



*"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16*

## SELECTIONS FROM CAUGHEY'S JOURNAL

By Daniel Wise

Excerpts From: EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

Or SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL OF REV. JAMES CAUGHEY

By Daniel Wise

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### COMMENTS

BY A. M. HILLS ABOUT JAMES CAUGHEY

[Along with the excerpts from "Earnest Christianity Illustrated," I have inserted below some comments made by A. M. Hills about James Caughey, taken from an article in the June, 1928 (Nazarene) Preacher's Magazine entitled: "The Call to the Ministry and The Preacher's Spiritual Life." -- DVM]

"A humble, obscure Irish preacher in Western Vermont (James Caughey) one day wrote in his diary, 'No man has ever been signally successful in winning souls to Christ without the help of the Spirit. With it the humblest talent may astonish earth and hell by gathering thousands for the skies, while without it the most splendid talents are comparatively useless.' With this conviction he sought the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and then saw in six years over twenty thousand souls accepting Christ at the altar."

### PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

The remarkable favor with which the religious public have received "Methodism in Earnest," and "Revival Miscellanies," has induced us to publish another volume from the quaint, pithy, and profitable pen of Mr. Caughey. We believe the present work to be as intrinsically valuable as either of its predecessors; and that it will be equally useful, should it chance to find as many readers. Like those works, it is quite miscellaneous in its character. It takes up the detail of Mr. Caughey's personal history where it was left at the close of "Methodism in Earnest," and follows him through the remarkable work of God which attended his labors in Huddersfield (Eng.) during the winter of 1845-6. The introductory sketch of Mr. Caughey's life conducts the reader down to that point in his history. So that the work now issued, though in one sense a sequel to "Methodism in Earnest," is, nevertheless, complete in itself. Choosing the incidents of the Huddersfield revival to be as a silver thread running through his book, Mr. Caughey has woven into it a variety of thoughts, illustrations, hints, discourses, etc., which cannot but be profitable to every earnest man who will be at the pains to peruse them. Confident of its value as a stimulant to the true religious life, we give this work to the public, believing that, when we enter the spirit world, the fact of its publication by our hands will be among those pleasant memories of the past we shall love to cherish there; and that it will prove the means of imparting help and good cheer to many a pilgrim on his way to the Celestial City.

Daniel Wise,    Ralph W. Allen

## 1. SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JAMES CAUGHEY

James Caughey is a native of Ireland. He emigrated to America in his youth, and was converted about twenty-four years since. Two years after his conversion he was admitted on probation in the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was ordained a deacon in 1834. His first labors were not distinguished by any uncommon results, and neither himself nor his friends had the remotest idea that his name was destined to become a household word in the church on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Caughey began his ministerial life with a resolute spirit, determined to cultivate his powers by constant study, and to form his character by a close and familiar walk with God. As the flower expands itself to the sun, his earnest mind opened to every good influence, human or divine. He was always looking and listening for means of strength, wisdom, and piety. Nor did he look vainly. He learned much, gained much from many sources; but from no single influence did he reap so large a harvest as from a passage in the writings of Dr. Adam Clarke. Speaking of this passage, he says:

“From the hour I read the following striking remarks of Dr. Adam Clarke, a few months previous to my ordination, I have never varied a hair-breadth from the great truth they advocate. I can only quote from memory, as the page which first presented them to my eye is many thousands of miles from me, and I cannot turn to the place in his Works where they stand recorded; but they differ little from the following: ‘But all this spiritual and rational preaching will be of no avail, unless another means, of God’s own choosing, be added to give it an effect, -- the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit of life and fire penetrates, in a moment, the sinner’s heart, and drags out to the view of his conscience those innumerable crimes which lie concealed there under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when, under that luminous burning agency, he is compelled to cry, “God have mercy upon me a sinner!” “Save, Lord, or I perish!” “Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against thee!”’

“I shall have eternal cause of thankfulness that the above sentiments ever came under my notice.

If my ministry has been rendered a blessing to many, that blessing has been vouchsafed (*given or entrusted*), through the merits of Christ, to a steady recognition of the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit. On the evening of that “never to be forgotten” day in which I read the above, I took up my pen, in secret, before God, and gave vent to the emotions of my deeply-impressed heart, in language something like the following: I see, I feel, now, as I have never done before, upon this particular subject. From the convictions of this hour, I hope, by the grace of God, never to vary. I see, I feel, -

“1<sup>st</sup>. The absolute necessity of the immediate influence of the Holy Ghost to impart point, power, efficacy and success, to a preached Gospel.

“2<sup>d</sup>. The absolute necessity of praying more frequently, more fervently, more perseveringly and more believingly, for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry.

“3<sup>d</sup>. That my labors must be powerless, and comfortless, and valueless, without this aid; a cloud without water, a tree without fruit, dead and rootless; a sound uncertain, unctionless and meaningless; such will be the character of my ministry. It is the Spirit of God alone which imparts significance and power to the word preached, without which, as one has expressed it, ‘all the threatenings of the Bible will be no more than thunder to the deaf, or lightning to the blind.’ A seal requires weight, a hand upon it, in order to make an impression. The soul of the penitent sinner is the wax; Gospel truth is the seal; but, without the Almighty hand of the Holy Ghost, that seal is powerless.

A bullet demands its powder, without which it is as harmless as any other body. The careless sinner is the mark; truth is the bullet that must pierce him; but it cannot reach, much less penetrate him, separate from this influence from heaven. In apostolic times, they ‘preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.’ -- 1 Peter 1:12. In our day we need an energy from no lower source, to overturn the wickedness of the vile and profane, and to counteract the formality and worldliness which are everywhere visible.

“4<sup>th</sup>. I am now fully persuaded, that in proportion as the Spirit of God shall condescend to second my efforts in the Gospel message, I shall be successful; nor need I expect any success beyond. No man has ever been signally useful in winning souls to Christ, without the help of the Spirit. With it, the humblest talent may astonish earth and hell, by gathering into the path of life thousands for the skies; while without it, the finest, the most splendid talents, remain

comparatively useless.

“5<sup>th</sup>. The entire glory of all my success shall henceforth be given to the Holy Spirit. By this I shall conscientiously abide, as by any other principle of our holy religion. It is written: ‘They that honor me, I will honor.’ To this may be, added that righteous, inalienable and unchanging determination of Jehovah: ‘My glory I will not give to another.’ “

From this time Mr. Caughey’s labors were more fruitful; yet not sufficiently so to distinguish him above many of his brethren. But in 1839 he became the subject of a very singular experience, which entirely changed the current of his destiny. We will let him speak for himself on this topic. Writing to a friend, he says:

“You will remember our Conference of 1839 was held in the city of Schenectady, N. Y. That year I was appointed to Whitehall, N. Y. Shortly after, I had my library and study furniture forwarded to my station.

“It was then I began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of choosing a wife, believing that ‘marriage is honorable in all men.’ I had traveled a number of years, studied hard, and expended all my time and strength in winning souls to Christ. My brethren approved of my intention. But, while indulging in this purpose, -- for some reasons I could not explain, -- my heart became very hard. The Lord seemed to depart from me; and that countenance, which so often beamed upon me from above, and had daily, for many years, brightened my soul into rapturous joy, appeared now to be mantled in the thickest gloom.

“The more I reflected thus, ‘I can see no good reason why I should be singular (exceptional) among my brethren, nor continue to lead this solitary life,’ my heart became harder, and my darkness increased. I was soon involved in a variety of evil reasonings. My will seemed to be in a conflict with something invisible. God, who had honored me with such intimate communion with himself since my conversion, apparently left me to battle it out alone. So it appeared to me then; but now I see God Himself was contending with me. I was about to step out of the order of His providence; and He was resolved to prevent it, unless I should refuse to understand why He thus resisted me. Had I continued the conflict, I believe He would have let me take my own course; nor would He have cast me off; yet I solemnly feel He would have severely chastised my disobedience.

“My distress and gloom were so great, I could not unpack my library, nor arrange my study. I began to reflect most solemnly upon my unhappy state of mind, and became more concerned to regain my former peace and joy in God, than to obtain any temporal blessing whatever. The world was a blank, a bleak and howling wilderness, to my soul, without the smiles of my Saviour. In fact, that I could not live, but must wither away from the face of the earth, without His comforting and satisfying presence. Like a well-chastised son, I came back to the feet of my Heavenly Father, and with many tears I besought Him to reveal His face to my soul; that if my purposes were crossing His, to show me; and whatever was His will, I would at once, by his help, yield my soul unto it. ‘Lord God,’ I said, ‘if my will crosses thy will, then my will must be wrong; for thine cannot but be right.’ Now I cared not what He commanded me to do, or to leave undone; I stood ready to obey. I felt assured clear light from God on some points would soon reach my soul; and I was fully prepared for it. But I no more expected such an order as came soon after, than I expected He would command me to fly upward and preach the Gospel in another planet. During three days I cried to God, without any answer. On the third day, in the afternoon, I obtained an audience with the Lord. The place was almost as lonely as Sinai, where Moses saw the burning bush. It was under open sky, a considerable distance from the habitations of men; steep rocks and mountains, deep forests, and venomous reptiles, surrounded me. Here, and in a moment, the following passage was given me to plead:

‘And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord.

And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.’ -- Exod. 34:5-7. I took hold of this; many of the words were as fire, and as a hammer to break the rocks in pieces before the Lord. The fountains of tears were opened, and the great deep of my heart was broken up. I left the place, however, without receiving any light; but my heart was fully softened and subdued, and I felt assured I had prevailed in some way with God. I was confident light and direction were coming; but of what nature I could not tell.

“This was on the 9<sup>th</sup> of [July, 1839](#). The same evening, about twilight, eternal glory be to God! When reading in a small room adjoining my study, a light, as I conceived from heaven, reached me.

My soul was singularly calmed and warned by a strange visitation. In a moment I recognized the change; the following, in substance, was spoken to my heart; but in a manner, and with a rapidity, I cannot possibly describe. Every ray of divine glory seemed to be a word that the eye of my soul could read, a sentence which my judgment could perceive and understand: 'These matters which trouble thee must be let entirely alone. The will of God is, that thou shouldst visit Europe. He shall be with thee there, and give thee many seals to thy ministry. He has provided thee with funds. Make thy arrangements accordingly; and, next Conference, ask liberty from the proper authorities, and it shall be granted thee. Visit Canada first; when this is done, sail for England. God shall be with thee there, and thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings; and thou shalt be brought back in safety again to America.'

"The above is far beneath the dignity and grandeur of the impression. It came in a way which left no room for a doubt. A heavenly calm, a powerful persuasion, and an intense glow of divine love, accompanied the whole. It was like the breaking forth of the noon-day sun at midnight. I fell upon my knees before the Lord, my whole mind consenting to the orders, which I believed had come from heaven. O, the sweetness of that communion I then enjoyed with God! My sky was cloudless. My rest of soul unutterable. The meaning of many past providences was now explained. The possession of a few hundreds of dollars had often made me very uneasy. I doubted the propriety of laying up treasure on earth. The cause of missions stood in need of what I possessed, but still I was restrained.

Now I clearly saw that God had provided me with these funds, in order to make me willing to obey the call, and to save me from embarrassment in my travels. I could perceive a special reason why I had pressed forward in my studies for so many years, and why revival texts and sermons had occupied so much of my time; -- that God had been thus preparing me for a few campaigns in Europe.

"I arose from my knees under a strong conviction that God had called me to take this tour. Letters were written immediately to Canada, etc. The next day my soul was calm and happy. My books were unpacked; and everything in my study arranged with a glad heart and free. Eleven months were before me, to criticize the impressions on my soul. With delight I commenced my pastoral work, visited from house to house, and had the pleasure of seeing a most powerful revival of religion in my circuit. During this period, not the least wish entered my heart to form any connection or engagement whatever that would entangle or hinder me from fulfilling what I conceived to be the high and solemn commission I had received from the Lord. I continued to resign the whole matter to God, entreating him to overrule all to His glory, and to hedge up my way if it were not His will I should leave America."

In obedience to this impression, Mr. Caughey asked and obtained permission from his Conference, in 1840, to visit Europe. Before setting out, however, he visited Canada, where an extraordinary influence attended his preaching, particularly at Quebec and Montreal. Five hundred persons were converted under his labors at these places in a few months.

Thus encouraged, he set out for England by the way of Halifax. He landed in Liverpool on the 29<sup>th</sup> of July, 1841. Having visited the Wesleyan Conference then in session at Manchester, and being cordially invited by the Rev. Thomas Waugh to visit Ireland, he re-embarked at Liverpool and sailed to Dublin, not knowing what might befall him there. We will quote his description of his first public service in that city.

"After taking breakfast with a few pious persons, at Mr. Vance's lodgings in Abbey Street, a young brother conducted me to Henderick Street. The congregation was small. To them, for the first time in Europe, I opened my commission, from John 17:1, -- 'Father! The hour is come.' The Lord touched the hearts of several, and a gracious influence rested on the whole congregation. At the conclusion of the service I quietly retired through a door under the pulpit, and regained the street, little imagining the stir which had been excited among the dear people in the chapel. Some were saying, 'Who is he?' others, 'What is his name?' One little party were inquiring, 'Who sent him here?' and another were fully of opinion that 'this stranger should be invited to preach again at night.'

"In the mean time I and my guide were hastening back again to Abbey Street Chapel, to receive the sacrament. Two brethren, William Fielding and Richard Craig, who have since been very valuable friends to me, were dispatched after us, and when they overtook us they presented the wish of the people. I consented on condition it should be agreeable to the preachers. They soon obtained permission, and that night I preached to a large congregation with a good degree of liberty. An influence from heaven rested upon the leaders; and, after a consultation with their ministers, it was resolved to hold 'special services' during the week, 'to promote a revival of the work of God.' I agreed to preach four nights, but with the secret determination to leave, the following week. I left the hotel on

receiving a pressing invitation from Mr. Fielding to make his house my home. Towards the latter part of the week we found ourselves surrounded with weeping penitents. The glory of the Lord filled the house, and sinners were daily converted to God. We continued these services in this chapel during four weeks. A select (special, closed) meeting was then appointed for the young converts, and one hundred and thirty persons came forward to testify that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all their sins."

From that Sabbath his path opened clear as light before him, and his success was wonderful almost beyond precedent. He labored in Dublin, Limerick, Cork and Bandon, in Ireland. Then, re-crossing the channel, he held meetings in Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, York, Birmingham, Nottingham, Lincoln, Boston, Sunderland, Gateshead, Scarborough, Chesterfield, Doncaster, Macclesfield, Wakefield, and some other minor towns, [till 1847](#), when he thought it his duty to return to America. During the seven years of his stay in England and Ireland, nearly twenty-two thousand persons professed conversion under his immediate labors, [and nearly ten thousand entered into the rest of full salvation](#).

Since his return, Mr. Caughey has spent his summers in literary labors at his residence in Burlington, Vt. During the winter months he has preached successively in New York, Albany, Providence, Lowell, Fall River, Warren and Cincinnati, in the United States, and in Toronto, Quebec and London, in Canada. In some of these places he has been singularly successful. In all of them his labors have been attended with the unction of the Holy One.

Mr. Caughey is a self-educated man. He has been an extensive reader, and his mind is richly stored with the best thoughts of the best English writers. He possesses a remarkably vivid imagination, which, in its ardent flights, sometimes, though not often, soars into the suburbs of fanciful regions. His perceptive faculties are superior, his reasoning powers good, though not logical in the highest sense. His memory is both retentive and ready; hence he has a large treasury of ideas at command. His mind possesses great force; his manner is earnest and persuasive his gesticulation natural. His voice possesses remarkable compass; if not richly musical, it is very pleasant, and the more it is heard the more it charms. His discourses bear the mark of originality. It is true they often flash with the intellectual jewels of great writers, but these are faithfully acknowledged; and his sermons, both in thought and structure, are manifestly the offsprings of his own mind.

Such is the man some of whose marvelous movements and personal experiences form the topic of these pages. Nature formed him a man above the mediocrity of men, but she did not endow him with the highest gifts of genius. The church has many ministers of larger powers, more highly cultivated, better read, and of higher intellectual rank, but whose successes in God's work will not bear comparison with those of Mr. Caughey. Whence, then, has his superior power proceeded? Why has he won such victories in the church of God? We must leave this question unsolved, or attribute his surprising success to the Holy Spirit, who finds His instruments among the herdsmen of Tekoa, or at the feet of Gamaliel, as His sovereign wisdom may decide. To this source Mr. Caughey himself ascribes the glory of his fruitfulness. We do the same, and invite the reader to the pleasant work of tracing the influence of the Holy Spirit as displayed in his private mental exercises and public labors.

We are assured that no candid man can peruse the following pages without feeling himself moved to become a holier man, and a more earnest laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

## EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

### Portions of Chapter 2

## A WEEK OF AGONIZING CONFLICTS

Mr. Wesley visited this town nearly four-score years ago. (4X20 yrs) In his Journal he says:

"Monday, May 9, 1757. -- I rode over the mountains to Huddersfield. A wilder people I never saw in England. The men, women and children, filled the street as we rode along, and appeared just ready to devour us. They were, however, tolerably quiet while I preached; only a few pieces of dirt were thrown, and the bell-man came in the middle of the sermon, but was stopped by a gentleman of the town. I had almost done when he began to ring the bells, so that it did us small disservice. How intolerable [a] thing is the Gospel of Christ to them who are resolved to serve the devil!"

What a change in H. since then! No mobs now. Methodism is honorable now. Many of its families stand high in



reputation, respectability and wealth. It is not persecution, but indifference we have to contend with now. But, really, the latter is almost as bad. Perhaps, if Satan gets wounded, he may roar again. Amen! But, O my Lord! Do not suffer my ministry to become fruitless, nor my seals to it to fail! ...

Thursday afternoon. -- A cold heart and vacant look, -- how chilling when general in a congregation! -- A death symptom to a physician -- so to a preacher -- would freeze or frighten eloquence out of its proprieties, poor thing, were it “on hand” these times!

Green wood will burn, if one has enough of dry wood to mix with it! Dry wood soon burns itself out unless mixed with green wood. Dead coals will soon blaze amid live ones; but the live ones grow dim unless there are dead ones to kindle upon. There is much of this apparent in revival effort. And “there is the rub” here in Huddersfield. When here last May, we had dry wood and wet wood, live coals and dead ones, in abundance; enough to set all the latter in a blaze, with a few good blasts. That was the time for Huddersfield; the power of God was present in every meeting. But I had to leave for Sheffield. The Pentecost of my ministry occurred in Sheffield, where, in about four months, three thousand three hundred and fifty-two souls were JUSTIFIED, and eleven hundred and forty-eight souls were sanctified! What was gain for that town was loss to this. No matter; it is all Immanuel’s land, -- his cause there as here. True, but it makes it harder here now. I engaged to come back here on my return to England from the continent. That gave Satan time to get ready. He sprinkled the dry wood with vain trust in an arm of flesh, and made the green wood greener still; threw cold water on the live coals, and removed the dead ones to a safe distance, and so had all in readiness after his fashion. Ah! Who can believe such things, but those who have had the trial in soul-saving effort! - a work Satan can never be indifferent to, while he owns a single soul upon earth.

However, the fire may be only smoldering. I went into a blacksmith’s shop, the other day. What splashes of dark, dirty water he dashed on the fire! -- enough, I thought, to put it out. But when the bellows got a going, a few blasts, and it blazed out again with increased flame and intensity of heat.

The smith expected this, whether he knew the philosophy of it or not. It may be so with the Lord’s forge -- the church. An excellent man remarked, some years ago, that a great deal of spiritual good comes to the Christian by the malice of his enemies; that the raging and rallying enemies of God’s people serve as scullions to scour the Lord’s vessels of honor; as shepherd’s dogs to hunt Christ’s sheep into order, and to greener pastures. -- Ps. 27:11. A scullion is a kitchen menial -- a scourer of pots and kettles, and other dirty work. So he thought the wicked serve as scullions for the benefit of the church. The devil loves dirty work himself! Perhaps the Lord allows him to act the smith, to dash dirty water on the church’s fires, which makes them burn with more intensity after a few blasts of the Gospel. Satan is a poor philosopher, after all. His malice, I think, and precipitation, often get the better of his wisdom. God only is in finitely wise. All beneath him are finite, -- that is, limited or bounded in their capabilities. Satan, of all the fallen, stands at the top of the finite, -- an angel once, perhaps an archangel, -- one of the greatest intellects in the hierarchy of heaven, -- yet a finite being, therefore circumscribed (limited); and, since his fall, partaking largely of a finite’s infirmities.

He is called, in Scripture, “That old serpent” -- Rev. 12:9. The wisdom of the serpent is spoken of also; but it is finite and changeable, and often degenerates into cunning; and cunning folks are not always wise, especially when out of temper. A revival conflict teaches one much of the character of the devil; more, perhaps, than any other department of the work of God. It is on the battlefield that opposing generals study each other’s talents. He is often the best general who best understands the tactics of the enemy. Lord, help me! I am but a child. I shall know more about this matter hereafter.

O for a larger increase of that faith, and hope, and love, of which Satan is an eternal bankrupt, and with which he has no power successfully to cope! Amen! ...

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

A Portion of Chapter 4

## A CHARACTERISTIC DISCOURSE

... I looked up among the clouds, the other day, and noticed two layers of clouds moving in contrary directions, one underneath the other, owing to contrary currents of air aloft. It reminded me of what I had been thinking of, --

contrary influences, heavenly and infernal, which we have been realizing of late. A few hours after, and all the clouds were moving in one direction, -- one of the air-currents having ceased. Let us look up and expect the prevalence of divine influences, to the exclusion of the diabolical.

Angels are with us. The lightnings are not swifter than they, to do the will of our Jesus. They are also great in strength. "Forty centuries look down on you from the top of yonder pyramids," said Napoleon to his troops, on the eve of "the battle of the pyramids." How many centuries of souls are looking down from the heights of heaven upon us this moment! Napoleon hinted to his soldiers they were about to add another leaf to the four thousand years of history which belonged to those pyramids and surrounding plains. We are about to add another leaf to the spiritual history of Huddersfield. God grant it may be a bright one, such as may be read in heaven with joy by those there before us, and by ourselves in glory afterwards! Brethren, there is no vagrancy of fancy in all this! Hearken. Luke 15:7. -- "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Hearken again.

Luke 15:10. -- "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Why did our Lord make two such remarkable declarations almost in the same breath, but to assure and encourage us regarding heavenly sympathy, at least -- ay, and assistance by inference?

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

A Portion of Chapter 11

## ONWARD MOVEMENT OF THE REVIVAL

In the afternoon prayer-meeting there were sixty-eight souls saved, of whom forty were pardoned, and twenty purified.

Crowds upon crowds last night, and hundreds had to go away, for want of room. About three thousand people filled the spacious temple in every part, aisle and all, thick as they could stand. The power of God was present, to "kill and make alive" in a wonderful manner. Indeed, during the last eight days the success has amazed us all. Over one hundred and fifty have been converted, and about one hundred sanctified throughout spirit, soul and body. -- 1 Thess. 5:23.

All glory be to God! The work is His, and man is as nothing -- only as an axe in the hand of the hewer. The axe has nothing to glory in; to the arm that sets it on belongs the glory. This is one of God's own illustrations -- Isaiah 10:15, -- "Shall the AXE boast itself against him that heweth therewith? Or shall the SAW magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the ROD should shake itself against them that lift it up, or as if the STAFF should lift up itself, as if it were no wood." No, no; why should they? The axe and the saw might have been left to be devoured with inglorious rust, had not the hewer employed them; and the rod and the staff to rot and perish, but for the hand that lifted them up. Lord Jesus, thou hast used me as an axe, a saw, a rod, and a staff, upon the souls of sinners; but, O, forbid that my soul should lift up itself and glory! No; "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ." Yet, my Lord, let it not offend thee that I record thy wonderful doings among this people, even as we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, of the wonderful works thou didst perform in their day. -- Ps. 78:3, 4. These thy works are worthy, O Lord, to be had in everlasting remembrance.

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

Chapter 14

## THE NEW CONVERT EXHORTED TO HOLINESS

**1ST.** Let that new convert hearken! -- The remains of sin -- yea, the seed of every sin -- is within, till you are cleansed throughout spirit, soul and body. That was a good remark of one, "There is much of the old man in the new." Already have you been made sensible of the fact. Those seeds have taken root. They are rooted in that heart of yours, among the plants of grace, like weed-roots in a bed of vegetables. They must be uprooted, or they will destroy or dwarf the plants of grace within you.

Indwelling sin is Satan's capital. He who has a small capital will keep adding to it. It is Satan's investment and he will not neglect it; the devil's stock, and he will watch its rise and fall in the market as closely as any stock-jobber.

Sin is, in itself, an accumulating principle. A slight cold is prone to additions. It is so with indwelling sin. Its nature is to render you cold to duty, and cold in your affections toward God and His people. It contracts the fine affections of your soul, as a cold the fine vessels of your body, -- rendering you chilly and shivering in the presence of a good Gospel fire.

It is just so with some old professors in this town. When we see a man shivering in the sunshine, or by a warm fireside, we suppose his ague is bad enough. To see a professor shiver in the warm sunshine of the Gospel or encompassed by the blaze of a glorious revival such as this, argues an inveterate spiritual ague. The devil has his eye upon such, to give them a hot corner in hell, by and by. It is to save you from such an ague I address you, young convert, while you have indwelling sin in you. You have the elements of this ague within; it has begun, in fact, in these incipient stages.

Get rid of it. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth of it. The medicine is ready, if your faith is ready. Why not now? All things are possible to him that believeth." May you have no rest till you are cured of these ague-fits, -- slight, indeed, at present; it would be a wonder were it otherwise, considering your present advantages. But it has a lodgment in your nature, and every exposure to "evil air," to bad company and bad influence, will add to it; your ague-fits will increase, until you will be ashamed to be seen in a class-meeting. Better you never had been converted, than enter the lists of these anguish professors.

**2d.** Let the "prone to wander" new convert listen. -- If so now, that proneness may increase ten-fold hereafter. Purity of heart is your remedy. Be not deceived. Are you clear in your conversion? If not, in all likelihood you will wander back to the devil. Some children stray away from their parents and return again. His eye is upon you -- He never took it off you in all your "ins and outs" among us. Forgive the apparent harshness. You understand me. I would fain probe your soul to the bottom. It will do you no harm, if a genuine convert; if otherwise, you may, peradventure, recover yourself out of the snare of the devil.

Be not deceived in your intentions regarding sin. You have put it away; surely you have, if regenerated. But have you parted with it forever, think you? Have you quite removed your eye off it? No treacherous inclination, towards it? No hankering after it? Do you hate sin? There was much in that remark of one, that many deal with their sins as the mother of Moses with her boy -put him away, but provided for him; hid him in the ark of bulrushes, as if she had forsaken him quite, but her eye was upon him, and, at last, became his nurse. Thus many leave, but love, their sins. They hide them from the eyes of others, but their hearts go after them. At last they take their sins to nurse, and give them the breast. Can you detect anything of this in yourself? Then let me shout in your ear, PERIL. "Make a clean breast of it," as they say sometimes to criminals. Resolve upon heart purity.

It is your only safety. The blessing is your spiritual birthright, if you are born from above. You will backslide, perhaps foully and fatally, without it. That was a wise prayer of Beza, "Lord, perfect what thou hast begun in me, that I may not suffer shipwreck when I am almost at the haven." Ay, that would make damnation what Aristotle said death was, "The terrible of terribles!" If ever you are to be saved from such a hell, you must follow after holiness with the same ardor that a hunter pursues his game.

Let some old Christians present look back upon past life. How near you were to falling, at such and such a time, perhaps did fall, altogether by your corruptions! How prone to step out of the order of God! How often has Providence formed itself into a hedge of thorns, or spears, to keep you back from ruin, as you were impelled on by your unsanctified passions! When about to be carried headlong into an ocean of miseries, it required an angel of the Lord with a drawn sword, between two walls, to keep you back, -- as in Balaam's case, -- forcing you to stand still, with a bruised foot, or a broken limb, or a disordered body, or deranged affairs, or wounded feelings.

Behold that solitary backslider who sits over yonder. He has a history. Would that you could hear it, new convert, -- that he would think aloud! What a commentary upon my remarks would be his experience! Backslider, what has been the root of all thy sins and sorrows? Anything else than indwelling sin? You were cleansed from outward sin in the days of your first love; but, alas! You were not cleansed from inward sin. As streams may be traced to their fountain-head, so may the troubled and polluted streams of thy wickedness and backslidings to the fountain of a corrupt heart.

O backslider, I will take up for thee Martha's lamentation over her dead brother, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Lord Jesus, if holiness had been in my brother's heart, he had not died; for it was unholiness



drove thee from his heart, and then he died. New convert, let his case be a warning to you. "Christ in you the hope of glory," says St. Paul. And again, "That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith." Yes; but reflect. Will Christ dwell in an impure heart? Does He esteem a clean heart less than you do a clean home? You cannot suppose any such thing. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" -- 2 Cor. 6:15. An unholy heart is a Belial.

3d. A few words to another, -- to "one but newly found in Christ." -- Yes, you find some professors who speak lightly of holiness, and of those who enjoy it. They seem to glory in the fact that they are not of the number -- just as if it were a merit to be unholy. I wish I could shout those words of an old author into their ears, with the voice of a trumpet: "Some thank God they are not of this holy number; those who thank God for their unholiness had better going the bells for joy that they shall never see the Lord!" As to yourself; study well that declaration of St. Paul: "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Besides, let me advise, keep out of the company of such despisers of holiness. They will shear you of your strength; will rob you of all your desires after this great blessing; will prejudice you against those who profess and enjoy it. No man's heart can be right with God who speaks lightly of holiness. Dying Jacob said of some, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united." -- Gen. 49:6. It seems they had slain a man in their anger, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. They would slay your hopes of heaven, -- would encourage that within your heart that has slain its thousands and its tens of thousands. In their self-will they would dig down the wall of holiness from around you, and leave you exposed to the roaring lion of hell that is going about seeking whom he may devour. A longing desire after holiness is as a wall of fire around your soul. Their company is not safe for you now; at least, their thoughts are not the Lord's thoughts. God is not in all their thoughts; but such as have God in all their thoughts should be your companions.

With respect to the other parties, your duty is imperative; -- abstain from their company. They will injure you. Polished metal never polishes rusty metals by mingling with them; no, but it is sure to catch their rust. A well person will not add to his health by sleeping with one who is sick. Do you understand me? It is equally true in spiritual things.

Ponder well St. Paul's declaration, "Unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." -- Titus 1:15. What a sad state! How unwholesome their atmosphere! How perilous! Like the leper of old, everything they touch is unclean. Their souls are leprous; they are unclean. Their words leave their mark. Their breath is contamination. The atmosphere around them is unholy. They have never yet found the philosopher's stone, that turns all to gold -- "the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart." The Satanic tincture, that would turn the gold of the sanctuary into dross, is no secret to them. A stream pure as ever sparkled in the light of day is defiled and changed in passing through a foul swamp. A thought pure as sparkles in an angel's mind would be polluted in passing through such minds. Foul hands sully linen; an unclean mouth stains snow; a foul foot soils the mountain spring; -- so does an impure heart all it touches.

One of the seraphim noticed by Isaiah is needed, with a live coal to lay upon such mouths, so they shall cease to stain the word of God in the utterance. -- Isaiah 6:6, 7. They are as unfit for heaven as the devil is. The golden streets would groan under them. Their breath would mildew the jasper walls, or taint the air of glory. The fire of God would check, banish or consume them; war would be in heaven once more. This is severe. But, as David said to his brother Eliab, "Is there not a cause?" Be warned, therefore. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a hint of Scripture.

4<sup>th</sup>. Let "a young beginner" hearken. -- You must learn to discriminate; that is, to distinguish, or make a difference, between religious characters. Professors differ. Make distinctions. Do not jumble them together as if they were all cast in the same mold, or were animated by the same spirit; else you will be tempted to think as I did when reading "Mosheim's Church History," that for Centuries there was not a real Christian in the church. That was an error. The church was in the wilderness.

Historians did not live in the wilderness; but in "the city full," rather than in "the void waste." They were not familiar with God's secret ones, -

“Whose warfare was within. There, unfatigued,  
Their fervent spirits labored. There they fought,  
And there obtained fresh triumphs o’er themselves,  
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which  
The laurels that a Caesar reaped were weeds.”

Not many Sauls among the prophets – not many historians among those hidden warriors. How could they judge or write of those they knew not or heard not of; except to their prejudice? Mosheim gathered his “facts” from such. History admits of animadversions, [animated discussions] censures or criticisms, of the writer. He may be right, or he may be wrong or prejudiced. Study-life is apt to be speculative life, which often differs widely from real life and active life. People who always live in the city know little of the country; those who are always cloistered in the study know little of men – books are studied more than men. Historians, like history, must be taken and judged in the historical sense; that is, in the circumstances of time and place under which they wrote. Church historians, as already hinted, knew little or nothing of the “hidden ones” of God. -- Psalm 83:3. They only MARKED the surface of society, and the upheavings of error, and the stream of church contentions, with its froth and its scum, and the prominent actors therein, who were more distinguished for their fiery zeal than for their personal piety. They did not see the seven thousand who had never bowed the knee to Baal, -- 1 Kings 19:18, -- a circumstance St. Paul took care to remember. -- Rom. 11:4 But all historians were not Pauls – far from it. Nevertheless, the Lord has reserved to himself such thousands in all ages of the Christian church; and he has frequently hidden them, for a time, from the eyes of the multitude. The poet struck a chord which vibrates through all the past, as well as the present, and onward through time:

Believers have a silent field to fight,  
And their exploits are veiled from human sight:  
They, in some nook, where little known they dwell,  
Kneel, pray in faith, and root the hosts of hell;  
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine!”

Ay! after weeping, praying and mourning, in secret, over the sins of their times, but living a life of faith, and purity, and love, they fell asleep in Jesus, successively, and escaped to paradise, leaving those who knew them best to write the sentiment on their tombs, or to engrave it on the tablet of their own affectionate memories:

“Laurels may flourish round the conqueror’s tomb,  
But happier they who win the world to come;  
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,  
And all these triumphs, Christian, now are thine.”

These remarks may guard you against wrong conclusions in your “Church History impressions.” Similar views would have saved me from a temptation; but I was young and inexperienced. The same principles are applicable to the present age. Use them as your safeguards in the facts you relate.

“All are not Israel who are of Israel.” And all who are of Israel have not equal light on the subject of sanctification; with those who have had light, and improved it not, but retained it for speculation, it has spoiled on their hands, and bred worms of doubt, like the misused manna of old. -- Exodus 16:20.

You say, “Some doubt whether such a blessing is attainable until death. But by far the largest number admit its attainability in life and health; they seem to know all about the theory of holiness, and speak well of it, but when I ask whether they enjoy it, they say nothing, or confess that they do not. This discourages me, and holds me back. Why should I outstrip them? When I am equal with them in knowledge, then I may venture to surpass them in holiness.” But is that a business principle? Do you intend to carry this modesty into your business operations? It would ruin you, most likely.

There you must depend upon your own judgment, mainly – must act from the individuality of your own character.

Your neighbor's rule and habit will not do for you. Some, besides, know how business should be done, but are too indifferent or slothful to do it, while procrastination is the bane of others.

Your knowledge might be inferior to theirs, but it would be very foolish in you to follow their example; nor would you. No, indeed; you would plan and act for yourself; risk mistakes, and bid good-bye to modesty, and "go ahead," as they say on the other side of the waters, rather than risk the consequences of their procrastination. Why not do so in your religious matters? O my young brother, fall not into the folly which St. Paul shuddered at and condemned, when he said he dare not be of the number of those who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves. Hew out for your own self your spiritual fortunes, according to the Scripture rule, regardless of the paltry rules of others. "What is that to thee? -- follow thou me," is the call of thy risen Lord. "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy," should weigh more with you than the sentiments, example and experience, of millions such as you mention. There is much "head-knowledge" among our professors, regarding sanctification. The head has gone further than the heart with many of them. The experience of the heart has not kept pace with the knowledge of the head. They know more than they have ever enjoyed. The atmosphere of such is not healthy, unless they are rare persons indeed.

An old mathematician demonstrated of him who performed a journey round the world, that his head traveled several thousand miles more than his feet, as his head performed much the widest circle. He proved, also, that had his journey been to heaven, instead, his feet would have out-traveled his head.

This is no new problem in theology. I have often seen it demonstrated, and so have you, in the characters you mention. We meet with such every day, who, for years, have gone the circuit of theology, but it has always happened, somehow, that their heads have traveled faster and further than their hearts, -- their knowledge has out-gone their experience, especially in holiness.

However, we have something to set off against this fact. We have some, and they have increased to hundreds in this town within the last six weeks, whose hearts have kept equal pace with their heads in holiness. Nor would I undertake to prove that there are none among them whose hearts have not out-traveled their heads. St. Paul speaks of "the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." -- Ephes. 3:19. There are few who experience full salvation who do not find the enjoyment of it to exceed the anticipation. And what is that but experience surpassing previous knowledge? -- the heart becoming tutor to the head? "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." -- Job 32:8. There is an inspiration in PERFECT LOVE which gives lessons to the understanding, seldom, if ever, learned otherwise. What a change the soul undergoes when the body dies! Who among the living comprehends or conceives what it is? That surpasses knowledge, also. How great the change when the whole "body of sin" dies, and the soul is free from its influences! I never saw any one who allowed that his previous information upon the subject was equal to the actual experience.

The admission has been made; the heart of some out-travels the head. I like the idea. The heart is apt to prove deceitful, if the head leave it too far behind; like Peter, who followed his Lord afar off, and a woman involved him in trouble; his head was right, poor soul, but his heart failed him.

We have those among us who are not remarkable for "theological accuracy," -- the head may be at fault, now and then, nor does it offend them to hear of it; and the tongue, perhaps, unable to marshal its words in the exact theological order desired; but the heart, ay, the heart quite out-travels both head and tongue in the deep things of God. Their motions are not circular, like him who traveled round the world. They may never have gone, in abstract theology, the segment of a circle, as they say in geometry; nevertheless, Christianity, in its saving and purifying influences, has taken the entire circuit of their nature, subduing the whole to itself. Their hearts have gone further than their heads, but both are traveling heavenward; both will be equal by and by, and wiser than the wisest philosophers below, when they gain their crown above. Hallelujah!

However, let us praise the Lord, there are those among us whose head and heart travel together.

They traverse the whole circle of theology, -- all that lies within the horizon of theological investigation, -- but the heart is never left behind. As one remarked, "Sanctification in the soul is a living spring, running with a kind of central force heavenward." Yes, and head and heart move together with the living spring! They are as familiar with the straight lines of holiness as with the circle of obedience. They have one direct aim, -- to glorify God; one desire, -- to be always happy in him; one endeavor, -- to please him who has called them from darkness to light, to please

him in everything; one object, -- entire devotion to his will; one ambition, -- to be pure as he is pure, and holy as he is holy, and to love him with all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and their neighbor as themselves; one absorbing desire, -- to sink as deep in pure, loving humility as the grace of God can sink them, and to rise in the joy of faith in perfect love and holiness, as the grace of God can exalt them; fully resolved to:

“Urge their way through grace forgiven,  
To scale the mount of holiest love,  
And seize the brightest crown to heaven!

A noble ambition this! To obtain one of the first seats in glory. To use an idea of Mr. Fletcher, - a constant, evangelical striving to have ministered unto them an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom, and a throne among the peculiarly redeemed, who sing the new song which none could learn save those who were without fault, and who followed the Lamb whithersoever He went. -- Rev. 14:1, 5.

They belong to that succession, the true succession of holy souls, of which our poor earth has never had a superfluity, but which it has never entirely lacked.

They are “the regular liners,” to use a sea-phrase; which steer straight for the port of heaven, over the ocean of life, as the New York and Liverpool line of packet-ships cross the Atlantic straight to the destined port, and having nothing to do with the coasting trade.

To alter the figure once more: like Abraham, they walk up and down in the length and breadth of the Canaan of perfect love. -- Gen. 13:17. Caleb-like, they said, long ago, “Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are able to overcome it.” And so, like him and a host of others, they passed over this Jordan, and possessed the land.” And, like them, true to their principle, -- faith in the immediate power of God, in accordance with his promise, -- they took no round-about way to enter the land of holiest love, but went straight forward through the swellings of Jordan, undaunted by difficulties and perils. They were not submerged nor overwhelmed; opposition gave way, the obedient waters divided before them, like Jordan, and they passed over dry shod unto the land that flowed with milk and honey, and thus possessed their promised rest. There they abide to this day. Their numbers are increasing in this town daily. More than four hundred purified souls have joined them within a few weeks. Hundreds more are all in readiness to leave the wilderness side of Jordan to enter the promised land,

“Where dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
Who keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.”

## EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

### Chapter 15

## JUSTIFIED PERSONS DESIRE PURITY

**1ST** To “A perplexed and anxious inquirer.” Your preferences have not been for holiness. Your justification has been defective in one thing, to say the least, a hearty desire for purity; that is the brightest gem that sparkles in real justification. Solomon says, “A virtuous woman is a CROWN to her husband.” Purity is the crown of justification. If it be genuine, this desire is always attached to it, -- as weight to lead, as heat to fire, as fragrance to the rose, as green to a healthy leaf -- inseparable.

St. John comes down upon this point unmistakably. “Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see Him as He is. AND EVERY MAN THAT HATH THIS HOPE IN HIM PURIFIETH HIMSELF EVEN AS HE IS PURE.” --1 John 3:2, 3. It is upon this principle he speaks so positively, from the fourth verse to the tenth, that “whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.” He who is thus aiming and ardently desiring to be as pure as Jesus will hate and avoid sin, -- “he cannot sin,” certainly not when filled with such a noble ambition and ceaseless aspiration.

Some years ago a young lady in Philadelphia, since gone to heaven, lost her evidence of justification, through some sore mental conflict or other. But one day, when listening to a sermon on Rom. 8:16, she regained it. “Then,” said

she, “with the blessing of justification in one hand, I held forth the other for full salvation.” That was the proper attitude for a truly justified soul. She soon after obtained the blessing. Now, some have neither hand, right nor left, of soul or faith, held up for justification nor sanctification; they possess neither, desire neither. These are unawakened sinners; both hands are withered, and they refuse to stretch them forth unto God.

Others profess to grasp justification with one hand, but hold not the other forth for sanctification.

It is well if such persons are not grasping a worthless pebble, instead of a priceless diamond. “Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as He is pure.” But here are persons who profess to have this hope, and yet recoil from the blessing of heart purity. Is my surmise unjustifiable, think you?

But there are those who grasp justification with one hand of faith, and reach forth the other for full salvation. Such are grasping the true diamond. Can you separate green from a healthy and growing leaf, and keep it healthy and growing? Or heat from fire, and keep it fire? Or sunshine from the sun, and keep it sunshine? *As well try, habitually, to separate a desire for purity from your justification, and keep it justification.* God commands you to be holy. “Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy.” How can you continue justified in disobeying so plain a command?

Again, “For this is the will of God, even your sanctification.” How can you retain the blessing in question, with a will so contrary to God’s will? You may answer these questions as best you can; they require none from me – only this, I would not like to trust the safety of my state to such a justification. *It is deceptive and dangerous.*

A desire for purity, like a precious gem, is inlaid with this heavenly gift. Indeed, it is that which preserves the blessing from moment to moment. Dr. Clarke says, “Holiness, like every other gift of God, comes with the principle of self-preservation in it.” That is, holiness preserves itself, and those who possess it, -- a high encouragement to seek it. I would add, a desire for purity, like every other gift of God, has a similar virtue; it preserves itself and our justification, as salt preserves meat.

No wonder, then, that your “religious experience” has changed color so often. Not to go forward is to go back. Everything we behold is either advancing or receding, growing or declining, going on to a higher state of perfection, or sinking into imperfection. It is so with the human soul.

The day begins, advances to its noon-point, and then declines to night. The bud expands and opens into a flower, but hastens to decay. The leaves of a tree brighten into green, but soon tend to yellowing and the fall. Spring pushes into summer, summer into autumn, and autumn into winter.

Degradation is the tendency of our nature, unless aspiring after holiness.

This has been the CAUSE of your “sinning and repenting, and repenting and sinning again,” your constant oscillations between darkness and light, and light and darkness; ay, *and of all your troubles.*

I have another character to address; my reply to him will have something more in it for you; so hearken, and attend also to the suggestions of your own memory and conscience.

2. Let “the afflicted without and the afflicted within” give attention. -- There is found some good thing in you, towards the Lord God of Israel, as in one of old, -- 1 Kings 14:13, -- or you would not write so freely of “all your history and present state.” There is some good in you, and therefore the devil hates you; but there has been evil in you, and therefore God has afflicted you. I say not this on the evil-surmising principle of Job’s comforters, but I gather it from your own confessions regarding holiness!

Your preferences have not been for holiness. There has been a sad misunderstanding between you and God, all these years. Not, indeed, upon the part of God. He can no more mistake than be unjust.

But you mistook God’s call at first, or you unwisely procrastinated obedience to it or wickedly rejected it. He called you to holiness on the day of your espousals to Christ. Yes, as sure as he called the Israelites, after they had crossed the Red Sea, to go straight over the wilderness into Canaan, so did he call you then, at that crisis of your “history,” to go over straight into the Canaan of perfect love. To pass over into the PROMISED LAND, -- the land that flowed with milk and honey, “with every blessing blest, -- favored with God’s peculiar smile,” was among the first instructions the Lord gave to Moses, for that people. What shall I say? Can you deny it? To hasten over into the



spiritual Canaan was among the first lessons of the Holy Spirit after your conversion.

The hour you left the bondage of sin, and escaped the cruel oppression of hell's Pharaoh, light for holiness dawned upon your soul. When you crossed the Red Sea of your Redeemer's blood, and shouted your deliverance on the shores of salvation, he called you into the Canaan of perfect love.

More favored than those of old, who, with timbrels and dances, replied to Israel's host, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea," they, happy people, saw their deliverance, but not the land that flowed with milk and honey, their hoped-for Palestine. -- Exod. 15:14. But you beheld it! Like Moses from Mount Nebo, -- from the highest Pisgah summit, -- the Lord showed you all the glorious land, unto the "utmost sea," -- Deut. 34:1,4, -- and gave your ravished soul a taste of its beauties and privileges, and you sang:

"Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.  
"A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favored with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest."

But the tempter came. Moses greatly desired to go over into the Canaan to which he had led Israel, and said to the Lord, "I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." But the Lord said; "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter," -- Deut. 3:25, 26, -- a sad intimation to Moses. Did he say so to you? Ah no! Favored above Moses, he intimated his willingness you should go over and possess it. But, instead of saying,

O that I might at once go up!  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness!

you turned away, saying, "Not now, Lord; not now." Alas, alas! What could you expect, after rejecting such superior light -- such glorious manifestations of the willingness of God to save you unto the uttermost!

More than once you had such a glorious view of your purchased inheritance, -- your birthright inheritance. But, like poor Esau, you sold it for "a mess of pottage." And so, as Esau, by that act, entailed upon himself and posterity an untold amount of disability and trial, so did you. More of this by and by. The moment you were "born again," you became an heir to full salvation; ay, sure as you were "an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ." -- Rom. 8:17. [But you soon preferred something else.](#) Like the Israelites, you gave the "wilderness" the preference, where were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought; where there was no water, -- Deut. 8:15, a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and the shadow of death, -- Jer. 2:6, -- rather than fight for your inheritance in the Canaan of perfect love.

I say not these things to make you sadder, but I want you to have a penetrating view of your past folly, if, happily, you may learn wisdom, obedience and holiness, from the things you have suffered.

Besides, there are others present whose history has been almost as painful as your own. They, too, may perceive their error, and now, at last, be saved.

Like the Reubenites and Gadites, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, in the days of Moses and Joshua, you preferred your rest on the wilderness side of Jordan, with the manna of justification and some other temporal advantages rather than the conquest of the land flowing with milk and honey. Like them, also, you may have helped others to take the land of promise, but returned yourself, soon as possible, to your old wilderness state. If you did not, like them, prefer that side of Jordan, because there was good pasture for your cattle, if you had any, yet there was some other temporal or carnal advantage of equal importance to you.

It is mournful to read of the wheedling talks of these tribes with Moses on the subject; their “cattle” were sure to be spoken of. -- Num. 32. They plead for their cattle: “It is a land for cattle; thy servants have cattle – bring us not over Jordan.” Moses said: “Shall your brothers go to war, and shall ye sit here? And wherefore discourage ye the heart of the children of Israel from going over into the land which the Lord hath given them? Thus did your fathers, when I sent them from Kadesh-barnea to see the land; and behold, ye are risen up in your fathers’ stead, an increase of sinful men, to augment yet the fierce anger of the Lord toward Israel. For if ye turn away from after Him, He will yet again leave them in the wilderness, and ye shall destroy all this people.” This touched them; but the very next thought was about their sheep-folds and their cattle! They persisted in their request, offering to help the other tribes to fight and possess the land, but as for them, they begged to be excused from living in it. Their request was granted, and afterwards recognized by Joshua, as we find in Joshua 1:16. Alas for them! *They were the first of all the tribes that were overcome by their enemies, and carried away captive, quite out of their chosen lands.*

Apply this to yourself. Your history is something like its counterpart. How often were you urged by ministers and others to go into spiritual Canaan; but you would act? The Holy Spirit again and again solicited you. The hearts of others were weakened by you, and not a few prevented, but you had selected your ground – your land was elsewhere, with some temporal advantages. Your choice was granted. There you set up your rest, and almost said to your soul, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.” Alas for you! There was no rest for your soul there. Can hell be satisfied with souls, or the grave with dead, or your stomach with wind? As easily, say, as your soul could be satisfied with earthly good; much less with secret intercourse with sin. But troubles came upon you, -- losses, and crosses, and sorrows. How often, besides, have you been carried away captive by the devil and inbred sin?

Most of your troubles are traceable to this wrong choice in the beginning of your Christian career.

This is all I have to say to you at present. Another person’s case requires a few words. It has some resemblance to your own. If you follow me closely, you may find something more for yourself.

**3d.** To “one who was called to purity, and refused.” -- My closing remark to one just addressed is equally applicable to you. Your troubles are traceable to a neglect of holiness. It is perilous to resist a plain call from God “to purity and perfect love.” He is sure to change his countenance toward such, and to place them under a different dispensation than before, so far, at least, as is disciplinary and painful. All justified persons are called to be holy, and feel it; yet I cannot help thinking some are called more loudly than others. Perhaps for the work they have to perform, the good they are capable of doing, the peculiar temptations which are sure to assail them, the superior light they have upon the subject, the shortness of their life, the peculiar crown or walk that may be awaiting them hereafter, if not in the present world. It will require another world to explain all the dealings of God toward us in this.

That “voice” which rang through your soul in the time of your “first love,” “Be ye holy, for I, the Lord thy God, am holy,” was His call to you, as to young Samuel in the temple. He knew not the Lord’s voice then, but you did, and became responsible. But you were young in religion, and He dealt tenderly with you, and would not cast you away; but His countenance soon changed a little, and your love cooled. Again and again He called you to be holy, but “other affairs crowded in,” and you still kept on in a “low path, but in a good sort of a way,” till the Lord intercepted you again, and asked you into a higher path, which you shrank from and became unhappy. These visitations were repeated, with like results. O ye young converts, mark these points of deviation from the will of God, and avoid them, as you would the road that sinners tread.

But that “ONCE” -- Ah! That was the crisis! The Lord drew nigh then. His banner over you was love. He gave you clusters of the grapes of Canaan; for He had sent your thoughts out to spy the land, and they had returned richly laden; but, alas! Some of them brought a bad report of “giants in the land” that it would be troublesome to conquer,

and troublesome to retain when conquered; and so a desponding thought came in, and then a murmuring thought, -- why cannot I be allowed to go on in the good sort of a way I have been in? Mixed with unfaithfulness, indeed, but still meaning to serve the Lord. So, resolving to have my own way, I hardened my heart, and rebelled, and turned away. I lost the sweet comfort I had just before; soon temptations encompassed me, as bees with honey in their mouths, but stings in their tails, and stung me. Then other trials came, crosses and losses, and when I sought to have my perfect rest in God they rushed upon me like a troop, and overpowered me; since then, I have been walking softly, in a sorrowful way. The Lord has not wholly cast me away, nor does He smile upon me from above, as once; I cannot get to his breast. I dare not leave his service, I cannot leave his people; the wicked cannot be companions to me, and I am sure I cannot be a companion such as they would desire. My path is solitary and lonely, and the stillness in my soul is oppressive. What shall I do?

Poor soul! For the good of my spiritual children present, will you allow me to illustrate your case, without writing any more bitter things against yourself? Be not discouraged. Look up! Your pitying Lord is at hand to forgive, and change His dispensation towards you. If I open your wounds afresh, and they bleed, they may heal all the sooner when the heavenly balm of your Redeemer's blood is applied.

How soon might you have gone into the Canaan of perfect love when called to do so in your "first love"! And when brought to its very borders in that gracious but awful crisis, it was but a few steps, for Jordan was ready to divide for you to pass over. The Israelites, had they marched straight on from the Red Sea, could have entered Canaan in less than one month. Indeed, it only consumed about eleven days for the whole camp to travel from Horeb to Kadesh-barnea, which was on the very borders of Canaan. From thence they sent the spies, who brought back an evil report of the land. For, though they returned with most delicious fruit, yet with such an appalling account of the difficulties of conquest as filled the people with unbelief. They rebelled against God, and would not go over Jordan. From that day their sorrows began. The countenance of God changed towards them, and he sent them back into that great and howling wilderness. The place where they thus sinned was named, significantly enough, Kadesh-barnea: Kadesh, that is, "sanctified in them," -- Barnea, that is, "wandering son." Because there God sanctified or honored his JUSTICE, in condemning them to a judicial punishment of spending a year in that dreadful wilderness for every day the spies had spent in searching the land, -- forty days; forty years was their sentence. Thus Israel became a Barnea, - "a wandering son." They would not allow God to sanctify his faithfulness and mercy in them by installing them in that goodly land according to promise, and thus honor his veracity in sight of the heathen round about. Now he began to honor his justice in their punishment, in the sight of those very heathen. And so they wandered backward and forward, in that wilderness, during forty years, almost in sight of the fair and beautiful hills of Canaan. They were hedged in with difficulties on every side. They could not go back into Egypt, nor go forward into Canaan. Ten of the twelve spies were struck dead on the spot. Joshua and Caleb were spared, because they had said, "Let us go up at once and possess the land; for we are well able to overcome it." -- Numbers 13:30. Nevertheless, these two servants of God shared the renewed sorrows of the wilderness during those forty years.

After that, they did enter the land in triumph, but not till the carcasses of that whole generation of unbelievers had perished in the wilderness; all, except the two already mentioned, from twenty years old and upwards, laid their bones in that wilderness. By that time their children were old enough to possess the land which their fathers and mothers had forfeited, and they did possess it.

I have passed over this mournful event in Israelitish history, because it so much illustrates your case, as well as that of some others present.

And now, what is to be done? Much depends upon yourself. You have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. There is no necessity of your remaining any longer in this wilderness state. Pardon is offered in the Gospel for all manner of sins, and for the sin of unbelief, and this species of disobedience, also. It is folly in you to think otherwise. All things are ready. Jesus is as willing to sanctify you tonight as he was on that "ever to be remembered" "crisis" in your history. He will not keep his anger forever. Your punishment has not been continued so much on account of that event, as for your continued unbelief. Satan got the advantage of you, and you allow him to keep it. That is why he has been displeased with you.

What shall I say to arouse you? You have injured the cause of God by your low state in religion.

Joshua and Caleb had to suffer forty years for the unbelief of others. But how many have you held back from the

Canaan of perfect love, by your sad example! You will know more of this in the eternal world. What Daniel was to Belshazzar, on the night when letters of flame followed the fingers of the supernatural hand on the walls of his palace, my ministry may be to you this night.

Listen, therefore: reflect, decide! It is for your life. He has borne long with you, -- afflicted and chastised you in many ways, -- all for your good, to render you willing to be holy. "Why should you be stricken any more?" -- Isaiah 1:5. Let the past suffice. The Lord is waiting to be gracious. You need not die in the wilderness. If I rightly understand your case, you cannot doubt your pardon. You believe yourself to be a child of God. But that sorrowful impression of unfaithfulness to his call to holiness haunts you by day and by night -- as the cause, too, of the waves of sorrow which have followed your wavering footsteps.

It is enough. He now invites you, by my ministry, to that goodly land that flows with milk and honey. I feel he does. Say, "By the grace of God I accept the call; from this hour I rest not till fully saved." Amen to what my sorrowful friend says! There are hundreds all around you who have entered the land of promise. Their souls are richly laden with its delicious fruit. They tell you that you are well able, God assisting, to make a conquest of your inheritance. Inbred sin has lost all its defenses. The tall sons of Anak shall fall before you. There are Joshuas and Calebs to lead you in; their trust is in the mighty God, and in the power and efficacy of the cleansing blood of the Lamb.

You may now possess the land. God has spoken the word. Your enemies shall be as grasshoppers before you. Through Christ strengthening you, victory is sure. Take him at his word. He has been pleading sorely with you in the wilderness, lo, these many years. God speaks to you in Ezekiel 21:34, 35, 36; he has plead with you, as it were, face to face in the wilderness, and caused you to pass under the rod; but it was to bring you into the bonds of the covenant, that you might know him to be your sanctifying Lord. Come, now, come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of thy beloved.

He promises, in Ezekiel 36, to sprinkle clean water upon thee, and to make thee clean from all thy filthiness, and from all thy idols to cleanse thee; to take away the stony heart out of thy flesh, and to give thee a heart of flesh -- tender, soft, pure and warm, and full of love; and to give thee a right spirit, and to put his spirit within thee; and to cause thee to walk in his statutes, and to enable thee to keep his judgments and to do them; will save thee from all thy uncleanness; will call for the corn and will increase it, and lay no famine upon thee; and the land of thy experience shall be like the garden of the Lord; and the deepest, sweetest, most loving humility shall fill thy heart all the days of thy earthly pilgrimage, and thou shalt reign with him forevermore. Hallelujah! Amen.

Hearken. John 11:40. -- "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" By thy countenance, O thou chastened and severely-trying one, I see thou art willing to be saved. Now even salvation has come to this house.

When St. Paul was preaching at Lystra, he noticed a poor cripple among his hearers -- one who had never walked, but was a cripple from his mother's womb. Paul saw, by the man's looks, that he had faith to be healed, and steadfastly beholding him, said, with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet!" and he leaped up and walked, amid the shouts and acclamations of the amazed multitude.

What do I behold? This, -- thou hast faith to be healed, ay, more than fourscore of you are ready to leap into the land of perfect love, and walk up and down in the land which flows with milk and honey. "Stand upright upon your feet." "Believe that you receive, and you shall have." Now, even now, salvation streams into believing hearts, and the temple of the Lord is filled with his glory.

Hallelujah to God and the Lamb, for ever and ever!

EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

Chapter 19

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCE -- THE REVIVAL

We resume our extracts from Mr. Caughey's record of his mental exercises, and of the work of God in Huddersfield. It contains some very interesting incidents, and some affecting meditations.

Jan 27, Monday morning. -- Return unto thy rest, O my soul! Thy place is in the dust. Humility becomes thee. Thou

hast nothing whereof to boast – nothing upon which to look with complacency.

Aside from Christ, what is there in the full sum of all thy sayings and doings to recommend thee to God, or upon which thou couldst rely for a single moment? O, with what tremendous arguments mayest thou enforce humility on thyself! But this need not hinder thee from praising God. A high day yesterday in Zion; scores of sinners saved.

Jan. 29. -- A solemn letter from a friend in Hull, who says:

“Two of your spiritual children, sailors, have gone to heaven; they were drowned in the sad shipwreck of which you have read. Thirteen women were left widows by the catastrophe. Many others who were seals to your ministry have ascended.

“A ship has lately returned to port with one who was converted under your ministry abroad, -- the young sailor who was awakened, you may remember, the night you described so terribly a sea-scene.

He mentally exclaimed: ‘It was just so; that is for me; he means me!’ and soon cried for mercy, and found it. He went to sea, and found himself a lamb among wolves, and they worried him to death, spiritual death, -- calling him ‘the Caughey convert,’ till he lost his hold on Christ. Another young sailor was his chief persecutor, and the cause of all his troubles. After a long voyage the ship returned to this port, a few days since. Alas for the persecutor! He was taken almost immediately with the small-pox, and died miserably. The incident has been sanctified to your young friend; he is now seeking the Lord with all his heart.

“The poor ‘backslider,’ whose character you pictured so vividly when last here, died last week, and was buried on Saturday. You said: ‘There sits one in this congregation who is hardening his heart, and resisting the Holy Ghost.’ You then described his history and character fearfully, and that it was impressed upon your mind that he would die soon; but that before he died he would acknowledge all this, -- even on his death-bed. He did, indeed, acknowledge all, and died. I cannot speak as to the safety. Strange that such instances of divine interposition do not convince men. As many as thirty of your spiritual children have fallen asleep in Jesus since you left us. Very remarkable.

Yours, very truly,

“William Field.”

The work of restitution is going on. One of our friends received the following note:

“Dear Mrs. D.:

I send you the enclosed 1 pound to repay you for what I stole from you a number of years since.

Forgive me. Pray that I may be honest with God and man. It made me uneasy this long time. I concluded to restore it, when listening to Mr. Caughey’s preaching. The Lord bless you and yours, prays one who is unworthy of God’s mercies.”

Today I received the following letter from a good man in Leeds:

“Dear Sir: In the month of August, previous to your last visit to Leeds, I was sick in the Leeds Hospital, and an unconverted sinner. As I lay delirious of typhus fever, I dreamt that a stranger from a far country stood before me. He was in the act of preaching salvation to poor sinners, urging me and all of us to flee from the wrath to come, and warned us against false prophets that would come – yea, and had already come.

“He approached me and asked if I was willing to be saved. I said I was. Then, laying his hand upon my shoulder, he said: ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ Instantly I saw Jesus Christ upon the cross, between the two thieves. He was bleeding. I saw his five wounds plain to my eye as ever the Roman soldiers who crucified him did.

“I asked, ‘What is to become of my wife and child?’ The stranger replied, ‘They shall be saved, too.’

“I recovered, and told my wife my vision; but she treated it as dreams are treated; but soon after our child died. Thus was one saved out of the three.

“Well, sir, on the Sabbath night you preached at Oxford-place Chapel, my wife was there, got awakened, and converted to God. Home she came, a new woman, with the news about a strange minister who had arrived in town;



telling me of the cries for mercy among sinners stricken down by the word of God. Two out of the three were now saved, -- one in heaven, the other on earth.

"My soul was seized with a strange emotion. I said, 'I'll go and hear him, too.' I went; but the moment I saw you in the pulpit, I exclaimed, 'That is the very man I saw in my dream in the hospital.' True as eternity, sir, is what I am telling you. The sermon troubled me. After sermon, you came down and made your way through the crowd, and came to me and paused, and laid your hand upon my shoulder, -- you did, sir, -- just where I felt it in my hospital dream. I left the chapel; but heard you again and again; seeing nothing before me but eternity, with its blackness of darkness.

"Well, sir, one night, in prayer at my house, when I was pleading for mercy, light sprang up in my heart bright as noonday; but I did not understand it. The following Sabbath I was freely justified by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Now, the three were saved; and my wife and self are on our way to heaven. I hope, sir, you will see in these things tokens of the providence of God. We have one favor to ask, -- a copy of those

lines you repeated from a German poet; and tell us how the work is advancing in Huddersfield; - and yet another favor, that you will visit us in Leeds before you leave England. J. S."

I know not how to account for the above on any other principle than as a divine interposition. I have only inserted his initials; but he gave me his name in full, and place of residence.

January 29. -- A great infidel struck under conviction the other night; but made out to totter to his lodgings very miserable. But, finding no rest, he ventured back, and at length cried for mercy, wrestling Jacob-like till he found it, and a changed nature within. He has written a long letter to my friend Dr. Booth, giving an account of the matter, thus:

"My name is T. S., thirty-three years of age, a native of Yorkshire: was a Roman Catholic till fifteen years of age; but soon after became a Deist, and well-read, too, in the works of Voltaire, Paine, etc. I left my wife in Nottingham last October, with oaths and curses, more like a devil than a man. In November I was prostrated by sickness, and was brought to the brink of the grave, but was fearless of death. I recovered. Walking down street, saw a placard on the wall, announcing Rev. Mr. Caughey to preach. 'Money again!' I exclaimed to one by my side. 'I tell you it is money they are after. They must be hard up, to get this man all the way from America to get a full house, theater-like, for money. It is all priestcraft.' Sabbath came; took tea with a friend at Newtown, to kill time. But conversation fell short; so talked of this Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_. Asked my friend to go and hear him; would have asked him to a public house, but, as he had taken the pledge lately, thought I would not tempt him. We came to Queen Street Chapel, and sat in the furthest part of the gallery, -- a bad place for hearing. Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_ introduced the question: 'Is man immortal, or is he not?' I did not believe it. But he introduced the testimony of Cicero. I instantly listened to what the Roman senator could say on the subject, when these words pealed in my ears: 'if I am wrong in supposing that the souls of men are immortal, I please myself in my mistake. Nor while I live will I ever choose that this opinion, with which I am so delighted, should be wrested from me. But, if at death I am to be annihilated, as some minute philosophers suppose, I am not afraid those wise men, when extinct too, shall laugh at my mistake. When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, its great memory of the past, its vast capacity of penetrating the future, -- when I behold such a multitude of discoveries thence arising, -- I believe, and I am firmly persuaded, that a nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal.' The preacher then appealed to us Englishmen, with the Bible in our hands, doubting the immortality of the soul, when Cicero, without any Bible, came to such just and clear convictions on the subject. His appeals marched into me, and knocked Tom Paine out of me.

To clench the nail, he shouted, 'Where is that Infidel? I know he denies the immortality of the soul, -- and he is here.' He then went on to describe me. My head dropped; I said, 'That's me.' The tears gushed from my eyes. The preacher even went on to detail my late attack of sickness. That God had raised me up from the margin of the grave and why? That I might hear the stranger and repent, believe and be saved! Yes, I have been sick indeed; and here I am out of hell. The sermon closed; I desired to stay for prayer meeting, but my companion said 'No.' So, failing in courage, we left when they were singing. During three days thoughts on the immortality of the soul were ever present, - could not disengage my mind from them. On Wednesday I nearly yielded to resolve to venture to hear him again; but decided not, and spent the evening in reading a newspaper. Next morning, too late for work; employer out of humor. It was well; it was the means of my salvation. Read the Bible; resolved upon hearing Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_.

Started for meeting, planning in my mind to sit near the door, so as to make my exit soon as sermon was over. But, on entering, was led on and on, till right in front of the communion-rail I found a seat. The text was on Satan's devices. -- 2 Cor. 2:11. After sermon, I said to myself, 'Go away! -- have served the devil long enough; led by him into all manner of wickedness. However, let me pause, and see results.' A few women only went forward for prayer.

'Go away,' something seemed to say. But I could not; a strong power rested on me, -- held on to me, till Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_ passed by me, when I trembled, and my knees smote together. I shook as with an ague-fit; cheeks wet; tears flowed; my sins, a burden, oppressed my soul; felt my legs would not bear me out of the chapel; thought I might be able to reach the altar; tried; found myself there on knees, but prayerless. One said, 'Cry to God; say, God be merciful to me a sinner! Lord have mercy on me.' I replied, 'What! I pray? I, who have scoffed at religion, and persecuted its teachers! I! A play-actor, -- an Infidel of the vilest kind! -- I pray!' But I did pray, compelled from a feeling within and yet, to my apprehension, without any feeling. But I did believe then and there Jesus died for ALL, and he can save me, -- even me, who once called him 'The carpenter's son!' -- me, the vile wretch, who has ridiculed the Saviour in many companies, -- defaming his character. His blood was now my plea; his atoning, cleansing blood, so often despised. I believed, wrestled on in mighty prayer; but neither pardon nor love to God visited my heart. At length they began to sing something like this:

'He will save you; He will save you,  
He will save you just now!  
I believe it, I believe it,  
I believe it just now!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
I believe it just now!'

I saw, by faith, my Lord Jesus Christ seated upon his throne; felt he was reconciled to me, -- had pardoned me. The load was all gone off my mind, off my heart; taken off just then, quite away! I shouted, Glory! Glory! -- hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!' My tongue was unloosed to tell what a great sinner I had been, and what a great Saviour I had found. Went to my lodgings, knelt in prayer; went to bed; could not sleep for joy and gladness. Arose for prayer and praise in the night, and again at five in the morning still feeling perfectly happy. Told my companions what the Lord had done for me. They said nothing, nor do they persecute. Explained to them what a slave of the devil I had been, which they knew very well. Declared I would now be a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Booth, our beloved physician, who sent me this letter, exclaims at the bottom, "Glory be to God! Is not this another brand plucked from the fire of hell?" To which my soul replies, Yea! Amen.

Praise the Lord!

But how curious that one pagan idea should weigh more with some men than a hundred declarations of the Bible! Well, we must take sinful men as we find them, and find out "the joints of the harness," where they may be pierced!

David picked up the smooth stone out of a babbling brook, that slew Goliath. "Breakers ahead, sir!" once gave me a soul! It was a cry from the pulpit; it entered a sinners ears, swept over his conscience. There was no rest for that sinner till he found mercy; till the hand of Jesus reached him, as it did sinking Peter. He is now preaching the Gospel, I believe, or preparing to do so.

The Holy Ghost has many arrows in his quiver. Cicero's arrow, shot at "the minute philosophers," pierced an English infidel two thousand years afterwards. These are words which never die, but have a sort of vitality about them which is imperishable.

Well, Ahab was not the last man who was wounded between the joints of the harness by a bow drawn at a venture. Besides, the soul sometimes outgrows its infidel panoply, and renders itself assailable. Nor was Achilles the only hero invulnerable in every part except his heel; -- a classic fable, but it has a moral. His mother, while dipping him in the river Styx when an infant, held him by the heel; that part was not dipped; there he was vulnerable, -- he might be wounded mortally there.

The devil dips his children in the Styx of infidelity, to render them proof against the arrows of the Gospel; but, in doing so, he must hold on to them by some part, like the mother of Achilles, -- and that cannot be dipped

conveniently; there they are assailable. Satan's hold upon this Huddersfield infidel was a denial of the soul's immortality; there the arrow of Cicero pierced him.

Belshazzar was a cheerful sinner on the night of the great feast, till a hand wrote something on the wall that spoiled his wine and his wit, "and put an end to his mirth and his monarchy together." The hand of conscience wrote something on the walls of T. S\_\_\_\_\_ 's soul, which put an end to his jollity and his infidelity together.

Another private note lies before me, telling of a sudden death close by, within a few days. The man, notoriously wicked, snatched away by death, almost within hearing of our shouts of victory through the blood of the Lamb. He had scoffed at the people on his way to the meetings. But, when seized by death, their prayers were the boon he craved. Those around his death-bed gave little encouragement to praying people, and chilled them. The closing scene was terrifying. He assailed those wicked persons who waited to see his end; painted their characters in horrible colors, and ordered his wife to put them all away, for their presence tormented him, and to burn the gaming-cards which were in the house, and to lead a new life. His shrieks roused the neighbors from their beds; and, putting himself into an attitude to fight a duel with the devil himself, he instantly expired. It seems he was a fine-looking man, and appeared full of strength; but his hour had come.

I received the following letter, the other day:

"Huddersfield, Jan. 22, 1845

"Dear Brother Caughey: The following instance of the power of God to save came under my own observation. It occurred lately under your ministry, and may serve to cheer your heart, as a proof, among many, that your Master is with you.

"On the 9<sup>th</sup> instant I went to Manchester, where I met an old companion in sin. We had both served Satan together in the time of my impiety. 'Well, Jem, how are you?' was his first salute. 'Bless God, very happy!' was my reply. He looked surprised. I added, 'Andrew, souls are being saved in Huddersfield; ay, scores and hundreds, praise the Lord!' 'Indeed!' 'Yes, glory be to God! And if you will come and hear for yourself, you, also, may be a happy man.' 'Is everybody saved who hears that preacher?' 'No; only those who will it.' I pressed him to come over and stop at my house. 'I'll come,' said Andrew, 'on Saturday, 18<sup>th</sup> instant.' We parted; and on the 18<sup>th</sup> Andrew arrived, late. I had been crying to God for him much. I introduced the subject of religion. But Andrew cut the matter short by saying, 'I must be honest with you; I am an infidel in my views.' My heart sunk within me; but, having confidence in God, I pressed my plea for the Bible till one o'clock in the morning. Next morning, being Sabbath, had a few friends at my house, when the subject was renewed with Andrew, till it was time to go to meeting. We left him in the hand of God, and took our places in the chapel.

Well, sir, you announced your text, and took up the thread of conversation just where we had dropped it. The word came with power, and with the Holy Ghost, and much assurance. Andrew actually trembled under it. After we returned, I said, 'Andrew, how did you like the sermon?' He replied, with indifference, 'O, very well.' 'Well, but what did you think of his taking up our conversation precisely where we had left off?' 'Think! Why, that you had told him everything, or somebody did.' I declared to him that not one of us had had any communication with Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_, or any one else, upon the subject; but that I thought you were directed by the Lord. 'It is odd; and the preacher looked straight at me,' rejoined Andrew.

"The crowd was great at night, two thousand people being present. I had strong faith for Andrew, although he was still hard. After sermon, I found him among the penitents, groaning, sobbing crying for mercy, -- which he found, to his exceeding joy.

Next morning he was out at the six-o'clock prayermeeting, beseeching God to keep him faithful until death. When giving an account of his conversion, he said, 'As I listened to the forenoon discourse, the feelings of a little child came over me. Presently it was as if I had been seized by the hand of a giant, shaking me violently by the collar.' I now saw why he shook and trembled so. 'I feared observation,' he continued, 'and would have gladly escaped from the chapel. I attended a select meeting before sermon. Mr. C. had us all kneel. After giving us some instruction on the nature of repentance and faith in Christ, and prayer, he urged us to promise God, there and then, that when sermon was over we would go forward for prayer. This I did not like and mentally refused Mr. C. exclaimed, "What means that man who draws back? Can you justify it? Shall you be able to do so when in eternity?" Then he plead

with God for the man which I knew to be myself. He plead till I was broken down and mentally yielded the point, when I secretly promised God. The matter being now settled, my way was plain. Heard the sermon, kept my promise, and found Jesus Christ the Son of God to be my Saviour indeed.'

"And now, dear sir, may God give you countless multitudes of such seals to your ministry, is the daily prayer of your sincerely attached brother in Christ,

James Dyson."

Jan. 30. -- Lights dull last night -- gloomy chapel; want of judgment at the gasometer, I suppose.

When the Mills stop, at eight o'clock, the gas is reduced accordingly, which is well enough if done moderately, which they have failed in during several nights; -- like some preachers we have known, who were so afraid of what they called wild-fire, they kept reducing it and putting it down, till they had no fire at all, tame nor wild, and the spiritual thermometer at zero. So fearful of the effects of a few Glorys, Hallelujahs and Amens, as to gradually decrease and thin them out, till, as Mother Unwin used to say, there was not a "chirp," and the place of worship silent and gloomy as a sepulchre!

However, a badly-lighted church has an ill effect upon a congregation; it renders the people stupid and gloomy-looking, and really so in their feelings! It discourages the preacher also, weakens faith, and renders success doubtful. It should not be so, but it is so; and constituted as we are it is difficult to avoid its being so, so much are we liable to be affected by circumstances.

Xenophon tells us that the city of Larissa was captured during the consternation caused by an eclipse of the sun. The people thought the world was coming to an end, or that the gods were displeased, and so reasoned it was no use to hold out, or fight, as courage was useless under the frowns of the deities. So the city was taken, because no one had a heart any longer to defend it.

Ah me! If twinkling lights and a gloomy house do not create consternation, they do stupefaction -- remind of bedtime -- make it seem later than it is; if no fears about the world's coming to an end just yet, a fear that the sermon is going to be "a long-spun" becomes rife if the preacher does not happen to be lively; -- that by the time the sermon is ended, the meeting should end.

A gloomy atmosphere, besides, is kindred to UNBELIEF, and then evil reasoning comes in; -- to some it seems as if God is absent from the place. "God is light," is a New Testament axiom; it seems an instinct of our common nature so to think of God. Plato said, "LIGHT is the shadow of God; and God is the light of light itself." But darkness; what is it? "A privation of light," say the philosophers, which leaves us wise as we were before. But it reminds timid Christians of the "prince of darkness;" and, forgetting that it is said in the Scriptures that darkness and light are both alike to God, -- that he can see, or hear, or bless, in the dark as well as in the light, -- the idea of divine absence takes possession, and it is hard to be dispossessed.

How often, when leading our spiritual troops to charge the enemy, have I been made to realize this, however unreasonable it may appear! The strange vacancy and dullness, with lights twinkling amid the gloom, construed into the presence of Satanic influence; and who shall be positive Satan never takes advantage of such a state of things? "We are not ignorant of his devices lest Satan should get an advantage of us," says St. Paul. The meeting is captured by these unhappy impressions; or, if some victory is gained, as last night, it is after a hard fight with unbelief Morpheus, and the Devil!

Give me a church brilliantly lighted, if success is to be the order of the night. We are creatures of feeling and sensibility, and are influenced by such things in spite of us. A gloomy or chilly house, an unwelcome current of air, a creaking door or a window rattling in the wind, I have known to put preacher and people "all off the poise within," eventuating in a hard and unprofitable time. They are sure to lessen the congregation; sinners, especially, are not fond of frequenting such an uninviting place. I have known some preachers to laugh at such trifles, and to take no small credit to themselves for being superior to them, but a trifle more knowledge of human nature, and closer observation, would render them more serious matters than they are aware. Look at public saloons in cities and villages, -- how brilliantly lighted and inviting they are and how crowded! "The children of this world, are in their generation wiser than the children of light." -- Luke 15:8 "Let your LIGHT so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," might have a secondary application in church

lighting, I think. However, these are facts, -- evils that should be remedied or avoided by those who have charge of such matters. Inattention to them is bad economy, financially as well as spiritually. Huddersfield is the place for attention to such things. The dim gas-lights will soon have a remedy, now that the cause has been ascertained. It is seldom one meets with a class of men in Methodism who have so entirely incorporated the Lord's business with their own as here. The affairs of the church are their affairs; they conduct them upon the same principles as they do their own; what ought to be done is done, and with dispatch. That is the way to sustain and keep in action a vigorous church. Methodism has great vitality and strength here. It is written, "They shall prosper who love Zion;" and our leading brethren here realize it to be so, for time and for eternity.

Jan. 31. -- I forgot to note that last Friday night we had a sweet and powerful time on Holiness, and that thirty persons professed to receive the blessing, and eleven were justified. Last Sabbath one hundred souls were saved and recorded. O, may every name of them be found at last in the book of life! -- Rev. 3:5; 21:57.

Last Tuesday I rode over to Leeds with Mr. Webb. We enjoyed an agreeable season at the Wesleyan Missionary Tea Meeting and Bazaar; -- a great variety of articles for sale; among the rest, a few verses celebrating our hard-fought battle in Leeds. O, but it did bring to remembrance scenes of conflict and victory. Satan fought hard for his kingdom those five months, but the Lord did give us the victory in the conversion of sixteen hundred souls, and in the sanctification of one thousand believers. All glory be to God in the highest, from whom cometh such victories through Jesus Christ our Lord!

I preached that night in St. Peter's Chapel, the largest in England belonging to the Wesleyans; accommodates between three and four thousand hearers, and it was full. Had an awful time; those who would not yield fled in terror at the close. Wit is a perilous talent; hard to be suppressed, I suppose. One of the preachers in the pulpit, observing the scene, turned to the other, and said: "See they run as if the devil was after them!" I am sure the devil was angry that his children should have such a fright. Could I have stayed a little longer in Leeds, should have had poetry of another order, doubtless; but, after fifteen souls were saved, we started for Huddersfield, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning.

Had a good time last night, here. If the name of Jesus happened not to be in my text, he had a place in the sermon. Blessed Jesus! Thou art my love, my life, my all in all!

"Insatiate to this spring I fly."

Saturday morning, Feb. 1. -- Purity my theme last night. A snake may cast its coat, but keep its venom. A sinner may cast off much of the "old man" in outward, and even inward character but, if not cleansed from all sin, there is a snaky inclination in his nature that may wound others, or the cause of God, or himself, eternally.

That was a shrewd saying of one, that "a profession of religion, with out purity, is like a fair glove drawn over a foul hand." Purity is the prime jewel of moral worth, in man or woman. What is the most graceful dress humanity ever wore, if the one who wears it has a filthy person? We would shrink from such a creature. But such is he who makes a graceful profession of religion, and carries about him an unclean spirit, an impure heart; he lacks the prime jewel of moral worth -- purity. He resembles those Swiss smugglers in whose company I crossed the Jura mountains not long since. We noticed that they wore a profusion of jewelry, and marveled that persons otherwise so dirty-looking should be so adorned. Gold chains, with gold watches, thrown around necks that would have puzzled one to say when they were washed with pure water and fingers glittering with rings and gems, that seemed never to have had a moment's fellowship with soap! But we received a hint they were smuggling them into France from Switzerland.

There is a good deal of smuggling going on in religion, -- avoiding the Lord's customs on taxable goods: purity of heart is the duty for outside accomplishments in religion. Many are deceived thereby, and many deceive themselves. God we cannot deceive. It will be sad if we are detected in the last hour, and lose all our accomplishments and our souls together. It will certainly be so if our outside appearances are found to be contrary to inward realities; if underneath all our fine professions we have impure hearts; -- as those people with filthy persons under gold chains, rings, and jewelry.

Feb. 3, Monday morning -- A gracious sacramental season yesterday. A melting time on the sufferings of Christ. "We preach Christ crucified," says St. Paul. "We should look at sin as in two glasses," observes one; "in the glass of Christ's precious atoning blood, and in the glass of his death." Thus, when Paul preached a crucified Christ, he



preached against sin most effectively – described it as a crimson die.

Jesus was “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief” says Isaiah. Grief and Jesus were no strangers. How sensibly that touches an audience! When did the cup of grief ever pass by untasted? And

“Can we thy houseless nights forget?  
The cold dew on thy temples lying;  
The taunts, the spear, the bloody sweat,  
The last long agony of dying?  
Thy present gifts so large and free,  
The transports of eternity!”

Ay, that “bloody sweat.” Ah! Who can forget that grief, or, being reminded of it, remain unmoved? Grief met him at the garden entrance; but never, no, never had he met grief before with a heart so full of sorrowful emotions. His disciples marked the change in his appearance, -- that he began to be “very heavy;” that he entered the garden with sighs and sobs of grief, and with mournful utterances and broken exclamations of SORROW – such as, “my soul is sorrowful;” a little further on, “my soul is exceeding sorrowful;” a few steps more, and he exclaimed, in yet more saddened and lamentable accents, “sorrowful even unto death;” shows how deep and real it was. Ah! It was not a mere semblance of sorrow, but real, downright sorrow. When King Artaxerxes noticed the dejection of Nehemiah, he inquired, “Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart.” O Jesus, my Lord! This is nothing else but sorrow of heart! But why art thou thus, if thy death is but as a martyr’s death, witnessing for the truth? For before thy day, and since, have men gone forth joyfully to die for it. Ah! A martyr’s sensations afford no solution of the mystery of thy passion, O Christ! -- he began to bear the weight of the world’s atonement, which martyrs never bore, and which all the men upon earth, and angels in heaven to help them, could not have borne!

Further on in that solitary garden of Gethsemane, his faltering steps were heard, with stifled groans. No wonder his poor disciples were overwhelmed with sorrow, too, till pitying grief called upon sleep to soothe them into forgetfulness, while a hovering angel longed for permission to minister to him, all prostrate as he now lay upon the cold ground. Thrice had he declined that mysterious cup of our grief proffered to his trembling lips by the hand of his Father, saying, “O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt,” - and all this, as the apostle says, with prayers, and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard, in that he feared.” -- Heb. 5:7. In the thing he feared, he was heard. What was that? For did he not finally drink of that cup? If the mere cup of death was it, he was far from exemplifying the courage of a martyr. But if that cup contained the FULL PENALTY due to the sins of the whole world – if Jesus was the representative of that world, to die in its stead – the sacrificial lamb of God, to bear the general sins away in his own suffering person, making a full atonement for the same: -- then in some measure we comprehend the character of the sufferer and the nature of those sufferings which ensued. I had power on this point, - exclaiming, let us cover our faces, as Elijah with his mantle, as our suffering Lord passes by. Let us recognize in the emotions which sway our hearts, and in the tears that bathe our cheeks, that we know and feel those sufferings were no common sufferings, that grief was no common grief, that agony was no common agony! No, no! -- men nor angels cannot measure it, -- cannot estimate it!

“A weight of woe more than whole worlds could bear.”

With what tender sympathy do those words of Jesus fill my heart, -- the last words he uttered before he tasted of that cup, “O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, THY WILL BE DONE;” if man cannot be saved except I drink it, my heart, my lips are now ready; and then that dark cup of our grief and sin penalty touched his lips, and he drank it but it was taken VOLUNTARILY a fact the infidel was called upon to mark. It had his full and free consent through intense love and pity for the infidel’s soul and for my soul – for every soul of man. What a powerful hold this gives one of an audience!

How instantaneous the effect of that cup! “The bloody sweat,” -- how familiar the phrase! Do we properly comprehend it? How terrible the import! The blood first oozed out through every pore in crimson dew-drops all over his body, increasing in magnitude till, as St. Luke tells, his sweat was like great drops of blood falling down to the ground. There is evidence, too, that the night was not sultry, to cause sweat; for a fire was needed a few hours

afterwards in the midst of a hall, where Peter desired to warm himself. He sweat lying upon the cold earth. He was bathed in blood caused by no world weapon; was crushed in soul, and bruised in body, but by no mortal hand. It was the storm and agony within which made the blood to appear without. Ah! How terrible that storm! How intense that agony! How intolerable that pressure! The tides and waves of the ocean, mighty as they are, are arrested by a slender strip of insignificant sand, as Jeremiah notices: "Though the waves toss themselves, yet cannot they prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass." -- Jer. 5:22. Not so the purple tide in our dear Redeemer's body. Its crimson waves were set in motion by that storm within, -- a storm hitherto unknown and unfelt in any human frame, and never to be endured again! -- that tide, those waves, driven on by it, soon rushed through and over opposing barriers, deluged the surface of his body, stained all his garments as one treading in the wine-press, Isaiah 63:1, 3, -- and reached the earth upon which he lay! In the prime of manhood he entered that garden, -- in the bloom of youth, and health, and vigor, and with a constitution which never was debilitated by sin or by disease, he took that cup with no earthly liquid filled, and behold the result!

And how men's feelings looked out of their faces at the cry, Sinner! Behold the Lamb of God! Weep for him who wept and bled for thee! Yes, thou dost weep; thou canst not help it! But O, weep not so much over the suffering of thy innocent Redeemer, but weep for thyself -- for thy sins! Begin the imitation of thy Lord, with prayers and supplications, strong crying and tears, that thou mayest be pardoned and saved from that dreadful hell from which thy Saviour's tears redeemed thee! And thou hast reason to fear it: for be assured that those agonies in the garden, and those sufferings of which Calvary tells, only indicate what thou must suffer in hell, if thou thyself shalt drink of that cup as a satisfaction to infinite justice for the sins of thy soul. Alas for thee then! It will require an eternity to drink it. If a few hours of agony and death sufficed thy Redeemer to make an atonement for thy sins it was because of the exceeding dignity of his person, and the infinite merit of his sufferings.

It is good to particularize, -- to single out this and the other character in an audience, -- to discern the who by the EXPRESSION, differing in this and the other, according to temperament, education, habits, views, prejudices. It makes the Gospel a personal thing; brings it home to the individual bosom; puts the honeycomb to the lips, or the cheering cordial, or the bitter but medical potion, or the potent remedy. How inspiring, as yesterday, to behold or hear the individual effects, -- the responsive word, or look, or tear, or shout, here and there, over nearly three thousand souls! Truly the Gospel is designed for the whole world; and there is a decided and an electrifying advantage in having an immense mass of mind at once under its sound. Perhaps more angelic beings assemble then. Did the Lord intend to teach this, ordaining that his famous temple should be in a manner lined with angelic figures? One of the fathers, a short time after the apostles, tells us that a certain person of undoubted veracity and piety declared to him that he had seen a vision of angels leaning forward towards the altar, and listening, as soldiers around their general. If they are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, where should they be, but hovering over such a mass of redeemed souls? -- the interests at stake forbid one to suspect indifference. It is reasonable, also, to suppose a greater amount of divine influence present under such circumstances, to say nothing of the electrifying effect of such an imposing spectacle upon the preacher.

This is a digression. No matter; I do not feel good for much else today than to scribble and write out all the feelings and impressions of my heart. After prayer, I love the companionship of my pen; I like to note down ideas while they are fresh. From the sinner I had a ready transition to the believer, and with good effect. All hail, believing soul, over yonder! I see by thy looks thou art sympathizing with thy Lord. Thou hast redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of thy sins. Yes, thou mayest well shout through thy tears! Shout, then, and I will help thee to shout, "Glory to God, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever, Amen!" Ay, scores of you shout, for you express it all in your looks; let it go up to hundreds and thousands, and when all present are at it, would that the whole town, and all England, and all nature, might join in it at once! -- a shout like a great thunder, such as John heard, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB for ever and ever." -- Rev. 5:13.

And yonder sits a poor brother; and over there as poor a sister; -- not poor in grace, nor in faith, bless God! But poor in this world; -- coat none of the best, -- worn as thyself with the world's rubs: who cares for thee? JESUS does. Why does he care for thee? Thy sympathies for his sufferings are met by his sympathies for thy sorrows and trials in life. Fear not. He has a crown for thee; but thou must be tried, and faithful, and true, a little longer. Jesus sees thee! He is coming to receive thee unto himself. He is filling thy heart with the sunshine of his presence now. Yes, shout!

I love to hear a poor saint shout. More of you! More be it! Shout, then, by the dozen! Let Christ's poor have their jubilee! "Amens, Glorys and Hallelujahs," never disturb me when preaching, if God is in them, as now. They vibrate upon my heart-strings; they thrill my very soul; they electrize my whole being! Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Dry your tears, ye saints, and think how high your great Deliverer reigns! "Let us stay in the garden." Very well, then, let us stay in the garden. Let us administer the sacrament in the garden of Gethsemane! Forget that you are in Huddersfield, or in England. Imagine yourselves in the garden, as you surround the table of your risen Lord. Let the scenes of Gethsemane, if you will, as well as Calvary, be present to your imagination and faith, as you surround the table of your blessed Redeemer.

Hearken to a voice, not from the hills of Judea, but from the hills of Ireland! The Irish harp never sounded sweeter to my soul than in the following lines, by one of her sons. Hearken! -- sob, but shout not; weep, if you will!

“Alone in that still midnight hour,  
When gloom involved the mountain round him,  
And hell's dark spirits given the power,  
As they had long the will, to wound him,  
The strength which Heaven supplied withdrawn,  
What wonder that his frame should languish,  
Aware that morn's approaching dawn  
Must rise on its commencing anguish?  
“Deserted by the world he came  
To save, which o'er his woes exulted;  
Ordained to die the death of shame,  
By those for whom he died insulted;  
His Father's smile withdrawn from him,  
And his few heedless followers sleeping,  
What marvel if his eyes grew dim  
And his lorn soul went wild with weeping!  
The dateless sins of centuries past,  
The countless crimes of unborn ages,  
Upon his burdened shoulders cast,  
To bear through torture's lingering stages  
To be by one false friend betrayed,  
Just ere another has denied him,  
While none remain to lend their aid,  
Or stand in death's dark hour beside him:  
All these, and many a wilder woe,  
Dark phantoms of unknown existence,  
Came crowding round, above, below,  
And gathering in the gloomy distance,  
Till from his bent brow poured the blood,  
Down on the stainless soil before him,  
Even though the pitying angel stood  
And waved his wings of healing o'er him.  
“Man! Durst thou after this complain,  
And weary Heaven with wild repining  
That thou hast felt some passing pain,  
And seen some rainbow hope declining?  
Know that, whatever griefs came o'er,  
Whatever pangs misfortune gave thee,  
He suffered then ten thousand more,  
And gladly suffered all to save thee.”

Ah this was, indeed, a gracious time! I suppose there were two thousand people at the Lord's table, -- and such weeping! There were other effective points in the discourse, -- where Grief met Jesus at Pilate's bar, on the streets of Jerusalem, with the cross on his bare and bleeding shoulders, -- on Calvary, on the cross, -- heaven and earth sympathizing and coloring with his woes, -- till all the sky was draped in black, and blackness lay heavy on all the land.

Had an immense crowd at night, and a storm from the pulpit. Critics and croakers and all their family were in an amaze, with backsliders and sinners, -- as if in the predicament of Wordsworth's Wagoner:

“Astounded in the mountain-gap,  
With peals of thunder, clap on clap,  
And many a terror-striking flash  
And somewhere, as it seems, a crash  
Among the rocks, with weight of rain,  
And sullen motions long and slow,  
That to a weary distance go -  
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,  
A rending overhead begins the fray again!”

The Lord did help my soul. His truth flashed like fire; -- to use an idea of Petrarch, “like heaven's own thunder it smote the trembling mind.” The slain of the Lord were many. If this does not raise the devil and bring a storm about our ears, then Satan is asleep, or has quit the field, that's all! There are some “unwedgeable and gnarled oaks” here, requiring some of those bolts which the poet called upon to split them! The Gospel is no tame affair when preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven! It has bolts, too, effectual as those which fall in thunder. There was a splitting and a rending of “the oaks of Bashan” last night; and a rending away of souls from the devil, the world and sin, to Jesus, who received, healed and saved them.

“And many to his name allegiance vowed,  
who owned another master till that hour,  
But now shook off his vows,  
and praised Redeeming Love.”

The number saved by eleven o'clock that night, and registered, was one hundred and thirty souls, besides ten children! All glory be to God alone!

It is a curious circumstance, and I think worthy of record, -- for I verily believe it is recorded in heaven, -- that this day's remarkable success is traceable to the prayers of a company of converted Sabbath-school children. Last Saturday afternoon they assembled for a prayer-meeting among themselves. During the meeting, it seems, it came into the mind of one of them to pray for the salvation of a certain number of souls, in pardon and purity, the following day, -- one hundred and forty was the number named. The idea took with these young believers. Their faith fastened firmly upon the power and goodness of Christ, that it should be so. They plead, and felt, and ventured to believe, that it would be so; and it actually was so! On examination of the register, it is found that forty of those saved yesterday were cases of purity, and the remaining one hundred were conversions.

But these praying children included both blessings in the word “saved,” which they had used before the Lord, I suppose, with great emphasis, -- knowing well the meaning of the term. Thanks be unto God for Sabbath-school instruction! Jesus thanked his Father that he had hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes, because it seemed good in his sight. It is so still.

And, as our Lord said, on another occasion, when the blind and the lame were healed by him in the temple, and the place rang with the sweet voices of children crying “Hosanna to the Son of David,” and the Chief Priests and Scribes were trying to scowl it down, saying to Jesus, “Hearest thou what these say?” -- “Yea,” he mildly replied, “have ye never read, OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE?” as if a string were wanting in God's praise, till infant voices supplied it!

A poet says, “The child is the father of the man.” The elements of the future man, good or bad, are often developed

in the child. May it be so in these! If the infancy of their faith be so strong and prevailing, what may it not reach in its manhood, if they remain true to it and grow in grace, up to "the bright and burning noon of their intellectual day"! We read that "The Spirit of the Lord began to move SAMSON, at times, in the camp of Dan between Zorah and Eshtaol." -- Judges 13:25. That was an early earnest of his future power.

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There is a society of socialists in this town, -- Infidels, hard-faced men, -- bold and daring for their evil cause; wills deep in their souls to oppose the Bible. Of course our doings are intolerable. They have an edifice set apart for their Sabbath day and evening gatherings, where holy time is outrageously desecrated. An old woman passing by the structure, the other day, paused to read the inscription high on front, and, her sight not being good, she read, "The Hell of Science." "There did you ever! -- what are they going to do with science? -- the Hell of Science!" and passed on. "The Hall of Science" is the motto; but the old woman was not far out of the way, after all. They have had it from the pulpit rather hot, for their patience, of late. Their assemblies have been thinned, almost broken up; and, besides, numbers of their adherents have been lately converted. The wasp's nest has been greatly disturbed; they have tried to sting and do other mischievous things, which have rather recoiled upon themselves. Public opinion has given them some significant frowns. A few expressive symptoms of dissatisfaction with the revival among certain would-be "higher class" ones have given them courage; but they counted too fast. It is hard coping with the power of God; -- not the first time a revival of religion has turned into foolishness the wisdom of the crafty. They are vexed that human nature will so patronize "this hell and damnation." We have something better than that, gentlemen; although even that is worthy of an escape from, -- not from hearing about it, -- but from suffering its realities in eternity. Well, they have concluded to send in a flag of truce, asking for a cessation of hostilities, or at least a decrease of the cannonade, and time for explanations. A deputation has waited upon me. One, in the name of the rest, entered his protest against my "misrepresentations and unbearable inferences," -- that I had even injured his character! Poor man! I neither recognized his name nor face, although not unlikely I may have drawn his portrait pretty correctly in the pulpit; and, not liking his own likeness, and his neighbors recognizing it, he of course felt himself scandalized.

I remarked, my habit was to attack infidelity in all its shapes, forms and complexions; and if it sheltered itself under the wing of Socialism, they must not be surprised if a few of my arrows should lodge in its feathers. It might be somewhat annoying, but their best way was to thrust out the traitor to good morals and religion, and let the arrows of the Gospel pierce him on his own unfenced commons; that, if I had injured their society, to prove it, and they should have ample satisfaction.

The plaster shall be as large as the wound. Perhaps you have no objections to tell me, honestly, what are your real principles in a religious point of view. Do you believe the Bible to be a revelation from God? "We do not." That there is an hereafter after death, and that you have each a soul to enjoy or to suffer its awards?" No, that is not our creed." But you surely believe in the existence of a God? "No, I do not," and he became somewhat excited. Indeed! That is worse and worse. By denying you have a soul that will live forever, you place yourselves on a level with brute beasts. This is hard upon you, but is it anything more than fact? But, alas! By denying the existence of a God, you exhibit a capability brutes possess not. You are Atheists. "I have thought, -- I have reasoned thus." Hold! What is that which thinks and reasons within you? Your very soul, perhaps, whose existence you have just denied, -- that which thinks and reasons within your body may do so without the body, by and by! Take care that it thinks and reasons correctly in this world, or it may be worse for it the next! "I think for myself. No man shall dictate to me what I shall believe." O, that is all well enough but see to it that you think not erroneously; we are but conversing now, not dictating. "I have more independence than others. I think for myself. I moved step by step, till I reached my present vantage-ground in belief;" Your present unbelief, you should say. You have some talent, sir. It is a pity you should employ it in proving yourself nothing but a brute. "A brute?" Yes, a brute! What are you else, if soulless? "I want superstition hooted out of the world, and our Socialist principles better understood; then we should have a very different state of things." Doubtless! Men without a soul, a world without a God, the Bible a fable, Christianity a dream, accountability after death a figment of the imagination; hell a superstition, eternity a blank! A changed world, indeed, should Socialism prevail; -- black as the globe which I noticed on the tomb of Voltaire, in Paris, a few months since; -- ay, and one of hell's appendages. What advantage would it be to me, pray, to believe as you do? My soul is happy in believing what you discard. Would I be more truly happy in your

unbelief? What benefit?— what good by disbelieving as you? Would it improve my morality, purity, happiness, or safety? You believe I am safe enough, even now, as regards eternity, do you not? “O, certainly.” Now hear me! I believe you are in danger of eternal damnation. Whether truth or error, that is my belief. Why, then, should you wonder that I try to disturb you, overthrow your errors, and convert you to Christ? But, I do wonder why you should try to convert me, or any Christian, to your way of thinking, unless your heart is as dark as your principles; -- the devil for such business!

After urging the possibility of resisting, grieving and quenching the Holy Spirit, and sinning away the day of grace, and the consequences, hardness of heart, and reprobacy of mind, and an untroubled depravity to believe or disbelieve anything, I turned to one of the deputation, and said: Does this man represent correctly the principles of your society? “No; I don’t go quite so far,” the chief interposed, saying, “it is no use conversing any more about it, -- let us go;” and drew towards the door, feeling somewhat different than when he came in; reminding one of that odd picture in Holland, -- a Dutchman with a full-blown bladder upon his shoulder, while another behind is pricking it with a pin, and uttering a Latin motto, signifying “How soon is all blown down!” Now, then, what are to be their next tactics? We shall see.

Feb. 4<sup>th</sup>. -- My hoarseness rather increases. The work advances with unabated power. There are adversaries, but they cannot effect much: and the power of God is sweeping them away before it.

Error seems like chaff before a whirlwind. Not less than nine hundred sinners have been converted since the revival began, last December; and about four hundred believers have been entirely sanctified throughout spirit, soul and body. -- 1 Thess. 5:23, 24. All glory be to God on high, for ever and ever! Amen. My own soul is in a flourishing state; but the body makes some complaint. The Lord has ever been better to me than my boding fears; I must go on unfalteringly. If the battle is the Lord’s, as I believe it is, and I am necessary to lead on his spiritual troops, he will strengthen the outer as well as the inner man. With this confidence, let me onward, vigorously and courageously.

Amen.

## EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

### Chapter 21

## WARNINGS TO SINNERS – A SERMON

“Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.” -- Matt. 13:43

1. Your attention! To all whom it may concern.

English history tells us of a great freshet in the river Severn, producing an inundation which invaded the country around, laying extensive portions of it under water. In one place it was observed that dogs, and cats, and hares, and rats, swam off for dear life, all in company, and congregated upon a small piece of ground the water had surrounded, but not covered. There they abode peaceably together, forgetting their natural antipathy to each other, as if aware of their common danger. Well, so it is now in Huddersfield. This revival is inundating the whole town; and sinners that fought like dogs and cats have laid aside their mutual antipathies in their struggles for dear life to some rising ground of common infidelity, which, God knows, is always low enough; but it affords them a slight chance of escape from this flood of salvation which is sweeping everything before it. And how peaceably they behave towards each other now, scowling only at the revival-flood, -- agreeing to oppose time revival only, at all risks! But its waves rise higher and higher, undermining their positions, and one after another of them is swept off from his companions, cries for mercy, is saved, is changed in nature, and landed safely, a new creature, on Immanuel’s ground! Glorious sight, to see one and another and another thus saved, and lifting up their hands in prayer for a like salvation to those they left behind!

Turn to the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel’s prophecy, and you will find a revival symbolized.

An angel of the Lord conducted the prophet to where the symbolical waters were issuing from under the temple of God; where he measured them at the distance of one thousand feet, and the waters were ankle-deep; a thousand feet more, and they were knee-deep; one thousand more, to the loins; another thousand, and they had become a river. To wade now was out of the question; he that would pass over must swim or drown. But, mark! Wherever the waters



flowed, they heated; -- everything that moved in them became healthy and lived where all was death!

The prophet saw the river of Gospel salvation such as has reached this town, and is inundating it. Sinners who are dead to God and to divine influence try to escape from it, but it follows them, overthrows them, submerges them, and in their submersion they pass from death unto life lands them on the Rock of Ages new creatures in Christ Jesus!

These are facts. Were I to request it, thirteen hundred saved sinners, and more than six hundred purified believers, would stand upon their feet this instant, as witnesses to the fact, -- all the saved of the Lord during the last twelve weeks! Hallelujah!

2. And now, once again, "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." A man in Germany said that some ministers of Jesus are storm-birds of misfortune to SINNERS; -- meaning that if they were not

converted under their ministry, sore and sure judgments are likely to befall them. I am not prepared to deny it. But this let me say, great revivals of religion are often storm-birds of misfortune to those who harden their hearts and refuse to be saved by them. It is likely to be so here. The "storm-bird" is passing and re-passing over. Beware of coming judgments.

If you will look into Ezekiel's vision of the holy waters, you will find that the miry places and the marshes thereof, which were not healed, were given to salt; they were salted by the just judgments of God. He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear. He that is not salted by the Gospel, cured of his sinful maladies, and saved from his sins, may expect to be salted by judgments!

It is often said, "God is on the throne of grace now; by and by he will be on the throne of judgment." I think he is even now seated upon both. For, when a revival like this is in progression, God is judging those already who are refusing to be saved; -- that is, he is judging them worthy of punishment, and in the act of passing sentence of coming affliction upon this and the other resisting sinner; ay, sorrows and death-penalties. Remember what St. John says; "There is a sin unto death, I do not say that he shall pray for it." -- 1 John 5:16. Think of that, all ye who are shutting your eyes against superior light, the illuminations of the Holy Ghost. Harken to the word of the Lord, by the prophet Micah: "Hear, all ye people: hearken, O earth, and all that therein is: and let the Lord God be witness against yon, the Lord from his holy temple." -- Micah 1:2. The temple of the Lord is the place of judgment now, -- moved from Sinai to Zion. Thank God for that. Still, it is a place of judgment, and God himself is witness O sinner, sinner, sinner! Hear the word of the Lord. Repent now, and be saved, before the sentence of our God goes out against thee.

That was a wise remark of one hear him: "When I go to hear the word of the Lord preached, I go upon my trial; and, if I look not better to it, the word that I hear may procure me loss and damage, and much hurt. It may be a matter of my guilt, and sentence me to death." Just and solemn reasoning that. What do you think of it, all ye who are yet halting between two opinions? Is there not just cause of alarm? We read that the plague of Athens followed a year of unprecedented health. A revival is a year of spiritual health and is usually attended by the smiles of heaven, temporally as well as spiritually, coming down upon the region all around like sunshine. Those who do not receive soul-health have bodily health, that they may be able to attend to soul health. But if such a help is abused, then follows some plague or other. -- Job 21:23.

3. Again, let me cry aloud, "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." Remember the Severn, and the dogs, and cats, and rats, and hares! Wise animals those, when compared with some sinners among you. Self-preservation is the first law of nature in brutes as well as men. How instinctively disposed they are to get out of harm's way! How well they can read the indications of the coming storm, and betake themselves to places of shelter! Dogs howl, and cattle low, before an earthquake. What does this revival indicate? Let the sinner consult his own conscience. There are judgments for abused mercies. That which may not be general, God can make individual. "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." I once heard a Presbyterian minister in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, preach on this text; "For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost." One sentiment he uttered made a deep impression upon my mind. "Eternity only can show how a SAVIOUR freely offered and deliberately rejected affects a man's condition in the eternal world." There is a terrible import about such a sentiment. But I would say, Even your future in this life can only show how a Saviour freely offered and deliberately rejected affects your condition. Sinner, what are you about? What do you propose? Is this revival to leave you unsaved? Is the harvest to pass, and the summer of salvation to

end, and you not saved? Depend upon it, you may have a short autumn and a speedy winter long nights and a dreary desolation! Be warned, -- make timely preparation. Haste away from the “windy storm and tempest.” Delay not. The time is at hand.

“The hour of fate is hovering nigh,  
---- the winds are still,  
But the cold waves swell high and heavily,  
And there is danger in them.”

The fowls of the heavens in the North American climate know their time. They discern the signs of approaching winter. A few sunny days in “the Indian Summer” cannot deceive them. The lovelier the weather, the more severe that which is to follow. They act as if they believed so. Far to the north, their noise is immense, -- great as we have in this revival. Why their noise? To gather in stragglers; to attract the attention of all their tribes, that not a wing may be left behind; to prepare for a flight to sunnier and more hospitable climes. Away they fly, at length, navigating the atmosphere; -- never northward -- that would be perdition, -- southward! They know the true point of compass without compass or chart. God has taught it them, -- the same God who teaches your conscience, sinner, the true point of the spiritual compass. Would to God you were as willing to be guided by it as the fowls of heaven! But you are not. Let that pass for the present. Away they haste from the northern storm, with its ice and its snows. Farmers in their fields behold them high in air, out of reach of gun-shot, moving on compactly, wing to wing, pointed like a ship, prow and stern. Now and then they alight upon some verdant tree-top, or settle down into some seedy dell by lake or river brink, for needful refreshments. Then up and away for the sunny south, -- where they arrive, at length, minus of one or two or more of their number, which by unwatchfulness or low-flying became the prey of the fowler.

Now, mark! An early flight of birds southward in northern climes is a pretty sure indication of an early and severe winter. The Lord of birds and men tells them this by that which we call instinct. For Jesus hints that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the notice of their Creator and ours.

What is a revival of religion but a similar phenomenon among rational beings? The same God that prompts the birds to a flight from the coming storms and desolations of winter incites sinners to fly from the storms that must surely overtake the unbelieving and impenitent. There is a moral in Job 37:6, 7, 8. But read Jeremiah 8:7. There God speaks right out of the heavens, and, pointing to the fowls of the air, tells sinful men to look, learn, and be wise. “Yea, the STORK in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the TURTLE, and the CRANE, and the SWALLOW, observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.” O, what a tender, complaining reproof does our God convey by such an allusion! Sinner! Will you hear and regard it?

4. Again let me cry out the words of Christ, your Lord and mine. “Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.” Think of the birds again. It sometimes happens, though not often, I believe, that stragglers are left behind. For a short time they enjoy themselves very well, picking up the leavings of the flocks that are gone, -- never seeming aware of their error till winter is on them with savage brow, with all his ice-clad legions, when they perish, or drag out a pitiable existence till spring returns again.

But it is thus sinners perish, after neglecting the Spirit’s call, and the good example of others. So true was that saying of one, long since passed into eternity, “Many will fear till they feel, nor think of danger till it becomes inevitable.” O ye careless men and women, listen to me! Is it not bad to refuse to fear the wrath of God, till you feel it hopelessly? Is it not sad to refuse to think of peril, till you are involved in its calamities?

I suppose you have all heard or read of that dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Norway, called the Maelstrom. It is a perilous part of the sea for sailors -- a whirlpool of an amazing sweep. It sometimes roars like a cataract, when there is a strong westerly wind. But, what is singular, its violence is said to be greatest in calm weather. Then the power of the vortex is tremendous. If a ship, during a calm, is heedlessly allowed to enter its dread circumference, and no wind springs up to aid her escape, she is sure to be swept round and round, till swallowed up and lost. O ye careless ones, listen to the following story, the sorrowful tale of a lost ship, and behold in it your own peril if you yield to the influences of hell around you!

There was fine weather along the coast of Norway, -- a smiling sky and smooth seas. The captain and crew of a

certain ship, having nothing to do, determined to enjoy it, -- were in high spirits, and, to increase their hilarity, they resorted to the intoxicating bowl; all but the pilot, who seemed to be as fully aware of the peril as your own conscience, sinner, -- for they were then not far from the sailors' dread, the Maelstrom.

But the captain and crew feared nothing. They commenced a merry dance on deck. The revel increased as they continued to drink.

"Come, dance around, my jolly boys!" said the captain. And away went the merry tars in continued circle around the deck, shouting till their lungs were spent. It was a drunken revel.

"Captain," said the sober pilot, who alone refused to join the jollification, "we must drop anchor at once. The wind has died away, and the ship has performed a quarter-circle within the last half-hour."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the captain. "Fill your glasses, my merry lads! Dance around, I say; the good old ship is keeping us company!"

The pilot rushed back, with a pale and concerned look, to note indications of the tale-telling compass. Presently he returned with a face livid from fear.

"Captain!" he cried, "for the love of Heaven drop anchor at once, till the wind springs up, for we have entered the Maelstrom. See with the glass. Yonder ship has cast anchor, and she is now making signals to us."

"Away, thou fool!" screamed the captain. "My lads, I'll give you a song." He began:

"Away, away with the brow of care!  
The devil is blithesome and merry;  
Odd boots it where, if there's pleasure there,  
With plenty of champagne and sherry."

The pilot became frantic. No one volunteered to aid him in dropping anchor; it was a feat impossible for one to perform. Now a signal shot boomed from the other ship. A boat put forth with a line securing it to the vessel. The pilot ran to the heavy life-boat, but could not move it. In vain he called for aid. Still the dance and shout and song of revelry went on. Once again he flew to the compass, and in despair seized the useless helm, -- for no wind filled the sails, and still the ship moved on the mysterious circle. For the last time he came to give the solemn warning to the now reclining captain and crew. He begged and prayed to them to heed their danger; -- danger seemed to have a fascinating sound, and he was answered with a laugh. As they laughed, he wept, cautioned them with tears, and threw himself into the sea. With strong frame he swam through the fatal current towards the boat put forth to rescue, and reached it in safety. As long as line could be found in the anchored vessel, the boat continued its way toward the ship with the drunken crew. They came within hail, and called on them to save themselves. One or two, sobered by the sense of danger, threw themselves into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat; but the others became stupid. The line was at length exhausted. The ship could now be seen slowly moving on its narrow circle, yet those on board put forth no effort to their own preservation. It was a fearful sight. From the other vessel every eye was strained with an intense gaze. Rapid, hurried action was there. Still the line was extended, with every species of material that could be found for the purpose. Necessity became the inventor of hopes never heard of in ordinary emergency. It availed not to reach the vessel of the drunken crew. Without power to aid, those in the boat beheld them hastening on into a terrible grave, with the agony and excitement each moment increasing. Still they waited. Night was coming on.

Faster and faster grew the motion of the ship. At last the approaching shadows warned them to return. The fated ship was seen through the gloom continuing her circles with increased volition.

Darkness came down, and cast a veil over the scene. When morning dawned the ship and the drunken crew had vanished forever from sight!

Hear me, O ye careless ones! We know of nothing that so vividly illustrates your infatuation as this. Why will ye die? Already are you performing those mysterious circles, -- verging rapidly to the Maelstrom of hell! Sin, like the intoxicating cup, infatuates you. We have hoisted our signals.

Again and again has the report of our solitary signal-gun boomed in your ears. We have approached within hailing distance. We offer you assistance. Zion's ship is waiting to receive you, anchored to the Rock of Ages. Jesus, our captain, bids you welcome. Some of your companions have taken the alarm, and abandoned you. They swam through the fatal current, and are safe. You all may do the same. We have exhausted our line. Your circles in the fatal influence are becoming narrower. We entreat you to heed your danger, -- it is positively real. We repeat our entreaties. We sound a fresh alarm. The parting ray of salvation -- perhaps the last one -- is now falling upon your head. Let your numbers be lessened. Hinder not those who are ready to fly from perdition. Necessity and hope have been busy in inventing means for your rescue, -- means never resorted to in ordinary emergency.

Will nothing avail? Must you perish, for whom Jesus died? Shall neither tears nor earnest cries avail? Darkness is gathering around you fast. We may see you no more. God have mercy upon the doomed then! But hear it heaven, and earth, and hell, angels, men and devils, -- they doom themselves! See, see, see! The doomed! The doomed! The doomed! Farewell! Perhaps before morning trembles over our sky you may have disappeared under skies of blackness and darkness, for ever and ever!

## EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

Portions of Chapter 25

### NOTES OF THE HUDDERSFIELD REVIVAL, CONTINUED

The following chapter continues the record of the great revival in Huddersfield, which is interspersed, after Mr. Caughey's manner, with meditations, reflections and suggestions, which cannot but be profitable to candid and spiritual readers. One thousand souls had found Christ at the date at which this chapter commences.

Feb. 11. -- What a glorious work of God among the young people, many of whom were saved on Sabbath and last night! -- Not the world's leavings! Not Satan's remnants, depreciated by his iniquitous clippings! No. Drygoods merchants have what they call remnants, -- ends of webs, leavings of whole pieces, -- sold cheaper than the rest. OLD sinners are but remnants of their former selves. Numbers of such [have been] saved, but the devil had nearly used them up, body and soul.

But these young souls, from seventeen years to twenty-five old, -- fresh, vigorous, beginning their day's work for eternity in the prime of life's morning. O how much good they may accomplish if faithful before they enter their rest above! Mr. Wesley used to say he loved and venerated a young man, because of the good he would be doing in the world when he was sleeping in the dust...

March 4<sup>th</sup>. -- I omitted to note that last week I preached two sermons to the youth of the town.

A great gathering of them, and the power of our God was present among them; many were saved, -- from seventeen years of age, to twenty and twenty-five. May this young, warm, soft and tender wax, receive the fairest impression the Gospel seal can imprint! These opening flowers must be very precious to Jesus, -- "saints in the bud," as one called them; -- the almond-trees of prophetic vision; the hastening tree, the early blossoming tree, the first awake, when all the other trees are locked in repose of winter; the first in bloom of all in the eastern forests; covered with blossoms in January, while all others are budless; and bearing fruit in March, when other trees are but just beginning to bud. Perhaps this was the reason why the Lord selected this tree as a symbol in prophecy, because of its early nature, indicating speedy fulfillment. "Jeremiah, what seest thou?" "I see a rod of an almond tree," replied the prophet. Then the Lord said, "Thou hast well seen: for I will hasten my word to perform it." -- Jer. 1:11, 12. God has a work to perform by these youth; these early blossoms of piety indicate a speedy accomplishment. May his purposes concerning them never be frustrated!

But Jeremiah only saw the rod of an almond tree; as if God, according to some, intended the speedy infliction of those judgments he was about to announce to the prophet. The Lord has long waited for the repentance of some old sinners in this town, and waited in vain. Alas! But these young people, like the almond-rod symbol, may indicate the speedy going forth of that sentence, "Cut them down; why cumber they the ground?" Must speak out on this, trumpet-toned. The Lord is giving the middle-aged and the aged a loud and significant call.

March 7<sup>th</sup>. -- A few nights since we had a stirring scene in Queen Street Chapel. My theme was wrestling Jacob. -- Gen. 32:26. Arriving at that point where the angel asked Jacob, "What is thy name?" and Jacob's reply, and its

signification, -- deceiver, the supplanter, -- felt a sudden impulse to be personal, and described a couple of characters, greatly crossed by providence with many sorrows, and conflicts, and battles with life's difficulties, and the why and the wherefore, -- had not been faithful to the grace of God, and his light upon their consciences; said many things which I cannot recall, for all was unpremeditated. But a power was upon me. Features of characters were before me. Words, like paint, were given, touched and re-touched, till the likenesses were complete; felt like a painter who has done his best, and lays down the brush. And now came the dread call for the originals! Bold and daring man! Amidst a tempest of emotion, I cried out, "Stand up upon your feet!" Instantly, up rose a man. "Now the woman! -- where is the woman?" "Here she is!" cried a voice from the congregation. There she stood! Both of them, now, trembling with emotion. I addressed them a little, and made a fresh appeal. Others arose, -- their features also had appeared in the pictures! The congregation was taken by surprise. We went to prayer, and about a dozen of souls were saved.

After prayer-meeting, a middle-aged man solicited an interview; said he had found peace some time since; that one night I had drawn his picture so complete, there was no mistaking it; that I declared it as my faith, I should yet hold the original by the hand. "Now, sir, has any one else owned up to that picture?" No. "Well, sir, I am the man." He was happy in God.

Old Humphrey says, "When we want an arrow to go right home, there is nothing like taking a single aim. This is what a good friend of mine calls using a rifle-barrel instead of a scattering blunderbuss!" I have often found it so in preaching. "A single aim" is surer to bring down a soul, than a scattering, indirect, aimless discourse. Many hear the voice of man only in the Gospel, but some the voice of God; then it is the power of God unto salvation. It comes direct then, as to fallen Adam in the garden, -- "Adam, where art thou?" -- and wakes the dead. When Saul of Tarsus was struck down on his way to Damascus, the men who were with him saw the light, and heard a voice, - perhaps a thunder only, -- no more; they distinguished not the words. Saul did. The articulate voice was for his ear alone. He understood it. They did not. There was a voice within a voice, so to speak, -- "a still, small voice," may be, such as Elijah heard in Horeb. --1 Kings 19:11, 13. Saul both saw and heard Jesus. His mind had a new era from that hour. There is something of this in every awakening under the Gospel. St. Paul reminds those converted under his ministry of this." For this cause also we thank God without ceasing because when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it NOT AS THE WORD OF MEN but as it is in truth, THE WORD OF GOD which effectually worketh also in you that believe." 1 Thess. 2:13. Illustrations of this have been remarkably numerous in Huddersfield during this revival.

## EARNEST CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED

A Portion of Chapter 26

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

April 26<sup>th</sup>. -- Last night I preached my farewell sermon in Queen Street Chapel, Huddersfield.

The crowd was immense. It was with the greatest difficulty I could get away from the new converts, -- dear souls, their emotions were overwhelming! I finally, through the ingenuity of one or two of the brethren, escaped by the basement. Such tenderness is harder to be endured than persecution!

I omitted to notice we had previously the usual meeting for the new converts, similar to that at Buxton Road Chapel, -- when they received "heartly counsel." May these sentiments be written upon their memory and heart as with a diamond: -- Harken to conscience, consult the Bible as your living oracle, be much alone with God in secret prayer. Endeavor to learn the Spirit's voice, and obey it; but, remember, it will never direct you contrary to the written word. Forsake not the public and private means of grace. Be holy, useful, happy. Let God steer your little barks in storms as well as in calms; he loves to be trusted. Live upon Jesus, -- draw succor from him as the branch from the vine. Love the brotherhood. Be not ready to take offense; avoid giving offense as far as possible.

Detest backbiting. Grow in KNOWLEDGE, as well as in grace and holiness. In order to this, provide yourselves with suitable books. Consult your pastors and leaders as to your reading. Be active; do something for God. Methodism has work for every member, if he will do it, -- in Sabbath schools, tract distribution, visiting the sick, missionary collectors, Bible-classes, etc. etc. If you would be warm and happy, work. Above all, aspire after holiness.

Bear with what I am going to say: for my motives are perfectly disinterested and pure. Take an interest in the constant expenses of the society. Bear your part in them. Never be a mere sponge, - a hanger-on, as they say, -- enjoying the privileges of the house of God, while others pay for them.

That is dishonest, and brings a curse instead of a blessing. Bear your part according to your ability.

Let no man prevent you; otherwise you may bring the frowns of Providence upon your own temporal affairs. It is possible, as Solomon hints, to withhold more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty. But, he added, there are those that SCATTER and yet INCREASE – scatter their increase in works of charity and benevolence, and yet they increase; their means to do good are increased, instead of being diminished by their liberality.

These hints I have thrown out freely, because, you know, I ask nothing from you but your earnest prayers. But I want to have the principle of helping to bear the expenses of the church planted in you, as a part of your religion, to grow with its growth, and to be strengthened with its strength. Hearken again! Should you fall into temptation, -- which may you never! -- lie not there, nor wallow in the sin; but up, and forsake it forever, repenting in dust and ashes! Run not away from Christ, nor his people; forsake not your class. Fly back to Christ by repentance, faith, and earnest cries for forgiveness. Try not to forget it, and to feel better, before you are pardoned. No, no! Fly directly to Christ, saying:

“To the blest fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly!  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest die.”

HOLINESS, also, may be lost and regained. Should the evidence of it become dim or lost entirely, reason not with the enemy; return to the blood instantly; renew your entire consecration as at the first; desire the blessing, pray for it, offer the blood of Christ as the price, -- the full equivalent which God accepts; believe this, and believe that He doeth it; and, if one act of faith is not enough, keep on believing, obstinately, that he doeth it, -- ay, though it should be a thousand times, -- nor cease till you KNOW that he has re-established the dominion of holiness in your soul.

The blood of Christ! HOLINESS cannot dissolve your dependence upon it. You will need its merit and cleansing efficacy from moment to moment, while in these bodies of clay. The standard of our perfection is love. That of Adamic and angelic perfection is almost infinitely higher, excluding errors of judgment and other infirmities, -- demanding, in fact, sinless obedience. But we are constantly liable to unavoidable mistakes and involuntary infirmities, though the single eye of the soul be steadily intent upon pleasing God. These, in view of the holiness of God, and of the higher standard which that holiness demands, need to be covered with the merits of Christ. Faith appropriates that covering, and the soul is accounted holy through the merits and perfect obedience of Him. “Love is the fulfilling of the law.” -- Rom. 13:10. You are young in religion, and you may not fully comprehend my meaning in these deep things of God. But, as you grow in grace and knowledge, both of Christ and yourselves, you will more clearly understand. Though your heart may be pure and full of love, and every thought, word and work, may spring from pure love to God, yet your liability to make mistake, and yield involuntarily, so to speak, to many infirmities, will ever necessitate you pray

“Forgive us our trespasses,”  
and to say, with the poet:  
“Every moment, Lord, I need  
The merit of thy death.”

None makes more constant use of the blood of Christ than he who is truly sanctified and cleansed from all sin.

And now may the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bless you and keep you. May you never forget the saying of one now with God, -- that your life is a race; eternal glory is the prize, grace and corruption the antagonists; and accordingly as either finally prevails, eternal life is lost or won! Amen.

The Secretary of the Revival informs me that about eighteen hundred and seventy-nine souls have been justified, and seven hundred and fifty-five sanctified, -- 1 Thess. 5:23, -- during this great work of God, making a total of two



thousand six hundred and thirty-four!

To God be all the glory. He has said, "My glory I will not give to another." -- Is. 48:11. My soul says, Amen; and will be as conscientious as sterling honesty itself, not to appropriate any of it to myself. Such an intimation as this should sound in every preacher's ears like the voice of a trumpet from heaven. God will give us health, honor, if need be, and love, and friendship, and happiness, and as much of the world as will be good for us to possess; and pardon, and joy, and holiness, and will even share his heaven with us; but he will not give us his glory. Pharaoh, I have been reminded, took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and gave him a chariot, and much honor, with this reservation, "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." -- Gen. 41:40. God reserves his "GLORY," and let all that is within me, and without me, say, Amen and Amen! His glory and our good! O, how delicately and sweetly has the hand of our God twisted and woven these together!

In journalizing the conflicts of truth and its victories, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the glory of God has not been forgotten; has not, I trust, been misappropriated. My soul would tremble at the thought; would detest and abhor the word, or line, or sentence, that would rob him of a single particle or ray of his glory. Huddersfield has a noble population, -- citizens generally, and the Wesleyans in particular. Christ our Lord has diamonds in veins of gold in Huddersfield, -- which an old author pronounced a miracle, -- Christians abounding in the good things of this world, and yet sparkling with the glory of Christ. It is not with Christians generally as with a certain jewel I once read of, which lost its virtue unless it was set in gold. Alas! Many lose both their virtue and religion by being encased with much of that metal. What is called precious among men, becomes precious to them. They rise in the world to sink from God. Huddersfield presents many noble exceptions.

Glory be to our God for this also. Among the most devoted and zealous are families of high respectability, intelligence, and influence. These, and the people generally, showed me much kindness, as also the three Wesleyan ministers. My heart is full of gratitude. May they all, and the excellent families who entertained me so many months, be rewarded greatly while they live, and at the resurrection of the just. Amen.

*I hope this selection has helped you become more serious in your pursuit of His Rest.*

Earnest Seeker

[from the Enter His Rest website](#)