantine, sent for me I found him confined to his bed, still holding fast his confidence in God. O how did we rejoice to see each other! He has had severe conflicts with the adversary of his soul, particularly on this point, that God will at some future period leave him – a common temptation – but against which God has provided an express remedy, by saying, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee:” and again, “They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.” Precious promises! And happy is that man who is blessed with precious faith to claim them for his own.

Oct. 10th. Mr. J. Box again sent to fetch me, requesting that I would come and remain with him some days, I found him full of faith and love. He rejoiced greatly to see me and said, “You are my spiritual father. I never knew what faith was till I saw you.” I told him he must give all the glory to God. At this time no one expected death was near, but the next day he was taken violently ill. In this conflict, which was the struggle of death, he held fast an unshaken confidence in his Redeemer and at last came off more than conqueror. As he drew nearer and nearer the closing scene, his faith and hope grew stronger and stronger. At last he cried out, “The angels are coming!” and soon after, with a heavenly smile on his countenance, he breathed his last. One thing is rather remarkable, and seems to show that angels themselves are not sufficient to help in a dying hour. When he exclaimed, “The angels are coming!” he turned to me as I sat by his dying pillow, and asked, “Will Jesus come too?” I replied, “Jesus is already here.”

Thus died this excellent young man in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He died in the house of his elder brother, Mr. M. B., a man of much respectability in the world. For some time his kindness would not suffer me to quit the family, and being thus detained, I took every opportunity of conversing with him on the subject preparing to meet his God. The circumstances were favorable to such conversations, and I soon found his heart was open to conviction. The day after his brother's interment, while reasoning with him on the great truths of religion and the importance of enjoying God, the Spirit of God rested upon us, his heart became deeply contrite, and he expressed his readiness to covenant immediately to be the Lord's. When I saw this I felt no hesitation in preaching to him Jesus and the atonement. I urged him at once to rest his guilty soul on the merit of that blood which Christ had freely shed for the remission of his sins. From the testimony of the Word of God, I assured him that his ransom was already paid, and that the duty which remained for him was to believe with all his heart. Soon he was enabled to believe with his heart unto righteousness, and with his mouth he made confession unto salvation. He received the inward witness and testified that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all his sins, and we rejoiced together with “joy unspeakable and full of glory.”



Chapter 6

March 3d. 1826. My lameness and the infirmities of old age have generally confined me at home of late. In this state I have often thought of the words of Kempis: “Leave desire,

and thou shalt find rest." I bless the Lord I feel no murmuring or complaining, but I have a longing desire to have my heart more enlarged and filled with God.

May 7th. Thank God, I am preserved to see another return of the day on which I was born from above. Fifty-five years have now expired since I was plucked as a brand from the burning and brought to taste the riches of my Savior's grace. Giving glory to Him, I find He is still precious to my soul. Upon serious reflection, I think I do love Him more than ever. O what a blessed day has this been to me! In meeting the class this morning, I could say,-

"My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality!"

Not being able of late to visit my friends at a distance, my time has chiefly been taken up in writing to many inquiring souls on the deep things of God, and blessed be His holy name, not altogether in vain. I have heard of five who have entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God. O my heavenly Father, I pray Thee that Thou wouldst keep them steadfast, till we all meet at the marriage feast of the Lamb!

28th. I am just now returned from visiting my dear friends at Ponsanooth and many are the blessed seasons which I have had with them. Here I had the pleasure of meeting with one who happened to be there on a visit, with whom I once had some profitable intercourse. She had now been a Methodist for some years, but was still complaining of an evil heart of unbelief. From the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, she manifested great anxiety to be delivered, but was unacquainted with the way of simple faith. While conversing with her on the subject, God was pleased to enable her to trust her all in His blessed hands, and He filled her soul with unspeakable joy. "Never," said she, "did I feel the like before." I advised her to commit it to writing, which she promised me she would do. For want of this, many, I believe, let slip and lose the blessings of God. May God have this handmaid in His holy keeping!

Feb. 8th, 1827. I am now returned, after an absence of sixteen weeks, which I have spent chiefly among the societies in the St. Austell circuit. The first three weeks I spent at Sticker, where I saw the power of God displayed in cleansing many sinful lepers. I lodged at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Carthew, whose kindness, while I remained with them, I shall never forget. Many came to converse with me on the subject of perfect love, among others, W. B., who was a class leader. After some conversation with him, he said, "I have long been convinced of my want of purity of heart, and have long sought the blessing in vain." I said to him, "My brother, the cause of this is in yourself, you have most probably been seeking it by works, and not by faith. By this you will know whether you have been seeking it by works or by faith; if by works, you have always something to do; if by faith, why not now?" He saw at once where his error lay, and in a short time was enabled to believe with all his heart, and was so filled and overwhelmed by the Spirit of God that he could scarcely support his body under it. His strength was so affected by the joy of the Lord within him, that he could not walk home without the assistance of a friend.

June 16th. For many years the church of God in this parish had remained in a barren and winter state; but, blessed be the Lord, He has lately been pouring out His Holy Spirit upon us, both at Flushing and at Mylor Bridge. Many have been awakened and converted from the error of their ways, and what adds to the joy is that some of the branches of my own family are among the happy number. My daughter's son, William Rundle, is one of them. For many long years had I prayed for him. He is truly converted and has a zeal about him which promises to make him useful. May God preserve him and keep him steadfast unto the end!

July 25th. Since I wrote in my journal under the above date a solemn and most unexpected change has taken place in the family. My dear grandson, William Rundel, so recently brought to God, and so hopeful in the church, has been snatched away from us by the hand of death. He was ill only a very short time, but, glory be to God, he died in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life! How merciful are the dispensations of God! His conversion took place about six weeks before his removal from hence. He did not long groan under the burden of guilt, and his evidence of pardon and adoption was very clear. At a prayer meeting two or three weeks before his death he received an overwhelming manifestation of the Spirit, in which every doubt and fear was utterly put to flight. He attended his class a few days before his death and seemed to be filled with unspeakable joy. "My soul," says he, "is like a ship in full sail on the boundless ocean of redeeming love." His death was occasioned by the rupture of a blood vessel. In all the conflict he was perfectly tranquil and serene: fear was not permitted to come near him. This was the more striking, because, in every little indisposition before, he was much alarmed and distressed at the thought of death; but now he seemed at once ready-winged for the flight. To his father who had fondly hoped that he would be the help and comfort of his advancing years, he said, "Father, you can do very well without me, and I would rather die than live." The Lord, whom he had so heartily chosen for his portion in the vigor of health, was now his abundant support in the struggle of pain and death. Just before he expired he said to me, "I used to be struck with terror at the thought of dying, but now I can meet death with a smile." He died in his nineteenth year. When at a neighboring place of worship the Sunday preceding his death, it was remarked by some who knew him, what a fine, health, blooming youth he appeared.

What a lesson is this to all who seek their happiness in this world! Mr. Hayman this evening applied the solemn event by preaching to a crowded congregation from I Samuel 20:3, "There is but a step between me and death."

Nov. 27th. I have just received an affectionate letter from Mr. Lawry, in which he urges me to pay another visit to the friends in the St. Austell circuit. He says my warm friends at Mevagissey propose to man a large boat and send it to Flushing for me, that my lameness may be no obstacle to my visiting them. In the dealings of the Lord with me, with respect to my bodily health, there is something remarkable. Last year, about this time, I was at Sticker, St. Austell, etc., in the midst of various revivals, and felt but very little fatigue, or pain, of feebleness from all the labors I engaged in. For ten months after this I was chiefly confined at home by weakness, lameness, and the various accumulating infirmities of age. I could not walk without much pain and difficulty, but now, within the last three or four weeks, the Lord has in a great measure removed all my bodily ailments. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits! Last night I had a wonderful display of the divine goodness and mercy, such a plunge, indeed, in the ocean of God's love, as I thought exceeded all I ever before experienced. It was such a weight of glory – such an overwhelming sense of the divine presence that I seemed lost in wonder, love, and praise! My happy spirit appeared to mingle with the glorified throng around the throne of God.

It seemed to me there was but a very thin partition between me and the world of glorified spirits. I thought I could sweetly join with them in singing, "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests – to Him be glory forever and ever! Amen."

Jan. 11th, 1828. I am just now returned after a tour of eight weeks among the different societies at Sticker, Austell, Charlestown, Mevagissey, etc. I rejoiced to find that the numerous young converts stand exceedingly well. At the quarterly meeting held at St. Austell, we had one of the best love feasts I ever attended. The testimonies borne to the

reality and blessedness of the doctrine and experience of purity of heart exceeded everything of the kind I had before witnessed.

Oct. 11th. Through the great goodness and mercy of God I am now returned from a tour of nearly six months. The first three weeks after I left home I spent with my various friends at Camborne.

Thence I went once more to see my old friends at Mousehole, whom I had not visited for nearly five years. When I arrived, the life and power of religion seemed to be comparatively at rather a low ebb among them and what increased the gloomy appearance was, some little unpleasant things had just before occurred in the church which contributed to estrange some of their hearts one from another.

I used my humble endeavors to remove stumbling- blocks, and unite them all together in Christian love, and to stir them up to pray for a revival of God's blessed work. During the first week we saw no particular display of the quickening power of the Spirit in any of the means of grace. On the following Tuesday we changed the house at which the usual prayer meeting was held: -- We had it at friend Wallis's, instead of Jeffry's, and here felt encouraging tokens that God was about to afford gracious answers to our prayers. It was published that the following night the meeting would be held in the chapel. There was an increased attendance, and I exhorted the friends to plead hard with God, and expect an outpouring of the Spirit. After this meeting a general concern took place in the minds of the people. The prayer meetings were crowded by hundreds of attendants and all the inquiry was, "What must I do to be saved?" Some of the most hardened sinners were cut to the heart, and cried aloud for mercy, and the work of God went forward with mighty power. This extraordinary visitation from above continued four months, and the "revival at Mousehole" resounded far and near. Vast numbers, moved by different motives, came from a distance of many miles to see the wonderful works of God, and not a few of the strangers who came from curiosity were converted in the chapel at Mousehole, and, like the eunuch, were found on their road home-going on their way rejoicing.

Nov. 14th. For several weeks past I have been confined at home by rheumatism and have been chiefly employed in writing letters. Though laboring under much pain and weakness, I have lately written eleven letters to different friends and have found it a sweet occupation of my time from day to day. At times I am so feeble that I was thinking on the poor condition of my shattered frame, suddenly the thought occurred, "Yet Jesus deigns to dwell in it." I was struck with wonder and amazement at such infinite condescension, to think that the God of Heaven should dwell in such a mean house of clay. While I was thus indulging a moment's reflection, these words were applied: "Ye are the temple of the living God." O what a lift did this give my faith and what a heavenly intercourse did it open between God and my soul!



Chapter 7

March 21st. 1829. After being confined at home by feebleness and pain for some months, I paid a visit to my dear friends at Ponsanooth and was happy to find the work of God in such a prosperous state among them, By Mr. Lowry's kind and pressing request I went to Gwennap, where the good work is also advancing. I lodged at Mr. J. Mitchell's and was most kindly received by him and his excellent family, among whom I trust, my humble

efforts were not wholly in vain. Some appeared to receive the seed into good ground; may it be manifest in the last day that the good impressions were ripened unto perfection!

22d. I have now entered my eightieth year. O the mercies of God still richly displayed toward me; all flowing through the kind intercession of my Advocate at God's right hand!

“My dying Savior and my God!
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.”

I am conscious I can form no language of my own adequate to this to express my views and thoughts and feelings respecting the atonement. This is a favorite hymn of mine and has often proved a blessing to my soul. I have many times thought, that did I possess the talents of Mr. Wesley, I should preach and write just as he did. My views of the salvation of the gospel and of the atonement, correspond exactly with his. May I live this year, which I have entered in so heavenly a frame of mind, more to the glory of God than any former year.

Dec. 21st. I am now again mercifully restored, after being confined to bed for several weeks by reason of a wound in my leg. Blessed be God! This affliction has been sanctified to the good of my soul. One day, reflecting upon my state as the prisoner of the Lord, it was suddenly suggested, “Jesus is in the prison with thee.” My heart leaped for joy and my eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude at the thought of such infinite condescension. I thought of the three Hebrew children; how the Son of God was with them in the midst of the flames and preserved them unhurt. “Who is a God like unto our God?” “When thou passest through the fire,” say He, “thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee.” I have since had many plunges into the glorious fullness of Deity, which have greatly encouraged and strengthened my faith. Just before this took place, every grace was tried from a particular quarter, on which the enemy had not been accustomed to attack me. But, blessed be the Holy One of Israel, I can now triumph in victory over all my enemies.

Jan. 11th, 1830. I have begun this year with a fixed determination to live for God alone; nothing besides is worth a thought. As I have been much confined at home this winter, my time has been chiefly occupied in writing to my different Christian friends, from Saltash to nearly the Land's End.

March 5th. Within the last few weeks I have written nearly twenty letters, chiefly on the subject of entire sanctification. Deprived as I am of the pleasure of visiting my dear friends, I have found it very good to write to them. The Lord knows my motives in this employment -- I aim at the good of their souls; and to me it is just the same as if I had been praying and conversing with them. In all my pilgrimage I have never known so many clear testimonies of the power of God to save from all sin, as I have of late. Surely it may be said that knowledge is increasing – the knowledge of believing with the heart unto righteousness. Three letters that I have just now received bear testimony to the truth of this.

11th. My birthday. This is a day to which I have long looked forward, and often felt an earnest desire to see it. As I was born in the year 1750, I am now beyond fourscore. I thank God for giving me to behold this day, and I earnestly pray that the blessed end may be answered for which I am spared to see old age. Blessed be God, I can say at present, I am happy. Christ is more precious to my soul than all the world besides. O for ten thousand thousand tongues to praise my God, my Savior and the blessed Spirit!

July 3d. Still confined at home on account of lameness and pain. But this day I have received a very powerful manifestation of the Spirit of God, for which I can not

sufficiently praise Him. The blessed effects of this gracious visit I sensibly feel at this moment while I write. It puts to flight all the armies of the aliens and greatly brightens my prospects of future glory. O how infinitely do I fall short in gratitude to the Author of my mercies!

August 3d. Glory be to Thy holy name, O Thou most high God! Thou hast now accomplished and fulfilled the promise concerning my son Benjamin, given me more than ten years ago, when I felt reluctant to give him up to go out as a foreign missionary; Thou then reprovdest me, and saidst, "I gave my Son to die for Thee, and canst not thou give up thy son to go an errand for Me? I will bring him again to thee." And, glory, glory be to Thy adorable name! Thou has brought him back again and his dear wife and children also, in safety, in health, and in peace. For these mercies, eternal praises be ascribed to Thee, my God! And now, as Thy presence was with him to give him favor and to prosper him in distant lands, so do Thou grant, O Lord, that Thy presence and blessing may still accompany him in his ministry, where Thy kind Providence shall, in future, direct his steps! Amen amen.

March 13th. I have been spending some weeks at Ponsanooth. While there I had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful works of the Lord displayed in the conviction and conversion of many sinners.

The subjects of this gracious work are persons of all ages. Upward of fifty have received notes of admission. From what I have seen of them I have reason to think the greater part of them have been brought to enjoy justifying grace. I hope my labor among them was not in vain. This will be best known when God makes up His jewels.

May 7th. Bless the Lord, O my soul! He has spared me to commemorate another return of the day of my conversion. It is now sixty years since the blessed change took place within my heart. From the first day to the present moment I could never doubt of the reality of the work. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies to such an unworthy worm? "O to grace, how great a debtor!" 27th. I think I never felt my feeble frame so crushed with the infirmities of age as in the past week. But it is very pleasing to know, that while this earthly house of my tabernacle is dissolving, "I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Glory be to God for such a knowledge as this!

Aug 29th. At present I am led to admire the mysterious ways of providence and grace. For some considerable time I had been praying to the Lord that He would work a saving change upon a certain person, but could not obtain a convenient opportunity of conversing with her, till about five weeks ago. The result will be best described in her own language, from a letter which now lies before me.

She says, "I lived for many years in a state of indifference about the salvation of my soul, till it pleased the Lord to lay His afflicting hand upon me. I then saw in part my danger as a sinner and promised, if the Lord would raise me up, I would give my heart to Him. He did raise me up and I began to pray and to attend the public means of grace, but no one taking me by the hand to lead me further, I rested in the form without the power. Having a knowledge of your character, I often felt a longing desire to converse with you, but never had an opportunity of opening my mind to you till the 25th of July when I met with you quite unexpectedly. You then told me the desire you had long felt to converse with me and asked me if I was happy. I said I was not. You then inquired if I prayed, and when I told you I did, you showed me I wanted faith to receive the blessings of the gospel and invited me to attend the class meeting. I went accordingly, and was much affected, especially by the first hymn you gave out:-

'Come, Savior Jesus, from above
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.'

This was the prayer of my heart, and the meeting proved to me the most profitable I ever attended.

But still I knew nothing of the nature of living faith till I came to Downstall and had another conversation with you; for which I think I shall have cause to bless God to all eternity. Blessed be His name, my guilty fears are now all removed and I feel my faith daily strengthened; I can love God above everything, and I trust I shall henceforth, through grace strengthening me, be ever numbered with the humble followers of the Lord Jesus."

July 4th, 1832. After a tour of nineteen weeks the Lord has once more brought me in safety to my own home; for which I praise His holy name. I spent seven weeks at Mousehole, where I had again the pleasure of seeing many sinners brought to God. Several penitents received the Spirit of adoption while I was explaining to them the way of believing in order to be justified; six of them indeed before I had bowed my knees with them in prayer. This, I think, is more than I could ever say before.

After I had visited my good friends at Helston, I returned, but had been home but six days before a conveyance from a distance of seven miles was sent to take me to visit a young man in great distress of mind, who had so far reasoned with the enemy of his soul as to believe he had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. I stayed with him four days. He got better and was much relived and comforted. Thence I was brought to Mr. M. Box's, of Constantine, to whom, about six years ago, the Lord was pleased to show His pardoning mercy, while I was conversing with him. He is now a much respected class leader. I stayed with him three days, met his class, and have some reason to hope that my conversation in the family was made a blessing to some who knew not God.

Aug. 4th. I bless the Lord, that my last visit to Ponsanooth was rendered useful. A young man, the son of a pious mother, for whose salvation I had long felt and anxious concern, was awakened while I was conversing with him about righteousness, temperance, and a Judgement to come.

Trembling under the arrest of the Spirit of conviction, he took hold of my hand and said with much emotion, "Now I will go to class meeting with you." The following Tuesday evening he came accordingly and boldly declared what God had done for his soul.

Sept. 6th. My kind and much respected friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, of Mawnan, having often requested me to pay them a visit once more, I accordingly went over and spent a week with them.

I felt, on entering the house, as if the Lord was about to do some good in the family and told them of it, and it soon appeared who was likely to be the subject of it. Miss E. F., their niece, who had been living with them for some years, I found in a state of darkness and despair about her soul, but she had not made known her grief and burden to any one. God was pleased to bless my conversation to her, and before I left I had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing her made exceedingly happy and also united to the people of God. To His name be all the praise and the glory! Oct. 1st. I have lately been shut out from the public ordinances by a cold, a cough, and shortness of breath. But my time has passed away very comfortably in answering various letters which I have received from friends at Mousehole, Mevagissey, etc. Seeing that nature's ties are all dissolving, it affords me no small consolation to look forward to the building of God in the heavens, which I know is mine by the inward testimony of the Spirit. Yes, for thee, my soul, for thee! Glory be to

God! 13th. I feel my bodily weakness increasing more and more, but I bless God, He gives me fresh tokens of His love and approbation, to assure me that I am His. This morning, feeling much of the helpless worm, I wanted a stronger inward testimony of my sonship, and looking up to my Advocate with God, these words sweetly flowed into my mind:

“Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.”

This was enough: tears of joy overflowed my eyes and my heart dissolved in love.

Nov. 3d. In the last two or three days I have felt my soul particularly engaged with the Lord, in order to keep my evidence bright for glory, and to have a closer walk with God. Last night, while lying on my pillow, this portion of God's most holy Word flowed sweetly into my mind: “Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.” Such a divine and heavenly influence accompanied the application of the words, that I felt I was enabled to believe that the glorious truth contained in them was fulfilled in me; and I rejoiced in it and gave glory to God. Indeed I had such a confirmation of the truth and reality contained in these words, “We will come unto him and make our abode with him,” as I never felt before.

April 9th, 1833. I have spent three or four weeks at Tregew and visited Flushing friends pretty much as I was able. I had the pleasure of seeing several mad happy in God while I was with them.

One afternoon, while taking tea at a friend's house, two young women came there in great distress of mind: before we parted, the Lord was pleased to set them both at liberty. O may He keep them steadfast in the faith!

27th. Yesterday I went to chapel, but was so poorly it was with difficulty I could return. At present I seem stripped of nearly all my bodily strength, but I bless the Lord, I feel my mind perfectly resigned. Christ is all in all. I want no other portion in earth or Heaven. His presence makes my paradise. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. Glory be to God! May 7th. Through the tender mercies of a kind, indulgent God and the speaking blood which pleads for me in the courts of Heaven, I am spared to sixty-two years expire since the Lord was pleased to bless me with the Spirit of adoption, whereby I was enabled to cry, “Abba, Father! My Lord and my God!”

June 25th. A man who was genteelly dressed called on me today and spoke very freely and familiarly. On my saying to him I could not recollect his person, he said, “I am your own child in the faith; my name, is F.J., formerly of Ponsanooth.” I then recollected him. He joined the society during the great revival, nineteen years back. He was then but a child, yet very clearly and soundly converted to God. He soon after went to London, and, what was rather remarkable for one converted so early in life, he now told me he had never cast off the fear of God, nor had his name erased from the class book.

Chapter 8

About fifteen months after the last entry in the preceding chapter, William Carvosso, according to his son's writing, departed this life, at the ripe age of eighty-five have been an active Christian for sixty-three years. In accordance with his own expressed wishes, his friend, the Rev. W. Lawry, preached his funeral sermon, at Ponsanooth, taking for his text, II Tim. 4:7,8. Carvosso's death was also solemnized, and a sketch of his character given from various pulpits in different parts of the district.

Up to the last of his life, this faithful servant of God put forth the best of his strength and energies to lead souls to Christ: letters of instruction and encouragement were written to those who sought his help; and often, according to the report of his son, he would talk to inquirers and exhort them until his strength was exhausted.



From his son's memoir of his father's life we quote a few remarks:

“As a prayer leader he excelled in soundness of speech which could not be condemned; in variety of expression; filial confidence; in fervor, and in love and compassion for the souls of his fellow worshipers. This was to him a field of great usefulness; and not a few will bless God eternally that he opened his mouth at a prayer meeting.”

“As a society steward he was also exemplary. He was prompt, and diligent, and peaceful. The pecuniary affairs of the society must not be permitted to fall behind while the matter was in his hands. He was neither backward to contribute, nor bore an unreasonable part of the burden himself: but urged on every one to do his part; and produced those motives which never fail to operate where there is love to God and His cause on the earth.”

“As a class leader he was deservedly held in the highest estimation. It was an office exactly to his taste, and for the discharge of its duties he had qualifications of no common order..... Few men, however great might be their attainments in theology and divinity, could excel, or even equal him here. Within the sphere of the class meeting he was a wise master builder.” “Visiting the sick was another department of usefulness in which God was pleased greatly to honor him.He approached the sick bed with such clear perceptions of the covenant of mercy, such a strong apprehension of the efficacy of the blood atonement, such a confidence in God, and such a compassion for the souls of the afflicted, that they almost instantly felt that they were brought into the presence of a son of consolation and helper of their joy. By a few minutes man's apartment was often changed: it was, in fact turned from darkness to light.” “In seeking the salvation of souls he was emphatically in season and out of season. Wherever he found a sinner, in this world of mercy, his case was never deemed hopeless by him; with confidence in God he seized on the smoking brand, and strove to pull him out of the fire.” “To these traits in his public and useful character may be added another, in which he was eminent and mighty; that is, in his intercessory cries and struggles in his closet. The ardor of desire and strength of faith which he threw into these holy pleadings and wrestling before God in secret, were very great and truly characteristic of his other efforts to do good. He firmly believed that God heard and answered ‘the prayer of faith’ in behalf of others, and he proceeded with all his soul to act upon this conviction of the truth.”

On entering 1834, it seems that Carvosso had a presentiment that he should die that year. Having once been taken ill and feeling some doubts as to how it would go with him, while in prayer, a voice spoke to him saying, “I will add to thy days fifteen years.” That period having expired, the same voice seemed to say, “This year thou shalt die.”

His final sickness attacked him in August, and was painful and protracted and caused him to suffer excruciating pains to the last.

Of his last suffering his son writes:

“To some it appeared rather mysterious, that one who had so long and so eminently walked with God and who had in such an extraordinary manner gone about doing good,

should, at the close of his life, be called to pass through affliction's furnace, heated even hotter than it is wont to be heated.

Many had fancied that he would enter into the joy of his Lord by a sort of translation.But where do we learn this doctrine, that saints must be exempt from suffering, or the goodness of God, impeached?"

While extreme pain for a while robbed him of his joy, in his worst moments he testified to a firm hope of his final salvation; nothing seemed to swerve him here. All his hope rested in atonement.

This and this only was the basis of his persevering faith.

Thus, in spite of increasing suffering, was he kept in victory, and often at such times, was helped of God to give out timely admonitions and warnings to those who were young in the way. His departure from this life was taken in triumph, Monday, October 13, 1834. For about twelve hours he had lain in a sort of lethargy without speech or motion, but at eleven o'clock in the morning, consciousness was regained, the power of speech returned, and he called for all his family to unite in prayer.

Again we quote the following from his son's account of the deathbed: "While they were kneeling round his dying bed,.... he was full of holy animation, and devoutly and very loudly responded to the several petitions which were offered up in his behalf. On their rising from their knees he gave them his parting benediction, saying with fervor, 'God bless you all!' And ...with an indescribable expression of joy and triumph in his countenance,he gave out 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!' and then attempted to raise the tune.....While thus in the act of praising God with his dying breath, his voice was literally lost in death."

Thus died William Carvosso, bearing out the words of John Wesley that, "Our people die well." And as his life and death has moved many souls to a life hid with Christ in God, so may it continue through this little volume which we send forth in Jesus' name.



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