

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1999 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

THEY QUOTED HYMN #807
(First Love's Hymn)

By Duane V. Maxey

2 Corinthians 11:2 "espoused... to Christ."

Jeremiah 2:2 "Thus saith the Lord; I remember... the love of thine espousals..."

Revelation 2:4-5 "thy first love. Remember..."

* * * * *

Digital Edition 11/27/99
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

CONTENTS

Introduction

1

P. C. Bennet

2

Phineas Franklin Bresee

3

George Whitefield Coleman

4

J. H. Collins

5

Alfred Cookman

6

Mrs. H. A. Coon

7

Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

8

Philip Gatch

9

William Baxter Godbey

10

Elijah Hedding

11

William Hunter

12

John S. Inskip

13

Benjamin Leggatt

14

William Mcdonald

15

George Peck

16

Thomas Rankin

17

C. J. Richman

18

James Rogers

19

C. E. Rowley

20

George Shadford

21

Amanda Smith

22

Jennie Smith

23

Unnamed

24

Unnamed

25

Thomas Walsh

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

Among the many files in the HDM Library are several files containing the words of the 1026 Hymns in the 1889 Edition of the Methodist Hymnal. Hymn #807 might well be titled "First Love's Hymn." It is one of the more than 6,500 hymns written by Charles Wesley, whose life spanned from December 28, 1707 to March 29, 1788. Therefore Hymn #807 was written more than 100 years before it was published in the 1889 hymnal.

It may have appeared under different numbers in various editions of the Methodist Hymnal, and the hymn may have been altered by one or more well-meaning writers -- something that Charles Wesley did not like. This is very evident from a statement he placed in the preface of one of his hymnals:

"I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome to do so, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they are really not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take things for better or worse, or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men."

Perhaps some may think that Charles Wesley was a bit egotistical for stating that his hymns could not be mended in sense or verse, but I venture to say that most could not do so. I have dubbed it "First Love's Hymn," a title that I think fits its theme. I know of no title placed upon it by Charles Wesley, but I would mention it if I did know of such.

Most of the content in this article is comprised of conversion stories wherein words from this beloved hymn of Charles Wesley are quoted. There ARE variations in the wording, and the

quotation of Dr. Godbey appears to differ the most from Charles Wesley's words. I do not wish to place the main emphasis of this compilation on those variations, but I will take some note of them in Division I and elsewhere. Beyond that triviality, I desire to set before the readers: (1) The widespread popularity that Hymn #807 had among early Methodists and early holiness people; (2) The bouyant, spiritual blessedness felt and known by those who described their "First Love" experience with words from this hymn; and (3) How after this first, transcendant joy various quoters of the hymn were brought into the deeper, more stabilizing grace of entire sanctification.

The Original Hymn Words Compared With Variations Thereof

Directly below are the words to Hymn #807 as we have them from the 1889 Edition of the Methodist Hymnal. I could be mistaken, but as far as I know, these were Charles Wesley's original words to the hymn. I have left the spelling as it was. Please note that there are 4 stanzas.

=807

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

4 O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

A version of the song that I found on the Internet added the following stanza to the song, which I suspect may have come from someone other than Charles Wesley:

'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Also, the word "sweet" was added to the first line of the second stanza, making it read: "That sweet comfort was mine." The word "sweet" is also found added into that line in some of the quotations to be presented later. Further, the Internet version had the second line of the second stanza as: "When the Father divine" instead of: "When the favour divine."

The most significant addition to the hymn that I discovered is that shown below. Who added it, I know not, nor do I know exactly when it was added to the hymn. As will be discerned in coming quotations, it was a stanza oft-quoted by holiness people in this country, but it was introduced into the hymn before the "Holiness Movement," per se, was known. I have lifted the stanza from the account to follow of Thomas Walsh, one of John Wesley's beloved laborers in England, and his quotation of the hymn predates the Holiness Movement a number of years. That fact leads me to believe that Charles Wesley himself may have added the stanza. However, Charles Wesley's insertion of the statement regarding alteration and additions to his hymns shows that some were doing that while he and John were yet alive. Thus, while the added stanza shown below seems to originate in England before the origin of the "Holiness Movement" in America, it still might have been added into the hymn by someone other than Charles Wesley. Whether penned by Wesley's hand or not, its words so vividly described the heavenly elation felt by many individuals when they were first born again that it was probably the most popular stanza in the hymn:

I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

Among the quotations of Hymn #807 found in our HDM Library, the quotation showing the greatest disparity from the original words seems to be the quotation of W. B. Godbey. For whatever reason in his quotation, after quoting the first 2 lines of the second stanza as written, instead of quoting the last 4 lines of that stanza he quoted the last 4 lines of the fourth stanza. There are other differences, but here I forbear. Including the variations of Dr. Godbey, I doubt that anyone who altered or misquoted the hymn did so with any wrong intention, and most, if not all, of these variations are well-written and fit in nicely with the theme of the hymn.

I will comment about these variations later, but only briefly. Taking leave of these more trivial things, beginning below I will present quotations from the beloved hymn by a number of individuals -- quotations that covered a large span of years, showing that the hymn was long

popular and no doubt oft-quoted. Along with the quotations, varying amounts of the context in which the quotation was found are included.

The Order of Presentation is Alphabetical, Not Chronological

Checking dates, where possible, so as to place the quotations in some sort of chronological order would consume more time than I desire to expend on it. After beginning to make such an arrangement, I finally decided to present the quotations in alphabetical order by the name of the person associated therewith, which arrangement need not detract from the usefulness of the article.

The remainder of this treatise lists the names of 25 persons. Each of these either quoted Hymn #807 directly or the context of which the person is the subject contains a quotation of the hymn. In most cases it is the former.

* * * * *

1

P. C. BENNET

P. C. Bennet's quotation of Hymn #807 is part of his holiness experience account, hdm1062. When creating this collection, I took his testimony from: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer.

Though I was not favored in early childhood with pious parents, yet serious religious impressions attended me from a period as far back as memory extends. These would at times intensify into pungent convictions of sin and terrible apprehensions of God's displeasure. Thus I continued, sometimes praying in secret, and unsuccessful resolving to "to do better," until sixteen years of age, when I was enabled to decide the question, and yield my heart to Jesus.

Soon my mind was called to the subject of Christian holiness. Much of the interest awakened in my heart on this subject is due to the instructions of my class leader, and of my faithful pastor, the now sainted Ninde.

I also derived great confirmation from reading, at a certain time, the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, and Dr. A. Clarke's comments thereon. After that reading I think I never doubted the attainableness of purity of heart.

At times, thenceforward, I earnestly sought this blessing. The language of my heart often was,

"Oh that with all Thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love."

After I entered upon my life-work, the Christian ministry, the importance of enjoying the "fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," was frequently and deeply impressed upon my mind. I clearly saw it was my duty to instruct the people in this, as well as other Bible doctrines. I tried to do so; but, alas! my sermons on this subject were little else than doctrinal. O how they lacked that light and life, that fire and power which actual experience, only, can inspire.

I never heard of a soul that was awakened to seek this glorious fullness under my preaching in those days. Still, as then, so now I believe I did my duty as far as I went. I had no right to do otherwise than preach a full salvation.

My reason taught me that If the Gospel is an antidote to sin at all, it is an antidote to all sin--that if Christ can save men from sin to any extent He can "save them to the uttermost." Any other view made the mediation of Christ so meager and inadequate that I could not entertain it for a moment. Still, strange enough, my faith traveled little beyond this for eight years.

During the session of the Black River Conference, of which I was then a member, in 1846, I became deeply impressed with the importance of personal holiness. This impression increased as I proceeded to my work. Nor did it wear away as formerly. During a Camp-meeting in August, near Fulton, New York, my mind was greatly exercised thereon. On Saturday, I returned, not satisfied that the precious pearl was yet mine, though greatly encouraged and strengthened in the search for it. At tea, my dear wife, who had not enjoyed the privileges of the Camp-meeting, but who, for a long time, had known my earnest struggles for full redemption, inquired if I had attained this great object of my desire. I replied, "I do not know that I have, but I never felt so fully the Lord's as now." At this point my feelings became uncontrollable.

I left the table, repaired to my study, fell on my knees, wept, prayed, tried to take hold on Christ by faith, as my Saviour from all sin, but all apparently in vain. My wife, knowing that I had been absent all the week, suggested perhaps I had better compose my mind, and make some preparation for my Sabbath services. But it seemed to me impossible to turn my thoughts in that direction. The language of my heart was, "How can I ever again preach the gospel of purity, till that purity is experimentally mine?" Night came on--a dark and stormy one. All was commotion within and without. At this point I thought of a brother near by, who with me, at the camp-meeting, was a seeker after this priceless treasure, and who, as I supposed, had found it. I proceeded at once to his residence, confident that he could tell me just how to grasp the prize; but what was my surprise and grief to learn, that we both were in about the same condition. We wept and prayed together, but seemed unable to help each other. I returned, and spent much of the night in earnest pleadings for a clean heart. Sabbath morning came, and the hour of public service. "What shall I do? The people expect me to lead their devotions, but I have no preparation made!" Yet even this thought did not divert my heart from the all-absorbing theme.

Proceeding to the church, and commencing the services, I read Psalm, li. 10: "Create in me a clean heart O God, and renew a right spirit within me." I could think of no other text that I dared venture to read, for present use. It was safe to employ this, for it expressed so fully the desire of my heart. I commenced to speak, but in spite of all effort to suppress the rising tide, my emotions over-powered me. I succeeded in merely telling the people that my tears were not caused by a sense of guilt for never did I feel a clearer assurance of acceptance with God; but that I saw such a

distance between myself and Him--such a glorious fullness in the provisions of grace, that I could not rest till in experience it was mine.

I proceeded to my next appointment, for I had three that day, in as many different places, and announced as my text, Hebrew, xii. 14: "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." I explained the nature of the holiness mentioned in the text, with a good degree of liberty, and I think with clearness, for theoretically I was correct, but when I attempted to tell how to "follow"--pursue it, I was again conquered by emotion, and compelled to confess that experimentally I knew not the way. I assured the people of my earnest desire on this subject, and that when I obtained it, I would, to the best of my ability, tell them all about it.

Still engrossed with this great theme, I hastened to my next appointment, and addressed the people from from. Rom vi. 22: "Now being made free from sin," etc. The discourse ended--for this time I maintained the mastery of my feelings and the labors of the day ended, I as yet in deep agony of spirit for the fullness of salvation.

No change occurred in my experience for several days, but the matter, which at times for years had engaged my attention, was settled without any provisos. The solemn vow was passed; I was fully consecrated to the Lord. The old man was nailed to the cross, and there he was to hang until entirely dead. So much was gained over all former periods. There was not the slightest wavering of purpose. But how to believe so as to receive the desired blessing I knew not. I seemed to think, that I must exercise a different kind of faith from that by which I was justified. I would read the Bible, the Christian Manual, a work of great value, fall on my knees, try to believe, and fail as often of success; fail because I tried so hard.

At length, my mind was directed to a brother M., several miles distant who had been for years a witness of perfect love. I felt a strong impression to seek instruction from him. Yielding to this impression, I hastened to him and stated my business. He at once left his work, and proceeded with me to the house of Brother W. The object of my coming being explained, we engaged in prayer. After we arose, Brother M. said, "Now, Brother B. tell us what have been your exercises of mind for the last few days?" "This I did as well as I could, and was remarking, that during all that long, severe struggle, I felt not the slightest sense of condemnation--that the expression, "hunger and thirst after righteousness," described my feelings the best of anything I could think of. Brother M. interrupting, said, "See, Brother B. you say hunger and thirst after righteousness, expressed your feelings the best of anything you can think of; now why did you not think of the latter part of that verse?" Quick as thought, my heart fastened upon it, and the promise, "for they shall be filled," seemed to be made especially for me.

I cannot remember that it had occurred to me at all during the period of earnest inquiry and prayer just described. But now it appeared so real, so tangible, so entirely mine, that without hesitancy, and without effort, I seemed to lean upon it, to swing out upon it, as it were, and receive the fullness.

O the unspeakable joy that then filled my heart. Such a ravishing view of my Saviour, of the glorious provisions of His grace, and of their manifestation to me, was over-powering.

"O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God."

When I became able to speak, I found myself on a bed, with Brother M. at my side, and extending to him my hand, I said with unwavering assurance, "Brother M., I've got it!" Precious hour! Precious spot! More precious Saviour! I could not doubt--I had no desire to doubt. Jesus had promised; I trusted that promise. I had asked, and had received something. I felt sure that He had given me just what I had asked for. I knew He had not given me "a serpent" when I asked "a fish." And then, too, I saw how simple was the whole process. It was only to believe, just as when I felt the pardoning love of my Saviour. I saw it was the same kind of faith, only exercised for a different object. Then I felt an awful sense of guilt, and desired pardon. Faith, renunciation of self, and trust in Christ alone, brought the pardon I sought. Now, I felt lack of purity, and my faith took hold of my Saviour as ready to impart that. I saw, too, that my efforts to believe failed, because, though unconsciously, I was really trying to work myself up into the embrace of my Saviour, instead of resting, --trusting in Him without effort. The consecration of myself, of all I was, of all I had, and of all I hoped to be, or to have; in short, of my whole being, as made without the slightest reserve--of this I had the clearest testimony of consciousness. Still, I seemed to cling to this very sacrifice after it was on the altar, as a means of bringing my heart into the desired union with Jesus. But when I left this--left it where it belonged--on the altar of God, and leaned alone on the promise of my Saviour, the assurance of acceptance was given, and unutterable rapture filled my soul.

Then it seemed to me so strange that I had lived so long without this fullness; and that such multitudes in the church, and even in the ministry of a church that from the first had made this a prominent doctrine, and all of whose ordained ministers had solemnly declared that they expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and were "groaning after it." I say it seemed so strange that so many were content to live without it.

With a full heart, and a heavenly influence diffused all through my being, I began to tell my brethren what the Lord had done for me, and the way in which He had led me. In so doing I was greatly strengthened. O what a privilege it was to be able, through grace, to testify from experience that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Instead of treating the subject merely as a doctrine, it was to me such a heartfelt reality that it seemed a wonder that all could not see and embrace it at once as an experience.

More than twenty-one years have passed since that glorious event and amid the varied experiences of this period I have not wavered in belief as to the reality of the work then wrought, nor yet as to the importance of urging this experience as the "central idea of Christianity." And I wish to add, for the admonition of those who have just entered the rest of perfect love, that an attempt to be ambiguous in my testimony on this subject, when it was proper to speak out plainly, has always tended to obscure my spiritual vision, and to diminish the ardor of my devotion. I am more and more persuaded that whatever degree of light God kindles within us, must be reflected

upon others in word as well as in action, as a means of feeding the sacred flame. Such, I understand, to be the teaching of our Lord, and such has been one of the lessons of my experience.

* * * * *

2

PHINEAS FRANKLIN BRESEE

P. F. Bresee quotes only several words from Hymn #807. The quotation is from hdm0993, "Sermons on Isaiah."

Text: "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah; We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength" (Isaiah 24:1-4).

One of the features of this dwelling-place of the saints, this City of God is the wealth of provision. Isaiah says in this same prophecy, in this connection, "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast." This is put over against the poverty of the captivity which was so much deeper than the hunger for bread. A hunger for pardon, a hunger for God. An Arctic explorer was asked whether he and his comrades suffered much from the pangs of hunger during the months of slow starvation to which they were exposed. He said, "No, we lost them in the sense of abandonment, in the feeling that our countrymen had abandoned and forgotten us. It was not until we were rescued and looked into human faces that we felt how hungry we were." So with lost humanity. There is a poverty of soul, a hunger, a longing of spirit after infinite things that swallows up all other needs. Outward need is but as the weeds of the heart's widowhood. Over against this is this divine supply. It is of God -- it is God -- His favor, His love, His presence which makes all other conditions blessed. Prisons become palaces, winter becomes spring-time, the place of exile becomes home, and hell is turned into heaven.

The wines on the lees, the oldest, choicest richest wine is the heart blood of the Lamb of God, the infinite love of God put into the winepress of incarnation, and distilled for men. It is the manifestation of the infinite love of God to a human soul to its satisfaction. "O love, love found me." Fat things, the best things under or above the heavens are for God's redeemed children. Charles Wesley's songs, "'Twas a heaven below, my Redeemer to know," and "Jesus all the day long, was my joy and my song," express something of the raptures of this experience.

* * * * *

3

GEORGE WHITEFIELD COLEMAN

George Whitefield Coleman was one of the early Free Methodist Bishops. His quotation of Hymn #807 comes from hdm0618, "Master Workmen," Richard R. Blews.

The secret of Spurgeon's spiritual vision and power can be traced to the Puritan home in which he was reared and to the prayers and teachings of his godly mother. In after years he bore this eloquent testimony: "I have not the powers of speech to set forth my valuation of the choice blessing which the Lord bestowed on me in making me the son of one who prayed for me and prayed with me. How can I ever forget when she bowed her knee, and with her arms about my neck, prayed, 'O that my son might live before Thee!'"

It is not surprising that young Coleman reared in such an atmosphere was converted in early years and it was fitting that, when as a penitent he prayed through to forgiveness, his mother was at his side singing,

"Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

In later years he used to say, "The plane on which we started out at conversion was described in the hymn,

'My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire
And the moon it was under my feet.' "

At a subsequent date he received an equally clear assurance that the very God of peace had sanctified him wholly. From that time "Holiness unto the Lord" was his all-absorbing theme, and he remained "steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

* * * * *

4
J. H. COLLINS

J. H. Collins quoted Hymn #807 in his book, "Sanctification, What, When, How it is, hdm0879.

I owe it to my brethren to testify to salvation from all sin. When nineteen years of age I was deeply convicted of my sins. I mourned over them at home, in the great congregations, and in the lonely forests. I hid myself from men, and supplicated help from God. I resolved that I never would give over the struggle until I found peace from on high. During the progress of a protracted meeting I presented myself again and again at the altar for prayer. Many friends came forward to instruct me in the way. Among others, the minister came; my mother came. They told me "to believe;" but their words seemed as idle tales. I found no comfort until at last I determined to throw myself upon the mercy of God despite any feeling of doubt or feeling of darkness or lack of feeling.

It was the last resolve of a broken and subjugated heart. I was like a bird that had beaten its head against the netting of its cage until it was glad to find the open door. I swung off into the darkness saying, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Here the light broke upon me. O what a peace! What a sweet, blessed rest came to my soul! The congregation was singing,

"How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey."

There was a glory upon everything. The faces of the people shone as with a heavenly light. I could see now as I had never seen before the fields, the trees, the stars praising him. "The whole earth was full of his glory."

After a few weeks these delightful feelings had subsided; but still there remained a sense of peace and the blessed conviction that God was my Father. It would require great space to relate all the religious scenes through which I passed. Sometimes in a measure backslidden in heart, and again brought into the triumphs of love; but in the main I was carried along with a good degree of fervency and zeal. I hungered after a higher state, but had no one professing perfect love to instruct me. I had commenced preaching about one year after my conversion. In the course of study prescribed for the ministry I came in contact with the doctrine of entire sanctification. I fully believed it -- believed that the blood of Jesus could cleanse from all sin; but was inclined to the opinion that the cleansing was made perfect in the hour of regeneration, and after conversion there could follow only a growth in grace. However, there were seasons when I would alternate, and for awhile believe that there was a second blessing or degree which I had never entered. I went so far in that direction that one day I bowed down in the woods behind a tree and prayed for entire sanctification. I there remembered the scriptural rule for prayer: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." I claimed to receive it; rose from my knees, but feeling no change, Satan began to tell me that this procedure of mine was fanatical. So I was induced to throw away my confidence.

Years went by. I read and thought much upon the subject; but finally settled down in the opinion that every true believer, if not backslidden, is free from sin. The argument in my mind shaped itself in this manner: First, when God forgives a person's sins, he forgives them all, and as yet the person has committed no more sin; hence he is free from sin. Second, perfect love must follow perfect faith. But God will pardon no sinner until there is a perfect surrender and perfect faith. Hence, wherever there is pardon at all, there must be perfect faith, and consequently perfect love. With these views I strengthened myself until I went to California in 1882. There I came in contact with some who professed entire sanctification. At first I felt that their testimony was repulsive, and was needlessly thrust before the people. I had been a slave to tobacco -- smoked and chewed from the age of ten. This vile habit had often troubled my conscience, and I had often resolved to quit its use. But the tobacco was stronger than my resolution, and I was brought back again and again into bondage. At last I made a desperate attempt, and broke away from my old master. I felt it was a great triumph. Still I was not entirely sanctified; but felt hungry for more grace. At last one evening I listened to a sermon upon the subject of sanctification. Under the living testimony the Holy Spirit flashed the truth upon my mind. I saw there was a second and distinct state which I had never entered. It was the crisis. I rose from my seat, regardless of the opinion of

others, and made my confession of the need of entire sanctification, and humbly claimed to embrace it with all its consequences. I claimed the promise of God in relation to my own soul, and avowed, as he had declared that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," as God had said it, so I would say it, and I there planted myself upon the promise for full salvation, and affirmed it to be a fact. I expected to feel much better; but when I came to examine myself I felt worse. Rather there was a dearth or emptiness of feeling. It was a trying time. Still I avowed my sanctification as wrought according to the word of God. This trial of faith continued about three days, when, while one evening engaged in public prayer, the power of the Highest overshadowed me. There was the sweetest and most satisfying sense of the Divine presence. Glory to God! He had given the witness. My soul bathed in the delightful rest of the Holy Ghost. Every chamber of my being was filled with the cloud of glory. My soul was satisfied as never before. I now realized that whereas I had been walking along the road to heaven, often begrimed with sweat and dust, now the King's chariot had halted near me, and I had stepped in where I could career along the highway of holiness. As I looked upon my robes of white I felt satisfied with what God had done for me. I praised him for all. In short, I rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks. But I cannot tell it all. Since that time my peace has flowed as a river. I have felt the presence of the adorable Saviour as an everlasting reality.

O wondrous bliss! O joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I have felt a nearness of God in prayer, an absence of anxiety, and a conviction that he is guiding all things, a sense of security in his power. Communion with him whom my soul loveth is made easy and more delightful. The divine word is illuminated and made sweeter, and hence plainer, to my soul. I now have such a sense of the abiding presence and personality of the Holy Ghost as I never had before. I have been kept in this gracious and satisfying state now for more than two years, assured each day that my God doeth all things well. In the pastor's study or in the pulpit, traveling through the lonely mountains or amidst the clouds of dust in the Sacramento Valley, I have tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost and breathed the smoke from the golden censer. My testimony today is that I throw my helpless soul upon the promise of my God, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son now cleanses me from all sin. All glory to God! Dear reader, may you and I walk together the plains of light in this world, and sing forever redemption's song: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion and power forever and ever."

* * * * *

5

ALFRED COOKMAN

Alfred Cookman, as many know, was a burning and shining light for God and holiness -- one of the key individuals involved in the very beginning of the National Campmeetings for the promotion of holiness. It is not strange at all, then, that his quotation of Hymn #807 should come as an expression of the blessedness he felt at the Penn's Grove Camp of 1866. It is found in hdm0602, "The Life of Alfred Cookman" by Henry B. Ridgaway:

"Camp Ground, Thursday, 1866

"I am just outside of Heaven. Penn's Grove is, as usual, the very vestibule of Paradise. The meeting, always good, was never more glorious than this year. An unusual number of tents are on the ground, crowds of preachers, and very many of those who are so dear to the heart of Jesus, Brother Belden, Brother Inskip and wife, etc., etc. This morning we have been enjoying a meeting, and if Heaven supplies such pleasures I certainly will have no reason for complaint.

"My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.'

"Oh, how glad I am that I came! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost meet, overshadow me, and make the hours memorable. I feel as if I could almost give a little fortune if you were here."

* * * * *

6

MRS. H. A. COON

Mrs. H. A. (Auntie) Coon's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm0853, "Life and Labors of Auntie Coon by E. E. Shelhamer.

The presiding elder's daughter, a beautiful girl, came to me alone and said, "You testified to leaving off your gold and costly apparel, and I never heard before that it was wrong to wear such. My father, the presiding elder, buys all the gold for me that he can afford." She talked with tears, saying she wanted to be right, but was confused. I pointed her to passages that were very plain, such as I Peter 3 :3, 4, and I Timothy 2 :8, 9, 10, and then told her that the whole teaching and spirit of the gospel was of the same stamp, and exhorted her to read the Bible, especially the New Testament, through on her knees.

The presiding elder had novels on his table in plain sight, so any one going in could see them. God laid it on me to testify on every line; about choosing our companions among the saints, on our conversation, and on prayer, the witness of the Spirit and on entire sanctification, and on being filled with the Spirit, and that Christians were called to walk as Jesus walked, and be as separate from the world, then they would not only get the persecution that was promised to all that would live godly, but they would find out what it meant, to have tribulations, but when they came to that experience they would be exceedingly joyful in it all.

The Lord lifted me far above their censure; indeed, He did not allow me to feel it. I must have had the experience of the poet when he said,

"I then rode on the sky
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

My soul seemed like the wings of the morning, and I could not have been more at home among my own dear people, except that I could not reach the multitude as I could have, had I had the privilege of holding meetings. They followed me like sheep without a shepherd, but the talk and criticisms kept many of them back so that there were only a few that remained. I improved every possible opportunity for prayer, testimony and exhortation.

* * * * *

7

MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS

Maxwell Pierson Gaddis was a Methodist whose ministry followed that of Asbury and his immediate successors, but preceded that of Seth Rees, M. W. Knapp. His quotation of Hymn #807 is found in his autobiography, "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant, hdm0730, published in 1856.

After the death of my beloved mother in the fall of 1839 my mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of seeking earnestly for a "clean heart." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" "Ye shall be holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy," was constantly sounding in my ears, and also the beautiful words of one of our well-known hymns,

"Thou shalt see my glory soon
When the work of faith is done."

For several days just before the memorable transaction here recorded, these words also bore with unusual weight upon my mind, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"

On the evening of the 5th day of December, while attending a general class meeting at Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati, I was most graciously visited by the power of God; and, on my return home, I could say of a truth, "My heart and my flesh crieth out after the living God." Rev. A. C____, then stationed in the city, was present at our society meeting, and on invitation accompanied me home to my place of boarding, to remain during the night. Brother S____, with whom I was boarding, requested Rev. A. C____ to lead in family prayer, and while he was pouring out his soul in fervent supplication, the love of God seemed to pervade every heart. Immediately after prayers the family retired. In company with brother C____ I also went up into my bed-chamber; but, on reflection, I soon returned downstairs again to bathe my feet, as I was somewhat indisposed, from too frequent exposure to the night air while attending the protracted meeting.

On re-entering the room where we had just offered our evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, I realized that the Divine glory still lingered around that sacred altar. The power of God moved upon my heart, and forcibly impressed my mind that I would never see a more favorable time for the consummation of a long-cherished desire of my heart -- a settled purpose of mind, to make a solemn and formal dedication of myself to the Almighty, and subscribe with my own hand to the God of Jacob. I was also deeply impressed and clearly convinced: 1. Of the absolute

necessity of holiness of heart, "without which none shall see the Lord." 2. The certainty of the attainment of a higher state of religious enjoyment; it being the "will of God, even my sanctification." 3. The simple manner of obtaining it -by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins."

Without a moment's delay I resolved, then and there, fully to trust the Lord; unwavering faith apprehended the efficiency of the blood of Christ to "cleanse from all sin." My anxious and burdened soul cried out with vehemence, impatient to be free,

"O, kill in me this rebel sin,
And reign in triumph o'er my willing heart."

In a moment I felt my heart melt like wax before the fire, and my eyes suffused in tears of joy. I then rose from my seat and walked about the room, exclaiming in an audible voice, "I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!" I then fell upon my knees, and made an offering of soul and body to God in the following simple manner:

"Here, Lord, I bring to thee my poor, weakly body, and sin-polluted soul; take me, Jesus, just as I am." At that moment the Holy Ghost pressed home, with power, the following interrogation: "Do you give up all?" Bringing to my recollection a "form of surrender" mentioned in Livy, where Egeus had inquired, "Are you the ambassadors sent by the people of Callatia, that you may yield up yourselves and the Callatine people?" It was answered, "We are." And was again asked, "Are the Callatine people in their own power?" It was answered, "They are." It was further inquired, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the people of Callatia, your city, your fields, your waters, your bounds, your temples, your utensils -- all things that are yours, both Divine and human, into mine and the people of Rome's power?" They say, "We deliver up all." And he answered, "So I receive you."

After repeating these words several times, I said, "Now, O my God, I would in like manner deliver up all, my soul and body; all, all -- no longer mine, but thine, to all eternity. Wilt thou now receive me?" The Holy Spirit then immediately whispered in my heart, in sweetest accents, "Yes, I now receive you."

I instantly rose up from my prostrate position on the floor, and exclaimed with emphasis, "I am the Lord's forever! I am the Lord's forever! I am the Lord's forever!"

I then concluded I would go up stairs and make a record of this most solemn transaction between God and my soul, in my journal, calling to my recollection the striking words of the prophet, "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

"O God, what off'ring shall I give
To thee _____
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;

More thou shouldst have, if I had more.

Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but Thine, I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day."

On entering my bedroom I found that brother C____ had retired to rest, wondering in his own mind, as he afterward informed me, what should have detained me so long. My only reply was, that "my poor soul was inexpressibly happy." He then remarked, "I think, brother Gaddis, you had better come to bed soon, as the room is cold, and you will injure your health by sitting up so late, when so much indisposed."

I then very deliberately unlocked the bookcase, and took out my journal, determined, by the help of God, not to give sleep to eyes nor slumber to my eyelids till I should make the long-promised dedication of myself to God in writing. The tempter now assaulted me in a powerful manner, for the first time during the whole transaction, and suggested that I had better defer it till the morning, and, as I could not recollect the day of the month, the covenant would not be binding. I listened but for a moment, and then replied, "Get behind me, Satan, for thou art an offense unto me." Blessed God, Satan was bruised under my feet, and I was left in quiet possession of the victory, so unexpectedly obtained.

I then, with much deliberation, inquired of brother C____ for the correct time, and after having been assured that I was right, I made the following record, without a single moment's premeditation:

Half-past ten o'clock on this, the evening of the fifth day of December, year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine -- I dedicate my soul and body anew, a living sacrifice unto God; and reckon myself indeed dead to sin and alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, from this time henceforth and forever, living or dying, to be the Lord's.

"My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent."

Amen!

Maxwell P. Gaddis
Cincinnati, Dec. 5, 1839

After the signing of this solemn covenant I hastened to bed. I felt that I had accomplished at last what I had so long most ardently desired. I also felt an inward satisfaction which I had never experienced before. I could not sleep. My mind was impressed in a way and manner unknown before. After some time had elapsed I remarked to brother C____, that I was dying, but that I was not alarmed. He then remarked, that from the moment I entered the room and told him I was so

happy, his own emotions had been very peculiar. I recollect that he wept as he talked of the state of his feelings. For a little season my frail body seemed to sink, and I was as cold apparently as if the vital spark had fled; but on a sudden the power of the Most high overshadowed me; my whole frame shook as if I had been seized with a severe fit of the ague. This feeling was of but short continuance; the Holy Ghost resuscitated my feeble frame and filled my soul unutterably full of glory and of God. My physical powers were strengthened in a most wonderful manner, and I shouted aloud for joy upon my bed. For a short time I was perfectly overwhelmed with a sense of the power and majesty of Jehovah. At times it seemed to me as if the frail casket would break and my disenthralled spirit

"Return on swiftest wing"

to mingle with the "blood-washed" before the throne. I cried out in the fullness of my soul, "O, yes, it is done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine -- forever, forever, for evermore! Brother C____, the 'record' is at last made -- the great transaction is finished -- I am now the Lord's, and He is mine! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time henceforth and forever. Amen, and amen."

I then thought of a dream which the Rev. L. L. Hamline* had concerning me, a few nights previous, that seemed to have made a deep impression on his own heart. He stated that in his dream he saw me "die suddenly while standing in the altar at Wesley Chapel." Referring to his dream, in my ecstasy I exclaimed, "O yes, brother Hamline, I am indeed dying -- yea, I am now DEAD -- but I am dying unto sin. Glory, Hallelujah! Amen. I now reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God. The dead praise him not, but the living shall praise him as I do this day. [*Where the author has used the initials L. L. H., and in context H., I have completed the H. as Hamline. Internal evidence shows that Gaddis refers to Leonidas Lent Hamline, then editor of the Ladies Repository, and later a bishop in the M. E. Church. -DVM]

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall my nobler powers employ
In that eternal world of joy."

All my bodily weaknesses were overcome, and I felt

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son."

All language utterly fails to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the power felt within me. It did seem to me that I had power and compass of voice to arouse the city of Cincinnati -- yea, even a slumbering world;

"To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all."

But after shouting aloud and praising God for a considerable time, I became anxious that all the household should share of my joy and cup of blessedness. I then called to brother S____,

who slept in an adjoining room, to come in and hear "what great things the Lord had done for me." His aged mother entered my room first, and after shaking my hand, kindly remarked that I must not think of getting up till she had roused up the fire in the grate, which was almost, if not quite, extinguished. I now distinctly recollect, that in the simplicity of my heart I remarked as follows: "O, never mind, my dear mother W____, there is fire enough in my soul just now to keep us all warm. Go and get your son T____ to come in and seek the Savior."

It was not long till her son and his wife arose and dressed themselves. They entered my room together, weeping as they came. I called brother S____ to the side of my bed and told him to kneel down. I had faith to believe that God would convert him that very night. I then reminded him of the promise I had made him when I came to board in his family -- to pray for him once each day till he should be made a partaker of like precious faith with myself. I then told him that this was the "accepted time and the day of salvation." After which his heart melted like wax before the fire, and he fell upon his knees and cried aloud for God to have mercy upon him.

In the meantime the Rev. A. C____ arose and dressed himself, but seemed to be so filled and overwhelmed with a sense of the presence of God that he was rendered unable either to sing or pray. The wife of brother S____, after shouting awhile, fell prostrate and helpless on the floor by the side of her husband. I still continued at intervals shouting and praising God. The servant girl also came in and began to pray for pardoning mercy. The scene was one of great moral sublimity. The room was filled with the power and glory of God in a most extraordinary manner.

I asked brother C____ to pray for those who were seeking Christ. He replied, "I feel so overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine glory and my own unworthiness that I want you or someone to pray for me. O," said he, "I feel so humbled that I would be glad to have the poorest African pray for me." I then arose from my bed, put on my clothing and my cloak, and started downstairs. Mother W____ followed me and caught hold of my cloak, and said, "My dear child, where are you going? I am not willing for you to leave your room." I calmly replied, "Do not be alarmed, I am not 'beside myself;' I feel perfectly calm and collected, as much so as I ever did in all my life. Let me go; I will soon return again. Go and pray for your son, and leave me in the hands of God."

I went up street to the house of brother A____, and after awaking him from his midnight slumbers, informed him that I wished him to come to my room and pray for brother S____. He very cordially assented, and I immediately returned. It was not long till brother A____ came, according to promise, and as soon as he entered the room I requested him to pray for brother S____. We all kneeled before the Lord, our Maker, and poured out our fervent prayers in behalf of the weeping mourner. Glory be to God, we did not agonize long; the voice of deliverance came, the cry of anguish ceased, and the weeping son lay quiet in the arms of his aged mother. In a few moments he opened his eyes and smiled sweetly; then gently whispered, "Glory, glory, Hallelujah! I have found the Savior. O, my dear wife and mother, do help me to praise him."

He then proceeded to remark as follows, with childlike simplicity: "O, mother, mother, how I am disappointed at last!" "Why or how are you so disappointed? My dear child, what do you mean? Are you not happy in the Savior? Has not Christ pardoned all your sins?" "O, yes, yes," was the prompt and satisfactory reply. "But then," said brother S____, "mother, I will explain to you

what I mean. I always thought previously, that if I was ever changed in heart, or converted to God, it would come suddenly, like an electric shock, a mighty torrent, or heavy shower of rain, overwhelming, in a moment, the powers of my soul; but O, now it comes like the gentle refreshing dew, distilling heavenly sweetness into my poor heart!" And then with a countenance beaming with seraphic joy he clapped his hands and exclaimed with an exulting spirit, "O do you not all feel it! 'It is like the dews of Hermon,' where the Lord commanded his blessing, even life forever.' O, I feel that it is settling down, down, down into the very depths of my poor soul -- filling me with joy and gladness! O how rich, how full, how free! 'sweeter than honey from the honeycomb.' Glory to God in the highest, I will praise him! though I now feel

'Tongue can not express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.'"

Brother S_____ is still steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. He is a trustee and steward at Wesley Chapel. Up to the period of which I am now speaking he had lived an utter stranger to a change of heart. Four years previously he had connected himself with the Church. He took this important step at the request of a dying brother. His mother was a deeply pious woman, and has since gone to her reward in the skies. His brother, Morris, who has also joined the number of the finally saved, was one of the most devoted and fervent followers of the Lamb that I have ever known.

That was a memorable night; one that shall never be forgotten. It was a special blessing sent to prepare me to stand a severe "trial of my faith." It also prepared me to preach the Gospel more successfully than I had ever done before.

* * * * *

8 PHILIP GATCH

William Watters was the first American-born Methodist Circuit-Rider, and Philip Gatch was the second. Both of these men were sanctified men and Gatch especially endured great persecution for Christ in his early itinerant ministry. On one occasion he was "tarred" and one of his persecutors smeared tar over one of his eyes, searing the eye-ball and bringing great pain to the dear man, probably lasting a long while. On another occasion two men sided him on horseback, each grabbing one of his arms. They twisted his arms until they were both nearly twisted out of the sockets -- another terribly painful persecution! But he stayed true and pressed on. During later life he moved westward and became a revered Judge in addition to his work for God.

Gatch quotes Hymn #807 in an account of him found in John Lednum's "History of the Rise of Methodism in America, hdm0324. The title page of this work states: "Containing Sketches of Methodist Itinerant Preachers, From 1736 to 1785..."

About 1725, the Gatch family emigrated from Prussia, and settled near Baltimore, in Maryland. In 1727, the patriarch of this family obtained from the Hon. Leonard Calvert, governor

of the province of Maryland, a passport, securing to him the privilege of free traveling in the province. In 1737, he purchased a farm in the neighborhood of Baltimoretown, which was owned by his son, George Gatch, the father of Philip Gatch, the subject of this sketch. The farm, retaining its name, "The Gatch Farm," is still in the family, and on it still stands the "Gatch Church," the first Methodist meeting house built in the neighborhood.

The father of the Rev. Philip Gatch served a fixed time to pay for his passage to America. Other boys came to this country at the same time and by the same means; they were cruelly beaten by their owners for no other offense than conversing together in their vernacular tongue. He married a Miss Burgin, whose ancestors came from Burgundy, and settled in Maryland, near Georgetown, in Kent county, not far from Sassafras River. They were members of the National Church -- what is now the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Philip Gatch was born in 1751, and was seven months and two weeks older than the Rev. William Watters, who was born on the 16th of October of the same year. These two were the first native American Methodist itinerants.

Mr. Gatch says, "I learned to read when quite young; took delight in my books, especially those which gave a history of the times of pious persons. A sister older than myself used to watch over me with tender regard. Once, when I used a bad word, the meaning of which I scarcely understood, she reproved me in such a manner as to make a deep and lasting impression on my feelings; my conscience was tender, and I felt great pain of soul on account of it. I seldom omitted my prayers; hated sinful acts in general; feared the Lord, and wished to serve Him -- but knew not how; all was dark; priests and people, in this respect, were alike.

"When in my seventeenth year my mind became less concerned for my future state than formerly. This was produced by vain and wicked associations; but God, in his mercy, soon arrested me in this dangerous situation. I was prostrated upon a bed of affliction, and a beloved sister, about the same time, was called into eternity. Soon after this an uncle died suddenly. These visitations greatly alarmed me. The subject of death and judgment rested with great weight upon my mind. These impressions were strengthened by reading the Whole Duty of Man and Russell's Seven Sermons. I mourned in secret places, often wished I had never been born. I could see no way of escape; death and judgment, and, which was still worse, a never-ending eternity of pain and misery, were constantly before me. At this time the state of my mind became visible to others. My father became concerned about my situation; but such was his ignorance of spiritual things, that all he could do for me was to caution me against carrying the matter too far. Having no one to instruct me, a wicked and deceitful heart to contend with, vain and ungodly examples before me, I was constantly led astray.

"By experience I learned that the pleasures of sin were delusive, of short duration, and that they always left a sting behind them. I found, too, that my fallen and corrupt nature was strengthened by the indulgence of evil propensities. To counteract these, I determined to try a course of self-denial. I resolved to break down the carnal mind by crucifying the flesh, with its lusts and affections. I found this course to be of great service to me. All this time I had not heard a Gospel sermon. I had read some of the writings of the Society of Friends, and had a great desire to attend their meetings, but had not the opportunity. I felt that I had lost my standing in the

Established Church by not performing the obligations of my induction into it, and this was a source of great distress to me. I desired rest to my soul, but had no one to take me by the hand and lead me to the fountain of life. From the errors of my ways it seemed I could not escape.

"I was alarmed by dreams, by sickness, and by various other means, which were sent by God, in his mercy, for my good. Indeed, from a child, the Spirit of grace strove with me; but great was the labor of mind that I felt, and I did not know the way to be saved from my guilt and wretchedness. It pleased God, however, to send the Gospel into our neighborhood, in January, 1772, through the instrumentality of the Methodists. Previous to this time, Robert Strawbridge, a local preacher from Ireland, had settled between Baltimore and Fredericktown, and under his ministry three others were raised up -- Richard Owen, Sater Stephenson, and Nathan Perigo. Nathan Perigo was the first to introduce Methodist preaching in the neighborhood where I lived. He possessed great zeal, and was strong in the faith of the Gospel. I was near him when he opened the exercises of the first meeting I attended. His prayer alarmed me much; I never had witnessed such energy nor heard such expressions in prayer before. I was afraid that God would send some judgment upon the congregation for my being at such a place. I attempted to make my escape, but was met by a person at the door who proposed to leave with me; but I knew he was wicked, and that it would not do to follow his counsel, so I returned.

"The sermon was accompanied to my understanding by the Holy Spirit. I was stripped of all my self-righteousness. It was to me as filthy rags when the Lord made known to me my condition. I saw myself altogether sinful and helpless, while the dread of hell seized my guilty conscience. Three weeks from this time I attended preaching again at the same place. My distress became very great; my relatives were all against me, and it was hard to endure my father's opposition. He asked me what the matter was, but I made him no answer, as I thought others saw my case as I felt it. He said I was going beside myself, and should go to hear the Methodists no more; that his house should not hold two religions. I thought this was no great objection, fearing there was little religion in the house; but I made no reply, still intending to attend preaching as I should have opportunity.

"It afterward occurred to me that I had heard of the Methodists driving some persons mad, and began to fear it might be the case with me. I had often been distressed on account of sin, but I had never realized before the condition I was then in. This gave the enemy the advantage over me, and I began to resist conviction, determining, however, that I would live a religious life; but O how soon did I fail in my purpose! I was about five weeks in this deluded state. O the patience and long-suffering of God! He might in justice have cut me down as a cumberer of the ground. This I felt and feared. I was aroused from seeing a man who was very much intoxicated, in great danger of losing his life, and, as I supposed, of going to hell. The anguish of my soul now became greater than I can describe.

"I again went to hear Mr. Perigo preach, and felt confounded under the word. The man at whose house the meeting was had found peace. After preaching he followed me into the yard, and while conversing with me his words reached my heart; it was tendered, and I wept. Before I got home my father heard what had taken place, and he, with several others, attacked me; but the Lord helped me, so that with the Scriptures I was enabled to withstand them.

"My friends now sought in good earnest to draw me away from the Methodists, bringing many false accusations against them; but I concluded, be it as it may be with them, it was not well with me. My cry was day and night to God for mercy. I feared that there was no mercy for me. I had neglected so many calls from God, that I feared that he had now given me over to hardness of heart, and that my day of grace was for ever gone. I continued under these awful apprehensions for some time.

"On the 26th of April I attended a meeting. After remaining some time, I gave up all hopes, and left the house. I felt that I was too bad to remain where the people were worshipping God. At length a friend came out to me, and requested me to return to the meeting; believing him to be a good man, I returned with him, and, under the deepest exercise of mind, bowed myself before the Lord, and said in my heart, If thou wilt give me power to call on thy name, how thankful will I be. Immediately I felt the power of God to affect my body and soul. It went through my whole system. I felt like crying aloud. God said, by his Spirit, to my soul, My power is present to heal thy soul, if thou wilt but believe. I instantly submitted to the operation of the Spirit of God, and my poor soul was set at liberty. I felt as if I had got into a new world. I was certainly brought from hell's dark door, and made nigh unto God by the blood of Jesus.

"Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

"Ere I was aware I was shouting aloud, and should have shouted louder if I had had more strength. I was the first person known to shout in that part of the country. The order of God differs from the order of man. He knows how to do his own work, and will do it in his own way, though it often appears strange to us. Indeed, it is a strange work to convert a precious soul. I had no idea of the greatness of the change, till the Lord gave me to experience it. A grateful sense of the mercy and goodness of God to my poor soul overwhelmed me. I tasted and saw that the Lord was good.

"Two others found peace the same evening, which made seven conversions in the neighborhood. I returned home happy in the love of God. I felt great concern for my parents, but I knew not what would be the result of my change. My father had threatened to drive me from home, and I knew that he was acquainted with what had taken place the night before, for he heard me in my exercises near three-quarters of a mile, and knew my voice. But God has his way in the whirlwind, and all things obey him. Up to this time my father was permitted to oppose me, but now God said by his providence to the boisterous waves of persecution, Thou shalt go no farther. He said to me, while under conviction, 'There is your eldest brother; he has better learning than you, and if there is anything good in it, why does he not find it out?' That brother was present when I received the blessing, and became powerfully converted. My father inquired of him the next morning what had taken place at the meeting; he gave him the particulars, and wound up by saying, if they did not all experience the same change they would go to hell. This was a nail in a sure place. My father had dreamed, a short time before, that a sprout grew up through his house, and that its progress was so rapid he became alarmed for the safety of his house; he wanted to remove it, but was afraid to cut it down lest the house should be destroyed by the fall. He found an interpretation to his dream in what was taking place in the family.

* * * * *

9

WILLIAM BAXTER GODBEY

W. B. Godbey's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm0296, his autobiography. His quotation varies quite a bit from the Words of Charles Wesley, and he does have all the line connected right, but he makes good use of the quotation:

I was a chronic mourner all my life, but never got salvation till I was sixteen years old. I was in the midst of a glorious revival among the Baptists, all of the Methodists in that country having united with them in a glorious revival effort. Finally, when I found the Lord and He saved my soul, I was in the woods alone, prostrate on the ground and crying for mercy, my sins like a mountain crushing me down to Hell. When I reached the point of utter desperation and gave up my preaching father, shouting Methodist mother, all the good church members, my own irreproachable moral character, which Satan had manipulated into a mountain of self-righteousness with which he had covered me and was pulling me into Hell, and absolutely realized that none of these could help me and I deserved nothing but a place in Hell, and said: "O Lord, just send me there; I now confess judgment against my own soul," then the darkness which had wrapped me in Satan's midnight sped away and the glorious Sun of righteousness did rise in my soul with healing in His wings. I had been down in a deep valley alone amid the forests, crying from the depths of my hopeless soul. I found myself on the top of the highest hill, leaping for joy. A new world had burst on me and everything looked so beautiful that language is utterly impoverished to this day in an attempt to describe the rapture of my spirit. I could but sing:

"Oh, how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey;
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

"That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor Divine
I first found in the life-giving blood;
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

"My soul mounted higher, in a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet.

"Jesus all the day long, was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all His salvation might see!

He has saved me, I cried, He has suffered and died,
To redeem a poor sinner like me."

Interview God's faithful pilgrims in every land and clime, and they have one and the same testimony, and tell you with exceptional unanimity, that they never did find the Lord till they had given up all human resources. Our work in leading souls to the Savior does not consist in gathering around them transitory consolations, personal, legalistic, or ritualistic, but in knocking them all away, so as to leave the seeker alone with God. Spiritual people are infinitely valuable in the way of instruction and prayer, but when we have done all in our power, we must leave the soul alone to go to God and settle the matter for eternity. The dogma of baptismal regeneration actually substitutes the preachers and the ordinances for the Savior, which simply means wholesale damnation.

* * * * *

10

ELIJAH HEDDING

Elijah Hedding's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm0616, "Life and Times of Elijah Hedding" by Davis W. Clark:

In the year 1798 the aggressive spirit of the Methodist itinerancy began to make systematic inroads into Vermont. The Vergennes Circuit was formed, and Joseph Mitchell and Abner Wood appointed to labor upon it. As it regards the geographical limits of the circuit, they were somewhat indefinite, and liable to incessant enlargement as the providence of God opened the way to new preaching places in destitute towns and villages. This much, however, we can say, that, as originally marked out, it included an immense sphere of travel and toil, of more than five hundred miles in compass, and required from four to six weeks to complete one round -- the preacher, besides riding many miles, preaching once or twice on each week day, and three times on each Sabbath, and at many of the appointments also leading class or conducting a prayer meeting. Mr. Mitchell continued on this circuit two years, enduring the privations and trials, and performing the Herculean tasks incident to a new field of labor, but effectually breaking up the ground for his successors. He was in every respect fitted for his work -- a man of extraordinary natural powers -- a natural logician, a shrewd wit; deficient indeed in scholastic education, but with all his faculties richly endued and acutely quickened by a most efficient practical education. He was a most energetic and overpowering preacher. Like a flaming fire he ranged through the country, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, preaching Christ and him crucified, in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. A memorable revival attended upon his labors. Up to this time, the mother of young Hedding and the pious couple of whom we have spoken were the only Methodists in the town of Starksborough. But now a host was raised up. The revival was remarkable not only for the number of its subjects, but also for the variety of their characters and the powerful manifestation of the Spirit of God in many of the meetings. Lorenzo Dow, in his Journal, relates an instance of Mr. Mitchell's power in the pulpit, which occurred at a quarterly meeting. His preaching produced such an effect that none of the usual ecclesiastical business of these occasions could be transacted; but the entire time was spent in public exercises and direct effort for the salvation of souls. When he began to exhort, a trembling commenced among the unconverted; first one, then another, fell

from their seats, and began to cry for mercy. The influence spread till the cry became general; and for eleven hours there was no cessation of the loud cries and supplications of that smitten assembly. The wail of agony and the almost despairing cry for mercy, were not infrequently changed into the shout of victory and the song of triumph on that memorable occasion. The most abandoned, profligate, and wicked men, -- the caviling, skeptical deist, the bold blaspheming atheist, and the brawling Universalist, -- were alike humbled to the foot of the cross; and by the power of divine grace were at length renewed and clothed in their right mind. Many and bright stars, which now stud the crown of the devoted itinerant, were gathered here. When the two years of Mr. Mitchell were completed, in 1800 Vermont numbered six circuits, and a membership of one thousand and ninety-five. Truly God, in a short time, had accomplished a great work. Mr. Mitchell subsequently located and moved to the State of Illinois, where he finished his course in peace.

But let us return to the experience of the subject of our narrative. His first permanent religious impressions were made by the conversations of the pious Methodist woman -- "mother in Israel" -- already noticed. She perceived his promising talents and strong moral susceptibilities, and devoted herself to the task of leading him to God. Her mind was deeply impressed with the conviction that he would be called to important services in the Church of God, and she labored the more earnestly to effect his salvation. She conversed with him frequently, earnestly, and often tearfully, on the interests of his soul; and succeeded at last in awakening in his mind a deep concern for his spiritual safety. All honor to this faithful, noble-hearted Christian woman. [2] She was jealous for the cause of God, and yearned for the salvation of a soul that was lost. But little did she know how high an honor God was putting upon her, in making her the chief instrument in the conversion of one who was to win many souls to Christ, and become one of the great lights of the Church and the world.

During the first six months of the work of grace that was spreading through the region, young Hedding attended the meetings, but obstinately resisted the strivings of the Holy Ghost. This devoted woman however had singled him out as a special subject of prayer, and followed him with persevering effort till the great end was attained. One Sabbath day after he had been reading in meeting, this pious woman, when the congregation had separated, addressed him with such an earnest exhortation that his heart was deeply affected; and as he journeyed homeward he turned into a grove, and kneeled down by a large tree, and covenanted with God to cease from his follies and sins, to part with all his idols, and to devote himself sincerely and earnestly, and at any and every cost God might require, to the great work of his soul's salvation. Over fifty years after, and but a short time before he was gathered to his fathers, referring to this event, he said to the writer, "In that hour I solemnly made a dedication of myself to God. I laid my all -- soul, body, goods, and all -- for time and for eternity, upon the altar, and I have never, never taken them back." He did not then, however, find relief aside from the conscious satisfaction of having done his duty; nor did he receive any satisfactory evidences of his acceptance with God. "This" said he, "was the first time in my life that I remember to have had the full consent of my will to part with all my sins for Christ's sake. My associates, hitherto, had been chiefly those who were fond of pleasure and mirth, and in their amusements I took special delight. Several times before, I seemed willing to give up everything except these social pleasures, but never until now while kneeling in the grove had this great idol of my heart been surrendered."

Not long after this, he heard a sermon from Joseph Mitchell. It was a discourse of remarkable power, and disclosed to him, in a manner he had never before perceived, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the peril of the unrenewed soul. He was seized with unutterable anguish, and for several weeks sought God with strong cries and tears, night and day. "I was so overwhelmed," says he, "that I could not refrain from crying aloud. I could not breathe without an expression of anguish. Though I had long prided myself upon being perfectly fortified against childish feelings and tears, yet for six weeks I could not bear religious conversation or a prayer, nor could I read the Bible or any religious book, without being melted into tenderness and pouring out a flood of tears." In six weeks the itinerant evangelist came around again, and preached in the house where the youthful penitent had been accustomed to read the sermons of Wesley. After preaching, a classmeeting was held by the preacher, as usual, and young Hedding remained in the class. As the meeting was about being closed the preacher, perceiving the great distress of his mind, proposed special prayer in his behalf. The man of God and the pious cottagers bowed around him, and continued in supplication until God in great mercy spoke peace to his soul. His burden of guilt was removed, his conscience was now at rest, and peace and joy sprung up in his hitherto troubled soul. This was on the 27th of December, 1798; and on that very day his name was enrolled as a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

He appears not to have received at this time the witness of the Spirit to his adoption. Though he enjoyed peace, this great blessing was still wanting in order to the fullness of his joy. On this point he himself says, -- "About six weeks after the time when I felt the burden of guilt removed from my conscience, during a conversation with Mr. Mitchell on the witness of the Spirit, the light of the Spirit broke in upon my mind, as clear and perceptible to me as the shining of the sun when it comes from behind a cloud, testifying that I was born of God. Then my heart was filled with joy and my mouth with praise.

'Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song.'

For several weeks after this, not a doubt, nor a fear, nor a moment's uncertainty clouded my spirit. Satan was not permitted to tempt me. It seemed as if the old adversary himself was chained, and my whole soul was love, and my whole time was employed in prayer and praise. As an evidence how completely the thoughts of religion occupied my mind and affected my conduct, it may be stated that during the winter I went to live with a man who resided in the town, and was distinguished for his knowledge of arithmetic, [3] that I might have a better opportunity of studying this branch of education; but my mind while under conviction, and after my conversion, and especially when I had received the witness of the Spirit, was so carried away by the all-absorbing power of divine grace, that I could give no attention to mathematics, but was wholly engaged in studying the Bible, learning religious hymns, and in the exercise of devotion. I who used to be sorry that I had a soul, and regret that I had been born into the world, continually rejoiced that I had been born to be born again."

The mathematician with whom he had gone to study was soon converted in a most striking and powerful manner. He was what would generally be called a moral man, but was proud and self-confident, and with reference to religion to all appearance thoroughly hardened and unfeeling. The power of God now got hold upon him; he went for some weeks with his head bowed down,

and his countenance the picture of sadness and melancholy. He said little to any one about the state of his mind, till at length, at a prayer meeting, his feelings overcame him. He turned pale, his frame shook like an aspen leaf, and his soul seemed rent with contending emotions. At length he cried aloud and fell to the floor. In the greatest agony he cried out, "I am going to hell! I am going to hell!" He continued to cry out till he became almost exhausted. The people bade him look to Jesus the great Saviour, and wrestled mightily with God in his behalf. At length he was heard to murmur in a faint voice, -- "Christ died for me." Then in a higher tone he repeated, -- "He died for me;" and instantly sprung upon his feet and shouted aloud, -- "My sins are all forgiven; Christ has died for me. Glory to God in the highest!" Sudden and violent as was the transition of this man from sin to grace, his course thenceforward, for over forty years, and until he went up at the call of his Lord to receive the reward of the faithful, afforded the best possible evidence of the soundness of his conversion and the thoroughness of the work of grace in his heart.

* * * * *

11

WILLIAM HUNTER

There are at least 3 different William Hunters mentioned in the HDM Library, and possibly 4 of them. This William Hunter is NOT the hymn-writer of "There is a Spot to Me More Dear." This William Hunter (1728-1798) preceded William Hunter the hymn-writer (1811-1877).

The entire sketch of this William Hunter, who quoted Charles Wesley's hymn (#807), may be found as hdm0365 in the Authors\J-Folder\Jacks-th subfolder. This William Hunter was an English Methodist Preacher, said by J. A. Wood to have been "one of Mr. Wesley's most useful preachers who led hundreds of souls into the cleansing fountain." Wood gives part of this William Hunter's holiness testimony in "Perfect Love," hdm0181, and, it is this William Hunter who is mentioned by E. J. Drinkhouse in hdm0428: "William Hunter departed in 1798, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a favorite with Wesley. His labors were marked with success and his departure singularly triumphant."

This William Hunter's quotation of Hymn #807 is part of a letter to John Wesley, dated August 18th, 1779"

For some time after I knew the goodness of God to my soul, I was very happy. I sung in His ways for joy of heart, and His consolations were not small in me. I thought, indeed, I should learn war no more. It was then

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

"Jesus all the day long

Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

[This quotation of the stanza beginning with "I rode on the sky," ect., in a letter to John Wesley seems to suggest that the stanza was written by Charles Wesley. Otherwise, one might reason, William Hunter would not have felt free to include the stanza in his letter to the brother of the Charles Wesley. This is merely speculation, however -- presumptive evidence at best.]

It would be tedious to relate the various exercises I went through for several years, without opening my mind to any one. I do not remember that I ever conversed with one upon the subject, or ever heard any one discourse upon it. Only, I think, about eighteen years ago, it pleased God that I heard Mr. Olivers preach a sermon upon the subject. His text was, "Let us go on unto perfection." His doctrine was clear, and his arguments strong. My heart consented to the whole truth, and I had clearer views of the way of attaining it, namely, by faith, than ever before. This added new vigor to my spirit, and I seemed to be more on the wing than ever. I prayed and wept at His footstool, that he would show me all His salvation. And He gave me to experience such a measure of His grace as I never knew before; a great measure of heavenly light and Divine power spread through all my soul; I found unbelief taken away out of my heart; my soul was filled with such faith as I never felt before; my love to Christ was like fire, and I had such views of Him, as my life, my portion, my all, as swallowed me up; and O, how I longed to be with Him! A change passed upon all the powers of my soul, and I felt a great increase of holy and heavenly tempers. I may say, with humility, it was as though I was emptied of all evil, and filled with heaven and God.

Thus, under the influence of His power and grace, I rode upon the sky. My soul fed on angels' food, and I truly ate the bread of heaven. I had more glorious discoveries than ever of the gospel of God our Saviour, and especially in His saving the soul from all sin. I enjoyed such an evidence of this in my own mind, as put me beyond all doubt: and yet I never had such a sense of my own littleness, helplessness and unworthiness as now. So true it is, that only grace can humble the soul.

From the time the Lord gave me to experience this grace, I became an advocate for the glorious doctrine of Christian perfection: according to the gift He has been pleased to give me, I bear a testimony of it wherever I go; and I never find my soul so happy as when I preach most upon the blessed subject.

Being thus perfected in love, we are much more qualified to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, than ever. O precious salvation! let me ever be a witness of it!

* * * * *

Perhaps the most moving of all accounts included in this compilation is that of John S. Inskip. His quotation of Hymn #807 came when as yet a lad, fresh in his first love, he was driven by his father from his home. It reveals the determination of the young Inskip to follow the Lord, even at the price of losing the love of family and comforts of home. This story is found as hdm0131, "Life of Rev. John S. Inskip" by William McDonald and John E. Searles.

"On the farm belonging to our family, was a blacksmith shop. It had been used as such for over fifty years. It stood immediately on the highway, and was presented to my mind, as a suitable place for meeting. At once we commenced praying to God, that my infidel father might be induced to allow us to use the smith-shop for religious purposes. After asking, for days together, Divine aid and guidance, I went, with much of anxious feeling, and made known my request. My father was incensed, and would have spurned me away; but he feared to do this, and simply responded, 'I will talk to your mother about it.'

"Of course I knew that meant success. So I prayed more and more fervently. When alone, the old gentleman said to mother, 'My dear, John wants the smith-shop, to hold meetings in. What do you think of it?' She promptly responded, 'Let him have it, by all means. If he don't get something to keep him home, he will kill himself running about to hold meetings elsewhere.' That settled the question, and in due course of time, I received a favorable answer to my request. I at once commenced preparatory operations. These I joyfully pursued, for weeks, alone, and at length succeeded in getting matters into shape, to warrant the circulation of notice through the neighborhood of an opening service.

"I wrote, and nailed up on trees and gate-posts, in prominent position, the following placard: 'There will, be meeting in Inskip's blacksmith shop this evening, at early candle-light.' A great crowd gathered. Watson, Brown, Few, McColley, Elliot, Johns, and many others, were there. Good slab seats had been provided, which a neighbor kindly made for the occasion. The earth floor was covered with tan, and this, with some six inches of the purest, best rye-straw that ever grew. The place was heated with an old-fashioned large ten-plate stove. Light was obtained from 'dipped candles,' stuck on the black wall, relieved by a bountiful use of the white wash brush.

"It was a great meeting. I was as happy as if I had succeeded in building a cathedral. I lived to see eighty souls converted in this place."

The father, in granting the use of the shop, imposed one condition. They were not to hold their meetings after nine o'clock at night.

This was late in the fall of 1833, and they continued their meetings during the winter without any special manifestations of grace. In the following spring of 1834, a society was organized, consisting of thirteen members. John McColley was appointed leader. Soon after the organization of the society, a very gracious revival of religion broke out among the people in the neighborhood, extending to all classes. Among the subjects of this revival were two of Mr. Inskip's sisters.

"On hearing of the conversion of my sisters," says Mr. Inskip, "the wrath of my father was so great that he seemed like one quite beside himself. My mother retired into her room to weep over her misfortunes. 'Ah me!' she cried out, 'I thought that as my daughters were growing up to womanhood, they would in a short time become an honor and a comfort to me; but now all is over; they have gone after those silly Methodists, and are ruined forever. Oh, wretched woman that I am; my fond hopes all blasted, and I must spend the remnant of my days on earth in misery.'"

The father, on learning the facts in the case, resolved upon desperate measures. He conferred with some of his infidel friends as to what he had better do, but found that they could not agree as to the best measures to be adopted to rid the neighborhood of the pernicious influence which the meetings at the blacksmith shop were exerting. An elderly lady said to him, "Edward, thee had as well let them alone. They will do as they please, anyhow. They have got my daughter, and I don't know how to help it." But this counsel only increased his wrath, and made him, if possible, more determined than ever to put an end to it. Addressing John, he said, "This thing has gone too far, and must now stop. You were not satisfied with being a fool yourself, and disgracing your own character, but you must draw your innocent sisters into the same snare, and you have thereby brought a lasting stigma upon their reputation. What! my daughters become Methodists? Why, it is the heaviest curse that could have come upon me!"

"My parents then went into a room by themselves," says John, "in order to determine as to the best plan by which to extricate their daughters from the dilemma into which they had been decoyed. The result of their deliberation was as follows: My sisters were to be locked up in a room, and not allowed to attend the Methodist meetings any more. The meetings in the blacksmith shop were to be discontinued. My father was to go around and get the neighbors to sign a request that there should be no more Methodist meetings in the neighborhood. Lastly, I, their only son, was to have my clothes packed up, and be banished from my parents' roof."

When the final decision was made known to John, his only response was, "Father, by the grace of God, I'll save my soul." The father meant what he said, and so did the son. They parted for the night -- the son to sleep sweetly, and the father to find little or no rest.

Morning came, and with it no change in father or son. Before leaving, John retired to the barn to pray that this sin might not be laid to his father's charge. His father happened to overhear him pleading for the salvation of his erring, deluded parent, and became so enraged as to express the wish that the barn might take fire and burn his son and all that the barn contained.

This was a trying hour for a boy of sixteen; but he passed through it bravely. He says, "Before I left I encouraged my sisters to maintain their integrity, and not to fear." He turned his back upon his infidel home, and his face towards the wide, wide world, trusting alone in Jesus. "As soon as I got out of sight of my home, and realized that I had the honor of suffering for Christ, there came upon my spirit a jubilee of gladness and victory no words can express. I wept and shouted, and sang that beautiful song,

"O, how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above," etc.

"I was full of music and full of joy. No hour of all my life had been more crowded with the real bliss of God's salvation. There was not a tinge of sadness, not a solitary moment of regret. On and on I went, singing and rejoicing in the Lord. As I went along the road, an elderly lady, connected with the society of Friends, saw me coming, and hearing my song, at once seemed to know something unusual had occurred, and said to me, 'John, what's the matter? where's thee going?' My answer was, 'Oh, nothing. Father has driven me away, and I am going to Brother Hill's, my class-leader, to ask his advice. Glory to God, I'm turned out for Christ's sake!' Then, starting on my journey, I continued singing,--

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song,
O that all His salvation might see," etc.

That song, and that journey, will be remembered forever. It was his purpose to apprentice himself to learn some useful trade, but God had other and nobler work for him. He returned the following day to have a final understanding of matters, and procure the few clothes which belonged to him.

"But lo!" he says, "what a change! I beheld a great deal of tenderness and seriousness in the countenances of my parents. The storm of rage and unnatural grief had passed away, and a pleasing, thoughtful calm had taken its place. With a heavenly smile, and with eyes full of heavenly joy, my sisters informed me that they had heard father say to mother that he intended to lead a new life."

But nothing seems to have passed between them of special note until, "in the evening, with considerable agitation the father said, 'John, we must have prayers in the family; I will read and you must pray.'"

He read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and while reading became so much affected that he was obliged to stop and give vent to his feelings in profuse weeping. John prayed, as might be expected, with great faith and fervor.

"We continued our family devotions," says John, "for several days before my father found any relief. His distress of mind finally became so great that I thought it was necessary to send for Bro. McColley and his wife, in order to hold a private prayer-meeting for his special benefit. Bro. McColley came, according to request. As soon as he came, my father introduced the subject of religion and in a little while said, 'We ought to have some prayers.' Bro. McColley then went to prayer, and prayed very fervently. He then called upon me to pray, which I accordingly did. After I had closed, my father said, 'Now I will try and pray.' His prayers were answered, and the man who had been an accomplished and persevering opponent of Christianity for many years, was then and there made a new creature in Christ Jesus, and felt the blessedness of revealed religion."

To say that the company felt inexpressible joy, would be saying as little as could be said. John and the two sisters could scarcely contain themselves, so great was their joy at the change in the father. But the mother was in deeper trouble than ever. She saw her husband and children

happy in a sense of God's pardoning love, and yet felt no hope or peace of soul. She was yet a stranger to God. But she importuned God to save her, until a few nights later, about twelve o'clock, she fancied she heard the Lord speak to her in an audible voice, saying, "Come, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." That moment her burden left her, and she received the witness of her acceptance with Christ. The next morning, during family worship, she confessed the change which she had experienced during the previous night.

These conversions revolutionized the household. The parents became members of the Methodist Church. The father became a class-leader and licensed exhorter, and the mother became one of those quiet but regular Methodists, whose experience was uniform, and whose whole life was a loving exemplification of the power of grace.

* * * * *

13

BENJAMIN LEGGATT

Benjamin Leggatt's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm0500, "Wesleyan Methodist Memoirs in 1823" -- a file that I compiled from 1823 issues of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, the one containing the text below being from the June, 1823 issue:

In writing Memoirs of deceased and beloved friends, we are somewhat in danger of overcharging their characters by undue coloring, without, however, the slightest intention of misrepresenting one trait. Aware of this circumstance, and conscious of ardent affection to my departed friend, I would cautiously guard against any mis-statement or exaggeration in reference to the venerable subject of this memoir.

Mr. Leggatt was born at a village in the vicinity of Epworth, February 1st, 1761. At the age of two years he lost his father, and was left to the sole care of his mother. By the divine blessing, the natural death of his father proved the spiritual life of the widow he left behind. This awful bereavement led her to God's house.

When she heard the gospel. She "received it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh" in all "that believe." She soon obtained a saving acquaintance with divine things; and continued a very pious and upright member of the Methodist society for upwards of forty years. This amiable and exemplary widow brought up her children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." It was her constant practice to take them with her to God's house. Mr. Leggatt observed, when speaking of his much-beloved mother, that at the age of six years he was powerfully affected in his mind while hearing the word preached, and while hearing his mother speak to the different members of her class.

The advantages arising from a pious education are incalculable. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Instruct a child in his tender years, and the impressions will not ordinarily be erased, but will grow up with him. This was the case with Mr. Leggatt. His pious mother brought her son to God, and diligently imbued his mind

with divine truth; and God crowned her labors with his blessing. To show the deep interest which this holy woman took in her son's prosperity, and in the progress of true religion, I will transcribe a few extracts from her letters, addressed to him subsequently to his entering into the Ministry:--

"December 14th, 1788. -- Always lie at the feet of our Lord Jesus, with humble dependence on him for wisdom to direct in all your undertakings; and pray for more faith, that you may be able to quench the fiery darts of our common enemy. As to my own soul, I bless the Lord he is carrying on his good work. O for more faith and love! I hope we often meet at the throne of grace. O, my soul, praise the Lord for the throne of grace; so free of access, through the Redeemer's merits! Your affectionate mother ever prays that God may own the labors of his faithful ambassadors, and that the earth may be filled with the knowledge of the Lord."

"June 21st, 1789. -- I am longing for a full conformity to Jesus Christ in all things. My heavenly Father has given me his Son, and I trust he will with him give me all things. I trust several of us are ripening for glory. It would rejoice our souls to see the work of conviction and conversion carried on with more power among us. My dear son, help me to praise the Redeemer; his love to me is great, though I am the most unworthy of his servants."

"February 13th, 1791. -- I am glad to hear of your welfare in body and soul. I am thankful to hear that Satan's kingdom is falling, and that Christ's kingdom is enlarging. O that all may hear his voice, and live! Nothing would rejoice my soul more, than to see sinners flocking to Jesus the Saviour. My own soul is yet hungering and thirsting after full salvation. O, when shall I awake up after his likeness in all things! You may be assured I cannot forget you, unless I were to forget myself. You have an interest in my petitions every day, and almost every hour."

"January 10th, 1799. -- My dear son, I received your letter containing an account of the death of your dear wife. O what I felt at this awful providence! But I feel great comfort from those sweet and consoling words, 'I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.' (I Thess. iv. 13, 14.) We shall all meet in glory if we wash our robes by faith in the blood of the Lamb. My dear son, you may safely cast yourself on the Lord in your present trials. He will help you, as he has helped me, the most unworthy of his followers. When I consider what the Lord has brought me through, and what he has done for me, I cry out, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' May the Lord make us all ripe for glory. -- I praise the Lord he is perfecting my soul in love, His presence and his love attend me through every day."

"December 24th, 1800, -- The Lord is greatly reviving his work with us. I experience more of his glorious presence to my soul than ever I did; and he provides all things needful for my body. Glory be to God, he is with me.

'Jesus all the day long
Is my strength and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!'

You wish me to write a sketch of my life. I have only to say that I fear my life would be of no value; and my hand is now very unsteady, so that I can scarcely write; my memory, too, fails very much; hence you must excuse me. But all is known to Jehovah. My dear son, pray that I may stand perfect in love; and have nothing to do but to die when the Lord calls."

* * * * *

14

WILLIAM MCDONALD

William McDonald worked with John S. Inskip in the ministry of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness. His quotation of Hymn #807 found in file, hdm0302, "The Double Cure, or Echoes From National Camp-Meetings" -- a book that was apparently compiled and edited by McDonald. His use of the quotation is in one of the messages he preached at a National Camp entitled: "Christian Perfection, Explained and Defined."

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit" (Heb. 6:1-3).

Delitzch, the great German exegete, has rendered the first verse of this text thus, "Wherefore, leaving the first elementary doctrines of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."

It may be properly said, that what a foundation is to a building, and what an alphabet is to a language, these elementary doctrines of Christ are to the perfection at which we are to aim. But a foundation is not a building, though an essential part of it, and without which the building could not be carried on to a safe completion. An alphabet is not a language, though no language can be perfected without it. So these elementary doctrines of Christ are valuable mainly as putting us into the Christian way, and giving us the elements of Christian life and character.

I. Let us proceed to a consideration of these "principles," and the perfection to which they lead us. These principles are here given under six heads, viz., "repentance from dead works," "faith towards God," "the doctrine of baptisms;" "the laying on of hands," "the resurrection of the dead," and "eternal judgment."

These must not be understood as embracing all the "principles of the doctrine of Christ," but a careful consideration of them will reveal the fact that they embrace examples of them in every department of life. For instance, "repentance from dead works, and faith towards God," relate to the inner spiritual life. The "doctrine of baptisms," whatever that may mean, and "the laying on of hands," whatever that may include, have reference to what may be denominated the ceremonial life of the Christian, for religion has its ceremonials as well as its doctrines.

"The resurrection of the dead," and "eternal judgment," relate to the future life of a believer, so that together they cover the inner life, the outer life and the future life of the Christian; and beyond this there is no life.

We are exhorted to "leave" these principles, or "elementary doctrines," and "go on unto perfection."

1. We are not to understand by this that we are to abandon these principles, so as no longer to hold them as essential doctrines of the Christian faith, or teach them as gospel requirements, or practice them in our lives.

It will always be necessary to urge upon all classes the necessity of repentance and faith. In the present state of the church it will be needful to press upon believers the importance of church ordinances, and to thunder in the ears of saint and sinner the doctrine of "the resurrection of the dead and eternal judgment." We must never cease to hold, teach and practice these elementary truths, for without this the gateway to perfection is never found.

2. But by leaving these principles I understand that we are not to make them the end of our religious attainments. The great majority of professed believers never get beyond the foundation, if, indeed, they succeed in holding to that. They never get beyond the alphabet. After years of experience, they seem never to have grasped the thought clearly, that "it is better farther on." They talk and sing of the time of their "first love," and even sigh for the days of their espousal, and mourn that they are not as happy as when they were first converted. They sing --

"I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet."

But now the wail is often heard --

"Oh, that I were as heretofore,
When warm in my first love."

This is, but ought not to be, the average experience of the Christian church. But the gospel has something better for discouraged, sin-baffled souls than this. They are to come up higher.

3. By leaving these elementary doctrines, I understand that we are to make them the stepping-stones to a higher Christian life. These principles are furnished for the purpose of lifting the soul higher and aiding honest believers in the pursuit of holiness.

Of what use is a foundation except to erect upon it a superstructure? Indeed, if it is not so utilized, it becomes worthless, and often worse than worthless; for, "if the salt have lost its savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Of what possible use is an alphabet except to study and perfect a language? Were we able to repeat the alphabets of all the babbling tongues of earth and stopped there, it would be labor

lost. I know of no value that a primary Christian experience can be to a Christian except to put him in possession of a power to conquer sin in his nature; and if he does not employ it for that purpose, sin will conquer him. It is a sad mistake to suppose that an elementary Christian experience secures to the believer the "white stone" and the "new name."

As John Wesley says, "Something more will have to be done for them before they are prepared for a holy heaven." I do not say that a justified soul will be lost, but, if the Word of God is to be believed, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," unless believers move forward to the attainment of "that sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord," they will never see Him in His glory.

Mr. Fletcher says, "Should it be objected that no Christian is safe till he has obtained Christian perfection, we reply that all Christian believers are safe who either stand in it [Christian perfection], or are pressing after it. And if they do neither, we are prepared to prove that they rank among fallen believers."

We therefore plead with professing Christians to begin the march for holiness, or Christian perfection. Without this there is no safety for any soul. This is

"The land of rest from inbred sin
The land of perfect holiness."

* * * * *

15

GEORGE PECK

George Peck was an early American Methodist leader. His brother, Jesse Truesdell Peck became an M. E. Bishop and holiness author. George Peck also wrote at least two books, possibly others. We have part of one of those two books in our HDM Library hdm0213: "Early Methodism Within the Bounds of the Old Genesee Conference, and all of the other one: hdm0443 "The Life and Times of George Peck," wherein is found the following account in which he quotes Hymn #807.

As I began to approach manhood I became a somewhat valuable member of the family. I could aid in the farm work, make shoes in the one shop, and "blow and strike" in the other, and indeed, do almost any thing within the limits of our narrow business; but I had no fixed plan, no definite aim, for the years to come. I alternated from shop to shop, and thence to the field, as my services were required, but felt no preference, and made no choice. My father, seeing my indifference, doubted whether I would succeed in any thing. I did not dream of the line of life which I afterward pursued. I had high aspirations, and built many castles in the air. I was not content with my lot, but I did not see how it might be improved. What Providence might have in store for me was to me a profound mystery. My conscience was troubled, and I knew that I ought to be a Christian, but that was about as far as I could see into the future in regard to either duty or destiny.

My mind began to be the subject of religious impressions as soon as I became capable of religious ideas. I recollect being in a prayer-meeting when I was about four years old, and feeling that I was a sinner, and I wept at the thought that I did not possess that which rendered those about me so happy. The sermons which I heard often impressed, and my father's prayers in the family greatly moved me. My mother's admonitions and tears were always more than I could endure. My sister Elizabeth sought Christ at a campmeeting held at Mindon, and I was powerfully awakened to a sense of my need. Many a time, during the years which, I presume, seemed to others to be spent in careless, boyish mirth and indifference, I was greatly troubled in spirit, wept in secret and formed resolutions which, if permanent, would have led me to a different life.

In 1812 Ebenezer White and Ralph Lanning were appointed to our circuit. Father White's first sermon in our neighborhood was a searching one; and his examination of the members in class-meeting was close and personal. I did not hear the sermon, but I learned, from what I heard of it, that a deep impression was made. On his second round, four weeks after, he came to our house. I well remember the conversation. He asked my sister to comb his hair, and while she was doing it, he talked with my parents.

"Brother," said he, "how many children have you?"

"Eleven," was the reply.

"And how many of them enjoy religion?"

"The three oldest belong to Society," said my father.

Again the faithful pastor asked: "Have you given all your children to God in baptism?"

"I have not," said my father.

"Why not?"

To this my father replied, "The four born in Connecticut were baptized there; the others have not been."

"Well," said Father White, "it is your duty to have them baptized."

My father responded with emotion, "Some of them have grown up in sin and folly, and are not proper subjects of baptism."

I was the oldest of those not baptized, and I felt that the remark was intended for me, and, worst of all, was true.

"Brother," continued the preacher, "you must have those baptized which are still in infancy, and pray for the others."

I had been sitting near enough to hear all this, but at this stage of the conversation I quietly left the room. My sister Mary, eleven years of age, heard the conversation, and was deeply affected by it. She and my brother Andrew began to seek the Saviour. The next Sabbath evening the prayer-meeting was a time of much interest and feeling. The two children were made the subjects of special prayer, and I inferred, from certain expressions of those engaged in the exercises, that they professed to have found peace. The next day, while Andrew and I were at the barn, he asked me if I did not want religion? I answered in the affirmative, and then asked him if he had experienced it. He replied that he thought he had. I told him that I hoped he would hold out to the end, adding that I would never throw the least hindrance in his way. "That is all very well," he replied; "but you must have religion for yourself, or you will go to hell!" This broke me down. I left him, and went behind the barn, and poured out a flood of tears.

The next Sabbath evening the prayer-meeting seemed to have only ordinary interest. It closed at the usual hour, and I went home, being among the first to leave the house. A number lingered, as if unwilling to go. Two or three young ladies began to weep, and asked for the prayers of God's people. The meeting began again with wonderful power. Some fell prostrate on the floor, crying for mercy, and others shouted aloud the praises of God. Six or seven persons professed conversion before the meeting closed. All this was told me, and added greatly to the conflict of my mind. Hearing that another meeting had been appointed for the next Thursday evening, I resolved to seek the Lord publicly at that time. When the day came I thought of nothing but my sins, the salvation I needed, and the purpose I had formed. I mourned, I prayed; I had some hope of mercy, and some fears that I would not find it. Being alone, I began to sing one of our old familiar penitential hymns:--

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live."

Having sung a verse or two of this, I changed to one of another character:

"O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey;
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

To my surprise I found myself entering into the joyous spirit of the hymn. My heart was melted; I felt strangely buoyant, and almost ready to exclaim aloud, "Glory to God!" I said to myself, "What change is this? Is this what I have been seeking? It may be that God has pardoned my sins. I will go and tell my dear mother how I feel."

I went into the house with this design, but my courage failed. I began to doubt, and again I sunk into a state of darkness and sorrow. My mind reverted to my resolution to go to the meeting that evening and openly seek Christ, and I again determined to do it. When evening came I went to the meeting, calling on an intimate associate on my way, to propose to him that we should begin together. To my surprise, I found him ready at once. We did as we agreed to do; but when we

bowed in prayer, and fervent supplications went up in our behalf, and a sacred influence seemed to fall upon the whole assembly, and I felt that God was there, I was not conscious of that deep conviction which had weighed me down for days.

At the close of the meeting the people gathered about us to inquire how we felt. My friend was happy, and responded with confidence. I was at a loss what to think. I replied that I felt no burden of guilt, but did not know but that I had lost my convictions. "Ah," said a devoted woman, whom I knew and greatly respected, "the Lord has blessed you; I thought so." And she laughed and wept as she made the remark. "Well," thought I, "she knows. This strange calm is not hardness of heart, but peace." And yet I felt, not exactly disappointed, but that I had been led in a way which was contrary to my expectations. I looked for what was termed a "powerful conversion." I did not experience it, but from that memorable day I have tried to serve the Lord. I believe that God forgave my sins in the morning, while I was alone, singing the prayerful confession of Watts, and the joys of faith as delineated by Charles Wesley. The day named was Thursday, the 12th of November, 1812. I was then a little over fifteen years of age.

* * * * *

16

THOMAS RANKIN

Thomas Rankin was one of John Wesley's Assistants in America who was for a season over Francis Asbury. Rankin's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm1397, one of the HTEC holiness experience accounts:

One morning, after breakfast, I arose and went into the garden, and sat down in a retired place, to mourn over my sad condition. I began to wrestle with God in an agony of prayer. I called out, ' Lord, I have wrestled long, and have not yet prevailed: Oh, let me now prevail! ' The whole passage of Jacob's wrestling with the Angel came into my mind; and I called out aloud, ' I will not let Thee go, unless Thou bless me! ' In a moment the cloud burst, and tears of love flowed from my eyes; when these words were applied to my soul, many times over, ' And he blessed him there.' They came with the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance; and my whole soul was overwhelmed with the presence of God.

Every doubt of my acceptance was now gone, and all my fears fled away as the morning shades before the rising sun. I had the most distinct testimony that all my sins were forgiven through the blood of the covenant, and that I was a child of God, and an heir of eternal glory. What I now felt was very different from what I had experienced of the drawings of the love of God for several years past, and when I first partook of the sacrament. I had now no more doubt of my interest in the Lord Jesus Christ than of my own existence. I could declare that the Son of Man had still power on earth to forgive sins; and that He had pardoned my sins, even mine. Now it was that

Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song!

And the cry of my soul was,

Oh that all His salvation might see!
He has loved me, I cried,
He has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!

How many times before, when under the most painful distress of mind, I had wished I had never been born! But now I could bless God that I ever had a being, and fully believed that I should live with God while eternal ages roll.

* * * * *

17
C. J. RICHMAN

C. H. Richman's quotation is found in hdm1405, one of the HTEC accounts. Richman was a Methodist, and I obtained his holiness testimony from "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer:

I obtained religion Aug. 23, 1823; and was as happy, I think, as any one could be without being wholly sanctified. I was on the mount continually, happy day and night. It was my whole soul's intent to do the will of God, to bear the cross, to exhort sinners, and tell of the loving-kindness of God to all as I had opportunity.

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;"

and, oh, how I longed for all His salvation to see!

But, after a while, I found I had got some fighting to do, as well as shouting. I had many conflicts with the enemy. He would often tell me, "You have no religion." My faith would sometimes waver a little; but I would pray the more earnestly. I believed it was my privilege to know always that I was in favor with God, to have an abiding witness of my acceptance. I was convinced the great blessing of perfect love was attainable.

I lived in this state about two years, when I attended a Camp-meeting near Blackwood Town, where I was powerfully convinced that I must be cleansed from all sin. this became the burden of my prayer, and for six weeks I prayed almost day and night that God would cleanse me and make me holy. I never doubted one moment but that the blessing was in store for me; for God has said, "Be ye holy," and He will never withhold grace to do what He requires of us.

I prayed on. The more I prayed, the brighter it looked. The stronger my faith, the happier I became, until at length I was convinced that God had cleansed me from all sin. My soul was let into the clear light, life, and fullness of Christ my Lord, Glory to God! forty-one years I have been drinking at the fountain-head. I have enjoyed a fullness of Christ continually. As local preacher, I have been striving to work for God according to my ability, until my lungs were worn out. I am broken down, old, and feeble; but it's all glory. Oh, how it does rejoice my heart to know that

holiness is spreading. May it, like a flood-tide, roll on, and roll on, until the world shall be filled with the glory of God!

* * * * *

18

JAMES ROGERS

A sketch of James Rogers is also among those published by Thomas Jackson. It is file hdm0378 in the same Jacks-th subfolder. He was born in the North Riding of Yorkshire, in a large village called Marsk, in February, 1749. Telling of his conversion, Rogers wrote:

"Though I was now about fifteen years of age, I had never been able to say that my sins were forgiven. Nevertheless, my desires were strong, and often did the Lord give me a foretaste of His love; but, having no one near to speak to, the adversary gained an advantage over me. I gave way by little and little; and my old companions, soon observing me less grave and circumspect, began to solicit me to join with them as formerly. This I refused for a time, but not with the resolution and steadfastness I had done before; so that they were encouraged to use other means of gaining me over. With what shame and sorrow of heart do I still reflect, that in a little time I joined them in parties of pleasure, and went from bad to worse, till I became tenfold more a child of hell than ever! For, having once given way, my conscience became my constant tormentor day and night. I compared myself to that unhappy spirit who, being cast out of his habitation, went about seeking rest, but found none.

Thus I continued for upwards of two years, running as if in haste for damnation, with a lighted candle in my hand; striving to stifle conscience with repeated acts of disobedience. The Spirit of God seemed for a time as if He had given me up, till I left the place I now had lived at upwards of five years, and removed to another village called Newton-under-Ousbury, where was a small society of sincere Christians, with monthly preaching, a public meeting, and a class on the Lord's day. Here the Lord began to strive with me again; but I fought against Him, and still grieved His Holy Spirit.

I removed from thence to Stockton-upon-Tees. Upon my arrival here I began to reflect upon my folly; conscience was awakened once more, and I obeyed its dictates so far as to join the society. But seeing my class-leader intoxicated with liquor, I was offended, and went near him no more.

After spending near one year in this place, I removed to Whitby in the year 1768, where was a large and flourishing society. I felt very unsettled and unhappy, till at last I resolved, God being my helper, to join that loving people. But then I thought I was too vile, and was greatly discouraged by reflecting on my repeated backslidings for upwards of four years. I doubted whether I should ever stand long. However, my convictions increased, so that I could take no rest day or night, till I sent for that pious man, William Ripley. I expected that he would upbraid me with my past ingratitude to God, and His people; but he said not a word of this kind. No! he saw me laboring under the weight of a wounded spirit, and the comfort he administered to me at that time was a cordial to my soul. Without asking me any questions, he fell upon his knees to write a

note admitting me into the society, which I received with a trembling hand, fearing that my poor unfaithful heart would again start aside as a broken bow. But, glory be to God,, He was better to me than all my fears. In five days. He blessed me with what I never knew before, namely, a clear sense of pardon.

This was on February 6th, 1769, about ten o'clock in the evening I believe that I might have received this years before, when under those first awakenings of the Spirit of God, had I fallen into the same hands; but the people I was first connected with, though very serious and devout, were less evangelical in their sentiments. I had still retained a notion that my repentance was not sufficient; that I must be much more in earnest, feel more terror, more sorrow, deeper convictions, &c., before I could possibly attain a sense of pardon. This my friends in Whitby soon discerned, and told me, if God saw it necessary, He would deepen my convictions; but for me to pray for this, and to wait a little and a little longer, before I would dare to look for His favor, was the ready way to lose even the distress I then felt.

They therefore told me that I must pray for nothing but a sense of the favor of God. Two of them one night vehemently urged me to embrace the promises by faith, assured me that all things were ready; and insisted that I must, that very night, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I should certainly be saved. At first I thought them so wild in their notions, and withal so unreasonable in their demands, that I could scarcely refrain from being angry. My carnal nature spurned at it, because I thought it as impossible for me to believe, as to pull the sun from the firmament.

However, when they had talked to me thus for nearly two hours, I was exceedingly affected; and, trembling between hope and fear, I begged, in a degree of agony, that they would pray for me. Accordingly, we all fell on our knees. That zealous man of God, John Rogers, prayed first; and at every word he uttered my heart felt, and I firmly believed that God would grant him his heart's desire.

In that solemn moment, all the sufferings of Christ came to my mind. By the eye of faith I had as real a view of His agony on Calvary as ever I had of any object by the eye of sense. I saw His hands and His feet nailed to the cross; His head crowned with thorns; and His side pierced with the soldier's spear; with innumerable drops of blood falling from different parts of His body, and His face all covered therewith. But O, what a look was that! Such an inexpressible degree of approbation was communicated to my soul thereby, as I shall never forget. While I now recollect it, my overflowing heart and eyes almost forbid my proceeding.

In that moment my burden was gone; my heart was brought out of bondage into glorious liberty; and the love which I felt for God and all mankind was inexpressibly great. I was constrained to cry, with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." I seemed as if I had never known happiness till now, and could hardly think it possible that I should learn war any more.

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I.
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,

In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

* * * * *

19

C. E. ROWLEY

C. E. Rowley's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm0672, which is his book, "Apples of Gold":

That meeting was conceived in the atmosphere of prayer, and in the same humble spirit was carried on from day to day. The time of my deliverance was near at hand. Oh, glorious thought! Can it be that I, who for so many years have wandered in darkness, am I really soon to be translated into the Kingdom of His dear Son, and know in my own heart that my sins are all forgiven, and God truly owns me as His child, and my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life? Yes, yes, a thousand times yes. Although very busy with my teaching, I planned to be at the church for a morning meeting; it seems to me it was on Tuesday morning. I know it was the 13th of April, with much interest in the meeting, as shown by the large number present; and, when the altar call was made, I pressed my way to the front, although the altar proper was full, with two or three deep kneeling about the altar, and I was among them. A good woman, residing quite a distance from Ada, evidently interested in my case, very kindly knelt by my side to speak whatever words of comfort she might be able; but I was provoked, and answered her accordingly -sometimes a pretty good indication when a seeker "gets out of fix." I was heartily ashamed of it, and tendered her my apology a little later on; but she said she had not noticed it. I think that service closed about ten minutes after twelve -- noon -and I started home, intently thinking and praying as I went along. How well I remember it all. Without slacking my pace, I prayed earnestly as I continued walking, with my heart lifted up to my Heavenly Father, the enemy contesting every foot of the way. This was the last great battle with the powers of darkness before the God-given victory came sweeping down into my soul. Right here I recalled so vividly the teaching of Mrs. Phebe Palmer so often given seekers under her most excellent instruction, as again and again she would refer to the words of Jesus in John 6:37: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I plead the promise of my blessed Savior, but the tempter whispered: "It will do you no good to pray. Don't you know you have done a great deal of praying years and years ago? Do you think you can pray any more than you have done?" But I knew there was something I had not done. With all my praying in years gone by, I never had really trusted my Lord to save me. So, within me I reasoned thus: "He says if I come to Him, He will not cast me out; so, then, He must receive me, if I really take Him at His word." "It is my privilege and duty to believe He receives me when I come to Him." So I determined to trust Him then and there, and, having reached the little cottage home, standing upon the door-step, I looked up into the face of my Savior and exclaimed:

"Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I will be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me."

I knew it was done, I knew I trusted, something I had never done before, and immediately I went into the house to tell my dear wife that I was converted, which was the first real Christian testimony I ever gave. As I remember, that was about twenty minutes after twelve o'clock. I had to "fight the good fight of faith" all that afternoon, but as I lay my head upon my pillow that night, how sweet to reflect I had given myself to the Lord; I knew I had done so, and that alone gave me infinite satisfaction. Heretofore I had been seeking "the blessing," the experience in my own heart, which I had heard so many testify to, which they themselves had received into their own hearts; but I was not looking for anything in my soul, for I could exultantly exclaim:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine."

And so I continued trusting for perhaps thirty-six or forty hours, without any special manifestation or "blessing" in my soul; but I was converted on the door-step, for there I gave myself to God, and trusted Him to save me. Yet, the door-step in front of our little cottage in Ada was truly my Bethel. God does not postpone the salvation of a soul the briefest moment of time, when the soul surrenders and trusts the sinner's Friend. Many people would say, and perhaps correctly, that the heavenly blessing of peace which I experienced some hours subsequently was the Witness of the Spirit, having been delayed some hours that my loyalty and faith might be tested agreeably to God's infinite wisdom. He kept me steady; I am not aware that I wavered for one moment. Oh, how blessed it was to trust! But one morning, in a very quiet little meeting at the church, perhaps the second day after my door-step experience, suddenly there came into my heart an experience of peace and rest never known before, and I inwardly exclaimed: "This is it! This is it! This is what I have been wanting all my life! Oh, yes, this is it! This is it!" And I declared to one and all that I was "sanctified."

It does not seem at all strange to me that I should claim to be sanctified; I certainly could not avoid saying so, for I was so happy, so happy. Why should I not say I was sanctified? Indeed, according to the teaching of Mr. Wesley, I was sanctified, although I might not be "wholly sanctified." How very clear is the teaching of John Wesley in reference to "sanctification" and "entire sanctification," as he reviews the words of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians. I was truly "born again." I could say, "I know my name is written down in the Lamb's Book of Life." How many people, alas, do not know what is meant by being "born again," and yet their names are on the church-rolls. Let us remember the words of Jesus to Nicodemus: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." That is, we must be created anew we must be made new creatures. A good many have an idea that to be a Christian is simply to "do better," live a better life than we have been doing; at least, make an effort to live better.

No, no, that is not it, my brother, for to be "born again" is to have "a new heart," for God has promised to take away the "stony heart out of our flesh, and give us a heart of flesh." Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, was right when he said the Bible does not talk about our having "a change of heart;" the Bible teaches us that God gives us a new heart. Yes, that is it. Paul says: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." God imparts His own nature to His obedient and trusting child, and thus it becomes

natural to love God and live the Godly life. Previous to my conversion, I could not "testify," for I had nothing to testify about pertaining to experimental religion -- certainly not. But now my life and testimony were altogether spontaneous. My spiritual life was natural, just as was my physical life; I did not "try to serve the Lord" any more; I just served Him naturally, as I breathed naturally. Have never been timid about coming in contact with devoted Christian people for fear they would ask me when I was converted; I could tell them with great pleasure -- "April 13, 1875!"

Well may the poet sing:

"O how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey;
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love."

How expressive the old hymn we have sung so much:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

* * * * *

20

GEORGE SHADFORD

George Shadford was one of Wesley's missionaries to America. He was a friend of Francis Asbury, and clear witness to, and advocate of, entire sanctification. This account, containing his quotation of Hymn #807 is found hdm0520, "Memoirs of Mr. Wesley's Missionaries to America" by P. P. Sandford. Because I feel that George Shadford was one of the most godly Methodist missionaries sent by Wesley to America, and because he contributed greatly to the spread of second blessing holiness in America, I have set before the reader below a more lengthy account of his conversion story in which is found his quotation of Hymn #807. Those wishing to learn more about him, and about his sanctification, can read hdm0483 by Thomas Jackson, hdm0214 by Duane V. Maxey, hdm0669 under Multauth files. Following immediately below is Shadford's account of his life up to the time of his conversion and shortly thereafter:

I was born at Scotter, near Kirton, in Lindsey, Lincolnshire, January 19, 1739. When I was very young, I was uncommonly afraid of death. At about eight or nine years of age, being very ill of a sore throat, and likely to die, I was awfully afraid of another world; for I felt my heart very wicked, and my conscience smote me for many things that I had done amiss.

As I grew up I was very prone to speak, bad words, and often to perform wicked actions. We lived by a river side, where a part of my cruel sport was to hurt or kill the poor innocent

fowls. One day seeing a large flock of ducks sitting close together, I threw a stick with great violence, killed one of them on the spot, and was highly diverted at seeing it die, till I saw the owner of it come out of his house and threaten me severely. I was then sorely troubled, and knew not where to run. I knew I had sinned, and was greatly afraid lest it should come to my father's knowledge therefore I durst not go home for a long time.

I was very prone to break the sabbath, and, being fond of play, took every opportunity on Sunday to steal away from my father. In the forenoon, indeed, he always made me go to church with him; and when dinner was over, he made me and my sister read a chapter or two in the Bible, and charged me not to play in the afternoon; but, notwithstanding all he said, if any person came in to talk with him, I took that opportunity to steal away, and he saw me not till evening, when he called me to an account.

I wished many times that the Rev. Mr. Smith, the minister of the parish, was dead, because he hindered our sports on the Lord's day. One Sunday, finding me and several others at football, he pursued me near a quarter of a mile. I ran until I was just ready to fall down; but coming to a bank, over which I tumbled, I escaped his hands for that time. My conscience always troubled me for these sins; but having a flow of animal spirits, and being tempted of the devil, and drawn by my companions and evil desires, I was always carried captive by them;

My mother insisted on my saying my prayers every night and morning, at least; and sent me to be catechized by the minister every Sunday. At fourteen years of age my parents sent me to the bishop to be confirmed; and at sixteen they desired me to prepare to receive the blessed sacrament. For about a month before it, I retired from all vain company, prayed, and read alone; while the Spirit of God set home what I read to my heart. I wept much in secret, was ashamed of my past life, and thought I would never spend my time on Sundays as I had done. When I approached the table of the Lord, it appeared so awful to me, that I was likely to fall down, as if I was going to the judgment-seat of Christ. However, very soon my heart was melted down like wax before the fire. These good impressions continued about three months. For I often thought, "If I sin any more, I shall have eaten and drunk my own damnation, not discerning the Lord's body."

I broke off from all my companions, and retired to read on the Lord's day; sometimes into my chamber, at other times into the field; but very frequently into the churchyard, near which my father lived. I have spent among the graves two or three hours at a time, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying, until my mind seemed transported in tasting the powers of the world to come. So that I verily believe, had I been acquainted with the Methodists at that time, I should have soon found remission of sins, and peace with God. But I had not a single companion that feared God: all were light and trifling. Nay, I believe at that time the whole town was covered with darkness, and sat in the shadow of death.

Having none to guide or direct me, the devil soon persuaded me to take more liberty; and suggested that I had repented and reformed enough that there was no need to be always so precise; that there were no young people in the town who did as I did; and that I might take a walk among them on Sundays in the afternoon without being wicked. I gave way to this fatal device of Satan, and, by little and little, lost all my good desires and resolutions, and soon became weak as in times past.

After this I became intimate with two young men that lived about a mile off, who were very often reading books that were entertaining to youth of a carnal mind; such as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and his *Art of Love*, &c.; which soon had a tendency to corrupt and debauch my mind. Now religious books became tasteless and insipid to me; my corruptions grew stronger and stronger, and the blessed Spirit being grieved, my propensity to sin increased more than ever.

I was fond of wrestling, running, leaping, football, dancing, and such like sports; and I gloried in them, because I could excel most in the town and parish. At the age of twenty I was so active, that I seemed a compound of life and fire, and had such a flow of animal spirits, that I was never in my element but when employed in such kind of sports.

About this time the Militia Act took place, and I thought I would learn the manual exercise; and as we had no expectation of marching from home, it would be pretty employment for me at Easter or Whitsuntide. Four persons were allotted to serve in the militia at the place of my nativity. One of them, a young man, was much afraid to go. I asked him what he would give me to take his place. He thought at first I was only in jest; but when he saw I was in earnest, he gave all I asked, which was seven guineas. When my parents heard I was enlisted, they were almost distracted, especially my father. I was greatly afflicted in my mind, when I saw my parents in such trouble on my account. At their desire, therefore, I went back to undo what I had done; but to no purpose: so at the time appointed I was sworn in.

At the end of the year the militia was called off to Manchester, where we lay most of the winter. While we lay here I was taken ill of a fever, and found myself horribly afraid of death; but when I recovered, my distress soon wore off again. One night about nine o'clock, just as I was going to bed, I heard the drums beat to arms! We soon understood that an express was come to town for our company to march immediately to Liverpool; and that Thurot had landed at Carrickfergus, in Ireland. We were under arms immediately, marched all night, and arrived at Warrington about break of day, and at Liverpool the next evening.

My chief concern now was for fear (if we should have an engagement) that my life and soul should be lost together; for I knew very well I was not prepared for death. The next summer we were quartered at Chester and Knutsford; and the winter following we lay at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire. This year I was often very miserable and unhappy. I well remember one day, when being exceedingly provoked by one of my comrades, I swore at him two bitter oaths, by the name of God; a practice I had not been guilty of immediately I was, as it were, stabbed to the heart by a sword. I was sensible I had grievously sinned against God, and stopped directly. I believe I never swore another oath afterward.

I was often tempted this year to put an end to my life; for it was a year of sinning, and a year of misery. I was afraid to stand by a deep river, lest I should throw myself in. If I was on the edge of a great rock, I trembled, and thought I must cast myself down, and therefore was obliged to retreat suddenly. When I have been in the front gallery at church, I have many times been forced to withdraw backward, being horribly tempted to cast myself down headlong. It seemed as if Satan was permitted to wreak his malice upon me in an uncommon manner, to make me miserable; but, glory be to God, I was wonderfully preserved by an invisible hand, in the midst of such dreadful

temptations. At other times, when at prayer, or walking alone meditating, God hath graciously given me to taste of the powers of the world to come.

I always had a strong natural affection for my parents, and would do anything that was in my power for them. It happened, a little before I went from home in the militia, that my father was in some distress in temporal circumstances. This moved me much: I therefore gave him all the money I had received in order to go into the militia. Very frequently, during my absence from them, when the minister read over the fifth commandment in the church, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," &c., with tears in my eyes I have said, "Lord, incline my heart to keep this law;" always believing a curse would attend disobedient, undutiful children.

When our company lay in quarters at Gainsborough, I went with a sergeant to the place where the Methodists frequently preached, which was the old hall belonging to Sir Nevil Hickman. We did not go with a design of getting any good for our souls; but to meet two young women, (who sometimes frequented that place at one o'clock,) in order to walk with them in the afternoon. When we came there, we found the persons we wanted; but I soon forgot them after the preacher began public worship. I was much struck with his manner. He took out his hymn-book, and the people sung a hymn. After this he began to pray extempore in such a manner as I had never heard or been used to before. I thought it to be a most excellent prayer. After this he took his little Bible out of his pocket, read over his text, and put it into his pocket again. I marveled at this, and thought within myself, "Will he preach without a book too?"

He began immediately to open the Scriptures; and compared spiritual things with spiritual, in such a light as I had never heard before. I did not suppose he had very learned abilities, or that he had studied either at Oxford or Cambridge; but something struck me, "This is the gift of God; this is the gift of God." I thought it was the Lord's doing, and marvelous in my eyes.

The preacher spoke much against drunkenness, swearing, &c.; but I thought I was not much guilty of such sins. At last he spoke very closely against pleasure-takers, and proved that such were dead while they live. I thought, "If what he says be true, I am in a most dreadful condition." I thought again, "This must be true; for he proves it from the word of God." Immediately I found a kind of judgment-seat set up in my conscience, where I was tried, cast, and condemned; for I knew I had been seeking happiness in the pleasures of the world and in the creature all my days, not in the Creator and Redeemer of my soul, the only central point of bliss. I revolved over and over what I had heard, as I went from the preaching; and resolved, "If this be Methodist preaching, I will come again;" for I received more light from that single sermon, than from all that I ever heard in my life before.

I thought no more about the girls whom I went to meet and found I had work enough to take care of my own soul. I now went every Sunday when there was preaching, at half-past one, to the same place; and continued so to do most of the time we lay at Gainsborough. It was not long before my comrades and acquaintance took notice of my religious turn of mind, and began to ridicule me. I was surprised at this; for I (ignorantly) thought, "If I become serious, every one will love and admire me." I still continued to go to the preaching, till the soldiers and others having repeatedly reproached and laughed at me, I began to think I had not sufficient strength to travel to heaven, as I was connected with such a set of sinners.

I then made a vow to almighty God, that if he would spare me until that time twelvemonth, (at which time I should be at liberty from the militia, and intended to return home,) I would then serve him. So I resolved to venture another year in the old way, damned or saved. O what a mercy that I am not in hell! that God did not take me at my word, and cut me off immediately! From this time the Spirit of God was grieved; and consequently I was left to fall into sin as bad, or worse than ever.

After this we marched, and were quartered near Dartford, in Kent, where we continued eleven weeks. This place seemed to me the most profane for swearing, cursing, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, &c., that ever I saw in any part of England. I was so affected, that I went to the minister of the parish, and let him know what wretched work of drinking and fighting we had in the taverns in service-time on Sunday; and desired him to see to it. He did so, and strictly forbid any liquor to be sold during church-service for the future. It was at this place the Lord arrested me again with strong convictions; so that I was obliged to leave my comrades at noon-day, and run up into my chamber, where I threw myself upon my knees, and wept bitterly. I thought, "Sin, cursed sin, will be my ruin." I was ready to tear the very hair from my head, thinking I must perish at last, and that my sins would sink me lower than the grave.

While I was in this agony in my chamber, about noon, the landlady came into it, as she was passing into her own, and found me upon my knees. I was not in the least ashamed. She said nothing to me then; but at night took me to task, and asked me if I was a Wesleyan, or Whitefieldite. I said, "Madam, what do you mean? Do you reproach me because I pray, because I pray?" She paused. I said again, "Madam, do you never pray to God? I think I have not seen you at church, or any other place of worship, these ten weeks I have been at your house." She answered, "No; the parson and I have quarreled, and therefore I do not choose to go to hear him." I replied, "A poor excuse, madam! and will you also quarrel with God?" Wherever I traveled, I found the Methodists were everywhere spoken against by wicked and ungodly persons of every denomination; and the more I looked into the Bible, I was convinced that they were the people of God.

Our next route was to Dover, where we tarried a month. Here the soldiers laughed me out of the little form of prayer I had; for I used always to kneel down by the bedside before I got into it. This form I dropped, and only said my prayers in bed. Our next remove was to Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, where we abode the winter; and in spring went to Epworth, in which place I was discharged.

Soon after my arrival at home, several young persons seemed extremely glad to see me, and proposed a dance, to express their joy at our first meeting. Though I was not fond of this, yet, to oblige them, I complied, much against my conscience. We danced until break of day, and as I was walking from the tavern to my father's house, (about a hundred yards,) a thought came to my mind, "What have I been doing this night? serving the devil!" I considered what it had cost me; and, upon the whole, I thought, "The ways of the devil are more expensive than the ways of the Lord. It will cost a man more to damn his soul than to save it." I had not walked many steps further, before something spoke to my heart, "Remember thy promise." Immediately it came strongly into my mind, "It is now a year ago since that promise was made, 'If thou wilt spare me until I get home, I will serve thee.'" Then that passage of Solomon came to my mind, "When thou vowest a vow unto

God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that thou vowest." I thought, "I will. I will serve the devil no more." But then it was suggested to my mind, "Stay another year, until thou art married, and settled in the world, and then thou mayest be religious." That was directly followed with, "If I do, God will surely cut me off, and send my soul to hell, after so solemn a vow made." From that time I never danced more, but immediately began to seek happiness in God.

A circumstance happened which tended to fix me in this resolution. Before I went into the militia, I was somewhat engaged to a young woman that lived in Nottinghamshire; and when I was at Manchester I wrote to her, but received no answer, which much surprised me. After I returned home, I went to see her, but found she was dead and buried. This shocked me very much. I desired a friend to show me the place where she was interred. When I came to it, and was musing, I turned my eye to the left hand, and saw a new stone with this inscription:--

"In bloom of youth into this town I came,
Reader, repent; thy lot may be the same."

I felt as if something thrilled through me. I read and wept, and read and wept again. I looked at the stone, and understood it was a young woman, aged twenty-one. Upon inquiry, I found she had made great preparations, in gay clothing, in order to have a good dance, as she called it, at the fair held here. She talked much of the pleasure she expected before the time came. At last it arrived, and as she was tripping over the room with her companions, until twelve o'clock at night, she was suddenly taken ill. And, behold, how unexpected! O how unwelcome! death struck her. She was put immediately to bed, and never left it until brought to this spot to be buried. No one can conceive how I felt, while I was meditating on the death of these two young women. The one I had tenderly loved. The other, although a stranger to me, had lived about two miles from the place of my nativity. "Well," thought I, "a little while ago these were talking, walking pieces of clay, like myself; but now they are gone to the house appointed for all living." I wept, and turned my back; but I never forgot that call to the day of my conversion to God.

At this time both my parents were taken very ill, which was cause of great trouble to me; for I was much afraid they would die. One day while I was greatly distressed about them, and knew not what to do, at last it came into my mind, "Go to prayer for them." I went up stairs, shut myself in, and, if ever I prayed in my life from my heart, I did it at this time. I remember in particular, that I prayed to the Lord to raise them up again, and spare them four or five years longer. This prayer he graciously condescended both to hear and answer; for the one lived about four, the other near five years afterward, and were truly converted to God.

I have looked upon it as a kind providence that brought a Methodist farmer to the place of my nativity, while I was absent in the militia, who received the Methodist preachers, and had formed a little society just ready for me when I got home. I was now determined to seek happiness in God, and therefore went constantly to church and sacrament, and to hear the Methodist preachers, to pray, and read the Scriptures. I thought, "I will be good. I am determined to be good." But, alas! in about six or eight weeks, instead of being very good, I saw my heart was corrupt, and nothing but sin. I read at night different prayers. Sometimes I prayed for humility or meekness; at other times, for faith, patience, or chastity: whatever I thought I wanted most. I was thus employed, when the family were in bed, for hours together. And many times, while reading, the tears ran from

my eyes, so that I could read no further: and when I found my heart softened, and could open it to almighty God, there seemed a secret pleasure in repentance itself; with a hope springing up that God would save me, and bestow his pardoning mercy. While I was thus employed in seeking the Lord, and drawn by the Spirit of God, I esteemed it more than my necessary food.

A little after this, I went to see an uncle at East Ferry; and as we were reading the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, he asked me if the latter part of that chapter belonged to St. Paul in his converted state. I said I could not tell. " But if it was St. Paul's converted state," I said, "it is exactly mine. ' For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not but what I hate, that do I. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.'" I then began to flatter myself, saying, " Surely I am converted. I trust I am in a safe state." And it is well if hundreds do not rest here.

But the Lord did not suffer me to take convictions for conversion. After those pleasant drawings, I had sorrow and deep distress. My sins pressed me sore, and the hand of the Lord was very heavy upon me. Thus I continued, until Sunday, May 5th, 1762, coming out of church, the farmer that received the preachers told me a stranger was to preach at his house. I went to hear him, and was pleased and much affected. He gave notice that he would preach again in the evening. In the mean time I persuaded as many neighbors as I could to go. We had a full house, and several were greatly affected while he published his crucified Master. Toward the latter part of the sermon I trembled; I shook; I wept. I thought, "I cannot stand it; I shall fall down amidst all this people." O, how gladly would I have been alone to weep! for I was tempted with shame.

I well remember he called out at last, and said, "Is there any young man here about my age willing to give up all and come to Christ? Let him come, and welcome; for all things are now ready." I thought before this he was preaching to me; but now I was sure he spoke to me in particular. I stood guilty and condemned, like the publican in the temple. I cried out, (so that others might hear, being pierced to the heart with the sword of the Spirit,) "God be merciful to me a sinner!" No sooner had I expressed these words, but by the eye of faith (not with my bodily eyes) I saw Christ, my Advocate, at the right hand of God, making intercession for me. I believed he loved me, and gave himself for me. In an instant the Lord filled my soul with divine love, as quick as lightning; so suddenly did the Lord, whom I sought, come to his temple. Immediately my eyes flowed with tears, and my heart with love. Tears of joy and sorrow ran mingled down my cheeks. O what sweet distress was this! I seemed as if I could weep my life away in tears of love. I sat down in a chair; for I could stand no longer. And these words ran through my mind twenty times over: "Marvelous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." I knew not then that these words were in the Scripture, until I opened on them in the Psalms, when I got home.

As I walked home along the streets, I seemed to be in paradise. When I read my Bible, it seemed an entirely new book. When I meditated on God and Christ, angels or spirits; when I considered good or bad men, any or all the creatures which surrounded me on every side; every thing appeared new, and stood in a new relation to me. I was in Christ a new creature old things were done away, and all things become new. I lay down at night in peace, with a thankful heart, because the Lord had redeemed me, and given me peace with God and all mankind. I thought I never should be troubled with the sin that did most easily beset me; and said within myself, "The enemies I have seen this day, I shall see them no more for ever." I felt the truth of those words:

"How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

"On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
I ever should grieve,
I ever should suffer again."

But no sooner had I peace within, than the devil and wicked men began to roar without, and pour forth floods of lies and scandal, in order to drown the young child. And no marvel; for the devil had lost one of the main pillars of his kingdom in that parish; and therefore he did not leave a stone unturned, that he might cast an odium upon the work of God in that place. But none of these things moved me; for I was happy, happy in my God; clothed with the sun, and the moon under my feet; raised up, and made to sit in heavenly, holy, happy places in Christ Jesus.

In a fortnight after I was joined in society. When I joined, there were twelve in the society, chiefly old people. This was a little trial for me at first; but I thought it my duty to cast in my lot among them; for I was certain the Methodists, under God, were the happy instruments of my salvation. Therefore I knew I could not better recommend the good cause to others, than by joining them, and letting my light shine before men, that others might take knowledge I had been with Jesus. It is really marvelous, that all who are awakened have not resolution enough heartily to unite in fellowship with the people of God. It is very rare that such make any progress. The blessed Spirit is grieved, and they remain barren and unfruitful. Were they faithful in obeying the Spirit of God, in taking up their cross, and setting an example to others, they might bring much glory to God, as well as obtain great peace and happiness to their own souls.

* * * * *

21
AMANDA SMITH

Amanda Smith, who was sanctified under the ministry of John S. Inskip, quotes from Hymn #807 in her autobiography, hdm0157, and it was the exalted joy experienced in her sanctification that prompted the quotation:

For about three weeks after God had sanctified my soul, he seemed to let me walk above the world.

"I then rode on the sky,

Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again."

But the Lord knew I must be disciplined for service. He began by degrees to let me down, and the tempter seemed to be let loose upon me. I have said the Devil turned his hose on me, for it was as though a man was washing a sidewalk or carriage, Satan seemed to come at me in various ways, in such power. I settled down in God, I got where I could not make a single effort to pray or do anything. I was helpless -- I could not get out of the way. Oh, what temptations! So I said, "Well, fire away, but I will trust in God, though he slay me." It was, dark, but it was not long till light broke in and drove the darkness all away.

* * * * *

22
JENNIE SMITH

Jennie Smith's quotation of Hymn #807 is found in hdm0987, "The Valley of Baca -- a Record of Suffering and Triumph," an autobiographical work:

After Sabbath-school quite a number called, among them several young converts. They sang at the close,

"Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey;"

and shook hands with each, other, realizing that it was a precious meeting.

Such meetings were frequently held in my room on Sabbath afternoon, with song, prayers, and relation of Christian experience, and were always interesting and beneficial. They were a continual feast to my soul. I had a growing desire to be more fully lost and swallowed up in the will of God.

* * * * *

23
UNNAMED

This quotation of Hymn #807 is hdm1309, Unnamed HTEC account #025 from "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King:

I was born in this place the 18th day of July, 1801, and in the year 1821 was placed in a public office, where I am to the present as a surrogate. My father, who died in December, 1803, was, I have since learned from others, deistical in his religious notions. My mother, many years before her death, embraced religion and attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died suddenly in March, 1829, and I hope in the faith, although in the latter part of her life she was rather indifferent on the great subject of the soul's best interests. I do not recollect that my mother ever spoke to me of religion, more than she caused me to be learned and repeat, when a child, the Lord's Prayer, on retiring to bed. With a view of commencing at my earliest convictions, I remark that, in 1810, or 1811, whilst the late Bishop Emery was laboring on this circuit during a revival of religion, I was much affected, and the impressions made upon my mind at that time, strongly inclined me to be religious but I did not then yield to those impressions. From that time until the year 1823, 1824, or 1825, I had doubtless many slight convictions, but do not recollect any very serious and strong impressions until one of those years; yet I was a regular attendant on the Methodist ministry.

About this time, whilst I was sitting under the sound of the gospel, some truth reached my heart; there was then no particular religious excitement or revival here, nor any extra effort being then made for the conversion of sinners. I was induced to leave the house of prayer and retire to a place in the open lot, where it seemed to be suggested to my mind if I would go then, I would obtain religion; but after retiring to the place, and praying, I obtained no relief, but was led by suggestions made to my mind to go to another place, where I still found no relief. I then endeavored to break off from my sins, and did for some two or three months come out from the wicked, and took to reading the Scriptures, in which I had considerable delight; conversed with several Christians, on the subject of religion, and spoke of my convictions, and was much encouraged by them and advised to give the subject my special attention.

During all this time I made no profession of religion, nor did I attempt to join any society of Christians. If I had done so, I have no doubt I should have saved myself some nineteen or twenty years of living in sin and folly, and rebellion to God; for in an evil hour I gave way to a sudden temptation to anger, and lost my good impressions and strong desires. From that time to the year 1843 I gave way to a course of sin and folly, and ran into many acts of gross wickedness, which make me blush to think of. Billiards, cards, dice, and such things, I delighted in notwithstanding I had many convictions of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come.

In 1840, whilst a friend was in great distress and seeking religion, I was deeply convicted of the importance of religion, and made many excuses, and even at one time took medicine to avoid going to the house of prayer, the exercises of which I could hear from my room. In March or April of 1843, I heard a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Yardon, of the M. E. Church, from these words, "All are yours," which made considerable impression on my mind: soon after which a revival of religion commenced in the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place. The protracted services of this meeting had been begun and kept up for some eight or ten days before I ventured to the church, during which time my mind was suffering under painful excitement and anxiety. I was restless and uneasy -- the Spirit doubtless striving with me and I resisting it. I felt an intense anxiety to learn every morning if any person had been forward the previous night to the anxious or mourners' bench, to seek religion; yet I feared to ask. I learned, during the progress of the meeting, that the

Rev. Mr. S_____ had said he was satisfied there would be a revival; the announcement of this seemed to unnerve me, and created in my breast singular emotions and flutterings.

At length I learned some had been forward and found peace. Oh! what feelings I had on hearing this; fear, despair, conviction, seized my mind, my feelings became almost insupportable, yet notwithstanding I endeavored and succeeded measurably to conceal them under a cheerful countenance. Sometime during that week, I, and one who is dear to me, together with a young lady, (who is still in the gall of bitterness, and for whose salvation I often pray,) made an agreement to go to church and go forward to the mourners' bench to seek religion. This contract, or agreement, although made in seemingly trifling spirit with us all, was nevertheless adhered to, and we accordingly went to the church. When the invitation to seekers was given, my dear friend and Miss _____, and others went forward, which left no alternative for me. However, I tarried for a while, and asked and insisted on an acquaintance that was sitting by my side to accompany me, observing to him I believed in the truth of experimental religion, and remarking at the same time, that if others could obtain it we could, and that we were somewhat advanced in years, and were preventing, by our example, other persons from seeking religion; he replied yes, he believed in it too, but refused to go forward, saying he did not feel like it. I observed, as well as I now recollect, neither do I, but I will go, and arose from my seat and went forward and kneeled under the most painful feelings of mortification and shame.

After kneeling some five or ten minutes, my convictions increased and became deep, pungent and powerful, and I cried mightily to God for mercy, but could get no comfort that night. The next night I again attended and took a seat near, or among the members of the church (which I found a great cross to do), but refused to kneel at the mourners' bench; yet I desired to be considered as a seeker. Oh, the pride of the human heart! During the meeting I continued to attend, refusing to kneel, only as the congregation kneeled. The protracted exercises of this meeting lasted some week or more after this, during the continuance of which I found no permanent peace.

After these services closed, I resolved to break off from my sins by righteousness. I therefore joined the society on trial, and forsook my former companions and places of amusement, and sought the company of the religious and pious, talked about religion, inquired of such the plan of salvation and of their Christian experience, prayed much, established regular hours for private prayer, became very punctilious in the observance of all the means of grace, especially class meetings and private prayer, (and have never to this day missed my class, unless distant or sick, except once: then it was to attend preaching.) I became very attentive in reading the good book, often taking it on my knees and asking light from Heaven. Sometimes I fancied I had religion, and again I would be thrown into doubts and fears; and would often despair of mercy, feeling my former course of life bear heavily upon me.

I repeatedly read Mr. Wesley's sermon on "SERVANTS AND SONS," and was often comforted in the belief that I was a servant and should be saved. In August, 1843, a very particular friend died, whose death, together with other circumstances growing out of this Providence, gave me great affliction of mind, and added much to my previous distress: however, it drove me close to a throne of grace, for the day after his interment I took up family prayer, and notwithstanding I found it a great cross and was often tempted to drop it, yet I persevered; often almost despairing of ever obtaining a clear evidence of my acceptance with Heaven. However, it pleased God in his

abundant goodness and mercy, after ten months, drinking the wormwood and gall, on the 7th of February, 1844, to set my captive soul at liberty. Whilst bowed before God in prayer (and immediately after closing the public prayer), I asked the Lord to show me what it was that prevented me from obtaining a knowledge of the forgiveness of my sins; and that portion of Scripture came to my mind wherein it is said,

"And a certain ruler asked him (Christ) saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life. And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good, none is good, save one, that is God. Thou knowest the commandments, do not, &c. And the ruler answered and said, All these have I kept from my youth up. Jesus replied, Yet lackest thou one thing; sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

I was struck at first with the importance of a literal compliance with the Savior's instructions, and rather drew back when making an application of the language to my own case; yet upon one moment's reflection, I resolved to acquiesce, even though this should be required of me, and replied I think audibly, "Yes, Lord, I will;" then it was, this language was communicated to my senses by the Holy Spirit, clear as if written in letters of gold before me, "Your sins are pardoned, you are free," and as quick as thought I was filled with the fruits of the Spirit, peace, love, ecstatic joy in the Holy Ghost; and was enabled to rise and rejoice in hope of the glory of God, having a new song put into my mouth, even praises to our God. Then was it manifest to me that I had no genuine religion before this. Yet I still believe, had it pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to call me from earth, at any time between April, 1843, and February 1844, he would have cut short the work in righteousness, and taken my soul to rest. Glory be to God for his forbearing mercy and tender kindness.

The next morning after my justification, and regeneration, and entire forgiveness of my sins, I felt the kindlings of revenge and unkind feelings towards an individual with whom I had had some misunderstanding touching a business matter. These feelings alarmed me much and gave me much uneasiness of mind for the moment; yet I soon went to Christ, and inquired of him in my closet, how these things could be, and prayed that they might be removed; and forthwith my heart was again filled with love to God and love for this same individual, as well as all the world. I was then very happy for two weeks, with little or no intermission. The language of my heart was,

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

After these feelings abated, I was again thrown into doubts and fears by discoveries of the remains of the carnal mind; a disposition to anger, malice, revenge, pride, impatience, self-will, &c., &c., in all of which the enemy of God and man took the advantage of, and would and did make to me many suggestions.

However, I now took a decided stand and prayed much, fasted, read the word of the Lord, inquired of the Lord on my knees with his word open before me, for light, and when done reading, would pray that instruction be sealed upon my heart, and that the truths might be treasured up in my memory, that thereby my understanding might be enlightened, my judgment informed, that I might have my fruit unto holiness and my end peace. I never have, since God spoke peace to my mind,

neglected any one day, (unless sick in bed,) the reading of a portion of the good book. I early discovered that I was growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. At a campmeeting, the summer after my conversion, whilst a local brother was praying in the meeting tent, I received such a blessing as almost induced me to think it was sanctification, which I knew nothing of and had heard but little about. Yet I was early convinced after this, that my heart was not cleansed, for I still found in it the remains of the carnal mind.

During the latter part of the year 1844, and the beginning of 1845, my mind was drawn to the subject of sanctification, or holiness of heart: chiefly, I think, by my own diligence in searching after truth, with the aid of the Holy Spirit enlightening my understanding. I was continually striving to know the truth of this doctrine, by doing the will of God, which I found to be the advice of Christ.

I talked with many Christians, both of the ministry and laity, but (I regret to say it,) I could find but few that understood or enjoyed this blessing. I examined Wesley, Fletcher, Peck, Carvosso, Mrs. Palmer, Clarke's Commentary, and many other writers on the subject, in which I became very much interested.

Sometime in the Spring and Summer of 1845, I visited Baltimore, and attended the Saturday evening meetings held at the chapel, by Dr. Roberts, for the benefit of those who were seeking holiness. I listened attentively to the experience of others, and to the holy advice and instruction given by that man of God, but could not exercise faith so as to make a personal application of the advice.

I have been (and I speak it without boasting and without the fear of contradiction,) attentive on all the means of grace, public and private, from the time God in his infinite goodness spoke my sins forgiven, and I have enjoyed a large portion of the divine influence, and have been made to rejoice and shout the praises of the God of my salvation. I have been often much drawn out in prayer after holiness, entire sanctification, and often, rather despairing, become indifferent.

In December, 1845, I was struck with the great victory I had obtained and was still obtaining over inbred sin, and began to believe more than ever in my privilege of obtaining the complete victory over the remaining corruptions of my nature, (if any,) for indeed I was sometimes almost constrained to say, to be sure my inward foes are all vanquished and gone. In January, 1846, our much beloved and dear Bishop Janes paid our village a pastoral visit, and preached some three or four times, once from Romans 8:18, and 12:1, Rev. 3:18, in which he beautifully portrayed the duties and privileges of Christians; that they should by the mercies of God present their bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God, which he clearly proved to be their reasonable service, showing that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in them; he therefore counseled them to buy of Christ gold tried in the fire, that they might be rich, and white raiment, that they might be clothed, that the shame of their nakedness might not appear, and to anoint their eyes with eyesalve that they might see. These sermons, together with a conversation had with the Bishop, and his general deportment and holy living, greatly encouraged me, and I became again deeply engaged with the Savior for a clean heart. These sermons were to many as bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days, and

have been, I believe, the chief instrument of building up the walls of Jerusalem here, -- (new church erected.)

Sometime in February of the present year, (just two years from the time God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins,) I had retired to my chamber in the afternoon for prayer, and whilst kneeling and pleading with God for a clean heart, for the removal of all inbred sin, to be cleansed from all my idols, and to be sprinkled with clean water, for holiness of heart, for entire sanctification and dedication of all to God, and perfect love, I became much humbled before the Lord, with a deep sense of his presence, during which I felt much of the melting, tendering influence of his grace, with great poverty of spirit, weeping and agonizing with considerable earnestness of soul, when the Holy Spirit gently communicated to my mind, "that you ask for, you have."

This was entirely different from what I had expected, as I did expect it to come as the rushing of a mighty wind. My faith laid hold and I believed, and whilst retiring from my chamber and proceeding down stairs, with my foot resting on the first step, the enemy suggested, May you not have been mistaken? -- and forthwith I began to doubt, and immediately returned to my chamber and bowed before God, and asked of him a renewal of the witnesses or a confirmation of that given, whereby all doubts might be banished and my faith increased, and again the same language was sealed upon my mind, "that you ask for, you have;" after which I heartily praised the Lord in silence; my soul seemed to exult greatly with deep humility, and great meekness and poverty of spirit.

I resolved at once I would make a profession of my faith in Christ's sufficiency to cleanse from all sin, from a knowledge of what I had thus felt and now enjoyed. I found many temptations to hold my peace; the enemy suggesting that I had not made a profession of religion sufficiently long to profess holiness, that there were so many others in society, even in the class to which I was attached, who had been ten, fifteen and twenty years in society, and had never made any such profession, and some of them were considered very pious, and that they would not believe me.

However, I resolved that others might do as they would, I should and would acknowledge, as I believed it to be my duty to do, what the Lord had done for me, and accordingly I did so the first opportunity, which was in class, probably the next evening, and I have never from that day to this ever regretted my profession, or for one moment doubted the genuineness of the work. I have felt from that time to the present, that all doubts and fears were gone, all roots of bitterness, anger, wrath, malice, impatience, self-will, are all expelled, and I have an abiding consciousness that I please God, and shall, by faith through grace, inherit eternal life. Patience now has its perfect work, and perfect love hath cast out all fear which hath torment, either of death, hell, or falling from grace, though I am conscious I yet dwell in a house of clay, and have no confidence in the flesh.

I have had various temptations and in various ways, but out of them all the Lord delivered me, and continues thus to deliver, and I am assured he ever will whilst I put my trust in him and cast my care on him. I have often been in great heaviness from these temptations, but whilst thus tempted and tried, I have felt always a calmness and peace within, whilst my soul has been sustained by the promises, "Lo, I am with you always;" "Many are the afflictions of the righteous,

but God is able to deliver them out of them all;" "In six troubles I will be with you," &c.; and in patience I am enabled to possess my soul.

I trust it will not be considered presumption in me to assert positively that I have never for one day in the slightest manner yielded to the influence of sin; I certainly have never for one moment since felt any condemnation. I have now an implicit confidence and trust in the atonement, and perceive that I am daily strengthened in faith, and am advancing still in the knowledge and love of Christ. I now understand spiritually what is meant by Paul in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, by faith all things were done as therein enumerated. I feel that I am now crucified with Christ and made conformable to his death, "the body of sin is destroyed;" and I, (that is my corrupt nature,) live no longer, being dead to sin, but Christ liveth in me, and is as a well of water springing up unto eternal life, and as a fountain in my inmost soul, from which all tempers, words and actions flow, and the life that I now live in the flesh, even in this mortal body, I live by faith in the Son of God.

Since I have been thus established and made this profession, I have had the good pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord revive much in this part of his moral vine. yard. Some six or eight other witnesses have been raised up to testify of this great salvation, and many others are in full stretch for the kingdom; praise be to Jesus' name, the work is reviving here; the will of the Lord be done, praise ye the Lord.

* * * * *

24

UNNAMED

This quotation of Hymn #807 is hdm1312, number 028 of the Unnamed HTEC accounts from "The Blessing of Perfect Love" by D. S. King:

In the days of my childhood, I was powerfully awakened by the Spirit of God, to a sense of my danger, as a sinner out of Christ, while reading the memoir of a pious lady. I saw myself a guilty, condemned sinner, before a just and holy God. I resolved at once to renounce the world, and live a Christian life. Soon the Lord spoke peace to my soul. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear and satisfactory. I almost thought I was living in a new world. I felt that the Savior was in me and all around me.

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song."

Soon after this, a member of the church in the place where I resided, came to converse with me respecting the happy change I had recently experienced. I rejoiced to see him, fully believing him to be one of the faithful followers of the Savior, having had the privilege of but very little religious conversation. After sitting a few moments in silence, he asked me "If I loved God." I answered, yes. Said he, "Have you had no doubts respecting it?" None, I replied. Turning to my mother, who also was a member of the same church with himself, he replied, "It is very strange

that she has had no doubts." He said very little more, and left the house. I was much disappointed. Feeling, as the poet expresses,

"Weaker than a bruised reed."

I expected, through his conversation, to receive strength and encouragement to walk the narrow, happy way. I had not learned that I must doubt my conversion, if I would be a Christian: nay, I had not so received Christ. And I now believe it to be the theory of the adversary. For a while I rejoiced in the smiles of my heavenly Father. But having very few religious privileges, and being surrounded with opposition from within and without, I soon began to decline in my spiritual life; and before one year had passed away, I found I had almost imperceptibly deviated from the way that leads to God. I made many weak attempts to return, but as often failed; till finally I retreated back into the world, and suffered the enemy to gain the victory. Often while joining the gay circle, would the grieved and insulted Spirit of God find way to my heart, gently whispering, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

Thus I lived, proving by experience, that "the way of transgressors is hard," until twenty-one years of age. About this time, a minister came into our village, and preached a few times. My health being very poor, I was not able to attend his ministry; but he, with true apostolic zeal, taught publicly, and from house to house. He sought and found the stray lamb. He assisted me in returning to my Father's house. Again my soul rejoiced in God my Savior. I now united with the church; but being mostly confined at home by ill-health, I enjoyed but few religious privileges. I now felt that I only lived to love and serve my God. But soon, "the foes that lurk within," commenced their warfare, and often allured me from the path of duty.

In 1840, I felt the need of a closer walk with God. Although hearing but little said on the subject of holiness, I now began to see it my privilege to live in a state of entire consecration to God. The promises of God encouraged me to seek for it; but here I met with great difficulties; the way was too narrow for me. I could not make the required sacrifice. I now concluded to live as near the Lord as I could without the blessing, hoping it would finally be well with me. But still, at times, I was powerfully convicted for a pure heart.

In 1841, the Lord raised me up another spiritual friend, in sending Bro. M_____ to labor on the circuit where I then lived. He was a humble, devoted follower of Christ. From my first interview with him, I was convinced of the necessity of being holy. About this time, a sister in the church sent me a few numbers of the Guide; which proved to be just what I needed, to explain the way of faith to my understanding.

I now resolved to give myself to the Lord without reserve. Often when attending the public worship. of God, would my soul be filled with such a sense of the divine presence, as scarcely to be able to restrain my tongue from shouting the high praise of God: but the pride of my heart would not permit this. I would not be a shouting Christian on any account. I had heard some people shout, and praise the Lord, whom I considered to be Christians, but thought they were "zealous overmuch," though humble and happy. I often wished myself as happy as I supposed them to be, but I also wished to appear respectable at all times in the eyes of the world. I now clearly saw, if I

would be holy, I must also be humble. I daily mourned my distance from the Savior. The burden of my prayer was, --

"O, for a closer walk with God."

But how to make the required sacrifice; how to be willing to have my "name cast out as evil for the Son of man's sake," and be called a fool and an enthusiast; how to meet the scorn and ridicule of friends and relatives, and perhaps be an outcast from their society, as yet I found not.

About this time, Bro. M_____ was to preach a lecture near our place of residence; after the lecture, there was to be a class meeting. The time arrived, and I with many others attended. Bro. M_____ dwelt on the subject of entire sanctification: his words, attended by the energies of the Holy Spirit, reached the inmost recesses of my heart. I was blessed with a sense of the divine presence of God; the Spirit bade me give God the praise. I shrunk from the cross, still feeling a strong aversion to such exercises. Here the Spirit left me, and darkness filled my soul. Here the pride and stubbornness of my heart were clearly discovered to me. Pride and the esteem of the world were not yet laid upon the altar: but, still resolved on obtaining the blessing, I promised the Lord, if he would permit his Spirit once more to return to my disconsolate heart, I would endeavor to obey him in all things.

Soon the Holy Comforter returned, with peace and love, into my soul: the same duty was presented, -- again I hesitated; my good name; how can I give that up? It was suggested to me, "If you submit to that requirement, you will never again dare to show yourself in good society, but must mingle only with the low and ignorant." Language fails to express the anguish of that moment! The conflict was severe! "The enemy thrust sore at me." Such was the darkness with which I was surrounded, I feared the Spirit had taken his everlasting flight; but he who died to destroy the works of the devil, drew near "with the tokens of his passion," and engaged in my behalf.

Again I dared to promise my merciful God, if he would permit his Spirit to return, I would be his without reserve, come life or death. I now felt the consecration to be entire. All was upon the altar. How solemn; how interesting that moment! I felt I was waiting for the fire to descend and consume the sacrifice. Presently I felt the Holy Spirit descending with his heavenly influences, and resting upon me; and ere I was aware, the praises of my Redeemer were sounding forth from my enraptured soul. By faith in the atonement, I claimed the blessing mine. I no longer regarded appearances; the old man of sin had received his deathblow. The Lamb had gained the victory! "Glory, glory, glory be to God," was now the language of my heart, while my bodily powers were nearly overcome by the weight of divine love resting upon me. O the victories of the cross! I could exclaim with the poet,

"Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

I was willing the whole world should hear me shout the praises of my Redeemer. After the sermon was over, class meeting commenced. We had a heavenly season. When spoken to, I

related the exercises of my mind during the sermon, and also acknowledged what the Lord had done for me. Class-meeting being over, I returned home. All nature presented a new aspect: and although encumbered with the cares of a family, I lived above the world. The Bible was far more precious to me than ever before.

My views of the atonement I can never express; so perfect, -- so exceeding broad. With joy I was enabled to bear the cross in confessing before the church and the world what great things the Lord had done for me. From that time to the present, I trust I have walked in the "narrow way." I still feel that I am a "sinner saved by grace." Now, when the enemy tells me I am out of good society, I can say, while I am blessed with the presence of the Father, Son and Spirit, who will dare to say, I am out of good society? When it is suggested that my company is low and ignorant, I can say it is only with the lowly in heart I love to associate. Glory be to God! We know Christ, and him crucified. I find no other way to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, but by perseverance in the path of duty. By the assistance of grace, I am resolved to abide in the ship until I gain the port of endless rest. Glory be to God.

"And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies."

* * * * *

25

THOMAS WALSH

Thomas Walsh was one of John Wesley's beloved laborers. The sketch of his life in which is found a quotation of Hymn #807 was written by Thomas Jackson. It is titled "The Life and Death of Mr. Thomas Walsh, and is a part of his "Lives of Early Methodist Preachers," hdm377. Jackson's Preface is dated 1762, and is preceded by a note of commendation by John Wesley dated in 1763. Thus the sketch and hymn quotation were written in one of those years.

Thomas Walsh was born in 1730 near Limmerick, Ireland. His parents were Catholics who were strongly attached to Catholicism. As a young man Walsh found no relief from the guilt of sin through confession to the Romish priest, nor from the priest's advice to "count the beads" of the rosary many times.

Jackson wrote: "Struggling on still in the dark, he added fastings to his prayers and resolutions. But all this did not do. He still felt himself bound as in 'affliction and iron.' He remained in sore bondage, doing the evil he would not, and not doing the good which he would have done."

Nothing he tried brought him deliverance from sin and guilt. Walsh describes his desperate plight: "I was on the rack, and I, through extremity of anguish, have frequently struck myself against the ground, tearing the hairs from off my head."

Finally, receiving no help from its teachings, Walsh forsook the Catholic church. For a season, he was not sure about the doctrines of the Protestants that he contacted. And, not wanting to be deceived by either Catholics or Protestants, he "cried unto the Lord God, and said, 'All things are known to Thee, and Thou seest that I want to worship Thee aright. Show me the way wherein I ought to go, nor suffer me to be deceived by men.'"

God answered that prayer, and he determed to totally renounce Catholicism after the Spirit of God deeply impressed on his mind with the following scripture: "If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain" (Gal. 2:21) He had no recollection of having ever read or heard that passage before it was divinely impressed upon his mind. Afterward, whenever he met with it, "it was to him like life from the dead," wrote Jackson.

Having renounced Catholicism, at length he came into contact with the Methodists: ""When they had preached the Gospel at Limerick for some time, they came over to New-Market, a village where I then resided, about eight miles from thence. In a little time there was a society formed. To these I joined myself a member, September 29th, 1749, in order to be more fully instructed in the way of salvation."

Then, God shed increased light upon his heart: "The same Spirit convinced me that I was an unbeliever; that I had not true faith, and, therefore, no part nor lot in the Lord Jesus Christ. As an unbeliever, I was 'condemned already,' and the 'wrath of God abode upon me.' (John iii.) I assented, indeed, to everything revealed in the Bible; yet, I now clearly perceived, I lacked the very true Christian faith. I learned from the Methodists, so called, and had it confirmed to me by the New Testament, that whosoever has true faith, has with it the remission of sins, and is at peace with God. I read, that 'whosoever believeth is born of God;' and 'he that is born of God sinneth not.' But I sinned; and thence inferred I had not faith, neither was 'born of God.'"

Describing his marvelous conversion, Walsh wrote: "About four months after my most deep awakenings, and joining the Methodist society, the clear day began to shine, and the Lord, who 'is rich in mercy,' visited me with His salvation. He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon the rock, Christ Jesus. The particular manner of which was as follows:--

"Coming into the room where we were accustomed to meet together, to hear the word of exhortation; before preaching began, I sat musing and meditating. My soul was looking out and longing for Christ, as the watchman for the morning, or the thirsty land for showers. The congregation being: assembled, the servant of God (Mr. W. T.) poured out his soul in prayer. And as he prayed, the power of the Lord came down in the midst of us. The 'windows of heaven were opened, and the skies poured down righteousness.' My heart melted like wax before the fire; especially at the mention of those words, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength?' (Isai. lxiii. 1.) And again, at the singing those words in the hymn:

'Behold the Savior of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined

To bleed and die for thee!

"Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
Receive my soul, He cries
See, where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies.'

"The former words in the prayer, and these in the hymn, came with such power to my heart, that I was constrained to cry out, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name: for He hath forgiven all mine iniquity, and healed my diseases.' And now was I divinely assured that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins. The Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit, that I was a child of God. 'Mercy and truth met together' in my heart: 'righteousness and peace kissed each other.' Yea, so great was the deliverance, and so strong the consolation, that I could not contain myself. I broke out into tears of joy and love. And now was I divinely assured that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins."

Thomas Jackson, author of the sketch wrote: "The following beautiful lines, with which I profess I am always delighted, are so expressively applicable to him, in this part of his experience, that I must not deprive the reader the pleasure of them":

"How happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

"That comfort was mine,
When the favor Divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song
O that all His salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,

And the moon it was under my feet.

"O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God."

After reading this, some may want to read the entire sketch. On the HDM CD, the path to the file containing the entire sketch of Thomas Walsh by Thomas Jackson is:
Authors\J-Folder\Jacks-th and it is the hdm377 file.

* * * * *

ADDENDUM

The version below of Charles Wesley Hymn #807, the subject of hdm1512, was sent to us by the Howard Whites of Columbus, Ohio -- longtime HDM Users and boosters. In the hymnal from which it was copied, it was #276, titled BELOVED, and the words as shown were sung to music by Freeman Lewis. The words seem to differ from Wesley's original words, and one entirely new verse seems to have been added (verse 3). Our sincere thanks to them for their time, effort, and expense in doing this.

My wife, Dorothea, has recorded an MIDI, which carries the name of the hymn placed on this version: Beloved.mid. I have now added that MIDI into the dotmaxey folder of our collection of MIDIs for publication with a later edition of our CD, and this addendum has been added to hdm1512. -- DVM

* * * * *

276 BELOVED

Words by Charles Wesley -- Music by Freeman Lewis.

In 4/4 time

1

How happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2

That [sweet] comfort was mine,

When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3

'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4

Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered, and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5

I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

6

O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

* * * * *

THE END