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## **SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!** **(Tributes To The Triumphant)**

**Compiled by Duane V. Maxey**

Matthew 25:21 "His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou  
hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy  
of thy lord."

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## INTRODUCTION

"SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE" is a compilation based on the hymn written especially by Charles Wesley as a tribute to George Whitefield at the time of his triumphant passing, and was a part of John Wesley's message in tribute to Whitefield.

"Servant of God, Well Done," the first line of the hymn must have particularly fixed itself in the minds of Methodists and others who heard it. Later, and in another sermon, John Wesley seems to quote it thus: -- as a fixture in his mind. The line is used as a remonstrance against spending money for self so as to be unable to help the poor -- (the caps are mine):

"Why do you not deal your bread to the hungry, and cover the naked with a garment? Have you laid out in your own costly apparel what would have answered both these intentions? Did God

command you so to do? Does he commend you for so doing. Did he entrust you with his (not your) goods for this end? And does he now say, "SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE?" You well know he does not." (Wesley's sermon on "Causes of the Inefficacy of Christianity)

This was a negative use of that first-line tribute to Whitefield, but I venture to say that there were occasions when John Wesley probably used that tribute positively -- perhaps many such occasions, particularly in paying tribute to one of his faithful, triumphant, co-workers after their passing.

So here again we have another oft-quoted hymn of Charles Wesley. Below, I shall present the 4 verses of this hymn that were used in John Wesley's sermonic tribute to Whitefield. I suspect that originally these were the only verses of the hymn, and that later other verses were added by one or more different hymn-writers, for among the quotations I discovered additional verses -- verses which if they had been part of the original tribute would likely have been included in the sermonic tribute, but were not so included.

Beginning beneath the original 4 verses of the hymn, I have presented a number of "Tributes to the Triumphant" -- tributes to saints just gone to glory -- tributes in which no less than Charles Wesley's first line -- "Servant of God Well Done" -- is quoted. Most of the time, one or more entire verses of the hymn is employed in the tribute. I have titled each division of this composition by the name of the triumphant one to whom the tribute is paid, and have used varying amounts of the context of the tribute. The tributes are presented alphabetically by the name of the triumphant, translated one to whom the tribute is paid -- and this I have done, even though it places Wesley's tribute to Whitefield next to the last. Anyone wishing to jump from tribute to tribute so as to read any before its place in the text can easily do so by searching for the name of the one to whom the tribute is paid.

One thing I am hoping that this compilation, and those similar to it, will accomplish is to bring before the reader portions of entire publications that are in our HDM Library, so as to create an appetite in the mind that will induce him or her to read the whole publication. It is my persuasion that one of the pathetic failures among many Wesleyan/Holiness preachers today is their failure to READ -- their failure to fill their minds with vast amounts of Wesleyan/Holiness history, biography, and other literary publications by those who have preceded them. What percentage of conservative holiness preachers today, do you think, read much more holiness literature than that which they hurriedly browse on a Saturday night while preparing their Sunday messages? -- Selah. Here I forbear.

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SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!

By Charles Wesley, in Tribute to George Whitefield

1

Servant of God, well done!

Thy glorious warfare's past;

The battle's fought, the race is won,

And thou art crown'd at last;  
Of all thy heart's desire  
Triumphantly possess'd,  
Lodged by the ministerial choir  
In thy Redeemer's breast.

2

In condescending love,  
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;  
And bade thee suddenly remove  
To thy complete reward:  
Ready to bring the peace,  
Thy beauteous feet were shod,  
When mercy sign'd thy soul's release,  
And caught thee up to God.

3

With saints enthroned on high,  
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
And still To God salvation cry,  
Salvation to the Lamb!  
O happy, happy soul!  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Long as eternal ages roll,  
Thou seest thy Saviour's face!

4

Redeem'd from earth and pain,  
Ah! when shall we ascend,  
And all in Jesus' presence reign  
With our translated friend?  
Come, Lord, and quickly come!  
And, when in Thee complete,  
Receive Thy longing servants home,  
To triumph at Thy feet!

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Part 1

JOHN BRODHEAD

The tribute to John Broadhead found in the following text was taken from hdm0568, "Guide to Holiness Articles," edited by Dexter S. King.

John Brodhead is a name well known in the annals of New England Methodists. The memory of what he was, and what he did, they will ever love to cherish.

We ought to remember the great and good who have passed into the skies, not for their sakes, but for our own. They do not need our tears or praises; but it is profitable to us to reflect on their labors and attainments. Nothing is more animating to "the soul that is seeking to realize the highest results of the Divine Life," than to see them exhibited in the experience of others -- nothing more inspiring to those who pant after usefulness, than to contemplate the successful labors of good men who have gone before them. In respect both to Christian experience, and religious efforts, we feel that, "what man has done, man may do." And we feel too, that God, who was so rich in grace towards them, is rich unto all who call upon him. Has he done great things for them? He is able to do for us too, "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think!"

It is universally admitted, that example is powerful -- more powerful than precept. Then let the examples of the great and good, after having blessed their contemporaries, be carefully handed down to posterity. It is said that "David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God fell on sleep." But his example does not sleep. All the dear children of God, from that day to this, have felt its powerful influence. In every age of the church his cheerful faith has strengthened the suffering and depressed, while his sad fall, and deep repentance, have in turn warned and touched many a heart. Yes, David, while serving his generation, was unconsciously living for posterity. Surely he has done more good, a thousand times over, since he "fell on sleep," than he ever did when he was awake. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

We have, then, high authority, as well as high encouragement, for writing the biography of good men. But while such records are valuable, they are not always so beneficial as they might be, because the gifts and graces of the individual described, are too often spoken of as if they were inherent, or somehow of his own procuring; and we stand gazing in admiration of the man, instead of looking gratefully to that Almighty power and love, which wrought in him to will and to do. Paul, the noble-minded, self-sacrificing, fervent-spirited Paul, says: "By the grace of God I am what I am." Every renovated heart says the same, and shrinks from human applause. Its language is, "Do not praise me; thank God."

John Brodhead was born in Smithfield, Northampton Co., Tenn., Oct. 5th, 1770. He had a pious mother, who brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. When we hear of a great man, we always expect to find that his mother was an intellectual woman; and when we hear of a good man, we almost always find that he had a good mother. It has been said by a careful observer, that, "there never was a great man, the elements of whose greatness might not be traced to the original characteristics, or early influence of his mother." The converse of this proposition, however, does not hold true.

In the present case we are left to judge of the intellectual qualities of the mother, from what we know of the son, and we shall conclude that she had a good mind, as well as a good heart. "Mr. Brodhead has been heard to say, that he never forgot the impressions made upon his mind while kneeling at his mother's feet learning his little prayers." But many years passed away before that pious mother received the answer to her petitions. God taught her to wait, as well as to pray. It was not till his twenty-second year, that her son became truly and permanently interested in religion.

While listening, one evening, to a Methodist preacher, his attention was arrested, and he was brought under a deep conviction of his guilt and danger. He went home in great distress; and wishing to avoid observation, took refuge in the barn. Here, while he mused, the fire burned, and a voice seemed to utter itself in his soul, "Prepare to meet thy God!" His distress increased, and he no longer tried to conceal it. He saw so clearly, that he, and all his impenitent friends were on the verge of eternal ruin, that he not only cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" but began to warn others "to flee from the wrath to come." He told his companions in sin, that "if there was mercy for him, he was resolved never to rest till he should find it." One of them replied, "you are beside yourself; the Methodists have made you crazy!" "No," said he, "I have been beside myself most of my days, but now I am returning to my right mind." He was made the instrument of awakening several of his friends before he had himself submitted to God. Soon, however, he was brought to the foot of the cross, and there he lost his burden.

Now his whole concern was to persuade others to embrace the Saviour. His attention was soon turned to the work of the ministry. He entered the itinerant service in 1794, at the age of twenty-four. His first circuit was in his native county of Northumberland, Penn. In this case, it seems the prophet was not without honor in his own country. His fine powers of mind, his ardent affections -- both natural and gracious -- his commanding personal appearance, and powerful oratory, would have distinguished him anywhere.

The next year he was appointed to Kent, Del. In 1796 he came to New England, and took the Readfield circuit, in Maine. The year following he was sent to Massachusetts. Lynn and Marblehead were the scene of his labors. In 1807 he had charge of the Boston District. Among his co-laborers were Pickering, Webb, Munger, Steele, Kibby, Merwin, and Ruter. During his ministry he labored more or less in all the New England States. The whole of his ministerial life was spent in New England, except the first two years.

His toils and hardships impaired his health; and at the age of forty-six we find him among the superannuated. During the remainder of his life, a term of twenty-two years, he sometimes recovered sufficient strength to labor a year or two at a time; but fifteen out of the twenty-two years, he was compelled to be on the superannuated list. In 1837 the powers of mind and body rallied for one more effort; he labored a year at Scabrook and Hampton Mission, N. H., and died in the service. This event -- so joyous to him, so afflictive to the Church occurred April 7th, 1838. He was sixty-seven years old, and had been forty-four years in the ministry. He died of a disease of the heart, under which he had been suffering many years. His covenant God was with him in the death valley, and the light of heaven shone brightly upon him. Those who witnessed his triumphant death, and had seen his devoted life, could say,

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!"

The Boston Post paid the following tribute to his memory, at the time.

"Possessing, naturally, a strong mind, warm affections, and an imposing person, he was a popular as well as an able and pious preacher; and probably no man in New England, had more personal friends, or could exercise a more widely extended influence. He was repeatedly elected to the Senate of his adopted State, and to Congress. Yet was always personally averse to taking office; and though he spoke but little on political subjects, the soundness of his judgment, and the known purity of his life, gave much weight to his opinions. In the early days of his ministry, he endured almost incredible fatigue and hardship, in carrying the glad tidings of the Gospel to remote settlements; often swimming rivers on horseback, and preaching in his clothes saturated with water, till he broke down a naturally robust constitution, and laid the foundation of disease, which affected him more or less during his after life. In his last days, the Gospel, which he had so long and so faithfully preached to others, was the never failing support of his own mind. To a brother clergyman, who inquired of him, a short time before his death, how he was, he said, 'The old vessel is a wreck, but I trust in God the cargo is safe.'

We find the following notice in the public records of the church.

"He was a good man, deeply pious, ardently and sincerely devoted to the interests of the church and the world: it is known to all who were acquainted with the untarnished excellence of his character, that a great man and a prince has fallen in Israel."

Mr. Brodhead was gentlemanly and dignified in his manners, yet there was mingled with his dignity, such a sweetness and humility, that he commanded from those who approached him, both respect and love. Perhaps no preacher of his day was more universally beloved. Alike, the favorite of the old and the young; it would seem that the hearts he won for his Master, he first won to himself. His pulpit talents were of a high order. His sound, logical mind, deep tenderness, and vivid imagination, gave him great power. But the best talent of all, and that which does most secure success, is the talent of being in earnest. There is nothing like it. Any man may have this, and be powerful -- the greatest man without it, is weak. Mr. Brodhead made his hearers feel that he was in earnest. It is said that sometimes he spoke with an eloquence almost irresistible. His large person and noble countenance seemed to expand with the majesty of his thoughts, and he stood forth before the awestruck assembly, with the authority of an ambassador of Christ. At, other times, both preacher and hearers would be dissolved in tears.

He was a man of strong faith. It was on this solid foundation that the whole superstructure of his Christian character was built. Faith made him efficient in action, and patient in suffering. It was this that made him so energetic and persevering, in spite of bodily weakness. He was "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." This imparted that hopefulness too, which gave such an impulse to all his undertakings. He was patient, gentle, forbearing, and forgiving -- obeying the apostolic injunction, "Ye then that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." A heart full of love to God and man, can afford to do this.

How important it is, that preachers of the Gospel should be men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost! What would Mr. Brodhead's talents have done for him without this? He might have won the hearts of the people to himself, but he never could have won them to Christ. But while the minister of the Gospel walks with God, it is necessary he should remember, that he is also to walk with man. He must not lose himself in study, or heavenly contemplation, so as to forget that he and

his people are yet in the body. He must mingle freely with them, preaching a thousand little sermons by the wayside and fireside, rejoicing with those who rejoice, and weeping with those who weep. He must be accessible; so that when an inquirer comes, and tries to state his difficulties, and can hardly find words or courage to utter them, he may be able to help him out. There is nothing so powerful as private preaching. People are used to hearing sermons, but they are not used to being faithfully conversed with. Direct appeals to individuals oftentimes produce much more effect than the speaker has any idea of.

Nor is it the impenitent alone who need the personal attention of the preacher. Those who have begun the Christian course require much instruction. They have a great deal to learn about the life of faith. They should be urged to seek for sanctification as earnestly as they ever sought for conversion. But here a difficulty presents itself: can a minister preach to any purpose beyond his own experience? Sanctification is a great subject; and if ever an experienced teacher is wanted, it is here. It is not enough that we say to the young Christian, we believe it your privilege to enjoy the blessing of perfect love, and to be kept from all voluntary transgression, we must be able to say, we know it is so from our own blessed experience.

It is difficult to see how a preacher can hope to lead any of his people into the way of holiness before he has entered it himself. It is like an unconverted man trying to lead sinners to Christ. There are many things which may be taught intellectually, and learned intellectually, but this is not one of them. This is something that goes from heart to heart. How can any Christian minister, who believes this pearl of great price may be obtained, rest a moment till he has sold all and bought it? Holiness is a part of our creed, but until it becomes a part of our experience, it is to us but a hidden treasure -- a something that we think is within reach, but which we never lay our hand upon. What is a rich inheritance worth to us, if we do not take possession of it?

No degree of piety, short of entire consecration, can ever be satisfactory to God, or to our own hearts. Nothing short of this will give efficiency to action, take the burden from life, and the sting from death. Holiness is the great want of the church and the ministry. When it is generally enjoyed by the preachers, we may expect it will be by the church. Then, and not till then, will the world be converted. How many ministers of the gospel there are, who do not enter into the rest of faith themselves, and hinder those who would! Everyone who believes in the doctrine of holiness, and does not enjoy it himself, will inevitably be a great hindrance to others. If he be considered a good man, conscientious and zealous, so much the worse. The people will say or at least will feel -- "If so good a man as our preacher has not attained this state, it is not worthwhile for us to seek it."

Let those who lead the flock of God think of their responsibility in this matter, especially when they reflect that they have a light on this subject which their brethren in the ministry of other denominations do not enjoy. But so far as they fall short of the actual experience of the blessing, they put their light under a bushel.

If all the preachers and leaders in the Methodist Church should come into the enjoyment of perfect love, how quickly it would be apparent in their sermons and addresses; how soon the more spiritual members of the church would catch the sacred flame, and in their turn communicate it to others. Then there would be one general, glorious and permanent revival of religion. The



impenitent could not stand before such a holy influence they would be converted. And would it stop here? No: it would be felt by other denominations. Those who now object strongly to our views on this subject, could not gainsay or resist the evidence which would then be given. They, too, would seek, and they would find. Then the world would quickly be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea!

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## Part 2

### JOHN WESLEY CHILDS

The tribute to John Wesley Childs found in the following text was taken from hdm0818, "The Life of John Wesley Childs," by John Ellis Edwards. It is the funeral service for John Wesley Childs by Rev. G. W. Langhorne:

The following discourse was delivered in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Lynchburg, Virginia, the 15th of May, 1850, on the occasion of the death of Rev. John Wesley Childs, by Rev. George W. Langhorne, of the Virginia Conference. It is an admirable sermon; and contains a fine review of the life and labors of the subject of the foregoing biography, and will well repay a careful perusal. It forms an interesting and appropriate Appendix to the life of Mr. Childs; and we feel happy in being permitted to lay it before the readers of this volume. It is proper to say, that the discourse was prepared for the press at the request of the family of the deceased.

\* \* \*

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." -- Acts 20:24

The remarkable phenomena which graced the conviction of Paul; the mighty struggle through which he was called to pass ere he was delivered from his spiritual thralldom; and the alacrity with which he entered upon, and the intrepid manner in which he prosecuted, the onerous duties of his high and solemn calling, all seemed to foreshadow his subsequently bright and glorious career.

After many years of unexampled labor in the kingdom of Messiah, we find him on his way to Jerusalem; and having reached Miletus, he dispatched messengers to Ephesus, and called together the elders of the church, in order that he might instruct them more thoroughly in the things appertaining to their pastoral duties. When they had come unto him, he adverted to the manner in which he had demeaned himself before them -- the fidelity and zeal with which he had discharged his apostolic functions -- and, at the same time, informed them that clouds of impenetrable uncertainty cast their fearful shadows over his future prospects, and precluded any definite opinion as to the final result: "save that the Holy Ghost testifieth ... saying that bonds and afflictions await me." It is but reasonable to suppose that the instincts of nature involuntarily recoiled at the prospect of physical suffering, yet his spirit rose in the majesty of divine sufficiency, and,

disdaining to yield to the promptings of natural timidity, he boldly avowed his purpose to go forward in the strength of all conquering power -- to risk limbs and life itself in the cause of religion, and leave the consequences in the hands of God.

You have been summoned together this afternoon, yet not to receive the parting benedictions and heavenly instructions of the ambassador of the "Prince of peace," nor even to gaze upon the face irradiated with the divine fire that glows within a bosom warmed and inspired with the love of God; but to pay the last sad tribute of respect to an honored, beloved, and deeply-lamented minister of Jesus Christ -- to follow to the lone retreat, and commit to the custody of the insatiate tomb, the mortal remains of the Rev. John W. Childs, who for twenty-three years has been a member of the Virginia Annual Conference.

This solemn event imposes on your speaker a most painful and impressive task -- a duty which derives its poignancy not from any misgivings as to the present beatitude of our brother, but from sacred reminiscences -- from the premature blight that has settled upon the hopes, and the tide of unutterable anguish which rolls its chilling waves over the warm affections of the heart-smitten widow, helpless orphans, and numerous relations. In the exercise of my ministry I have been often called to attend to the grave the hapless victim of the "king of terrors" -- to perform the obsequies [funerals] of the pious dead as well as those whose wayward lives and impenitent deaths threw back no ray of hopes to cheer the heart-riven survivors; but never until this hour has it been my lot to perform this office at the demise of a minister of Christ -- a brother beloved, and co-laborer in the vineyard of our Lord. I will not attempt an apology for my incompetency, or indulge in those repinings which might seem to infringe upon the wisdom, or call in question the goodness of the Master, being fully persuaded, that if ever I have witnessed an instance in which the tear of sorrow has been wiped away by the sunlight of immortality -- where the loss of the survivors preponderates with "an eternal weight of glory" to the departed, it is in this case; for him "to die was gain."

The text and the occasion combine to invite us to contemplate the ministerial appointment, its toils and cares, and the noble daring and self-denial requisite to a faithful discharge of the functions of the same.

In conducting this examination, I take leave to remind you --

I. That the true minister of the Gospel receives his appointment thereto from the Lord Jesus Christ -- "the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

At the promulgation of the Law, and the internal organization of the Jewish confederacy, and the original institution of the Gospel, the Almighty saw fit to hallow and immortalize those stupendous events with such visible manifestations of his Godhead and power as furnished them with the undying evidences of their Divine origin; and as his benevolent designs were to be accomplished through human instrumentalities, he honored his original agents in a manner suited to their peculiar positions, and the exigencies of their calling -- threw around them such clearly marked evidences of supernatural appointment as would challenge the confidence and rebuke the incredulity of all succeeding ages. These, however, were given for a specific object, and designed

for a limited period; after which the Gospel was to appeal to its own excellencies, and the ministry to less conspicuous, yet equally satisfactory, indications of Divine appointment.

If an individual or a class of persons should claim to be the legal representatives of these holy and remarkable men, whose call to the apostleship has been indelibly written in preternatural works and plenary inspiration, a discerning public would naturally anticipate and wisely demand the production of those evidences that will make good such high pretensions; and in default of such testimony, no declamations could save them from the just suspicion of impostors -- as being empty vapourers, whose only claim is founded in arrogance!

While there is no reason to expect any supernatural phenomenon to attend the call of a man to the sacred office in our day, still the Scriptures of God, and the uniform belief of all orthodox Christians, justify and require a belief in, and acknowledgment of, a Divine influence in such an appointment. On this subject the word of God expressly declares -- "No man taketh to himself (rightfully) this honor but he that is called of God, as was Aaron;" while the church propounds this heart-searching inquiry -- "Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you the office of the ministry in the Church of God?" To which the candidate is required to respond -- "I trust so." Of this appointment to the work of the ministry I take leave to say --

1. It is made irrespective of the wishes, and in direct opposition to the opinions of men. In this instance the "Lord of the harvest" acts arbitrarily. He calls for no counselor with whom he may advise; and admits no fellow to the secret purpose of his will: His infinite wisdom has marked out the great pathway of his mediatorial operations; and his illimitable power, while it condescends to press into its service the frail instruments of earth, reserves to itself the right to do, and the honor of having accomplished his godlike designs, "that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." Hence, he appoints to this work whom he will: it may be an erudite Paul, an eloquent Apollos, or a plain, unlettered, and uninformed Peter; still, let the lot fall on whom it may, it is his own choice, his sovereign act; and he who enters the ministry in any other way is a hireling intruder into the sacred office.

The validity of this appointment is not dependent on human ceremonials, but on the call of the Holy Ghost, and its confirmation by Divine sanction. On this point, the following, from the Rev. H. Bascom, is so pertinent to my purpose and consonant with my own opinion, that I take the liberty of transcribing it for your benefit -- "We are far from thinking, however, that the Divine commission of which we speak, is, in every essential consecutive sense, dependent on human authority. The weighty, heaven-required qualifications for the ministry are not likely to result from a hasty miscellaneous conscription on the one hand, or systematic recruit for the pulpit on the other. Those who have rushed into the pulpit from visionary impulse, or selfish, interested motives, or have been conducted thither by the drill and cant of others, deserve sympathy, it is true, but only as objects of pity. They are like the prophet's 'abomination of desolations,' found in the place where of all others they ought not to be, and their folly is not unaptly illustrated -- for the analogy is prophetic -- by that of Uzziah, who, usurping the rights of the altar, lost his throne; and, entering the house of God an unaccredited priest, went out a perpetual leper."

In seeking the true basis of ministerial vocation, we do not appeal to the fable of prelatical succession, or ecclesiastical reproduction by corporate church arrangement, inconsistently

derived, as we conceive, from a union, a marriage of convenience, on the part of the "man of sin" and "mother of abominations," and but too aptly symbolized by the one and the other. We are compelled to reject every theory which does not preserve the ministry from the very doubtful origin, the bastardy involved in such an assumption. Here the matter is presented in a true gospel light -- is placed on the only scriptural basis, the appointment of God most high.

That man who has entered the ministry with that sense of imperious necessity which attends the call of the Holy Ghost, -- who tremblingly adventures on a work he did not seek, yet dares not omit, -- will, in the exercise of his sacred functions, receive those evidences of Divine approval that will confirm his own convictions of duty and he his witness to the church and the world, that he went forth at the bidding and under the smiles of the Master. "Ye," says the apostle, "are our epistle, known and read of all men." The ministry of such an one will not be a mere syncretism, [syncretize v.tr. Philos. & Theol. attempt, esp. inconsistently, to unify or reconcile differing schools of thought.] but a demonstration of the "power of God and the wisdom of God."

While our lamented brother was not indifferent to those prudential regulations which affix the seal of ecclesiastical recognition of a Divine call to the work of the ministry, he, nevertheless, traced his authority to the only correct and sufficient source of ministerial qualifications -- the bidding of the Lord Jesus Christ; and his whole life furnishes us with the assurance that nothing short of the most overwhelming conviction of indispensable duty -- an obligation which involved his present peace and eternal welfare -- could have induced him to engage in the toils and responsibilities of preaching the Gospel. The lips which would a few days since have declared the heaven-inspired motive which moved him to the office of an "ambassador for God" are now placed under the seal of death, and consequently are incapable of responding to any interrogatory which the curious may be inclined to propound on this particular point; yet I will venture the assertion that he did not "rush into the pulpit from visionary impulse, or selfish, interested motives," nor was he "conducted thither by the drill and cant of others," but deep down in the chambers of his conscience the "still small voice" of the infallible Teacher issued the mandate of Heaven, and with trembling awe, and self-distrusting care, he obeyed the summons.

But his commission has been required by the Master of assemblies -- the weapons of warfare are laid down at the feet of his commander -- for the last battle, the dread contest with death, has been fought and won; and instinctively we turn to the scenes of his conflicts, and the fields he was called to cultivate, in quest of these heaven-attested evidences of his divine warrant; and, on a hasty review, we return with the joyful report that souls, converted through his instrumentality, have already died in the faith, and have "heired the promised thrones" of God's kingdom -- have entered in advance of him the "church of the first-born in heaven;" while many more are enrolled in the "sacramental host," and are wending their course, and fighting their way to the great rendezvous above. Jesus Christ, the "captain of our salvation," honored and crowned his feeble instrumentality,

"Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the cross."

I take leave to remind you --

2. That the appointment to the office of the ministry is made at the loss of temporal prosperity and worldly honor. He who enters the ministry as it should be entered, and prosecutes it with that singleness of purpose and assiduity of labor with which it must be followed, in order to meet the high and holy designs of its Author, must give up all other pursuits, and abandon every other and inferior object. A minister should be "a man of one work!" Having buckled on the sacerdotal armor, and entered the wide arena of spiritual contest, he should gaze on the world as spread out before him in all its false alluring charms -- the cross despised, rejected, scorned -- and be able to sing with the poet from the very bottom of his heart

"Jesus, I my cross have taken;  
All to leave, and follow thee:  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be."

That it is in strict accordance with the will of God that those who serve at the altars of his church should be separated from secular pursuits, and dead to the honors of the world, is made plain to my mind from these facts that, under the Mosaic economy, God gave to the tribe of Levi no portion in the distribution of the land of promise; "he designed that they should be supported by the tithes, the first-fruits, the offerings that were made in the temple; by their share of the sin-offerings and thanksgiving -- offerings that were sacrificed in the temple, of which certain parts were appropriated to the priests," and the peculiar constitution of the ministerial corps under the Gospel of his Son, of whose appropriate, peculiar, and absorbing duty, the apostle Peter thus speaks -- "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables ... We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." (Acts 6:2, 4.) And whosoever (unless providentially incapacitated for active efficient labor, or forced by the penuriousness of the church) turns aside from these heaven-prescribed duties to amass the pelf [paltry wealth] of earth, to evoke the empty applause of men, or to supervise and control literary institutions, does, in the opinion of your speaker, compromise, to a great extent, that work to which he professed to have been called.

It surely does not savor of vanity, nor will the charge of egotism lie against me, when I assume, for the great body of the ministry, abilities equal to those possessed by their fellow men; nor is it unreasonable to opine that if they had directed the talents which God has given them, to secular employments; they would have secured for themselves and families an honorable share of the temporal independence and fame which have crowned the efforts of the men of this world. Many of them abandoned, for the sake of the Gospel, pursuits which, in the ordinary course of events, would have filled their coffers with gold, and inscribed their names in the temple of fame. But God ordained it otherwise -- selected them for another and a nobler enterprise -- impelled them to a work, which, though despised and spurned by a majority of the world, and too lightly esteemed by the church, shall ultimately receive a reward commensurate with its true merits; for, "when infidelity lies buried in the grave of years, epitaphed in characters of execration by the millions disabused of its sorceries, the ministry shall receive the homage of ages, and share the admiration of a virtuous universe." But, for the ministry to share the reverence of the present, and extort the homage of succeeding generations, it must be kept separated from the mammon mania which has infected the world, and free from those aspirations after the "honor that cometh of men" -- that love of praise, to gratify which morality, humanity, and religion, have been so frequently

and shamefully sacrificed. And, indeed, if the duties of the sacred office are faithfully and conscientiously discharged, there will be neither time nor inclination to pursue any other object. Happy is that man who can say in truth -- "Lo," I "have forsaken all, and followed thee."

While I am not in possession of any information as to what avocation our departed brother had selected anterior to his entering the ministry, or what smiling, cheering prospects of wealth and honor loomed up before him, and cast their radiance on the distance; still I may venture the opinion, that had he applied himself to any ordinary business with the same assiduity and perseverance which characterized his course as a preacher of the Gospel, plenty would have crowned his board, and competency have descended to his family. But he forsook all, and became emphatically "a man of one work." All the energies of mind and body were laid under contribution to advance the glory of God and the good of the church: aye, his heart, mind, life, substance, were laid upon the altar of his Maker; and as holy fire, the fire of love, consecrates the offering, it bound him a willing and adoring captive to the interests of Christianity. No mental reservation -- no probable prosperous or popular contingency marred the sacrifice, or held in dubious equiponderance his future operations; his purpose was settled, his consecration entire; and his course was onward, and as unwavering as the needle to the north pole. He could, and no doubt did, invariably sing with the poet:

"And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright."

The conduct of the deceased, as it regarded his temporal affairs, seemed to those most intimately connected with him by the ties of consanguinity, to savor of an indifference incompatible with his relations as husband and father; and ever and anon feelings of disapprobation struggled in their bosoms; and, it appears from a touching incident that occurred during his last illness, that he was not ignorant of those views. In a conversation with the companion of his bosom, touching this matter, he asked, with tears in his eyes, if she censured his conduct; alleging that if she did, it would be the bitterest drop in his cup of affliction. Being assured that she did not, he replied "I did it, my dear, to cut off all occasion to turn aside, and to give all I could to the poor." Whatever may be thought of the correctness of his opinions, and the propriety of his conduct in this matter -- and there will be differences of opinion -- still the high and holy motive which influenced him must be admitted, and should command our admiration. He felt that God had called him to preach the Gospel -- made it his business to do all the good in his power; he knew that the flesh was weak, that ministers are not angels, but men; that the means of temporal comfort and independence might give additional force to the complainings of nature against the toils and privations of the life of an itinerant; and by possibility ultimately lead him to the land of location; therefore, to "cut off all occasion to turn aside" -- to deprive the enemy of his soul of this weapon, and the flesh of this vain prop, he gave away every thing that was not absolutely necessary for the wants of his family. His views may have been, and I incline to the opinion, were erroneous, but the motive was right, and characteristic of the man-like John W. Childs, whose fervor of soul in communing with his Maker kept him in such a state of spiritual absorption, as enabled him to be continually feeling --

"Nothing I ask or want beside,

Of all in earth or heaven,  
But let me feel thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven."

I take leave to remind you --

3. That this appointment is often attended with great personal sacrifice. When the Gospel was first promulgated, its adoption was understood to involve, or put in jeopardy, almost every temporal interest; to subject him who embraced it, to the loss of everything save the happiness it imparted, the hope it inspired. But, as Christianity has advanced, as its glorious and benign influences have spread over the world, the nations have been constrained to do her reverence; and, consequently, the bitterness of opposition, and the virulence of persecution through which she formerly made her way, have disappeared, and now we may all worship God according to the dictates of our consciences, "none daring to make us afraid." With ascriptions of unutterable praise to our heavenly Father, be it said, that the raptures of pardoning love are no longer overcast with the shadows of prisons, tortures, and death; nor is a conscientious profession of religion attended with forebodings of the confiscation of goods, or forcible expatriation from family, home, and country; nay, for every house may be a domestic temple into which the foot of violence dare not enter.

But, while this is true of Christians in general, and likewise of those ministers whose ecclesiastical economy is of a local character, it may still be affirmed of itinerant ministers, that they are required to forsake all, to forego the smiles and company of their parents, to behold, it may be, the tears, to mark the mental agonies, and hear the lamentations of widowed mothers; to give up the gushing sympathies and the warm solacements, the cheerful conversation and dear association of sisters and brothers, and the comforts and employments of home; and go, they know not where, it may be to the "city full, or desert waste," to the salubrious atmosphere of the mountain ranges, or the far off low-lands, whose swamps and streams emit the health-destroying if not life-consuming miasma. Aye, they must enter the house where wealth spreads its profusion around, and the cot where gaunt poverty is impersonated in every object that meets the eye. Such is the life of an itinerant.

It is often said, and in its practical application to some of the ministerial corps, said correctly, that so far from making sacrifices, their conditions are greatly improved by entering the ministry; that they had but little, if anything to forsake, and everything to gain. In like manner, infidels are wont to ridicule the idea of the apostles sacrificing anything, when all they had to leave was their fishing nets. This may be true, and yet they forsook their all, gave up that which had been, and was still capable of procuring them a competency. Even so may it be said of the most ordinary and obscure among the ministry; for the poorest and most inconsiderable have their endearments, associations, enjoyments, and hopes; and does not every bosom swell with a bounding response to the poet's assertion,

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Now, all these must be forsaken, -- sacrificed for the sake of the Gospel.

While, as has been admitted, some ministers are the gainers by their office, -- that they form associations, and reach a prominence to which they had remained strangers but for the ministry; still, there are many others whose family connections will compare with any in the land; and whose rearing, in consequence thereof, was such as to give them access to any society they might choose to enjoy, and whose talents would have raised them to eminence in any department in life. Hence, however high they may raise in the estimation of the church, though their lots may always be cast with the choicest of the spiritual flock, still they lead a life of sacrifice, and must continue to do so, as long as they remain in the itinerant field.

He whose demise we are now lamenting, realized his share of the "lights and shadows" which make up the eventful life of an itinerant. Home, and its cherished reminiscences; kindred, and the endeared associations of youth; and the world, with its hopes and prospects, were all abandoned, truly and unreservedly resigned. In the course of his pilgrimage he passed through the regular gradation from the novitiate to the position of presiding elder, which office he filled for several years. When you are informed that more than twenty-three years of his life were employed in this work, and all the time, except while presiding elder, was spent on circuits, you may readily conclude that he was no novice in the toils, privations, sorrows, and joys of the ministry -- he tasted them all.

With these views on the appointment to the sacred office, and the sacrifices and duties of the same, I will proceed to state --

II. That having received this office from the Lord Jesus, the pervading desire and absorbing concern of the true minister, is faithfully to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. "So I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

The concern expressed by the apostle Paul, and which, to some degree, glows within the bosom of every true minister of Jesus Christ, is not a fitful emotion, the mere effervescence of a moment, but a deep-rooted, abiding principle; and one that gains strength and intensity in proportion with the growth of grace in the heart. It is a rekindling of that flame spoken of by the prophet, "the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up;" a type of the heaven-inspired feeling of Paul, who declared, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." The self-called and humanly-authorized preachers, those men who convert the pulpit into a theater "on which to display, not the sanctity of a Jewish prophet, or the purity of a Christian apostle, but merely to excite the eager, it may be idiot, gaze of an undiscerning crowd, the vendings, perhaps, of sectarian bile, or the still more sickly pulings [sic] of some pampered favorite or starvling [sic] sycophant," [flatterer] are of course, and from necessity, strangers to the concern of what the text speaks. Not having entered the outer court of Christianity, they cannot understand the sublimer mysteries of grace, much less the deep things unfolded in the ministerial office; for let it be remembered, that "he only is a real minister of Jesus Christ, who, in the character of his ministry, consults alike the weal of man, the welfare of ages, and the glory of God, and is solely and burningly occupied with the one pure, intense interest."



That man who is influenced by a concern akin to that felt by the apostle, will be continually looking --

1. To his personal piety and ministerial fidelity. -- No man can be a minister of Christ who is not a child of God by spiritual regeneration -- made such, not by imposing ceremonials, but by "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." We had as well maintain that a foreigner or an outlaw can be an ambassador from our government to a foreign court, as to suppose that an unconverted individual can be a Gospel minister. The thing is as clearly contradictory as it is positively absurd. As, therefore, personal piety is an indispensable prerequisite to ministerial appointment -- a qualification without which all things else are unavailing -- even so is it essentially necessary to maintain this state of grace in order to fulfill the duties of the office. That a decent exterior, an outward conformity to conventional regulations, and an avoiding of gross immorality, may exist and be maintained in the absence of personal piety, will be admitted; but such a ministry will be a mere cipher -- a drudgery as unproductive of good to the church and the world, as venal [corrupting] to the individual himself. If I have not entirely misapprehended the meaning of the Master, these views are fully sustained by him in the following memorable passage. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt had lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of man." (Matt. 5:13.) Some, whose interest may be advanced by the evasion, may attempt to destroy the force of this passage by saying, "The salt used in this country is a chemical compound -- muriate of soda -- and if the saltiness were lost, or it was to lose its savor, there would be nothing remaining." True, such is the fact, but the salt used in eastern countries was "impure, mingled with vegetable and earthy substances; so that it might lose the whole of its saltiness, and a considerable quantity of earthy matter remain. This was good for nothing, except that it was used, as it is said, to place in paths or walks, as we use gravel. This kind of salt is common still in that country." If, therefore, there be any point in the simile, it is to be found, not only in the uselessness of an empty profession of religion, but specially in the worthlessness of an ungodly ministry.

This truth cannot be too deeply impressed upon the hearts of the ambassador of Christ, or too jealously guarded by the Church of God, since the archives of time are burdened with the sad memorials of a Christless ministry -- tell to all succeeding generations tales which, on the score of unholy ambition, moral degeneracy, and heartless barbarity, stand unsurpassed; if, indeed, they have ever been equaled in the history of time. All of which ambition, moral corruption, and fiendish cruelty, may be traced to a departure from, and destitution of, the principles of the Gospel, and personal heartfelt piety!

No one quality in the character of our brother was more prominent and remarkable than his deep personal and uniform piety. For this he was distinguished among his co-laborers, and revered by all who knew him. In point of intellectual strength, literary attainments, and pulpit efficiency, he was not regarded as pre-eminent; but for religious experience, entire devotion to God, rapt communion with the "Father of spirits," he was surpassed by none and equaled by but few. Whoever associated with, or came in the presence of, John W. Childs, whether in the social circle, the assembled congregation, or the Conference room, was impressed with an idea that the very atmosphere which surrounded him was impregnated with a spiritual unction -- that God's accredited and honored representative was there. If I may be allowed the use of such an expression, I will say, that his devotional spirit partook of such an ethereal cast as rendered it

almost unique. So firmly had he bound his heart to the throne of God, so passionately embraced within the arms of his warmest affections the superlative excellences of the adorable Redeemer, that he seemed to live above the world and its evanescent concerns. If the truth could be ascertained, I think it would appear, that at least one-third of his waking hours were spent upon his knees before God. Nor were his devotions the mere offerings of the lips -- a formal, soulless invocation of promised good, such as characterizes the approaches of the formalist; but they were the profound breathings -- the intense flowing out of the heart; the wrestling of a spirit penetrated with an excruciating desire after entire conformity to the Divine will; a contest, in which the strongest energies of the soul were engaged -- a soul animated by a living faith: which, resting its claims on the atonement of the Lamb, and undergirded with the immutable truth of the covenant-keeping God, seemed to breathe forth the high resolve --

"Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know."

He loved to pray! Prayer was the choicest employment of his heaven-aspiring spirit -- his light, his life, his bliss. Through this consecrated channel he was wont to draw nigh to God, to penetrate the ranks that encircle with their blaze the throne, to catch the inspiration which awes, exhilarates, and entrances the "first-born sons of God," and "obtain grace to help in every time of need." Whoever looked upon him while in audience with the Deity, can never eradicate from his mind the hallowed impressions of that hour. Nay, memory will ever and anon recur to the scene, and call up the rapt abstraction of the spiritual wrestler. Hence the secret of his deep piety and ministerial fidelity -- he "walked with God," and was sustained by the Divine afflatus.

Whenever the desire spoken of in the text, and which is felt by every Gospel minister, is kept alive by that experimental enjoyment of God, which is the birthright of every child of heaven, it will lead the minister of Christ to look --

2. To the honor and exaltation of the sacred ministry. It is a divine and holy calling; and, in point of the honor, dignity, responsibility, and usefulness, has no equal in the world. To be an ambassador for God; an agent whose duty is to negotiate a peace between heaven and earth; to transact business which connects time and eternity, to be the instrument in forming a moral caste that must give an eternal locality to the occupants of time, is an office at once the most exalted and onerous [weighty], and which extorted from an inspired Paul the inquiry, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Notwithstanding the impropriety and injustice of estimating the intrinsic excellences of religion by the external deportment of its professors; still the major part of mankind do and will continue to judge of its qualities by its living exponents. While the truth of this remark will apply to professors in general, it is essentially applicable to the ministers of the word. They are expected to be the lively exemplars of that heavenly-devised system which brings "glory to God in the highest," and diffuses "peace on earth and good-will to men." Hence, if they fall below the standard of moral purity excited by the Gospel, and called for by enlightened public opinion, religion suffers, and the ministerial office is disparaged, if; indeed, it is not contemned. To a want of personal religion, a proper perception of, and concern for, the dignity of the ministerial office, and a becoming zeal for the honor and exaltation of the same, is to be traced the horror with which

it was regarded in the days of the inquisition, and the utter contempt into which it had sunk in the times of Charles the Second. (Macaulay's History of England, Vol. I., pp. 305-6-7.) While the minister of the Gospel should never seek in a vitiated [invalid] public opinion the standard of his faith and the rule of his conduct, he is, nevertheless, so to demean himself as to acquire a "good report from them that are without." A stranger alike to that sycophantic suppleness of spirit that caters to public applause, and that stupid indifference to enlightened moral opinion, which some have evinced, it should be his study and delight so to "magnify his office" that "the ministry be not blamed:" yea, he is to live in such strict conformity to the revealed will of Jehovah as to "commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

While the messenger of the Most High should guard, with uncompromising vigilance, the dignity and honor of his office by throwing around it a sanctity of moral purity, and call to his aid a zeal commensurate with its high and holy destiny, he should be equally careful to separate from it that unnatural and superstitious reverence with which impostors and "clerical coxcombs" [coxcomb n. an ostentatiously conceited man; a dandy.] have striven to invest it. Such intruders into the ministry have presumptuously and blasphemously set themselves "up as a single caste of mediators between God and man;" and for their own elevation and venal purposes have assayed to transmute the simple ordinances of the church into infallible channels of grace and salvation, and "bartered, in exchange for works, and penances, and gold, the salvation freely given by God." A course of conduct so plainly antagonistic to Scripture warrant, has given just occasion for the sneers and reproaches which have been so lavishly bestowed upon the ministerial office by the carping enemies of the Gospel. The true minister of Christ will address himself to the work of saving his office from the blur of an ungodly life, on the one hand, and an impious elevation and sickening exclusiveness and monopoly on the other: his soul will respond to the poet's description of what a pastor should possess --

A father's tenderness; a shepherd's care;  
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;  
A ruler's awe; a watchman's wakeful eye;  
A pilot's skill -- the helm in storms to ply  
A fisher's patience, and a laborer's toil;  
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;  
A prophet's inspiration from above;  
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love."

The earliest and most cherished recollections of our departed Brother Childs are associated with the ministerial office. His honored father was a devoted preacher of the Gospel; and, after spending twenty years of his life as an itinerant in the Baltimore Conference, fell, like his lamented son, on the field of battle, with his armor on. Being thus early brought into intimate connection with God-fearing and holy ministers, and growing up under the influence which such an association produced on piously-disposed minds, it is not surprising that when called to that office himself he entertained the most exalted conceptions of its dignity, and devoted his subsequent life to the exaltation of the same. Believing most firmly in the Divine inspiration of the Bible -- that it is God's own book, a "transcript of the Divine mind," a record of truth and a sacred directory, he applied himself to the study of its pages, with the purpose of conforming his life to the requirements of the same. It was from this source of heavenly illumination that he derived his

portraiture of a Gospel minister -- learned what he was to be in himself; and to the church and the world. Here he ascertained that in his personal character the minister must be "blameless" in life and conversation; "vigilant;" maintain a watchful care over himself and the church of God; be "sober," serious, and grave; to avoid, on the one hand, lightness and frivolity, and, on the other, gloomy moroseness; he must be "hospitable" in his feelings and social contacts, avoiding every approach to that habit of mind which is "greedy of filthy lucre," and leads to "a love of money, the root of all evil;" that he is to be no "brawler," because a wrangling, noisy disposition is incompatible with the meekness and patience necessary to the "man of God;" "ruling well his own house, having his children in subjection," and thereby avoid the damnable doctrine of priestly celibacy -- "forbidding to marry," as set forth and maintained by anti-Christian Rome; and that indifference to, and neglect of; parental authority and discipline which brought shame and reproach on Eli and ruin on his sons; and, in order to meet the requirements of God and the wants of the church, he should not "entangle himself with the affairs of this life," by entering into any secular employment, whereby his mind may be harassed and his labors divided.

But, the duties of the ministry are not circumscribed by his own or his family's interests, for they are also of a relative character; and hence he learned that he should "study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of God" -- be "apt to teach." Having thus drawn from the treasury of infallible knowledge and instruction the standard of ministerial character, he addressed himself to the task of filling up the outline; and I appeal to his brethren in the ministry and laity to testify to the fidelity with which he accomplished the work. We may examine his life from the commencement of his ministry to its close, and assert, without hesitation, that in him "the ministry" was not justly "blamed."

Perhaps I may be allowed, at this point, to allude to his private habits. Brother Childs loved retirement. The closet or the silent grove were sacred retreats to him; for there he could abstract his mind from the world, commune with Jehovah, and study his holy word. This love of seclusion called him away from that social mingling with his people which is generally expected and desired, and which, if properly regulated, is productive of good, both to the minister and his flock; and, in consequence of his habits of retirement, he was thought by many to be too much of an ascetic. [ascetic n. a person who practices severe self-discipline and abstains from all forms of pleasure, esp. for religious or spiritual reasons. -- Oxford Dict.] But, when we learn that the ordinary conversations of the world had no charms for him; that they neither imparted light to his mind or food to his heart; that to have partaken of them would have quenched the fire of his devotion and diverted him from the great object of his life -- entire consecration to God, we may find in his conscientious scruples an apology for his apparently unsociable manner of life; and especially when we remember that he invariably left behind him the savor of a good name -- an impression that a man of God and a minister of the Gospel of peace had been there! And surely this was worth more than all the empty and not infrequently ambiguous encomiums on the social and convivial qualities of some who bear the name of ministers. The lamented Childs honored the calling, and strove to exalt the office of the ministry.

The motive of which I have been speaking influences the soul of the faithful minister,

3. With an intense concern for the success of the Gospel. The man who entertains correct views of the Christian revelation, knows that it "was not intended merely or mainly to gratify the

intellectual curiosity and enrich the mind of man, but so to change his nature and reverse his moral condition, as to establish him in the final virtue and happiness of heaven. Nor is there any lack of evidence to demonstrate to his mind the moral efficiency of the Gospel to effect these legitimate designs of the Christian dispensation. Nay, for "it has humbled the power and pretensions of every other worship to the dust -- even the most lofty and imposing, sustained by the lore of Greece and the empire of Rome." While the power and success of the Gospel, which have been imperishably epitaphed on the demolished fanes [temples], fallen altars, mute oracles, and disbanded priesthood of antagonistic systems, are to continue a portion of the world's eventful history, and the safeguard and hope of all succeeding generations, still the grand designs of the Gospel will not be accomplished without the most uncompromising fidelity, indomitable courage, and unwearied efforts of those on whom God has condescended to place the honor of being under-helpers and subordinate agents in the work of human salvation.

To the eye of the Christian philanthropist, and especially to the divinely-appointed minister; the world is tabled out as a vast graveyard, within whose walls are imprisoned millions upon millions of immortal beings of all ages and classes, who are infected with one common and fatal epidemic, and tending with the rapidity of time to the grave; while just beyond the yawning tomb glares the fiery caldron of judicial wrath -- the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." While gazing on a scene so tremendously awful -- a scene the reality of which can scarcely be penetrated by the most vivid imagination -- and which bids defiance to language to describe its shadow, the heart is deeply penetrated, and the spirit, imbued with that love that brought the Son of God to earth, burns with heavenly zeal to make known "the Gospel of the grace of God."

That the Gospel is in deed and in truth "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," that unless this be believed and embraced the bitterness of endless death will be the doom of every sentient [mentally perceptive, and thus accountable] being, are facts which impress themselves upon the mind with a force that is irresistible. And to be lost! -- to "linger in eternal pain and death for ever and aye" -- to be "banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power" -- to depart accursed, with devils, "full powerful to reason, and full mighty to suffer!" Who can bear the thought -- look upon such a prospect, and not feel the very deep of his heart heave with unutterable desire to open the prison door, and let the captives go free!

The inefficiency of all other expedients to reach and remedy the dire necessity is legibly imprinted on the ever-augmenting guilt and accumulating wretchedness of our race. The impotency of unaided reason to devise means for the relief of mankind, and the glorious adaptation of the Gospel to the necessities of the world, and its sufficiency to recover the lost, are clearly set forth in this memorable statement of facts made by Origen, who says -- "I know of but one Phaedo and one Polemon throughout all Greece, who ever were made better by their philosophy, whereas Christianity hath brought back its myriads from evil to virtue." Seeing, therefore, that the Gospel is the great moral panacea, whose curative qualities can remove the fearful epidemic under which our race are pining and dying, the true minister of Christ fervently desires, and patiently labors to disseminate it throughout the world.

No one acquainted with the deceased, will question his interest in the matter. The facts which have already been given touching the sacrifice he made for the sake of the Gospel are sufficient to attest the truth that "the love of Christ constrained" him; and if any other evidence

were needed, I might appeal with confidence to his wrestling spirit, his zeal in preaching the word, and the fidelity with which he warned, entreated, and prayed "men to be reconciled to God." Could I render vocal the toneless rooms, groves, and pulpits, where for more than twenty years, this man of God prayed, wept, and preached, they would declare that, next to his own salvation, he longed and labored for the success of the Gospel in saving souls. He lived, prayed, and toiled, that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he "received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Nor did he strive in vain. The grace he implored was given; his desire to witness the success of his mission was to a good degree, granted him, and the goal has been triumphantly reached. Earth has lost a faithful ambassador; the church a burning light; his family -- name them not! 'twere vain to attempt a description of their deep sorrow and irreparable loss: but heaven has received and crowned a devoted subject -- he has "entered into the joy of his Lord."

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."

III. That, while in the conscientious discharge of the duties appertaining to his office, the true minister is not diverted from his course by the frowns or smiles of the world, the toils and privations of his work, and the dangers which attend upon his calling. "None of these things move me; nor do I count my life dear unto me."

It must not be supposed that the high resolve uttered by the apostle in the words just quoted, is, in our day, a mere ideality -- the dream of some romantic enthusiast; for, while it is admitted that open opposition to the Gospel, and violence to its advocates, have, to a good degree, passed away, still they have numerous and powerful enemies to encounter, and untold difficulties to overcome. The scepter of moral revolt that once waved in proud defiance over a besotted world, though pierced and torn, is still waving; and the armies of the "prince of the power of the air," though discomfited, thinned, and broken, are, nevertheless, still in arms against the "King of Zion," and ready to be employed when, where, and in whatever way their wily chief may desire. With these facts in view, the minister of Christ knows --

1. That the world despises and contemns his office, while the church itself places too low an estimate on the sacred calling. Always watchful over the welfare of his disciples, and vigilant in imparting unto them all the instructions which they were capable of receiving, that they might be "furnished unto every good work;" and also be forewarned of the dangers which they would necessarily encounter, we hear the Master admonish the apostles as follows:-- "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you."

"If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (John 15:18, 19) Thus warned, they are sent forth to brave the hatred and persecution of the world, and the undying malignity of the devil.

The nature of man is the same in all ages; for he is "shapen in sin and conceived in iniquity." The seeming amity of the world toward the Gospel and its advocates is not to be attributed to any radical change in the nature of man, but to the prevalence and power of religion, and the influences of education and the pulpit. While, therefore, that deep and bitter hostility formerly evinced toward Jesus Christ and his kingdom has been succeeded by a more pacific exterior, we must not forget that now, as formerly, "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Its very constitution has been totally perverted, and is, in consequence thereof the very opposite of what it should be, and what religion professes to make it. This inapposite state of the human heart to the service and love of God is the real secret of its hatred to the Gospel and its messengers, and hence the minister should not be surprised when the world hates him. Indeed, he should esteem it an evidence of piety if he be hated by the wicked; for it is often the case that "most decided evidence is given that a man is the friend of God, by the opposition excited against him by the profane, the Sabbath-breaker, and the desperate." When, therefore, the servant of God encounters the dislike and persecution of wicked men, he should not think strange of it, since it was expressly stipulated for in the divine warrant -- "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely for my sake.

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Matt. 5:11, 12.)

It would be gratifying to the feelings of your speaker to dismiss this feature of his subject with the foregoing reflections on a state of things clearly revealed by God, and anticipated by every enlightened minister, without adverting to another and far more painful and humiliating topic; but this may not be done, and however painful the task, still justice to the subject in hand demands an allusion to the fact, that the church itself places too low an estimate on the office and services of its ministers.

That there are many in the church who entertain proper affection for, and evince a becoming Christian sympathy in ministers and their families, I most readily, and with unfeigned pleasure, admit; but that a large majority of church members are sadly at fault in these things, is most clearly and shamefully inscribed on the meager provision made for their support; the failure to meet the penurious allowance; and the want of sympathy for, and interest in, themselves and families, which it is their right to expect, and a burning shame and crying sin in the church to withhold.

The economy of other churches places it within the power of their ministers to provide against those contingencies which so often mar the happiness and augment the sufferings of itinerants. They select their own fields of labor, stipulate for a sufficient and certain support, and, consequently, are not subject to the apathy and penuriousness of an indifferent officary, who, if they take any steps towards providing for the minister, make every step with the most rigid adherence to the least possible expense. Not so, however, with our ministers. They have no choice in the matter; but having dedicated themselves to a system of ministerial operation that seeks the good of the whole church, they must go where the Episcopacy directs, whether it be to plenty and comfort, or to want and suffering. Such being the nature of our economy, the ministers and their families are deserving of, and should receive, the gushing sympathies of the entire membership,

and a comfortable independent support from the church. But do they realize them? Let every district, circuit, station and member answer this interrogatory.

That our lamented Childs had his share of these sad ingredients in an itinerant's life is but reasonable to suppose. Such deep piety, close, faithful preaching, and pointed denunciations of sin as characterized his life and ministry, could not but excite the disrelish, and draw down upon him the contumely and persecution of the slaves of sin. Yet he murmured not, but patiently endured all for the sake of Christ and his cause.

Nor was he a stranger to that criminal indifference which is sometimes evinced by certain portions of the church. This, however, was not the case with all. Nay, it is true of but few of the many appointments he was called to fill. To the most of them he and his faithful, but now, alas! heart-smitten consort, turned with delight, and warmed their pilgrim hearts with the cherished recollections of reciprocal affection -- with the reminiscences of other days, and never-to-be-forgotten friends.

I take leave to remark --

2. That the minister of Christ receives his office as one of toil and care. -- If we were to form an opinion of the ministerial office as it is seen in national establishments, we might conclude that it is a post of ease, honor, and emolument; but when we turn from such an unscriptural and unnatural connection and perversion, and draw our type of a Gospel ministry from the word of God, we learn that it is a work in which the heart, mind, and physical energies are all laid under contribution, and often taxed to their utmost tension. To be a "watchman on the walls of Zion," charged with the solemn duty of warning men of their danger -- of convincing them of sin, righteousness, and judgment -- of keeping them constantly apprised of the number, adroitness, malignity, and power of their foes -- to feel the responsibility and danger of his position, as portrayed by the poet --

"The myriad foe, in close array -- come on to try their might, A  
night assault- -- and if thy tramp mistake a single sound, I'll  
hang upon these battlements the watchman on his round."

Many will prompt the exclamation -- "Great God! who, uncalled, unbidden, would be sent a watchman!"

But this office implies more, for the minister is constituted a "Shepherd and Overseer," and has committed to him the task of "feeding the flock and taking the oversight thereof." To discharge the multifarious duties of such an office is to keep constantly employed all the energies of body and mind -- to labor night and day for the good of souls.

We must look for our brother's views of the laborious duties of the ministry, as they were exhibited in his life. He was no laggard in the vineyard of our Lord: no "hireling" in the Church of God. In preaching the word, he was "instant in season, out of season." Personal ease and worldly comfort formed no part of the plan of his operations. "Onward!" was his watchword; and in sunshine or in rain, in the heat of summer, or the piercing cold of winter, in health and debility, by



night and by day, he was found on the watchtower of Zion: and his "trump mistook not a single sound," but, truth, fidelity, and perseverance characterized his "rounds on the battlements" from 1827, when he became a "watchman," until 1850, when he was called to quit his post of trust, and take his position among those bright exemplars of Christian purity and elevation who, after imprinting the halo of their examples upon the scene of the contest, stand in the presence, and attend upon the person of the "Captain of their salvation." In that bright and honored company, John Wesley Childs is now enrolled.

I take leave to say --

3. That the work of the ministry is one of danger. -- When I allude to the dangers that attend the preaching of the Gospel, it must not be imagined that I wish to class them with those encountered by the early ambassadors of God. They lived in remarkable times -- were called to a work peculiar in itself and unique to the world, and in consequence thereof, were doomed to extraordinary trials and constant exposure. These times, however, have passed, and the events which rendered them unusual have also disappeared. While these things will be admitted, still we are not to conclude that the work of the ministry is without danger; true, these grow out of natural causes, still they are real, and in some instance formidable. Hence Dr. Clarke remarks that he who attends faithfully to the works of the Master "must sooner or later fall a martyr to his work." That many have thus fallen is a matter of history, and that many more will do so is almost certain.

As has been stated, the itinerant system adopted and carried out by our church, subjects our ministers to every variety of climate and mode of living; and these changes have their influence on their constitutions and health. The man who this year inhales the salubrious bracing air of our mountain country, may, the very next, encounter the miasma generated and exhaled by the swamps and bogs of lower Virginia and North Carolina; while he who today reposes on the downy bed and shares the luxuries of the rich, may tomorrow sleep in the log cabin, and share the not less hospitable yet entirely different fare of the poor. In addition to these, the constant exposure to all kinds of weather, and at all seasons of the year, contributes its influence to bring on premature age and infirmity, or, indeed, death itself. Yet he who is impelled onward in his high calling, by the love of Christ and the souls of men, is not diverted from his course by these difficulties, be they many or few; aye, were they a hundred times more, still the language of his heart would be -- "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy: the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Far above the clouds that hang over the pathway of life, looms up "the day-star of glory," whose enchanting brilliancy so captivates his spirit, as to render him, in some good degree, indifferent to his toils and sufferings -- makes him exclaim with the apostle -- "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

I need not inform you that our deceased brother experienced his share of the dangers above alluded to, and realized their effects upon his constitution and health. But it was what he expected when he entered upon his work. The school in which he had been trained was a practical commentary on the vicissitudes of itineracy; and consequently he was prepared to expect not only incessant toil, but constant exposure to disease and death. Yet he was not "moved" because dangers, ever and anon, cast their shadows over his prospects; and that he did not "count his life

dear unto himself" is demonstrated by the fact that from A. D. 1827 to 1850 he was entirely engaged in preaching the Gospel.

The last appointment he received was the Gloucester circuit. Several circumstances conspired to render that appointment peculiarly trying to our brother; and these, when rightly considered, will serve to exhibit the strength of his purpose and the self-sacrificing spirit with which he prosecuted his arduous duties. It is a low circuit, and by many considered unhealthy; he had never traveled in the low-country since his marriage; and as his family had suffered much the past year on Brunswick circuit, he had cause to fear that the change would be prejudicial to their health. Alluding to this subject in his letter to his sister-in-law, he said: "I know not whether our appointment will be a profitable one or not. I trust I had no hand in it, therefore I feel the more resigned to Divine Providence." There was no parsonage on the circuit, and that to a man with a wife and six children was no small difficulty, especially when it is known how indifferent many of our churches are in renting parsonages for our ministers. That his mind was troubled on this point will appear from the same letter, where he remarks: "There is no parsonage on the circuit, and I cannot tell what difficulties may be in our way, but we trust the Lord will provide, and that all things will work together for our good;" and, before starting to his circuit, after a season of unusual wrestling with God, he said to his wife that he was impressed with the belief that he should not live long. Hence, it is more than likely, in starting for his field of labor, he felt as if he was going to his grave. This impression may have called forth the finest desire in his letter -- "I long for holiness, for purity; it is this that I pant after more than for gold or silver, or the cattle on a thousand hills ... Oh, had we the spirit of Charles Wesley when he sang

'Welcome alike the cross or crown.'"

In nearing the heavenly world he made frequent and careful observations; and whenever the report was demanded, it was always apparent that his bearings had been correct. In consequence thereof, his destination was certain -- the haven of repose, illumined with the radiance of immortality, was just before him, while celestial spirits whispered him away.

He was an affectionate husband and father, and those dear ties entwined themselves about his heart with a strength and firmness that were exceedingly difficult to break and unloose; still the sacrifice was demanded, and grace ultimately triumphed over the promptings of nature. To his wife -- the faithful sharer of his weal and woe -- he addressed words of comfort and encouragement -- "Trust in God," said he, "and he will take care of you and our children." In vain did this cold, selfish, grinding world array itself against his reliance in God's faithfulness, for with unwavering faith he declared -- "I have entire confidence in God, who will not suffer you and our little ones to want." To the church,\* at whose altar he ministered for twenty-three years, he has committed these loved and helpless ones! And may she see to it that the trust be not abused!

[\*No, it was to God, not the church, that John Wesley Childs committed his family. Had it been to the church, he would not have had such utter assurance that they would be cared for. -- DVM]

A short time before he departed to his long-sought home, our sister Childs said to him, "Husband, have you no word of advice and comfort to leave me and our children?" Looking

steadily in her face, he said, with much feeling and energy -- "MY LIFE -- what more can I say?" It was enough! Yes, the life of John W. Childs is the best advice, and the surest comfort, that can be addressed to wife, children, brethren, and the world; and the richest encomium that can be offered to his character. For a life thus spent on earth, shall be rewarded in heaven.

And now may the richest blessings of a covenant-keeping God descend upon and ever abide with his family; and the mantle of his piety and zeal rest on us, his fellow laborers, for Christ's sake! Amen.

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### Part 3 THOMAS COKE

The tribute to Thomas Coke found in the following text is found in file hdm0563, "The Life and Times of William McKendree," by Robert Paine.

About 1806 Dr. Coke finished his great work, "Commentary on the Bible," which he had undertaken in compliance with the request of the Wesleyan Conference of 1792.

Dr. Coke may be justly styled the father and founder of the domestic and foreign missions of our British brethren; at least, so far as they were not the direct result of the itinerant system under Mr. Wesley. He is entitled to the credit of having founded and sustained the mission in the British Colony at Sierra Leone, Africa. Having failed in his first attempt to establish a mission among the heathen Africans, his attention was afterwards called to the fact that some Negroes who had been carried at the close of our Revolution by the British troops and Tories from the United States to Nova Scotia had finally been colonized at Sierra Leone, and that some of them, having been Methodists in America, had introduced religious worship among the colonists, had formed a society, and built a chapel, he immediately resolved to supply them with a preacher. Hence the origin of British missions among the Africans. He advanced three thousand dollars to furnish the outfit of this mission; and for the outfit of the East India Mission, he offered thirty thousand dollars, if so much should be found necessary.

For many years, by his personal influence, he sustained missions in the West Indies, Nova Scotia, the Norman Isles, Ireland, Wales, Gibraltar, and the destitute portions of England; and it was only a short time before his death that any permanent and reliable organization for raising missionary money was devised by the Wesleyan Methodists.

Dr. Coke does not seem to be chagrined by the course pursued toward him in America in declining his proposition, for at the General Conference he substantially renews his former proposal, if his services should be deemed imperatively necessary. His kind, congratulatory letter to Bishop McKendree upon his election, already quoted, is another evidence of his sincerity and magnanimity.

It is foreign to our purpose to follow, in detail, the history of this great and good man; suffice it to say that after having devoted a life of singular purity and energy to the cause of God, to

which he had given an amount of money out of his own purse which might be regarded, even in England, as a large fortune, he projected the East India Mission. On December 30, 1813, he, in company with a noble band of missionaries, embarked for India, and on May 4, 1814, he died on board the ship. His body rests under the equator, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, but we doubt not his ardent and holy soul has found a home in the Father's house. He died of apoplexy, suddenly and alone in the night, in his sixty-seventh year.

Dr. Coke was very low of stature, but finely proportioned. His voice was feminine, and remarkable for melody and distinctness. He was a ripe scholar, a ready debater, quick in his apprehensions, impulsive in his emotions, and a delightful preacher. He was fitted, both by nature and habit, to an active life. One great passion reigned over his life, it was a noble one: it was to do good by spreading true religion over the earth. Methodism owes him much. In England, Mr. Wesley found him a very useful helper; and after that great reformer passed away, the Doctor was of infinite service in uniting the society and guiding its missionary operations. American Methodists should never forget the man who came to help Asbury and Methodism, as did Lafayette to sustain Washington and Congress in the Revolution. Nor was his love for us a sudden or a transient feeling. He crossed the Atlantic nine times; and, although he did not remain long at a time, yet his talents and influence were ever ready to be employed for our welfare.

His peculiarities were the result of his temperament and of his English education. His virtues were many and great. In connection with the constellation of the world's benefactors, his name will glitter in the historic firmament like a bright and beautiful star, forever. His body rests amid the pearls which pave the Indian Ocean; its deep, blue waves sing his requiem, but his monument is the missionary enterprise of English and American Methodism; and at the resurrection of the just, myriads from Africa, Europe, America, and the islands of the sea, will hail him blessed.

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!

The voice at midnight came;  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:  
He fell, but felt no fear.

Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

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Part 4  
ALFRED COOKMAN (1)

The tribute to Alfred Cookman found in the following text is taken from hdm0859, "Life Sketches of Alfred Cookman by William McDonald. It part of Chapter 13, which was titled: "Final Triumph: Sweeping Through The Gates."

The remark has often been made:

"What a misfortune to the Christian Church that Alfred Cookman should have been called away so early in life, in the forty-second year of his age! He had many years of active life before him, and the Church so much needed his services." We do not sympathize with this complaint. The Church has gained by his dying vastly more than she could have gained by his living. His dying song of victory will live long after all his labors have been forgotten.

Some men die old at thirty. Others are children at fourscore. The real fact is: "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best; he whose heart beats quickest lives longest -- lives in one hour more than in years do some."

"The dead have all the glory of the world."

"If the sun were never to rise again," says old Jeremy Collier, "it would look grander to tumble from the heavens at midday, with all its light and heat, rather than gain a few hours, only to languish and decline."

"The last act of such a life is much like the last number of a sum, ten times greater than all the rest."

Rev. Thomas Walsh, of whom Mr. Wesley said, "Such a master of Bible knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again," and under whose ministry he claims that "more souls were converted than under the labors of any man of his time," died at the age of twenty-eight. But his influence still lives. Rev. John Summerfield, the most eloquent and effective preacher that ever stood in an American pulpit, and whose memory is as fragrant as "the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley," and can never be dissipated, died at the age of twenty-seven. Rev. David Brainerd, whose self-sacrificing labor is an inspiration to every missionary of the cross, and of whom Bishop Hamline once said, "I would rather be David Brainerd, wrapped in my bearskin and spitting blood upon the snow, than to be Gabriel," died at the age of twenty-nine years. The influence of such a man must continue to be felt until "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ." Bishop Janes, in addressing some missionaries, said, in substance: "Go to your field of labor, and devote all your energies to save the heathen, and take the very first good opportunity to die and go to heaven." It is often true, "The good die first, and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket."

It is true, Alfred Cookman died comparatively young; but he lives in the love and admiration of God's people, and will while holiness is accepted as the "central idea of Christianity."

Mr. Cookman had reached the last milestone of his mortal life, and was now about to "languish into the life immortal." Such an end could not be said to be "languishing," except in the sense of the indescribable physical agonies which he suffered. As he approached the "Golden Shore," he had, like Stephen, visions of an open heaven. After a severe attack of physical agony had subsided, he had, or fancied he had, a remarkable vision. He was just inside the city of God. While there, he was first received by his Grandfather Cookman, who said: "When you were in England, I took great pleasure in showing you the different places of interest. Now I welcome you to heaven, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Then his father, whose features were as distinct as when he saw him in his boyhood, said: "Welcome, my son, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Then his brother George clasped him as he arrived, and said, "Welcome, my brother, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Finally, his son Bruner received him with the same salutation, "Welcome, father, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The saints of God have sometimes had such visions. They have come nearer than to say, "The holy ones, behold they come! I hear the noise of wings."

They have said: "Don't you see them? Don't you hear the music?" They sing:

"Bright spirits are from glory come;  
They're round my bed; they're in my room;  
They wait to waft my spirit home, --  
All is well."

Once reporting this dream, if one is pleased to call it a dream, to his wife, he said, "What an abundant entrance!" Notwithstanding these wonderful visions of heavenly life, and his manifest fitness for the place, he was often heard to repeat the words:

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Like Wesley, he could say:

"I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me."

When the faithful soul comes face to face with the realities of the last struggle, he sees nothing left to him but Jesus. His past faithfulness, his personal holiness, no matter how deep and complete; his abundant labors and marvelous fruitage in souls -- all these count for nothing in the presence of the Throne. He finds that "there is no way into the holiest of all but by the blood of Jesus."

Alfred Cookman, as he drew near the close of life, seemed more and more anxious that every movement lived, every word spoken, every meeting held, and every sermon preached, should bear the stamp of the Holy Spirit. They distilled fragrance that was everywhere felt. His spiritual-mindedness, during the last few weeks of his life exceeded by far any former period in his life.

"Sometimes," he said, "I think my work nearly done, and when I take my bed it may be the last sickness."

As late as the 18th of October, less than one month before his death, he attended the annual meeting of the National Association in New York. His soul seemed in a state of spiritual ecstasy. His heart was all on fire. As we walked along the street with him, he said: "Let me take your arm. My limbs trouble me, and I am weak." Though he seemed very feeble, we had no thought that death was so near. He made his last visit to his brother John, then stationed at West Twenty-fourth Street. He attended a love-feast two days before his final illness in Halsey Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark, and gave a clear, ringing testimony, relating his experience, especially on the subject of holiness, saying to two brothers who accompanied him home: "I know it is not popular to hold up the doctrine of holiness; but I thought I would do my whole duty then. I feel this may be my last opportunity." There is little doubt that he expected his end might be near.

Four days after he attended the annual meeting of the Association, he performed his last public service in his church, Sunday, October 22d. He was now about to do what he had many times, when in health, said he would like to do. "I would like to die, if it were God's will, with my armor on, and preach by my death as well as by my life." He would like to die as Rev. Dudley Tyng died, saying, "It was glorious to die as he did, for his dying testimony is yet echoing round the world." God gave him his desire, and his dying testimony, like Mr. Tyng's, is echoing round the world, and will continue to be heard while the annals of dying saints are read. The trembling believer will take courage by it as he approaches the "swellings of Jordan."

Mr. Cookman's text in the morning was from Mark iv, 25, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." It was a solemn, searching sermon. As evening approached he complained of not feeling well. "Mrs. Cookman was very anxious to secure some one to fill the pulpit for the evening service;" but he was not willing. "I think I have a message from God for this people. I shall preach from 'The faded leaf.'" He arose, holding in his hand a faded leaf, saying, "This is my text, 'We all do fade as a leaf.'" He seemed unlike himself, and several persons remarked to his wife that "He looked like one transfigured." One lady remarked to her husband that she "did not think that Fletcher could have looked more seraphic." As he passed from the pulpit, he handed the faded leaf to a friend, saying as he did so, "That leaf and the preacher are much alike -- fading." As he concluded his sermon his feet gave way, and it was with some effort that he limped from the pulpit to his home. As he reached the parsonage and met his anxious wife, he seemed almost distracted with pain. He was assisted to his chamber, saying to his wife, "I have preached my own experience tonight -- 'Fading as a leaf.'" A physician was summoned, who pronounced the disease "myalgia, or acute inflammatory rheumatism." The pain was confined to the ankles and the soles of the feet; but so intense was it that he remarked to us that it would have been a relief to place his feet in the fire. No language can describe the agony he suffered. Rev. L. R. Dunn says: "In attempting to describe his sufferings to me, he used the following language: 'If the bones of my feet were all teeth, and each one had what we call the jumping toothache, it would give you some idea of what I suffer.'" He himself said that "while his whole physical nature was quivering with agony, his higher spiritual nature triumphed in God." He said to us: "In the midst of my most severe agonies, my soul has been so filled with God that for a time I quite forget the pain."

Mr. Cookman seemed hopeful of his recovery in the presence of his friends; but beneath all this hopeful exterior there seemed to be a conviction that his work was done. There was always an "if." After about a week of suffering, as above described, there came a lull, and he became hopeful and cheerful, and spent the time in reading, or being read to, and in writing brief letters to his friends. The comfort he found in reading the Word of God was very great.

The 29th of October, one week from the time he was prostrated, the members of his Church, who were very anxious, held a prayer-meeting to pray for his recovery. He dictated a note to the meeting: "This is a Sabbath of great physical suffering, and yet it is proving, doubtless in answer to your prayers, the most precious of all my life. I am Christ's suffering little child; amid the very sharp, keen, excruciating pain, I feel that Jesus presses me even more closely to his great heart of love, and lets me realize the power of his Divine sympathy and tenderness. God bless you all -- the kindest, dearest people that any pastor ever served."

Among the letters written in these intervals of suffering, he addressed some to his most intimate friends. We select portions from one written to Mrs. Abraham Bruner, his mother-in-law. Still confined to his bed, and has been for three weeks, he says: "For some months past I have been far from well; but at the close of my sermon on the evening of October 22d, I felt my feet giving way. I limped home, went to bed, and for nine days was almost distracted with what my physicians called myalgia, an acute form of inflammatory rheumatism. The pain was confined to my ankles and soles of my feet. It was just as if the back part of my feet were filled with teeth, and all at the same time affected with violent jumping toothache. This, of course, made my feet so sore that I could scarcely bear to have them touched. It so involved my whole nervous system that towards the last it was almost like convulsions. Only once have I sat up, and then returned to bed with a raging fever. Fever, bloody expectoration, sore throat, torpid liver, disordered kidneys, absence of appetite, hemorrhoids, and great weakness are my symptoms at present. My physician, a skillful and experienced practitioner, is very faithful in coming to see me twice a day. Then my precious wife (God bless her!) has been unremitting in her attentions. Day and night, like a loving angel, she has hovered over my pillow, studying my wants, anticipating my wishes. O, I can never repay her for her self-sacrificing and unwavering love! I fancy she looks thin through her constant nursing; but she would not permit any one to take her place, and I am sure I do not want any one else.

"Above all, my dear mother, I have had the precious Jesus with me every hour of my sickness. When my pains were most severe, he would let down upon my soul such a weight of glory that I was obliged to break forth in strains of praise and joy. O, precious mother, how invaluable is full salvation in suffering and in the prospect of eternity! To feel that the soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to realize the perfect love that casts out all fear that hath torment! O, this is more than all the world beside!"

This epistle gives a graphic idea of the deep agonies he endured, and the rich and abundant blessing from God by which he was sustained. At times Mr. Cookman would break out and sing, "O, how I love Jesus!" or "Rock of Ages," etc.

We were invited to supply his pulpit Sabbath, November 12th. We called upon him with another brother on Saturday evening, and found him apparently improved, and quite hopeful. And while we prayed there seemed an unusual manifestation of the Divine presence. He was greatly



comforted, and so were we. At the close of the Sabbath morning service we retired to the parsonage, and spent the afternoon with him. We need not say that it was a season never to be forgotten. We found "the chamber where the good man met his fate quite on the verge of heaven." "Darkness" often "shows us worlds of light we never saw by day." So Alfred Cookman's extreme physical sufferings had seemed to open to his sanctified vision the glories of that world where there is no more pain," and where "they die no more." His soul had been enraptured with the sight, that strong as were his attachments to earth, with wife and little ones whom he dearly loved clinging to him, he could say: "If Jesus should enter my room and ask, 'Will you have life or death?' I should say, 'Blessed Jesus, I have no choice. Do as it pleaseth Thee.' O, I am so sweetly washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

"I have tried," he said, "to lift up the banner of holiness, and now the sweet will of God is mine." To us he said: "I have tried to preach holiness. I have honestly declared it, and O, what a comfort it is to me now!" Again he said: "I have no regrets now. I have stood up for the right, though sometimes nearly alone." At another time he said to us, "I have been true to holiness, and now Jesus saves me fully." "I am washed and made clean."

These expressions tell, as nothing else could, how deeply he was impressed with the importance of the subject of personal holiness -- being washed in the blood of Jesus. His soul seemed all aflame to declare the boundless love of Jesus. He said: "If I should recover, I shall preach holiness as I never preached it before. I have such an experience!"

One of the brethren came in to see him, and remarked: "Why, my pastor, you are all fixed up -- collar and wrapper on." He replied: "Ah, your pastor has not much strength; the outward is failing; but all is right within."

We called upon him early Monday morning, and at once observed a marked change. He had failed much during the night, and it seemed evident that he was approaching the end, and so we remarked to Mrs. Cookman. I went directly to New York, to attend the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, where I met his brother John, and said to him: "If you desire to see Alfred alive, you had better go to Newark as soon as possible." He and his mother went immediately. To his wife Alfred said, "My dear, if the Lord should take me away from you, could you say, 'The will of the Lord be done?'" She replied: "I feel that you belong to the Lord. I have always felt so; but I do not believe he is going to take you away from me." He answered, "God's will is always right and best, dear." "But," she continued, "how can I live without you?" He replied: "Jesus can be everything to you. He has been with us in the past, and he will never leave nor forsake you. You know the Bible is full of promises for the widow and fatherless. Live a moment at a time, 'looking unto Jesus,' and then, if permitted, I will be with you often, and will be your guardian angel, and be the first to meet you at the heavenly gate."

While Mr. Cookman's mother was with him on Monday, his hand became paralyzed, and as he looked at it he said, "That hand seems paralyzed, but it belongs to Jesus." The very presence of God seemed to be there, so much so that his mother said: "Alfred, I feel it a privilege to be in this room; there is such a Divine influence. It seems like the gate of heaven." He replied, "Yes, there are heavenly visitants here."

To his brother John he said: "I am not afraid to die. Death is the gate to endless glory. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." To his sister-in-law, Rebecca Bruner, who had just arrived, he said, "This is the sickest day of my life; but all is well." "If you forget everything else, remember my testimony, 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb.' Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to his great heart of infinite love." To his wife, he said: "I am Christ's little infant. Just as you hold your little babe to your bosom, so I am nestled close to the heart of Jesus."

Just before he lost consciousness, he said: "How sweet and quiet everything seems! I feel like resting now. I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

Thus, surrounded by his sorrowing family and the trustees of his Church, he closed his eyes on earth, and about four hours later opened them to "behold the King in his beauty," November 13, 1871, in the forty-third year of his age.

Dr. Edward Payson said, just before his departure: "If my happiness continues to increase, I cannot support it much longer." Writing to his sister, he says: "The Celestial City is in full view. Its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart." Again this holy man said: "O, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished." Here is also an experience which closely resembles Alfred Cookman's, when Payson says that God, as a "Sun," has come so near and become so glorious "that the light is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain," he is but repeating Cookman's experience.

The news of Mr. Cookman's death spread rapidly, as on the wings of the wind, and wherever the news came there were sad hearts. The people were astonished, as few had known of his illness, and all who had were confident of his restoration. His name had become almost a household word, and the love for him was so universal that it seemed as if one of each household had been taken.

The funeral services took place in the Central Church, Thursday, the 16th, at three P. M., and on the following day, at the Union Church, Philadelphia. The Central was packed, until the people were obliged to turn away, not being able to gain admission. At least one hundred ministers were present. The church was deeply draped in mourning. The following persons took part in the services: Rev. S. Van Benschoten read Psalm xc. Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage read 1 Corinthians xv. The venerable Rev. Dr. J. S. Porter offered an appropriate prayer. The anthem, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was sung with subdued and melting tenderness.

Bishop Simpson and the writer followed in addresses. Bishop Simpson's address has been referred to in these pages several times, and our prescribed limits do not permit its full insertion here. His opening words were: "How solemn is this moment of sorrow! With slow and measured steps we have entered the church, as though unwilling to disturb what might seem to be the slumber of a dear one. We have come to drop a tear; we have come to take a last look; we have come to gather around the form of a loved brother minister, and now a saint with the Lord Jesus. The assembling of such an audience is but a faint indication of the esteem and affection which a departed brother had gained for himself in the Church of Jesus Christ. Standing as we do at this

time on the very verge of the grave, and looking, on the one hand, to the fleeting years we have to stay, and, on the other, to the eternity that stretches out to our view, how short life seems; how unimportant the transitory interests of life, and how grand and sublime the realities of life just beyond!" He further said:

"I have no words of eulogy today over our departed brother; but I do know that in the record of his life, the mind which was in our Lord Jesus Christ was made manifest, and he had, qualities worthy of our examination and imitation." The address was replete with touching references to his personal relations to the dear departed one, and delivered with subdued, melting pathos, as if the bishop were laboring to suppress his own deep emotions, while many in that vast throng could not control their deep grief.

We spoke of Alfred Cookman's relation to the cause of holiness and to the National Camp-meeting Association, the high esteem in which he was held by the brethren, and the sorrow they felt at their loss; that no one could take his place and do his work. It was in this address that we gave, for the first time, Alfred Cookman's dying acclaim, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." Dr. (now Bishop) R. S. Foster, sitting in the front pew, could restrain his emotions no longer, and burst into a flood of tears, with which the people were in full accord. At the conclusion of the services at Central Church, the remains were removed to Philadelphia, accompanied by a large number of friends, and on the following day were taken to the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, where, in the presence of a great crowd of sympathizing friends, additional services were conducted.

The hymn, "Servant of God, well done," was read by Rev. J. Dickerson, the congregation singing. Rev. Dr. Pattison offered prayer. A Scriptural lesson was read by Rev. Dr. Suddards, of the Episcopal Church.

He followed with a brief address, paying a high tribute to the excellence of both father (George G. Cookman) and son. Rev. Andrew Longacre then delivered a very touching address upon the life and character of his lifelong friend.

Rev. Dr. Alday, the pastor of the Church, spoke of the last sickness of Mr. Cookman.

Then followed a most touching address by Dr. (now Bishop) Foster, of the Drew Theological Seminary, which we give in full. Bishop Foster said:

"If a stranger had heard these words of eulogy in regard to our departed brother, Rev. Alfred Cookman, he would have come to the conclusion that he of whom they were spoken was either a most remarkable person, or that affection had warped the judgment so that an overestimate of his qualities had been uttered. But the words were just, as setting forth the character of our departed brother.

"It is rarely I feel embarrassed as I do in this presence; not the presence of this assembly, that does not embarrass me; but (pointing to the remains before him) because of this presence.

"Alfred Cookman belonged to a royalty. There are many royalties of earth; there is the royalty of genius; but I should not class our brother with these; he was not a genius. There is the royalty of intellect; of scientific research; of the power to unfold great doctrines and grasp great principles. Though a man of a beautiful mind, a clear and strong intellect, the range and sweep of his observation was not his most wonderful gift. There is a royalty of eloquence: our brother was not wanting in this; he seemed to belong to a race whose lips were strangely touched.

"But he belonged to a royalty rarer by far than any of these, -- the seraphic royalty of earth. He was not Pauline; but he was Johanne. He was the brother of John, who leaned upon the Master's breast, from whom he drew his inspiration. He belonged to the race of Fletcher and of Payson, -- the best and rarest royalty God has ever permitted to grace the earth.

"When the brother prayed that the mantle of Alfred Cookman might fall on us, I said, 'Amen, Lord Jesus.' Not his mantle of eloquence or pulpit power, so much as his great, magnanimous, holy, and sacred character.

"As my little boy brought the message of the death of Alfred Cookman to my lecture room, he knew how it would strike me; he knew he had ministered at the altar where his sainted mother and sister used to worship; so he said in a whisper, 'Father, Brother Cookman is dead.' O how it shocked me! I thought at once that the most sacred man I knew had gone away from us; and this is my testimony today. I have known the Church for thirty years; I have known the men of the Church during that time through all the episcopacy and ministry; and the most sacred man, I have known is he who is enshrined in that casket."

As the remains were viewed at the close of the services, tears fell plentifully as the people took their farewell look at their friend and brother, questioning whether they should ever again see so sacred a person.

Five of the class who joined the Philadelphia Conference with him in 1848 -- Messrs. Gillinger, Turner, Major, Dickerson, and Adam Wallace -- carried his body from the church to the hearse. The remains were then taken to Laurel Hill Cemetery, where the funeral service was read by Rev. W. L. Gray, and the hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung, and the body was laid in its last resting-place, November 17, 1871, at the age of forty-three years, ten months, and nine days.

Memorial services were held in many of the Churches in Philadelphia; in Grace Church, Wilmington; Trinity Church, New York; and Central Church, Newark. The trustees of the Central Church placed at the right of their pulpit a Gothic marble tablet, with the inscription:

IN MEMORY OF REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

BORN JANUARY 4, 1828.

DIED NOVEMBER 13, 1871.

He walked with God, and was not,

for God took him."

Alfred Cookman rests from his labors, and his works follow him. He has already beheld the Lamb, through whose blood he was washed and made whiter than snow. His feet have pressed the golden pavements, no more to feel pain. He has tasted the fruit of the tree of life, which skirts the banks of the mystic river, whose leaves have healed all his diseases. He has looked upon the faces of the redeemed of all ages. He does not forget, nor regret, that holiness was his theme here, for it is in that world their daily song forever. He does not regret that the "blood of the Lamb" was his constant song, for by it he triumphantly swept through the gates, washed and made clean.

"O happy, happy soul!  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Long as eternal ages roll  
Thou seest thy Savior's face.  
Redeemed from earth and pain,  
Ah! when shall we ascend,  
And all in Jesus' presence reign  
With our translated friend?"

A beautiful tribute to the Rev. Alfred Cookman, by a now sainted soul, Mrs. Mary D. James:

Our Zion mourns today, and tears fall fast  
From stricken hearts. A prince in Israel --  
Beloved -- hath fallen! Hath fallen? Nay:  
called  
Up higher; to fill a nobler sphere.  
"The Lord  
Had need of him." Shall we repine?  
Why wonder that he called him home at noon?  
For had not then his full day's work been  
done?  
From early morn he toiled, and gathered  
sheaves, --  
More sheaves had garnered when he left the  
field  
Than many a laborer gathers in a day:  
So earnest in his work of winning souls!  
His love was such a burning flame,  
That Jesus wanted him to shine above;  
And, longing for companionship more close  
With one so dear, took him the earlier  
home.  
So precious to the Son of God, he seemed,  
As the loved John, to lean upon his breast;  
For did we not behold the rays divine,

Outbeaming, oft reflected in his face?  
And said to one another, "How he bears  
he image of the Heavenly!"  
His words --  
Such glowing words! -- from hallowed lips,  
Touched with the altar-fire, made "our heart"  
burn  
Within us." But the human we forgot;  
For he had hidden himself behind his Lord!  
"We saw no man, save Jesus only," there.  
'Twas love -- 'twas holy love -- his eloquence  
That charmed; a melting stream outflowing  
from  
A melted heart, as water from a living spring  
Flows ever sweet and pure.  
His source of power  
The "indwelling Holy Ghost," that moved, and  
thrilled,  
And won.  
His theme, the "cleansing Blood," --  
The "open Fountain" for polluted souls.  
And how they came and washed, and were  
made clean!  
His spirit, how serenely beautiful!  
So gentle, kind, and meek; "clothed with  
humility."  
How like the Blessed One of whom he  
learned!  
His life as a grand river, broad and deep;  
Its silvery waters flowing swiftly on  
In ministry of love, bearing rich freightage  
On its tide to bless the world.  
Glorious in triumph was his exit from  
Our shores, and his "abundant entrance"  
To the port of bliss, as echoed back  
His notes of victory:  
"I'm sweeping through  
The gates, washed in the blood  
Of the Lamb!  
Most precious theme! -- in life,  
In death -- the Blood, the cleansing Blood!  
Amid our tears, we join his victor song,  
And, one in spirit still, we're singing  
Glory to the Lamb!"

\* \* \*

## Part 5

### ALFRED COOKMAN (2)

The tribute to Alfred Cookman found in the following text was taken from hdm0602, "The Life of Alfred Cookman" by Henry B. Ridgaway. It is part of Chapter 25 titled: "The Last Hours, Sweeping Through The Gates."

It was after reviving from one of the severe paroxysms to which Mr. Cookman was subject, about one week from the first attack, that he had what may be regarded as a remarkable vision. He found himself just inside of heaven. He was first received by his grandfather Cookman, who said, "When you were in England, I took great pleasure in showing you the different places of interest; now I welcome you to heaven, my grandson, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" He was next received by his father -- whose features were as distinct as when he saw him in his boyhood days -- he also said, "Welcome, my son, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Then his brother George took him in his arms, and said, "Welcome, my brother, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" And lastly his son Bruner received him with the same salutation -- "Welcome, father, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Each one of these in turn presented him to the Throne. When he told his wife of what he had seen and heard, he remarked, "That was an abundant entrance." She asked him if it were a dream. He replied, "No, it was between sleeping and waking." Saint Stephen is not the last of God's suffering, dying servants who have seen heaven opened before their entrance into it.

He now seemed to understand as never before the expression, "Perfect, or purified through suffering." "I have known for many years what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb; now I understand the full meaning of that verse, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient, but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth." His mother, who visited him frequently, reminded him that the Saviour suffered in his feet, to which he afterward often referred. "You know the nails pierced His precious feet, and He can sympathize with me in my sufferings. 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted.'" To his son Frank he said, "The effect of this sickness is to draw me closer and closer to the heart of Jesus."

The last letters he wrote will be read and cherished as well-nigh messages from heaven.

To Miss Howland, of Wilmington, Del., now the wife of Rev. John E. Cookman:

"Monday, November 6, 1871

"Do I anticipate? Nay! your tender, loving spirit and my warm fraternal feeling constitute you already a sister beloved.

"Your sweet letter came into my sick-room like a love-bird, and its carol of sympathy caused tears of thankfulness to flow down my cheeks.

"This is the third week of my sickness. My physician (a skillful and faithful man) will not allow me to get out of bed, so that I am penning this note (the first I have written) lying on my back,

and using my pencil as best I can. For eight or nine days I suffered beyond expression. Sometimes the spasms of pain, affecting my entire nervous system, were almost more than I could bear (a new chapter in my experience), for hitherto I have been wonderfully healthy and strong; and yet, will you believe me, these have been among the best weeks of my life. When the pain was greatest, the precious Jesus would draw me closest to His great heart of love, and whisper in my spiritual ear some of His soothing and inspiring, promises.

"I am loving more and more the will of my Father in heaven, for if it brings suffering (which is but for a moment), it brings also an infinite compensation, not only in the sympathy and loving kindness of Jesus, but also in the persuasion that our present afflictions are intended to work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and to work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"Of course I have had no painful solicitude respecting the future. To the praise of the divine grace, I humbly testify this was taken away long ago. 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' My faith and hope have come back to cheer me with the assurance that 'all is well.'

"Oh! I have so much to write -- but I must forbear.

"I am, thank God, on the upward grade. My feet are still so sore and weak that I could not probably take two steps, and then my system is greatly prostrated by reason of my protracted suffering.

"Tell your precious mother that her most welcome letter of sympathy and sisterly love came to hand this morning. Its expressions of tender affection quite subdued my heart, and made me praise God for such warm, fast, Christian friends. If practicable, I will be glad to breathe for a day or two the sanctified atmosphere of your beautiful home at Hilton.

"Give my truest and best love to your dear father and mother and your venerated grandparents. God bless them, and grant that their golden wedding may ripen into the glory wedding -- and, oh! shall I not sit down with them and you at the marriage supper of the Lamb? Now I cannot write any more. Good-bye, my sweet sister Meta. Continue to pray for me. Yours forever."

To Mrs. Edward Moore, of Wilmington, Del.:

"Newark, N.J., November 6, 1871

"I am still the prisoner of the Lord -- but oh, what an honor! what a privilege! what a joy! Infinite Love is my Keeper, and the Lord's prison houses are incomparably more desirable than the gorgeous palaces of wickedness.

"This is now the third week of my affliction. Lying on my back, I am grateful to be able to use my pencil in communing with the dear friends whose tried affection is cherished among my heart's richest treasures, and the expression of whose sympathy is so soothing and welcome. When our Christian boy was wrested from us, no voice was more tender, no heart more sympathizing



than your own. We have not forgotten it -- and now that it pleases the best of fathers to afflict your unworthy brother, -- it is most encouraging and inspiring to know that that same true heart turns to the human in love and to the divine in prayer.

"Precious sister, your prayers have reached the Throne, and the gracious answers have been blessing me both in my body and my soul. Two weeks since I was struck in my own pulpit, just at the close of the evening sermon, I felt my feet giving way; I limped home, I scarcely know how. Lying down on my bed, the pain rapidly developed, until it was almost more than I could endure. Confined to the ankle and soles of the feet, it was as if that part were full of teeth, and all were quivering at the same moment with violent, jumping toothache. This, of course, made the feet so sore that I could not bear to have them touched. The pulsing pain in the sore feet, continuing day after day, involved my whole nervous system, until in the paroxysms I was almost like one the victim of convulsions. Oh, the long, weary nights! -- the throbbing pain beating the seconds of hours that seemed like little ages. "Since Tuesday last I have had measurable relief, though prostrated beyond expression in my general system. Owing to the soreness of my feet, and the condition of my liver and other organs, the doctor insists on my remaining in bed a few days longer. I have thus entered into detail respecting myself, because I thought it might be what your kind, warm heart would desire to know.

"But now, turning from the sick and suffering man, let me humbly acknowledge that the inward man, walking in the furnace, has been wonderfully sustained and enabled to triumph day after day. Oh, Sister Emily, how precious is full salvation in our times of extremity! When every nerve was quivering with agony, the heart sent up its blessed testimony -- 'Washed in the blood of the Lamb.' I realized, too, that I would have some little claim to the other part of that blessed Scripture -- 'These are they that have come up through great tribulation,' etc. I could, if I were physically able, fill many pages with these experiences all of grace. Join me to sing, 'Glory to the Lamb.'

"All the rest are well, and send you and Brother Edward tenderest love. Do please write soon again -- your letters are like so much light thrown into my sick-room. God bless my Wilmington friends."

To Mrs. Stevens, of Wilmington, Del.:

"Newark, November 8, 1871

"Today they are allowing me to sit up for a little while. Thank God for this indication of convalescence; but I am still very much prostrated in my physical nature. To rest my weight on my feet or to take a single step would be quite out of the question. As yet, there is no developing appetite whatever. I nibble a little, but it is a mere matter of form, or to make some contribution to the reduced strength of my system. The great concern on my mind has been to know exactly what is the will or design of my Heavenly Father in this dispensation. It has wonderfully increased my interest in and sympathy for suffering humanity. Oh, it seems to me I would most willingly rub or bathe the feet even of a suffering brute. It has realized to me the power and preciousness of many parts of Scripture bearing upon suffering -- passages that previously had their exposition principally in my intellect. It has satisfied me of the independent action of the soul, for when my

whole lower nature seemed to be quivering and quailing through excruciating pain, my higher being not only trusted, but triumphed in the God of my salvation. The best hours of my illness were when the fierce fires of suffering were kindling and scorching all around me. It has convinced me that full salvation is the only preparation for the ten thousand contingencies that belong to a mortal career. Oh, how soothing to feel, hour by hour, that the soul has been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to experience the inspiration of that perfect love that casteth out all fear that hath torment. These with other lessons have been most precious and profitable, and yet I cannot but think that my faithful Lord has some ulterior meaning in this affliction that is not as yet fully or satisfactorily revealed. I want to sit like little Samuel, and, with a humble and obedient heart, say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' God's will is so infinitely good, that without fear I would follow where it leads. Your allusions to the grassy hillocks in the Clyde Cemetery were most tender and touching. Truly, as you intimate, those sacred mounds become our earthly Pisgahs. They lift us above the world, and enable us to retrospect profitably the past and anticipate rapturously

"Canaan, fair and happy land,  
Where our possessions lie.'

"Let me thank you, my dear sister, for your gentle sympathy and strong and valued affection. 'A world in purchase for such a friend would not be too dear.' Your beautiful letter was read again and again in my sick-room, and in every instance it lifted me up in my thoughts and feelings. Will you not remember me most affectionately to your beloved daughters? We shall still indulge the hope of sharing with them the hospitality of our itinerant home."

To Mrs. Abraham Bruner, his mother-in-law:

"Saturday, November 11, 1871

"I am writing this note in my bed, to which I have been confined for three weeks. For some months past I have been -- far from well, but at the close of my sermon on the evening of October 22 I felt my feet giving away. I limped home, went to bed, and for about nine days was almost distracted with what my physicians entitled mialgia -- an acute form of inflammatory rheumatism. The pain was confined to my ankles and the soles of my feet. It was just as if the back part of the feet were filled with teeth, and all at the same time affected with violent, jumping toothache. This, of course, made my feet so sore that I could scarcely bear to have them touched. Then the pulsing pain in the sore feet, continuing day after day, so involved my whole nervous system that toward the last it was almost like convulsions. The only relief that I got was through morphine and chloroform. For ten days I have been relieved of the pain, but still am very sick -- Only once have I sat up, and then returned to bed with a raging fever. Fever, bloody expectorations, sore throat, torpid liver, disordered kidneys, absence of all appetite, hemorrhoids, and great weakness, are my symptoms at present. My physician, Dr. Nichols, a skillful and experienced practitioner of the old school, is very faithful in coming to see me twice a day. Then my precious wife (God bless her!) has been unremitting in her attentions. Day and night, like a loving angel, she has hovered over my pillow, studying my wants, anticipating my wishes. Oh, I can never repay her for her self-sacrificing and unwavering love! I fancy she looks thin through her constant nursing, but she would not permit any one to take her place, and I am sure I do not want any one else.

"Above all, dear mother, I have had the precious Jesus with me during every hour of my sickness. When my pains were most severe, He would let down on my soul such a weight of glory that I was obliged to break forth in strains of praise and joy. Oh, precious mother; how invaluable is full salvation in suffering and in the prospect of eternity! To feel that the soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb, and to realize the perfect love that casteth out all fear that hath torment Oh, this is more than all the world beside!

"But I am weary now. I can write no more."

Through all his sickness Mr. Cookman retained his fondness for singing, and sometimes would have his wife and his little Mary and Helen on his bed beside him, joining in such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Oh, how I love Jesus!" "I shall be satisfied," "Jesus calls me." His voice never seemed fuller and sweeter. One day he was so much better as to be able to be out in the sitting-room. Lying on the sofa, or reclining in an easy chair, his face wore a most heavenly expression, and his remark upon everything around him was, "Oh, it is beautiful! Seeing a gentleman walking fast on the street, he said, "That is the way I used to walk. I wonder if I ever shall walk that way again?" His wife remarked, "Certainly;" but he seemed to doubt it. On the last evening that he sat up, his sister Mary being present, he asked them to sing,

"Oh, it was love, it was wondrous love!"

and other spiritual songs. He retired about nine o'clock, and that was the last time the family sang together.

One day he said to his wife, "Do you know what I have been doing? I have been counting my friends." When told that it was impossible, he had so many, and that he could not have an enemy, "No," he remarked, "I do not know that I have. God has been very good to me, but you know there are some very special friends."

Never was Mr. Cookman more devoted to his wife and children than now. Having consecrated his children to God from their birth, he confidently trusted them with the Heavenly Father. Every day he wished them all brought to his bedside; especially the youngest, his baby boy, Alfred, whom he called his sunshine, he would have on his bed and play with him by the hour. His little Willie said to him one day, "Papa, do you think you will ever bathe in the ocean again?" "No, darling, I reckon these feet will never touch that graveled walk again." He even taught his boys to recite pieces, heard his daughter Annie recite a hymn, was so cheerful that all thought him convalescent, and, indeed, no one thought him critically ill until the day of his death.

On Saturday, the 11th of November, Dr. J. M. Ward, a member of the Presbyterian Church, visited and prayed with him. The Doctor afterward gave an account of the visit in *The Guide to Holiness*. [July, 1872]

"I saw our dear Brother Alfred Cookman just two days before he left us. Committing to me at that time the care of his weekly meeting for the promotion of holiness, he added, 'I shall be out in a week or two, and will resume the care of it myself.' So he doubtless thought; but the dear Lord had other service for him above. He was sitting in his chair by the bedside, his face glowing with

heavenly brightness. To speak was painful to him, from soreness of the throat; and yet so full, even to overflowing, was his heart with the love of Christ, that he could not refrain from talking. As truly might it have been said of him, as of one of old, 'the love of Christ constraineth me;' for his utterances were such as the Holy Spirit only could give.

"In answer to a question as to his sufferings during the week, he said, 'They have been excruciating, and yet so gloriously has Jesus manifested Himself to me in them all that I have been immensely the gainer from them. Such views of Christ's presence with me -- such views of His cleansing blood have I had as never before. Oh, the precious blood!' he exclaimed. Then, with an upward glancing of his eye, his head leaning backward upon the chair, he repeated, 'Oh, the precious blood, the precious cleansing blood of Jesus!'

"No marvel that he was getting clearer views of the precious blood under clearer manifestations of Christ to him, for he was ripening most wonderfully, all unconscious to himself and us all, for his entrance upon his heavenly inheritance; he was being 'made meet' for the abundant entrance so soon to be administered to him into the heavenly Jerusalem...

"The prayer was ended, in a moment more the parting was said, while hand was pressing hand, and the interview closed. But the glory filling the chamber of the sainted one seemed still to encircle me all the way homeward, giving character to my first utterances to friends, as I said, 'Oh, what a blessed interview with Brother Cookman this afternoon!'"

During the doctor's prayer he would frequently respond, "The sweet will of God." To his sister he said the same day, "If I could have life on earth by the lifting of my hand, I would not. If Jesus should ask me, 'Would I live or die?' I would answer, 'I refer it back to Thee.'" To the Rev. Mr. Dunn, in his last interview, he said, "I wish that I could tell you how precious Jesus has been to me during my sickness. I have had such views of Him as I never had before. Right in the midst of my intensest sufferings He has so manifested Himself to me that I have been lifted above them all."

He remarked to his wife, "God means something by this sickness; He is either fitting me for greater usefulness here or for heaven. I am lying passive in His hands, trying to learn the lessons He would teach me. I am sitting in the hands of the Heavenly Artist." To one of his official members he used substantially these words: "My Church is very dear to me; my wife and children are very precious; my friends are dear to me; but the sweet will of God I love better than all else; I have no choice to live or die. God has some design in this sickness -- Jesus is very precious." Often he would repeat, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The same evening the Rev. William McDonald and two members of the Church visited him; he enjoyed seeing them, and during prayer there was an extraordinary sense of the divine presence. Sunday, his last Sabbath on earth, was a beautiful day. He requested his wife to open the window and let the bright sunshine in the room, remarking, "The beams of the Sun of Righteousness are shining around me. Glory all around!" He requested to be sung --

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;"

and said, "That grand old hymn! Yes, I am weak and wounded, sick and sore."

He was very earnest all day in praying for the ministers and the preaching of the Word. In the afternoon Mr. McDonald visited him again, and they conversed closely and fully on the subject of holiness. He said among other things to this friend, "I have tried to preach holiness. I have honestly declared it; and oh! what a comfort it is to me now. I have been true to holiness; and now Jesus saves me -- saves me fully. I am washed and made clean. Oh, I am so sweetly washed in the blood of the Lamb!" That evening he became extremely weak, and so sensitive to pain that he could not bear the least noise, and yet he was tender and quiet without the slightest manifestation of impatience, and so considerate that when he heard the voice of one of the brethren in an adjoining room he asked to see him. The friend remarked, "Why, my pastor, you are all fixed up -- collar on and wrapper on." "Ah," he replied, "your pastor has not much strength; the outward is failing, but all is right within."

Quite early Monday morning he asked his wife the question, "Where will you live, in Columbia or Philadelphia?" Affected to tears she replied, "Why do you ask me that question? I could not live anywhere without you." Seeing her feel thus, he sweetly said, "I thought I would like to know." This was the first morning he was unable to shave himself; he was very weak, and he evidently was impressed that his end was approaching. He asked his wife again, "My dear, if the Lord should take me away from you, could you say, 'The will of the Lord be done!'" She, startled at the question, replied, "I feel that you belong to the Lord, I have always felt so, but I do not believe He is going to take you away from me." He responded, "God's will is always right and best, dear." "But," she said, "how can I live without you?" He replied, "Jesus can be everything to you; He has been with us in the past, and He will never leave nor forsake you. You know the Bible is full of promises for the widow and fatherless. Live a moment at a time, 'looking unto Jesus;' and then, if permitted, I will be with you often; I will be your guardian angel, and be the first to meet you at the pearly gate."

His mother spent most of Monday with him. While she was present he lost the use of his hand. He remarked, as he looked at it, "This hand seems paralyzed, but it belongs to Jesus." He then repeated part of the hymn --

"God moves in a mysterious way."

His mother said, "I feel it a privilege, Alfred, to be in this room, there is such a divine influence; it seems like the gate of heaven." He responded, "Yes, there are heavenly visitants here." About five o'clock P.M. she left him to return to her home in New York, not supposing him to be near death. As she was kissing him good-bye, he held her hand, and, gazing into her eyes, he said, "Dear, precious mother, next to the Lord Jesus, I owe everything to you. Your holy influence, your godly example, your wise counsels have made me the Christian and the minister that I am." To his brother John he said, "John, you have been a mercy to me -- mercy is written on your brow. My friends are all a mercy to me. I am not afraid to die. Death is the gate to endless glory; I am washed in the blood of the Lamb." He desired to see his sister-in-law, Miss Rebecca Bruner, Who had just arrived from Columbia, Pennsylvania, and after inquiring for the loved ones at home, he said to her, "This is the sickest day of my life, but all is well; I am so glad I have preached full salvation; what would I do without it now? If you forget everything else, remember my testimony -- Washed

IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB! Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to His great heart of infinite love." To his wife he said, "I am Christ's little infant; just as you fold your little babe to your bosom, so I am nestled close to the heart of Jesus." Shortly afterward his oldest son, George, returning from New York, came into the room; looking up to him, he said, "My son, your papa has been all day long sweeping close by the gates of death." At his request he was removed to the other side of the bed, when he remarked, "How sweet and quiet everything seems; I feel like resting now." Very soon he became sick at the stomach, and immediately an effusion of the brain took place, when he became insensible to outward things, and within about four hours, at eleven o'clock P.M., surrounded by his family and the trustees of his Church, he died, sweeping through the gates of Paradise, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Thus, on the 13th of November, 1871, passed to the bosom of God, in the prime of his life, one of the most saintly, earnest, and useful men of modern times. His dying testimony carries us back to the glowing record of St. Ignatius, when yearning for martyrdom: "Suffer me to imitate the passion of my God. My Love is crucified; there is no fire in me desiring earthly fuel; that which lives and speaks within me says -- 'Home to the Father.'"

The intelligence of Mr. Cookman's death spread rapidly, and was everywhere received with astonishment and pain. His most intimate friends, even those who had seen him during his illness, were shocked at its suddenness. The thought of death had not been really associated with one who had moved so recently among men with a vigor which promised a long and healthful life. The shock at his sudden death was only exceeded by the universal grief which it caused. It was as though "one were dead in every house" where he was known or the odor of his sanctity had entered. It is a question if the mysterious loss of his father, though it may have gathered about it more romantic interest, excited a more general and profound grief. "When I heard of his death," writes a gentleman from Philadelphia, "I spent a week silently in tears." Exclaimed an old colored woman in Wilmington when told of his death, "Dat man gone straight to glory." His family, his Church, the churches which he had previously served, were overwhelmed with sorrow. From private persons and public bodies, from both the secular and religious press, there teemed the most tender expressions of regret and condolence.

The funeral services took place in the Central Church, Market Street, Newark, at three P.M., on Thursday, the 16th. The following account appeared the next week in The New York Christian Advocate:

"The parsonage was filled at the funeral with ministers, chiefly Methodist, but also of other denominations, who appeared subdued by the feeling -- that a very afflictive and mysterious dispensation had fallen upon the Church and the family in the unexpected removal of Brother Cookman. The plate on the beautiful coffin told the age of the deceased to be forty-four; and pure, sweet flowers rested on either end, at the foot in the shape of a cross, at the head in that of a crown.

At 2:30 P.M. the procession moved from the house, the family and bearers in carriages, followed by the officers of the Church, and perhaps a hundred clergymen from far and from near. One of the most affecting sights of the occasion was the little children of our departed brother about the coffin and in the procession, evidently not old enough to appreciate the fullness of their

loss. The church-pulpit, altar, gallery, choir -- was heavily draped in mourning, and crowded in every part, including the aisles, out into the street, by a deeply sympathizing congregation. In the pulpit were Bishop Simpson, Rev. De Witt Talmage, Dr. Porter, Dr. Crane, Rev. Mr. McDonald, and others; the altar also, and a considerable portion of the center of the church, were occupied by brother clergymen. The opening anthem came soothingly, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.'

"Rev. S. Van Benschoten read Psalm xc., and Mr. Talmage I Cor. xv., when the venerable Dr. Porter led in a solemn and appropriate prayer. Rev. Bishop Simpson then addressed the hushed audience. Throughout the bishop's manner was very subdued, as though struggling to repress the rising of a great sorrow.

"Rev. Mr. McDonald then rose and spoke of Brother Cookman in his relation to holiness and the National Campmeeting Association. The choir sang 'White Robes,' and the deeply affected congregation took their last loving look at their beloved pastor and friend."

After the services the remains were carried to Philadelphia, accompanied by the family, members of the National Campmeeting Committee, and a large delegation from the Central Church. They were deposited at the house of Mr. Frank Cookman, whence the next day they were escorted to the Union Methodist Episcopal Church on Fourth Street, where additional funeral services took place in presence of a densely crowded congregation. As the clergy walked slowly into the church, the strains of the "Dead March from Saul" helped to deepen the solemnity of the scene. An anthem was then sung by the choir, and the Rev. Dr. Nevin, of the Presbyterian Church, read the Scriptures. Rev. J. Dickerson announced the hymn, "Servant of God, well done," which was sung by the congregation; and the Rev. Dr. Pattison offered prayer. The Rev. Dr. Suddards, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, after reading another scriptural lesson, addressed the audience, in which he made feeling allusion to his intimacy with the Rev. George G. Cookman, and paid a high tribute to the excellence and usefulness of both father and son. The Rev. Andrew Longacre next followed in an extended address, relating to the character, labors, and death of the deceased. The Rev. Mr. Alday, pastor of Union Church, then spoke more particularly of the last sickness of the departed. The closing address was by the Rev. Dr. (now Bishop) Foster, of Drew Theological Seminary, New Jersey, who spoke substantially as follows:

"Alfred Cookman belonged to a royalty. There are many royalties of earth; there is the royalty of genius, but I should not class our brother with these -- he was not a genius. There is the royalty of intellect; of scientific research; of the power to unfold great doctrines and grasp great principles. Though a man of a beautiful mind, a clear and strong intellect, the range and sweep of his observation was not his most wonderful gift. There is a royalty of eloquence: our brother was not wanting in this; he seemed to belong to a race whose lips were strangely touched.

"But he belonged to a royalty rarer by far than any of these -- the seraphic royalty of earth. He was not Pauline, but he was Johanine. He was the brother of John, who leaned upon the Master's breast, from whom he drew his inspiration. He belonged to the race of Fletcher and of Payson -- the best and rarest royalty God has ever permitted to grace the earth.

"When the brother prayed that the mantle of Alfred Cookman might fall on us, I said, 'Amen, Lord Jesus.' Not his mantle of eloquence or pulpit power, so much as his great, magnanimous, holy, and sacred character.

"As my little boy brought the message of the death of Alfred Cookman to my lecture-room, he knew how it would strike me; he knew he had ministered at the altar where his sainted mother and sister used to worship; so he said in a whisper, 'Father, Brother Cookman is dead.' Oh, how it shocked me! I thought at once that the most sacred man I knew had gone away from us; and this is my testimony today. I have known the Church for thirty years; I have known the men of the Church during that time through all the episcopacy and ministry; and the most sacred man I have known is he who is enshrined in that casket."

"The casket was then opened, and the large concourse present were permitted, moving up the central aisles and retiring by the rear doors, to see the face they shall look upon no more till resurrection morning. Many as they passed bent over and imprinted a kiss on the cold lips and marble brow, which wore the natural expression and sweetest smile, remembered so well by all who knew him in life. Tears fell freely as the scores whom he had led to Jesus bade him a last farewell." The preparations for burial followed; and Rev. Messrs. Gillingham, Turner, Dickerson, Major, and A. Wallace, surviving members of the class of 1848, Philadelphia Conference, of which Mr. Cookman was a member, carried the body of their classmate to the hearse in waiting, and also to the grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery, where the burial service was read by the Rev. W. L. Gray, Dr. Pattison, and Dr. J. H. Alday. The hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung -- he having expressed when in health a liking for singing at Christians' graves -- and just before sunset his body was committed to the earth. Laurel Hill, hitherto his Pisgah, was now his last resting-place.

Memorial services were held in many of the churches of Philadelphia; in Grace Church, Wilmington; in Central Church, Newark; and also in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. The trustees of the Central Church, Newark, have had a Gothic tablet of Italian marble placed in the audience-room of their church, in the wall at the right of the pulpit, with this inscription:

"In Memory of Rev. Alfred Cookman  
Born, January 4, 1828  
Died November 13, 1871  
'He walked with God and was not, for God took him.'"

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## Part 6 EDWARD A. FERGERSON

The tribute to E. A. Fergerson found in the following text is taken from hdm0773, "E. A. Fergerson Warmly Remembered," by William B. Yates. It is a portion of Chapter 11 by J. L. Brasher, titled: "Gone! Did You Say?"



Gone! did you say? Our dear E. A. Fergerson, the man with the smiling face and sunbathed heart, the man with laughter, like the song of a brook, and tears whose fountains could be as easily opened as a child's? The man with iron in his blood and honey in his soul. Gone! did you say? Surely it is a dream. Why, it was only yesterday when we took our grips and boarded a train for a hundred-mile run, while we talked like men who had a "charge to keep" and then like comrades after the battle, and then like boys alee with the light of the sun, and the freshness of the meadow upon us, and now and then a glimpse through the willows of the dreamy river or sparkling brook where the trout gambols or the perch suns his golden sides.

Little did I dream that I should see him no more until the battle of life would be o'er. Oh! how we miss him, when now and then, the smoke of the battle lifts and we cannot see his shining helmet or mighty sword on the battle line. Save us, oh Lord from discouragement and somehow fill the ranks where his falling has made such a gap.

But he went on to his promotion like a warrior fresh from the field of victory. He went with the fullness of life's day upon him. He left his armor unstained and his whole record unspoiled. The tragedy of it is not his going, but our staying. The aching-hearted family, the hundreds of his comrades still hard pressed in the battle, but we pause long enough to say:

"Servant of God, well done,  
Thy glorious warfare passed;  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
And thou art crowned at last."

Thou art gone up at high noon, but we shall join thee by the eventide. Bloodwashed, glory crowned brother, farewell and all hail.

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## Part 7

### SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

The tribute to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon found in the following text is taken from hdm0688, "The Makers of Methodism," by W. H. Withrow. It is part of Chapter 8, titled: "Selina, Countess of Huntingdon."

The history of early Methodism, like the history of primitive Christianity, shows that not many mighty, not many noble, were called to the work of the Gospel. Both won their trophies chiefly among God's great family of the poor. But as there were those of Caesar's household who acknowledged Christ, so there were those of noble rank who became the friends of Methodism. One of the most notable of these was Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

The names of Wesley and Whitefield are inseparably joined as the apostles of Methodism, yet a difference of opinion on doctrinal grounds soon led to a divergence of operations and a division of interests. Whitefield was destined to be the flaming herald whose mission it was to

revive the almost extinct spiritual life of the Church of England and to establish that Calvinistic Methodism which is so potent for good in the principality of Wales to the present day.

It was with this branch of Methodism that Lady Huntingdon was connected. She was of noble birth, the daughter of the Earl of Ferrers, and was remotely connected with the royal family. In her early life she was married to Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. Lady Elizabeth and Lady Margaret Hastings, her sisters-in-law, had become interested in the Oxford Methodists. Through their influence and through severe personal and family affliction the countess was led to a religious life and to a strong sympathy with the methods and principles of the evangelists, especially of Whitefield.

Her husband sent for Bishop Benson to restore her to a "saner mind," but the learned prelate failed in the attempt. Although she moved in the most aristocratic circles, the countess was not ashamed of the lowly and despised Methodists through whom she had received such spiritual benefit. She invited John Wesley to her residence at Downington Park, where he preached to fashionable congregations the same uncompromising Gospel that he declared at Gwennap Pit or Moorfields Common. With a wise prevision of one of the greatest evangelistic agencies of the age, she specially encouraged the employment of a lay ministry, against the strong prejudices of the Wesleys.

When Wesley's first Conference was held in London, in 1744' the entire body was entertained at her elegant mansion at Chelsea. She used her social influence in high places with much effect on behalf of brave John Nelson, who had been impressed into the army and suffered bonds and imprisonment for conscience' sake. He was rescued from his persecutors and set free to range the kingdom, proclaiming everywhere the great salvation.

In 1748 Lady Huntingdon became a widow. Henceforth her life was devoted to the promotion of Christ's kingdom. Whitefield became one of her permanent chaplains, and the trembling plumes on the heads of the court dames in the elegant salons of the mansion at Chelsea, no less than the tear-washed furrows on the grimy faces of the Cornish miners, attested the power of his message. High-born and titled hearers were brought under the influence of the simple Gospel story, and not infrequently with saving and sanctifying results. Lord St. John became a convert from the fashionable skepticism of the times to the faith of Christ. His brother, the witty Bolingbroke, complimented the preacher, but despised his message. The wife of Lord Chesterfield and her sister, the Countess of Delitz, received the Gospel and died in the triumphs of faith. Many "elect ladies" of the highest rank became devout Christians, adorning with their holy and useful lives the doctrines of the Lord Jesus.

Many of Whitefield's courtly hearers were doubtless attracted by the fashionable character of the assemblage, as they would be to the opera. Others were fascinated by the eloquence of the preacher, as they would be by the skill of an actor. The skeptical Hume, for instance, said that he would go twenty miles to hear him; and Garrick, the actor, who doubtless took lessons in style from his matchless elocution, declared that he could make one weep by the way in which he pronounced the word Mesopotamia.

Chesterfield paid him courtly compliments, and Horace Walpole employed his keen wit upon the earnest preacher whose solemn messages they both neglected and despised. The notorious Countess of Suffolk, the fair and frail favorite of George II, procured admission to one of the fashionable religious services. Mr. White-field's burning denunciations of sin, which probed her guilty conscience to the quick, were an unwonted and unwelcome experience to the proud court beauty. She flew into a violent passion, abused the countess to her face, and declared that she had been deliberately insulted. Deeply mortified, she went her way and returned no more.

Nor was the zeal of the high-born and pious lady whose life and character are the subject of our present study restrained to mere passive patronage of those zealous evangelists -- a sort of dilettante piety that cost her little. She proved her sincerity by her self-sacrifice and by her generous donations to the cause of God. She curtailed her expenditure and reduced her domestic establishment that she might build chapels for the poor. She gave up her livened servants and carriage and sold her jewels that she might have money for charitable purposes. In London, Bristol, and Dublin she purchased public halls and theaters and renovated dilapidated chapels that the Gospel might be preached to the untaught masses. Many new chapels were also erected by her liberal aid in England, Ireland, and especially in the principality of Wales. In these philanthropic labors she expended not less than half a million of dollars -- a sum relatively much larger than now.

The practical heathenism of a large portion of Great Britain, notwithstanding the vast organization and immense revenues of the Established Church, appealed strongly to her Christian sympathy. She devised a plan for the evangelization of the kingdom. With a shrewd practical method she divided all England into six districts, to be systematically visited by traveling "canvassers," as she called them, who were zealously to preach the Gospel in every village, town, and hamlet in the country. With her were associated in these pious labors some of the most learned and devout evangelical clergymen and dissenting ministers in the kingdom, such as Venn, Madan, Shirley, Romaine, Top-lady, Dr. Conyers, Berridge, Howel Harris, Fletcher, Benson, Whitefield, the Wesleys, and many others.

With certain like-minded noble ladies she made tours through many parts of England and Wales, accompanied by eminent evangelists, who everywhere preached the Gospel to attentive multitudes. Where they had opportunity they preached in the parish churches or in Wesleyan or dissenting chapels; indeed, some of the evangelists were parish clergymen and had churches of their own. But frequently the churches were closed against the itinerants; in which cases they preached in the churchyards, on the highways, or in the fields. Under the burning words of Whitefield all Yorkshire and the neighboring counties were kindled to a flame; then, pressing on to Scotland or over sea to America, he left to his fellow-workers the task of organizing into churches the multitudes of converts quickened into spiritual life by his apostolic labors. In this good work the Countess of Huntingdon and the elect ladies who journeyed with her took a profound interest, yet she never transcended what was deemed the bounds of decorum for her sex by taking any part in the public assemblies. While the countess counseled the converts privately and assisted the evangelists in planning their labors, she was only a quiet hearer at the public preaching.

The record of a grand "field day" on one of those preaching excursions is preserved. It was at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire. The use of the parish church was refused for preaching, but

Whitefield mounted a tombstone in the churchyard and addressed the assembled thousands from the words, "Ho! everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Many of the hearers fell prostrate on the graves, others sobbed aloud, and all seemed stricken with a solemn awe. "Whitefield's words of exhortation," says Venn, "cut like a sword." "A remarkable power from on high," wrote the countess, "accompanied the message, and many felt the arrows of distress."

Though excluded from the parish church, the Methodist evangelists were not unbefriended. A nobleman of the highest rank, the friend of his sovereign, a member of the Privy Council and Secretary of State -- The Earl of Dartmouth -- stood by their sides among the graves, and opened his hospitable mansion for their reception. That night Whitefield administered the sacrament in his house, and the next day, standing on a table beside the door, preached to the multitude that filled the rooms within and thronged the grounds without.

It was this Lord Dartmouth to whom Cowper refers in the lines:

"We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,  
And one who wears a coronet and prays."

His name is commemorated in America by Dartmouth College, of which institution he was a patron. "They call my Lord Dartmouth an enthusiast," said George III, who always had a profound respect for religion, "but surely he says nothing but what any Christian may and ought to say."

Through the influence of Lady Huntingdon the friendship of the Wesleys and Whitefield became firmly cemented. These once estranged but now reconciled friends, unable to agree in doctrinal opinion, wisely agreed to differ, but kept up to the close of their lives a kindly interchange of Christian courtesies. They formed with each other and with the countess -- their common friend and the peacemaker between them -- a sort of formal "quadruple alliance," as Charles Wesley called it, whereby they agreed to cooperate in their common work and to knit more firmly the bonds of Christian fellowship between them.

For John Wesley's genius for organization Lady Huntingdon had a profound regard. In this respect he was much superior to his more eloquent colleague, Whitefield. Indeed, the greatest historian of modern times has bestowed on him the eulogy of having had "a genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu." The permanent and widespread organization of Arminian Methodism, as contrasted with the comparatively evanescent results of Whitefield's labors, is largely the result of Wesley's superior gifts of ecclesiastical legislation.

Far more than Whitefield did Lady Huntingdon possess this qualification, and had she been a man, the history and present status of Calvinistic Methodism might have been very different. She was deeply convinced of the need of a college for the training of ministers for the numerous chapels which, through her zeal and liberality, had sprung up in many parts of the country. She broached her scheme to John Wesley and others and received their hearty approval. A romantic and dilapidated old castle at Trevecca, in Wales, was accordingly purchased and fitted up as a place of residence and instruction for candidates for the ministry. This enterprise exhausted her

means, but she was assisted by contributions from titled and wealthy ladies who sympathized with her project.

The saintly and accomplished Fletcher became the first president, and the learned Wesleyan commentator, Joseph Benson, its head master. The first student was a poor collier, who subsequently became an able and useful vicar in the Established Church. The ancient cloisters were soon thronged with earnest students. No conditions of admission were imposed other than conversion to God and a purpose to enter the Christian ministry, either in the Established Church or in any dissenting body. In this truly catholic institution the students received lodging, maintenance, instruction, and an annual suit of clothes, at the expense of the countess.

The first anniversary of the college was celebrated as a religious festival of holy rejoicing. For nearly a week previously the scattered evangelists of the "Connection" continued to arrive in the courtyard of the picturesque old castle. Very different was the scene from those of tilt and tourney with which it had resounded in the days of knightly chivalry. Hymns and prayers and sermons in English and Welsh echoed beneath the ancient arches. On the great day of the feast Wesley and Fletcher, Shirley and Howel Harris, Arminian and Calvinist, English and Welsh, preached and prayed and administered the sacrament and celebrated the "love feast" together, all differences being forgotten in their common brotherhood in Christ. The ministers all dined together with Lady Huntingdon, while great baskets of bread and meat were distributed to the multitude in the courtyard. Thus they all kept high festival with gladness of heart before the Lord.

Still it was not then the purpose of either Wesley or Whitefield or Lady Huntingdon to establish a new sect. They were all attached members of the Church of England. Not till they were thrust forth from its embrace did they organize separate societies. In order to protect her numerous chapels from suppression or appropriation by the Established Church Lady Huntingdon was obliged to take advantage of the Act of Toleration, and thus convert her "Connection" into a dissenting community. The clergymen of the Establishment, who had hitherto been her most influential allies, now withdrew their aid, and preached no more in her chapels.

The countess, not content with the success of her evangelistic plans in Great Britain, resolved to extend her efforts to the New World. Whitefield died in 1769. The support of the orphanage and of the mission work in Georgia, objects of his deepest solicitude, became the cherished purpose of the Countess of Huntingdon. She resolved to send a principal and pastor to the orphanage, and a band of missionaries to labor among the colonists and blacks.

Before they sailed the missionaries preached daily to immense audiences in Whitefield's Tabernacle and in the open air on Tower Hill. At length, amid many prayers, not unmingled with the tears of thousands of spectators, the "destined vessel, richly freighted," sailed on its voyage. The missionaries had great success, especially among the colored people, and it seemed probable that Calvinistic Methodism would become the predominant type of religious belief throughout the Southern colonies of North America.

But Providence had willed otherwise. The orphanage was destroyed by fire. The Revolutionary War entirely disconcerted the plans of the countess. Most of the missionaries returned to Great Britain. The countess had acquired large estates in Georgia, which she held for

missionary purposes. She corresponded with Washington for their recovery, and Benjamin Franklin acted as one of her trustees, but the disturbances caused by the prolonged war and severance of the colonies from the mother country prevented the restoration of her estates.

Full of years, as full of honors, like a ripe sheaf waiting to be gathered home, the Countess of Huntingdon drew near her end. Earthly distinctions had been hers, worldly wealth and troops of friends. But as she bent beneath the weight of four and eighty years, and faced the mysteries of the spirit world, what was the ground of her confidence and hope? Simply her humble trust in the atonement of her Redeemer. As the outward body failed the inward spirit was renewed day by day.

Amid the sufferings of a lingering and painful sickness she exclaimed: "I am well; all is well -- well forever. I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable -- my soul is filled with glory. I am as in the element of heaven itself. I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy; I long to be at home; O, I long to be at home!" Almost with her dying breath she exultingly declared, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle's fought, the victory's won;  
Enter thy Master's joy."

The very year that this aged saint passed away -- 1791 -- John Wesley also died. Thus departed from the toils of earth to the everlasting reward of heaven two of the most remarkable spirits of the eighteenth century, who more, we think, than any others left their impress on the age.

One of the most striking proofs of the moral and intellectual superiority of the Countess of Huntingdon was the influence that she exerted during a long series of years over many of the most eminent men of the time. Her private character was one of great simplicity and beauty. Says one who knew her well, "In conversing with her you forgot the earldom in her exhibition of humble, loving piety." She sometimes asserted her woman's prerogative in her tenacity of opinion and of purpose, but her opinions were the result of conscientious conviction and her purposes were purely unselfish. Her contributions to the needy were liberal to excess, so much so as often to leave herself embarrassed. At her death she left twenty thousand dollars to the poor. The residue of her large fortune was left for the endowment of sixty-four chapels, which had been erected chiefly through her efforts in different parts of the kingdom.

In the principality of Wales the influence of the Calvinistic Methodism of "Lady Huntingdon's Connection" has been the most strongly felt. Largely as the result of the stimulus that it imparted, the thirty dissenting chapels of 1715 have increased to twenty-three hundred, so that "a chapel now dots nearly every three square miles of the country, and a million people -- nearly the whole Welsh population -- are found attending public worship some part of every Sabbath."

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Part 8  
JOHN S. INSKIP

The tribute to John S. Inskip found in the following text is taken from hdm0131, the "Life of John S. Inskip," by William McDonald and John Searles. It is part of Chapter 24 titled: "The End Cometh, and Triumph."

The exhaustive labors performed by Mr. Inskip during his "around-the-world tour," necessitated rest for the recuperation of wasted energies. But within one month of the time he arrived at Ocean Grove, he was at Round Lake, to take charge of the National Camp-meeting; commencing July 12. The entire evangelistic party, including many of their friends, were there. Mr. Inskip was looking as fresh and vigorous as ever. In fact no one of the party seemed to have materially suffered from their labor abroad.

The meeting at Round Lake was, in all respects a success. The preaching was clear, searching and evangelical. The altar services were seasons of great spiritual power.

From Round Lake, Mr. Inskip proceeded to Warsaw, Indiana, to attend the National Camp-meeting, commencing Aug. 5. Here he was assisted by several of the members of the Association. He says of the meeting: "It is a real, old-fashioned camp-meeting." On Tuesday of the second week, he gave an account of his "around-the-world tour." "The speaker," he says, "forgot himself and the people seemed also to forget themselves; for the story, which it was hoped could be told in a half hour, went on until nearly one o'clock till the people cried out, 'Go on! Go on!'"

Mr. Inskip sent telegrams to the conductors of several camp-meetings, describing the great success at Warsaw, receiving response of like character. The writer, in the midst of one of the most remarkable meetings ever held at Douglas, Mass., received the following telegram:

"To Rev. W. McDonald, Douglas, Mass., --

"God is with us in great power. The friends of holiness, assembled at Warsaw, send fraternal greetings to their fellow-laborers at Douglas. Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

J. S. Inskip

To this the following reply was returned:--

"Friends of holiness at Douglas return joyful greetings to their brethren at Warsaw. Jordan overflows all her banks. All agree that this is superior to any meeting before held in New England. Sing the doxology.

W. McDonald"

On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Inskip preached a sermon from the text, "All things are possible to him that believeth." A number of the ministers present, united in a request that the

sermon be published. But the sermon, when in print, did not seem very much like the sermon as preached during the inspiration of a camp-meeting all aglow with spiritual life.

Mr. John Lindsay was once solicited, by a reporter at Old Eastham, to furnish him a copy of a sermon on the judgment, of remarkable power, which he had just preached. The sermon was delivered in the midst of a severe thunderstorm, the peals of thunder adding greatly to the impressive character of the discourse. Mr. Lindsay remarked, that the sermon was not written, and he doubted if he could recall it; besides, it would be impossible to print into the discourses, the thunder and lightning. There was often a good deal of thunder and lightning in Mr. Inskip's discourses, which could never be put into print.

In September, 1881 Mr. Inskip removed his residence from Ocean Grove to Philadelphia, and thought to confine his evangelistic labors principally to that city and vicinity. He was convinced that, unless he circumscribed his labors, he would soon utterly break down. He conducted an "all-day holiness meeting" in the Central M. E. Church, and another in the M. E. Church of Frankford. Subsequently similar meetings were held in Scott Church, Twentieth Street, Eighteenth Street, and Spring Garden Street. These four meetings, held in the brief space of three weeks, will give the reader an idea of the manner of his seeking rest.

At the annual meeting of the Association, which was held in November, Mr. Inskip seemed in good spirits, though it was evident to most that he was failing. His spirit was tender, and he seemed to be ripening for the change which proved to be in the near future.

He attended a "watch-meeting," at the close of the year, at Twentieth-street M. E. Church, Rev. Wm. B. Wood, pastor. Speaking of the prospects of life, he says: "It is a merciful arrangement of Providence, that we cannot forecast or penetrate the future. Nevertheless, in view of what may transpire, it will be well for each to be ready to 'go hence.'"

He confines his labors chiefly to Philadelphia, and for some months does little outside of his editorial work. His writings are marked by increasing spirituality and Christian fraternity.

Early the following spring, he began to rally the people on the subject of attending the National Camp-meeting at Round Lake. There was to be a National Holiness Convention immediately preceding the camp-meeting, which would call together brethren from all parts of the country, and materially add to the interest of the camp-meeting.

On the twenty-eighth of March, an event transpired in his family, in which he and Mrs. Inskip were greatly interested -- the marriage of their only grandchild, Mr. John E. Inskip, to Miss Emma S. Flock, daughter of Mr. Isaac G. Flock, of Lansingburg, N. Y. "If we enjoyed the occasion," he says, "it of course will not surprise anybody; and if we are especially interested in their happiness and welfare, it will be reality understood by parents and friends, who may have had similar experience."

Mr. Inskip attended his conference -- New York East -- in April, which met at Waterbury, Conn. He pronounces it "the most spiritual occasion of the kind" he had ever known. But it gives



him a "feeling of sadness to look over the conference, and see how many have departed. But they died in peace," he says, "and the rest will follow."

As the time drew near for attending the Round Lake National Convention and Camp-meeting, Mr. Inskip expressed a strong desire that these gatherings should be so conducted as that God might be honored and holiness advanced. He felt, he says, "it may be the last National Camp-meeting at Round Lake, that some of us will attend. Life is short eternity is at hand." He arrived at the camp ground Saturday, July 2, and on the following day -- Sunday -- preached to a congregation of fair size, who gave reverent attention to the word.

The convention opened Tuesday, the fourth of July, by appropriate exercises. Mr. Inskip was elected president; and delivered an appropriate address, setting forth the objects of the Convention. It was an instructive talk. On the second day, he followed Dr. Watson, who spoke on "The things essential to the successful prosecution of the work of holiness." His address was timely, insisting that holiness, and holiness only, was the need of the hour. The Convention, on the whole, was a grand success.

The National Camp-meeting opened Thursday, July 6. There were fifteen of the members of the Association in attendance. Choice spirits, from all parts of the country, as well as, from Canada and New Brunswick, were present. The meeting closed on Thursday night, at about 12 o'clock, amidst the great rejoicing of the company. It was reported that one hundred and fifty were converted, and a still larger number wholly sanctified.

After attending a meeting at Ocean Grove for about one week, Mr. Inskip took a brief trip to Massachusetts, to attend the New England Camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, held at Douglas, Mass., Aug. 6. He was present at the meeting three days, and preached twice, to the great delight of the people. He had mapped out for himself too much work for his strength. He spent a few days more at the regular camp-meeting at Ocean City, preaching the opening sermon, and preached again on the Sabbath. He then proceeded to Pitman Grove. where he was greatly helped in preaching. While there he was reminded of a remarkable camp-meeting which he attended at Spruce Grove, some years before, in which he took a very active part. He represents, that the excitement throughout the meeting was extraordinary. He was called upon to preach on the occasion. His voice was almost entirely gone. But the opening singing was wonderful, he says. The text was: "And I saw a great white throne," etc. Upon the announcement of his text, to his surprise his voice immediately became as clear as possible. The Lord wonderfully helped him. The thousands who came into the congregation became so much interested that they instinctively arose to their feet, and broke into a tremendous shout of praise. Sinners shrieked aloud for help, and many scores are said to have been happily converted to God. It was a night of wonders. Such scenes were not rare in his earlier ministry.

The latter part of August he started for the Lincoln, Ill., National Camp-meeting, stopping, by invitation, at Youngstown, Ohio, to attend the Ohio State Camp-meeting. Here he labored with his accustomed zeal, expending all his energies in promoting the cause of holiness. Leaving Youngstown, he proceeded to Warren, O., where worn and weary, he halted to rest, with Rev. Mr. Reeves. While here his old troubles. induced by over-work, returned, and he was obliged to

abandon the idea of attending the National, at Lincoln. Broken in health, he found it necessary to return to his home.

Referring to his health, he says: "A necessity is laid upon us to abstain, for the present, from all ministerial service. We have attempted too much. This is all the more afflictive and unsatisfactory, because so many of our truest and most intimate friends have admonished us of our peril. We thought we were able to do all we engaged to without damage or serious difficulty. We were mistaken. We must submit, and consent for a season to cease from all pulpit labor. There is nothing in the world for which we have such an aversion as that about which we now write. With going ahead and hard work we are familiar, and have long enjoyed this manner of life. We must consent for a season to bear our cross."

A week or two later, he says: "The 'high noon' of life has come and passed, and we must consent to know that the 'evening' is foreshadowed. Nor is this in any sense unwelcome, disagreeable, or unsatisfactory, for the present we deem it our imperative duty to rest. This we do with great cheerfulness and readiness. The task before us is a difficult one, yet with Divine aid we hope to get through with it."

Mr. Inskip made another change in his residence, removing from Philadelphia, to Chester County. Thinking that the country air, and physical exercise, would be to his advantage, he exchanged his city property for a small farm near the place where he spent his early years and had commenced his life work. Here, in comparative retirement, abandoning almost entirely his editorial duties, he spent his time in light labor on the farm. The effect upon his health was very encouraging. He seemed to be improving, but it became necessary that he abstain from all mental labor. He wrote but little, brethren kindly volunteering to assist him in furnishing editorial matter for the Christian Standard. He says: "We are led to believe we turned aside to rest in good season, and with the Divine blessing, we are quite hopeful that we may again be permitted to resume our much-loved toil. For the present, we must move with great caution."

On the eighteenth of November, he says: "We are not sufficiently rallied from the effects of our recent disability to resume our editorial work." "Our mistake in over doing is one we ought not to have made."

The brethren, on reaching Philadelphia to attend the annual meeting, found Mr. Inskip in greatly impaired health. His nervous system seemed entirely broken up, and he was utterly unable to control his feelings. They had fears for a time that he would not be able to preside at the meeting. He could scarcely speak without weeping, and appeared to be greatly disqualified for any service. He did, however, so far recover as to be present at the meeting, and in some good degree take part in its deliberations. The members, however, were deeply impressed with the fact that his days of toil were at, or nearly at, an end. It was resolved to hold three camp-meetings in 1883. Only two were finally arranged for; viz., Pitman Grove, N. J., and Old Orchard, Me. Speaking of the annual meeting, he says: "At no period since its organization have we seen such unity and hearty fellowship among the brethren of the Association. All their action was heartily unanimous."

About the middle of December, he writes: "We are being helped wondrously, and feel that we shall soon be all right again. We are at our post, and ready for any reasonable service which

may be demanded of us. If it were camp-meeting season we would be able to take our turn, and do our full share of work. Our friends will, we hope, share our gratitude and joy when we inform them we are doing well, and our motto is, 'Still onward.' If we can only have grace to act wisely, we shall look for more than one decade of good opportunity and earnest hard work in the cause of holiness."

By the middle of March, he seems to have so far recovered, or improved, as to enter upon his editorial duties. Rev. T. T. Tasker addresses a congratulatory letter to the readers of the Standard, in which he says: "It is my privilege now to say, to all my brethren and sisters in Christ, everywhere, and to all denominations that he (Mr. Inskip) is thoroughly convalescent. He may wholly recover, if he will consent to due moderation. His future must depend almost entirely upon himself. Probably he may safely preach once on Sabbath day, give reasonable heed to business and editorial matter systematically, and by working in his favorite way, be extensively useful."

Notwithstanding these favorable symptoms, it was not so clear to all that it was at all safe for him to undertake any considerable amount of labor. Influenced by this feeling, the writer addressed to him an earnest letter, urging him, by all means, to spare himself. His services were more needed in the field than in the columns of the Standard. The response made to our fraternal letter is so full of touching, tender references to our relations, that we cannot refrain from inserting it here:--

"Philadelphia, March 31, 1883

"Dear Mac, -- you make me cry. I cannot help it. You know me better than any living man. My faults, and excellences, if I have any, you are familiar with. You, in fact, have, as it were, been in the insides of my being. I know you have loved me -- you do so still. Your kind advice I will heed. I will go, I think, to all the meetings. [Meaning National Camp-meetings.] I need not do as heretofore. I can look on a little. I want to be with you, and I want you to be with me. The Lord grant me strength. You justly appreciate my situation. I cannot endure anxiety, care, or push, as I could in days of yore. But I can love more than ever, and do at this moment love you with a fondness and tenderness, no language at my command can express. Now, my precious, loving brother and fellow-laborer, For the balance of the journey, we must come still nearer to each other. I cannot tell you how much I want you to think lovingly of me, and pray for me. It cheers me to know that you do this. I form no new friendships or alliances. I have come to the shady side of the mountain. But there is much of sunlight, joy, and gladness, and more of sweet, hallowed tenderness, than ever before. I cannot express the strength of my desire to be fit for another summer campaign with you. I devoutly pray to God that we may both live long, and at last have a 'golden sunset.' We may, with proper care, have yet some years of active toil. If we do, we shall see wonders of grace and victory.

"Yours as ever and forever,  
"J. S. Inskip."

In the month of May, he makes reference to his health, but does not regard it as sufficiently improved to allow him to make a journey to Marshalton, the town where he was "first forgiven." But on the tenth of June, he, with Mrs. Inskip, by invitation of Rev. W. Rink, made a visit to "the

grove," to spend the Sabbath. This was the place, as the reader will remember, where he was a member of the church, at the time his father expelled him from his home. He found everything changed: "the grove" was not there; the friends of his youth had all passed away and he could not realize that it was the grove." He "only remembered 'the grove' as the headquarters of a strong detachment of the "thundering legion." He preached in the morning "with much comfort and religious profit."

On their return to their home they took occasion to pass by the old blacksmith-shop. At every step of the road, his feelings became more and more intense. It was the same road along which he walked when driven from the home of his misguided father. The day, the bright sunshine, the joyous song, the wondrous bliss of being persecuted for Christ's sake, were all fresh in his memory. He paused at the saddler's shop, where his two neighbors were so signally converted, and found the little stone structure still standing. Thence he proceeded to the blacksmith-shop, where he really commenced his public labors, and here he saw sixty souls converted. From the smith-shop he visited the house from which he had been driven. The occupant, though not a religious man, made him welcome. He went into every room, and stood on the very spot here his infuriated father stood, when, in great wrath, he exclaimed: "Begone, you ungrateful wretch, and let me never see your face again!" Mrs. Inskip proposed that they have prayers to which the gentleman of the house cheerfully consented. "And oh," says Mr. Inskip, "what a season of melting mercy and tender emotion we had! The man and some of the family were wondrously stirred." This was no uncommon day for Mr. and Mrs. Inskip. It was living over again one of the most interesting and inspiring seasons of their pilgrimage. They returned to their home in due time.

As the season for camp-meetings approached, contrary to the expectations of many, Mr. Inskip had so far recovered as to be able to attend, and take charge of, the meeting at Pitman Grove, N. J., and Old Orchard, Me. He could not deny himself the joyful privilege of attending the Chester Heights Camp-meeting, nor refuse an invitation to preach on Sabbath morning, "though many," he says, "deemed it hazardous for us to make the attempt." The Pitman Grove National Camp-meeting commenced Aug. 7. Mr. Inskip preached the opening sermon. In a personal reference to himself he said: "I thank God He has raised me up from a severe mental prostration; and though friends feared that I should be laid aside from work for some months, if not years to come, I am full of strength, and feel that I am as well qualified, physically, as ever, for an occasion like this. Spiritually, my sky is clear, and my soul is full of sunshine." He preached with his usual liberty, and yet it could be easily discerned that he was failing. He seemed to exert himself far beyond his real strength, and yet he labored at times to express the overflow of emotion, which found expression in great physical and mental demonstration. He performed the labors of conducting the meeting much more easily and successfully than many had supposed he could. He, himself, says: "At the close, I was in a much better condition than at the beginning."

From Pitman Grove he went to Ocean Grove, where he preached Wednesday, Aug. 14, on the subject of holiness. A reporter of the sermon says: "We have heard Bro. Inskip on a great many occasions, and never did we hear him when he was more lucid and clear in exposition of this blessed doctrine. It seemed that the Holy Spirit took entire possession of him, as he stood forth with that large, audience before him."

August 28, the National Campmeeting at Old Orchard commenced. Mr. Inskip was there. It was his last National Camp-meeting. He seemed to be in good spirits, and conducted the services with his usual ease and effectiveness, except that towards the close, he appeared more weary than usual. He felt, as he believed, much better at the close than he did at the beginning. "We have gone through the campaign," he says, "with much greater ease than usual."

On his return from Old Orchard, at the request of Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Mr. Inskip and wife, with their Philadelphia company, including Rev. W. L. Gray, Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, Dr. Levy, and others, enjoyed a delightful meeting at Bromfield Street Church, Boston. The house was filled with earnest Christians, and the season was most enjoyable, closing with a most profitable altar service.

On his return to Philadelphia, he commenced preparations for holding a great "Holiness Convention" in that city, in connection with the General Conference, which was to convene there in May, 1884. This plan had received the sanction of the members of the National Association, at their annual meeting. The Central M. E. Church had been engaged for the purpose. But ere the time came for holding the meeting, Mr. Inskip had joined the general assembly and Church of the first-born, and removed to the city of the Great King.

There was no spot to which Mr. Inskip made more frequent public mention, and none to him "more dear" than the old "Meeting House" at Marshallton, Pa., where he "was first forgiven." After becoming settled in his Chester Country home, he availed himself of the first favorable opportunity to visit this, to him, sacred spot. The visit was full of interest, both to him and the people. We will allow him to describe it in his own language.

"A Precious Season.

"We have often heard people sing:--

"There is a spot to me more dear  
Than native vale or mountain;  
spot for which affection' tear  
Spring grateful from its fountain.  
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,  
Tho' that on earth is Heaven;  
But where I first my Saviour found,  
and felt my sins forgiven.'

"Our sympathy with the sentiment here expressed was always ardent, but we knew nothing of its real strength until last Sabbath. This day we shall remember forever as one of the most wonderfully precious seasons we have ever enjoyed. When the early morn dawned we were rather sad and disappointed, on account of the threatening aspect of the weather. But soon the clouds dispersed, and the bright sun shone forth with amazing splendor. As we passed along the way, riding in rural country style, with our beloved companion by our side, a thousand precious and pleasant reminiscences crowded into our thought. We saw much of beauty to admire, both in nature

and art, as we journeyed onward together. But the great topic of conversation was of the past, and related to personal experiences of the gracious providences of God, and the wonders of grace.

"Our object in leaving home this beautiful Sabbath morning was to visit our spiritual birthplace, Marshallton, Chester County, Pa, distant from our present abode some eight or nine miles. We had long and earnestly desired to do this, but never before could find time or leisure to enjoy the privilege. An absence of over half a century, of course, would be supposed to have made many changes. Frequently the thought came into mind, 'Will they know me?' The revolution made by time and toil in the topography of the country we found to be so great that it was difficult to recognize or determine any particular locality with which, in former times, we had been so familiar. Now and then a hill, or creek, or building, looked somewhat as in 'days of yore.' As we approached the village, we asked a young man the question, 'Is this Marshallton?' He politely answered, 'Yes, sir, this is Marshalltown.' We inquired, 'Where is the Methodist Church?' He responded, 'The first you come to on your left hand, sir.' A moment brought us to the time-honored sanctuary. To make sure we were not mistaken, we made further inquiry of some gentlemen standing in front. As we cast our eyes upon the little stone edifice, we felt profoundly grateful that it looked much as it did in the days of our youth.

"We have no language at command that would convey to our readers any adequate idea of our feelings as we entered this humble 'meeting-house,' and glanced at the place where we bowed to seek the Lord, and were led to a knowledge of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' We knelt as near the sacred spot as we could, and offered praise and thanksgiving for the gracious Providence which had brought us once more to the spot at which we commenced the 'heavenly pilgrimage.' What a moment of pure, unalloyed and tearful bliss it was! Not a single face we saw was at all familiar. Our old friends had nearly all passed away. There were, however, a few still remaining here below. How many questions we had to ask them concerning the departed, we cannot tell. There were many names mentioned, and the retrospect was truly thrilling. The Lord graciously aided us in preaching on the declaration of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Roman, first chapter and sixteenth verse: 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to ever one that believeth.' The sermon was followed by a highly spiritual communion service. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Dungan, received us with the greatest cordiality, and everybody seemed to have a 'God bless you' for both of us.

"From the church, or, rather, 'meeting-house,' where we communed with the living, we went into the 'grave yard' to have sweet fellowship with the dead. There is much hallowed human dust sleeping there, and waiting for the 'full manifestation of the son of God.' We lingered at the graves of Joseph and Sarah Burton and John Mills. Brother Burton was the class-leader, and was at our side when we found salvation. He asked us the following questions: 'My lad, dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' 'Dost thou believe that he is able and willing to save thee now?' 'Dost thou, my lad, believe that He does save thee now?' To each and all of these inquiries we returned an affirmative answer, and salvation was the result that followed. We also visited the graves of Dr. Parish, long years since the earnest steward of the society, and of Rev. Alban Hook, a devoted local preacher whom we often heard proclaim the 'glorious gospel of the blessed God.' We paused at the resting-place of the youth who sought to hinder us from making a start on our heavenward journey. He, too, with his kindred, sleeps the sleep from which there is no waking until the morning of the resurrection. On every hand in the 'place of graves' we noticed the names

of old and familiar friends who have 'gone on before.' Our interview with the 'sainted dead' was so pleasant and profitable we repeated it, and the second time found it even more suggestive than the first. Both the living and the dead contributed to the interest and joy of the occasion.

"During our brief stay we were the guests of Sister Pennypecker, who was a 'next-door neighbor' when we resided in this part of the country. Our friends in different parts of the world have heard us say again and again that Chester County, Pennsylvania, was the most beautiful and attractive region we have ever seen. We feel like repeating the declaration here and now. This church, of which we have spoken, was, and is still, a Methodist Episcopal Church. When our readers learn that we have received so much of blessing and benefit from this church, they will see good and sufficient reasons why we are so unwilling that she shall be assailed by some of those who claim to be adherents to the cause of holiness. We were converted, baptized and wholly sanctified in this church, and propose, if the Lord and our brethren permit, to remain a member until we are 'called hence.' We should have stated, Auntie Inskip, in the afternoon, visited the Sunday school, and spoke to the dear young people with unusual unction and effect. On the whole, it was truly 'a time long to be remembered.' We returned to our quiet hillside home, determined to be more in earnest than ever in our endeavors to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men.'

Mr. and Mrs. Inskip had been solicited by Rev. J. S. Lane, of Waynesburg, Pa., where some fifty years before, Mr. Inskip had commenced his ministerial life, to spend a Sabbath with that church. His going seemed providentially delayed until Oct. 21, 1882. It proved to be his last appearance in the pulpit.

Mr. Lane gives the following account of the visit. Speaking of the Saturday evening before the Sabbath, he says: "He was as elastic and playful in spirit as a boy. My son, having attained his twenty-first year, received a birthday present. Bro. Inskip made the presentation speech -- a speech wishing with humor and flowing with pathos. Always gifted in prayer, but on Saturday night, around the family altar, the fire and fervor of the Lord God of Elijah fell upon him. Every one bending about that altar was mentioned with a particularity and tenderness most touching, and when he came to petition for God's benediction on the coming Sabbath, certainly the glory of his coming translation must have mantled him. My soul was melted with the pathos, and my mind almost bewildered with the grandeur, of his thought and language.

"Sabbath, the twenty-first, all the Presbyterian churches in the city were closed, the pastors being away attending Synod. The morning was dark and lowering, but no rain fell during the entire day. A consecration meeting at 9 A. M., assisted in preparing the people for the grand results of the day. The church was crowded from gallery to pulpit -- altar, aisles, and vestibule. Promptly at 10:30, Mr. Inskip arose and read the 775th hymn: 'Awake, Jerusalem, Awake!' He took for his text, Psa. xciii. 53: 'Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever.' Holiness, his favorite theme, was the subject of the sermon. His plan of presentation was most happily adapted to his promiscuous audience. As he swept on in his sermon, smiles frequently rippled over the congregation, tears filled many eyes, hearty responses attested that the mighty archer was not drawing his bow at a venture. The great preacher was at his best. He held the people in his grasp, and at the close of the sermon, not less than a hundred rose as seekers of holiness.

"At 7 P. M. the house was packed. Mr. Inskip on his throne of power, gave out the 518th hymn The second hymn, the last he ever read in the pulpit, was the 503d, the last line of which is, 'And I am white as snow.' He announced his text, 2 Thess. ii. 13: 'God hath from the beginning chosen us to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.' He preached one hour and a half. It was a Manheim Camp-meeting in a church. Including his explanations and exhortations, he spoke two solid hours. Half way down the church, men and women were kneeling, seeking pardon, or purity, or some special blessing of God. In the glad exultation of the hour, lifting his strong voice, which appeared entirely unimpaired by the strain put upon it, he exclaimed: 'I feel competent to twenty years of work yet.' At a late hour the vast congregation retired to their homes; and notwithstanding his extraordinary labors through the day, he was bright and buoyant on his arrival at the parsonage; ate heartily, engaged in sprightly conversation; joined in prayer, retired in good cheer, slept soundly awoke early, took breakfast before daylight, and left for Philadelphia by the first train. It was one of the greatest days in the whole history of the Waynesburg Church."

With the close of that day, there dropped from the hand of John S. Inskip, the trumpet which had sounded the gospel of full salvation more frequently and effectually for the the last twenty years, than by any other man. His work was done, and he almost; "ceased at once to work and live."

Mr. and Mrs. Inskip had engaged to hold a series of meetings in the Bromfield Street Church Boston, to commence the first Sunday in November. The people were in great expectancy. They remembered a meeting of almost unexampled power, held in the same church, by Messrs. Inskip and McDonald, some years before. But on Friday preceding the time fixed for the beginning of the meeting, a telegram came announcing his sickness, and the necessary postponement of the meeting.

Mr. Inskip was at his office on Monday, in his usual health, and "greatly elated," says Rev. Dr. Levy, "over his services at Waynesburg, the day previous." The following day, he was at his office again. without any apparent feebleness. On Wednesday he remained at home, preparing for "An engagement in Boston. In the evening, after having a pleasant time with his great-grandchild, he retired to his room, where Mrs. Inskip was engaged in sewing. He seated himself on the lounge, and she observed that his head had fallen, as was often the case when he had dropped into a sleep. Speaking to him, she said, 'My dear, how quickly you fall asleep these days.'" Not receiving any reply, she went to him, and to her great surprise, found him unconscious. Medical assistance was immediately summoned and it was ascertained that he was entirely paralyzed on his right side. He remained in an unconscious state for three days, and then returned to consciousness, recognizing his friends, but being still unable to speak.

As the news of Mr. Inskip's illness spread throughout the land, sad hearts turned to God for help. Prayers, earnest prayers, were offered to the Great Physician for healing for the stricken one. After a few days, he seemed to be improving in health, and many were hopeful of his complete recovery. Messrs. Tasker and Pepper published a card, in the Christian Standard, announcing a "decided improvement in the condition of Mr. Inskip. He moves about the house, and grounds, taking an interest in everything that transpires." The physician gave encouragement that he "would be able to go to the office in a very few days." Mrs. Inskip writes: "My faith claims Mr. Inskip's



complete restoration. He is joyous and happy, singing sweet songs of praise." But it was very clear to others, who had marked the gradual steps by which he had reached this point, that he could not recover, -- that his end was in the near future.

Nov. 21, the annual meeting of the National Camp-meeting Association was held in Philadelphia. In connection with Rev. J. E. Searles, the writer visited Mr. Inskip at his home in West Town, Pa., the day before the association convened. As we approached the house, we observed him looking from his chamber window, and pointing to us, with manifest joy at our coming. As we entered we found him calm, and delighted to see us. He was able to be about the house, and even to go down stairs with us to tea. But though he looked quite well, there was little or no improvement in his speech. He could do little more than utter "yes," and "no." He could join in a familiar hymn, and articulated the words with tolerable distinctness, but was utterly unable to hold conversation. We spent the night with him and had a most delightful season of prayer, in which he heartily joined. He was without pain, happy and peaceful.

The following day, just as we were closing the business of the Association, to the great surprise of all, Mr. and Mrs. Inskip entered the office. He seemed deeply interested in all that was being done, but it was painful to us all to witness his fruitless attempts to make us understand his wishes.

The Association passed resolutions expressive of their profound sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Inskip, for him in his great bodily affliction, and for her in her greatest trial. But we were all well assured that he would never again lead us in the fight, or shout us on to victory, -- he had fought his last battle.

On the tenth of December Mr. and Mrs. Inskip left West Town for Ocean Grove, where, it was thought, the surroundings might be more favorable to his recovery. He had often expressed a strong desire to die at a camp-meeting. The nearest to this would be to die on a camp-ground; and this favor was granted him.

The Thorne House, his former residence -- built by himself -- was very a attractive spot for him. In this house he spent the last eleven weeks of his mortal life. The Ocean Grove Association showed him and his family every kindness; indeed, all his friends -- and he had many -- were ready to render him every possible assistance. They visited him almost daily and made his condition as comfortable as possible. He was happy and peaceful, almost constantly singing some favorite hymn. The songs which were most upon his lips, were. "I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;" "Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;" "Is not this the land of Beulah?" "I'm the child of a King;" "Angels now are hovering round us;" "The home of the soul;" "In the sweet by and by;" and others, of similar character.

On the thirtieth of December, with his wife, Mr. Inskip attended church at the Grove, and listened to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Wythe. He sat in the altar, and at the close of the sermon, sang one verse of

"My life flows on with ceaseless song,"

and appeared remarkably happy. Jan. 13, he went again, and remained at the sacramental service, which he greatly enjoyed.

After returning to his home, Mrs. Inskip said to him: "This has been real feast today, and I hope it may be the Lord's will that you may again be in the work you have so dearly loved. Do you not feel it to be a great trial to be deprived of your speech?" With perfect resignation, he answered, so as to be understood by her, "Oh, no: it is God's will." This proved to be his last Sabbath in the house of God.

In reply to Mrs. Inskip's inquiry, "Do you not think if you had not worked so hard, that it would have been better, and you would have lived longer and saved yourself this great suffering?" his answer was prompt and characteristic, "I am so glad I have worked hard all my life."

As he approached the end, his sufferings, at times, became very great. But in the midst of his deepest sufferings he seemed filled with joy. On one of these occasions Mrs. Inskip said: "My dear, religion was good when you were turned from your father's home; it was good in the midst of labor, trials and misrepresentations; it has been good in the midst of great battles, and when the glorious victory came: does it now hold in the midst of this great suffering?" He pressed her hand, and with uplifted eyes, and a hallowed smile, responded, "Yes, oh yes." In a slow and deliberate manner, so as to be understood by Mrs. Inskip, he said, "I am unspeakably happy." This was followed by, "Glory! glory!"

Rev. Mr. Ballard says: "For the last few weeks of his life, he blended agony and triumph, as in the course of my ministry I have never seen them blended. The pains which came upon him were almost beyond endurance. I have seen him lie there, propped up by his pillow and supported by the arms of his wife, -- who never for a day, in all the weary months of his illness, quitted his side, -- his whole form quivering with anguish, and his voice moaning with the pain that distorted his features, and still insisting that prayer should be made, during which, smiles which seemed reflecting from the glory beyond, would irradiate his face, and the anguish and the pain be all obliterated. I have never seen any other soul whose triumphs equaled his in like circumstances."

A brother called and spent the evening. During the conversation, Mr. Inskip said: "Do you have family prayers?" The brother confessed that he did not. But such was the impression made upon his mind, that he went home and said to his wife: "God has spoken to me through Bro. Inskip;" and he gathered his family together erected the family altar saying, "It shall never be thrown down."

February 7, Mr. Inskip was very ill. As he took leave of his grandson and his wife, he place his hand upon their heads, and said, in broken words: "Be good; meet me in Heaven." Then, kissing the baby, he bade each person in the room, "Good-by." Then, turning to his wife, he said: "All is well. Glory! Hallelujah!" Rev. Mr. Ballard, who was often with him, says: "He could always say, 'Amen'; could join in hymns he had known, and sing the words; but while his mind formed ideas without difficulty, the vocal organs refused their office in expressing them; yet, in the subtle telegraphy of love, his wife was able to understand and interpret him to his friends, in ways which he accepted as exactly correspondent with his meaning."

Sunday, Feb. 17, Rev. George Hughes called to see him. Mr. Inskip united in singing, --  
"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"

and while prayer was offered, his soul seemed in a state of ecstasy.

On the twenty-second, Rev. Messrs. Pepper, Osborn, and Wallace, made a visit to the sick-room. While Mr. Pepper prayed, Mr. Inskip responded, 'Amen! Amen! Amen!' Then they sang, --

"I am dwelling on the mountain,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams," etc.

Chorus:

"Is not this the land of Beulah?"

During the singing, he took a palm-leaf fan which was lying on the bed, and waved it again and again. Mr. Osborn said: "You are waving your 'palm' before you go to the glory land." With a face radiant with smiles, he responded, "Yes, yes!"

March 3, was a day of great physical suffering. As his wife knelt and prayed that God would grant her husband some relief from his suffering, he commenced singing, --

"I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,  
My faith can firmly trust Him, come what may."

March 6, his sufferings were very great. Mrs. Inskip says: "Oh, what a sufferer! and yet, how patient! This morning, from three to five, the room was filled with the presence of the Holy One. Every one present felt the influence of the Spirit. My husband's face appeared as bright as the sunlight. We united with him in singing, --

"Death shall not destroy my comfort.  
Christ shall guide me through the gloom;  
Down He'll send some heavenly convoy,  
To escort my spirit home.

Don't you see my Jesus coming?  
Don't you see him in you cloud?  
With ten thousand angels round him,  
See how they my Savior crowd."

He then sang, "I'm the child of the King," and three verses of "Deliverance will come."

On the day of his departure, Rev. J. E Searles and Mr. G. C. Reis, who were attending a meeting of the directors of the National Publishing Association, went to Ocean Grove to visit Mr.

Inskip. "When I was announced " says Mr. Searle, "he roused up a little, and looked towards me; and his ever-faithful wife said to him: 'My dear Bro. Searles has come; do you know him? If you know him, press his hand' (which he was holding); and then I felt a gentle pressure, and there was a slight movement of the lips. But it was only for a moment; consciousness reeled and vanished to return no more in this life. It seemed difficult to realize that we were looking upon the leader of the great holiness movement in the present history of the Church, who so recently appeared so strong, and full of almost youthful vigor, -- whose constitution and makeup seemed to defy the effects, either of toil or increasing years. He often said to the writer: 'I want to die in the work.' His record is one of incessant activity and glorious success. After singing, 'My latest sun is sinking fast,' we joined in prayer, and felt that Heaven was bending low, and the angels, and especially the presence of Jesus, was there. We turned away from the dying hero of a thousand glorious victories for Christ, with inexpressible sadness, and yet with a secret joy that we should soon join him, with a host of the brothers of the Association, and other friends of holiness, in the blessed life above, -- a life unmeasured by the flight of years,' where all is Heaven forever.

'At six o'clock in the evening, after returning home, I received a telegram, announcing that all was over, -- that he had entered into his rest."

The last song sung, on the day of his departure, was, "The sweet by-and-by." While singing that beautiful and appropriate hymn, the dying man pressed his loving wife to his breast, and then, taking her hands in his, raised them up together, and with a countenance beaming with celestial delight, shouted, "Victory! Triumph! Triumph!" These were his last words on earth.

He ceased to breathe at 4 P. M., March 7. But so peacefully and imperceptibly did he pass away, that those who watched by him could scarcely perceive the moment when he ceased to live. On that day the Christian warrior, the powerful preacher, the tender husband, the world-renowned evangelist, was gathered to his fathers, and rested from his toil.

"The battle's fought, the victory's won,  
and thou art crowned at last."

The intelligence of his death spread throughout all the land with great rapidity, and though not unexpected, it produced a profound impression upon all. Letters of Christian sympathy for the afflicted widow came pouring in from all parts of the country. The general feeling was, that a great and useful man had fallen, -- one whose place in the holiness movement of the country could not easily be filled.

#### FUNERAL SERVICE AT OCEAN GROVE

Thorne Cottage was densely crowded on Monday evening, March 10, as the mortal remains of Mr. Inskip were to be borne away the next morning to the home of the dead. Rev. J. Bradds, of the Baltimore Conference, offered prayer; Rev. W. H. Meeker, of Troy Conference, read selections from the Scriptures, and Rev. E. I. D. Pepper announced a hymn. Rev. W. B. Osborn paid a loving tribute to the memory of his old friend. His reminiscences were pathetic and thrilling. "Side by side they had labored together at great camp-meetings. They had met in India, evangelized in Australia, and loved as David and Jonathan. It was his sad office, and yet a

privilege, to be much with Mr. Inskip during his illness, and down to the last moment of life. He held his hand while dying, and repeated Wesley's hymn, as the spirit took his flight,

'Servant of God, well done.'

Rev. S. Jaquett, who visited him almost daily, said: "It seemed so near Heaven, to be in the room, where, though faint and weary, Brother Inskip was always on the mountain-top of ecstatic vision." Rev. H. B. Beegle referred to the fact that Mr. Inskip was one of the originators of Ocean Grove, and one of the first members of the Association. Rev. Mr. Ballard made some appropriate remarks, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. F. M. Collins, of Philadelphia.

The mournful cortege left Ocean Grove in the 9 o'clock train, Tuesday morning, and arrived in New York near noon, where it was met by friends with carriages, and the company proceeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church, East Washington Square, formerly Green Street, of which Mr. Inskip had once been pastor. The gathering was such as befitted a distinguished minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. The house was filled with a company of men and women, many of whom were ministers of note, and life-long associates and friends of the deceased.

Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, read the 991st hymn, --

"Servant of God, well done"; etc.

An appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Wood. Dr. A. Lowrey read the twenty-third Psalm, and also 1 Pet. i. 2, 3; Rev. G. Hughes read the 970th hymn, --

"Why do we mourn for dying friends?" etc.

Rev. W. McDonald, his associate from the beginning of the National Camp-meetings, made an address, analyzing his character, and describing his labors and usefulness. Rev. E. I. D. Pepper followed, reading a well-prepared address, which was a worthy eulogy on the character and life of Mr. Inskip.

Rev. Dr. D. Curry, his conference associate and life-long friend, spoke briefly. Speaking of Mr. Inskip's experience, he said: "It was the most rational of any he had ever heard." Rev. Mr. Ballard spoke last. He gave some touching incidents connected with Mr. Inskip's labors and last hours, most of which have been recorded.

Rev. S. W. Thomas, of Philadelphia, read some resolutions passed by the Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia, after which Rev. J. E. Searles offered the closing prayer. By request, the choir and congregation united in singing, "The sweet by and by." As the chorus to the last verse was repeated, Mrs. Inskip joined heartily in singing, --

"In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

The large congregation then took a last look at the mortal remains of Rev. John S. Inskip, after which he was borne to his earthly resting-place in Greenwood, where he was laid beside his father, mother, and son, who had preceded him to the better land.

Rev. I. Simmons read the burial service at the grave; Mr. Osborn proposed that we sing the "battle-hymn," with which nearly if not ever; National Camp-meeting, had commenced, --

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

It was sung with subdued emotion, and the mourning company turned away from the place of the dead. It did seem, as they left the brave warrior wrapped in the habiliments of the grave, that he must be heard again, calling to the retiring company, as in the days of his glory, "Come on! Come on!" But faith could hear his voice as it came gently sweeping down from the heaven of the holy, --

"I shine in the light of God;  
His likeness stamps my brow;  
This the valley of death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now.

I have reached the joys of Heaven;  
I am one of the sainted band;  
To my head a crown of life is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,  
Whom Jesus has set free,  
And the glorious walls of Heaven shall ring  
With my new-born melody.

Hail! friends of my mortal years,  
The trusted and the true!  
You are toiling still in the vale of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you"

Every heart in that sorrowing, yet rejoicing company, could say, as it turned away from the final resting-place of him so greatly beloved, --

"Farewell, Inskip! Farewell, honored servant of the Lord!  
Farewell friend and brother, --

'All thy conflict  
End in an eternal rest'  
Farewell."

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## Part 9

### BURTON RENSSELAER JONES

The tribute to Burton Rensselaer Jones found in the following text is taken from hdm0618, "Master Workmen," by Richard R. Blews. It is part of Chapter 4, titled: "Burton Rensselaer Jones."

Like Abraham Lincoln and many of America's great men of the last century, the subject of this sketch was born in a log cabin. Burton Rensselaer Jones made his advent into the world on a farm in Livingston County, New York, December 3, 1845, the third of a family of nine children.

His father, James Jones, was descended from New England stock, being a native of New Hampshire, while his mother, Eleanor Sabina Osborn, was a native of New York State. When about two years old, his parents moved to the little village of Greigsville, New York, where his father owned and operated the general store. They were thrifty, industrious citizens who did not have luxuries but who had sufficient to rear their children with the real necessities of life and to produce that type of self-reliant citizens which characterized the country in the days before the Civil War.

In the winter of 1853 a far-reaching providence entered into the history of the Jones family. That remarkable man of God, Rev. William C. Kendall, held a revival in Greigsville. Although honest and upright, the Jones family were not religious. When the fearless Kendall came to the circuit as a far-famed exponent of the doctrine of "holiness" he faced great opposition, but in spite of obstacles he continued his heroic gospel until the community was stirred for miles around. The work went deep and thorough. In this revival Father and Mother Jones were converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Later in this meeting Burton was clearly converted. As he knelt at the altar, that holy man of God placing his hand upon the head of the penitent said, "The Lord bless the boy." Afterwards he expressed the conviction that some day he would preach the gospel. This made a lasting impression upon the boy's young heart.

Mr. Jones gives this account of his early days: "I ran well for a season. Prayer was the delight of my soul. I thought the Lord lived in the sky and to look in that direction seemed to inspire my heart. I would call my classmates together at the noon hour, sing and pray, relate my experience and exhort them to seek the Savior. A number were thus led to Christ. After a season, however, I yielded to the influence of my associates and the allurements of Satan, neglected duty, and fell a prey to the enemy."

In company with his parents, he attended a number of the camp meetings on the old Bergen camp ground which was the rallying place for the holiness people of western New York in those days. Here he heard the gospel preached by such giants as Asa Abel, B. T. Roberts, Loren Stiles, Doctor Redfield, Levi Wood, and Benjamin Pomeroy. The type of gospel he heard from these holy men and the demonstrations of divine power which he witnessed made a profound and lasting impression upon him.

Meantime the great upheaval took place in the Genesee Conference resulting in the expulsion of these strong exponents of Christian perfection and the organization of the Free Methodist Church. A revival of primitive Methodism was sweeping over western New York and was breaking out in Illinois and Michigan. In 1864 a Free Methodist society was organized in Greigsville by Rev. Asa Abel. In the following year, Rev. J. A. Wilson, assisted by Rev. G. W. Coleman, held a revival which again swept over the whole countryside in great power. At this time young Jones, twenty years of age, was attending the academy at Geneseo, New York, five miles distant. Although a backslider, the spirit of God came upon him in pungent conviction. As he passed the door of the church one evening the voice of prayer fell on his ear and strangely wrought upon him. Unable to pursue his studies on account of the moving of his conscience, he decided to return home and attend the meetings. A strange sensation crept over him whenever sinners were invited to seek the Lord. The great struggle for his soul was at its height. Every night he moved a seat nearer the front of the church. One night his mother entreated him -- as only a mother can -- amid tears to get right with God. Then and there he sought the Lord. As his emotions subsided, the fury of Satan was turned upon him presenting the separation from the world, the reproach of the cross, and the cost of taking the narrow way.

For several days he was in this distressed state of mind. One night after church, sorely tempted and discouraged, he knelt at the family altar. Resolved on victory or death, he settled every controversy and made a complete surrender. As his faith was reaching out, those about him sang:

"My sins are washed away  
Through the blood of the Lamb."

Only a few lines had been sung when the clouds broke and the clear witness came at his father's altar about midnight, March 10, 1865. The struggling penitent passed from death unto life. In his own words, "The smiles of a reconciled God decorated the heart which but a few moments before was a dungeon of woe ... I was inexpressibly joyous. That night was the most blessed night I have ever known. The greater part of it I remained awake praising the Lord."

Having been reared under the ministry of men "mighty in the Scriptures," he had a clear understanding of the theory of Bible holiness. He believed in sanctification as a second work of grace. Since his highest ambition was to be wholly the Lord's, he responded to the invitation to seek a clean heart three days after his conversion. After making a complete self-dedication to God, he received the witness of the spirit that his heart was cleansed. "My own experience," says Bishop Jones, "confirms me in the belief that it is God's will that young converts should be made perfect in love soon after conversion." He immediately cast in his lot with the recently organized Free Methodist Church of which some day he was destined to become one of its bishops.

His consecration was now to be tested. He had often felt the call that he would have to preach the gospel. That had cast a shadow over him before his conversion; but now he felt like Paul "for necessity is laid on me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." He gladly accepted the call of his Master with the new-born vision that to be instrumental in the salvation of one soul would be worth the sacrifice of a lifetime.



About a year after conversion he was given an exhorter's license and began to fill a regular round of appointments, assisting the pastor on the home circuit which had a number of preaching points. His first sermon was preached in his father's home, from the text, Mark 13:37, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." The authorities had closed the doors of the Methodist Church where the new organization had been worshipping and the meetings were being held in his father's house. At the close of the service his mother said, "Well, my boy, you had a rather hard time."

In the fall of 1867, two years after his conversion, he received a letter from Rev. B. T. Roberts after adjournment of the Michigan Conference saying, "A place has been provided for you on Coldwater circuit with a most excellent brother, W. D. Bishop. Get settled convictions of duty and abide by them." Since he was young and frail in body, his parents were unwilling for him to go to Michigan -- such a step seemed almost presumptuous. Young Jones earnestly put the matter before the Lord, that if it was His will, his parents would give their consent. The next morning his fond mother said, "Well, Burton, if you are satisfied the Lord wants you to go to Michigan you can go." The Lord seemed to say to him, "This is the open door; step into it." In after years he said that this was the critical time of his life. He never ceased to thank God that the right choice was made -- he went immediately to Michigan.

In Michigan he associated with a noble body of self-sacrificing men such as E. P. Hart, C. S. Gitchell, John Ellison and others. During his first year in the itineracy he went through the sieges of homesickness common to youth away from home for the first time, rode over a widespread circuit on a borrowed horse, held revival meetings, suffered the hardships incident to pioneer work, and received as salary one hundred and thirty-one dollars and board among the people.

In September, 1868, he was received on trial at the fourth annual session of the Michigan Conference held at Rainsville, Michigan. The circuits in those days had to be built up by the pastors. Circuits had to be made. The most that could be expected from the conference was a "hitching post" from which to branch out into the regions beyond. Expecting to return to Coldwater, he was surprised when General Superintendent Roberts read off "Rainsville Circuit, B. R. Jones."

For two years he served the Rainsville circuit, covering a large extent of territory. At the Michigan Conference held at Holland, Ohio, he was ordained deacon by Superintendent Roberts. The Michigan Conference then embraced the states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and the Dominion of Canada. Hence long moves were included among the hardships facing the itinerant. The name of B. R. Jones was read off in the list of appointments for the Mansfield and Windsor circuit in Ohio. During the two years of his service on this circuit he did effective work in opening up new fields.

At the annual conference convening at Delta, Ohio, in 1872, he was ordained elder. He was stationed by this conference on the Evansville and Fort Branch circuit in Indiana, the most distant point in the whole conference. This circuit was pioneer work but he was signally blessed in opening new appointments. At the end of two years of successful labor in the distant field in Indiana, he was elected district elder at the conference convening at Coopersville, Michigan, in 1874. During these first seven years as pastor he averaged \$299 a year salary.

After serving as district elder for a period of four years in the Michigan Conference, the Ohio territory was separated from the mother conference and organized at Windsor, Ohio, by

Superintendent Hart in 1879 as the Ohio Conference. Mr. Jones was then elected as district elder in the Ohio conference in which capacity he served till 1884. At this time he was afflicted with rheumatism and also his wife died, leaving him with two children. The best solution of his situation was to accept an invitation from Rev. W. A. Sellew to come to Gerry to do evangelistic work and to put the children in the Gerry Home. After one year he accepted a call to return to Spring Arbor to act as pastor and at the same time to teach in the Seminary. Three profitable years were thus spent until he was again elected district elder in the Michigan Conference in 1888.

At the General Conference of 1890, Bishop Roberts, who had also been editor of the Free Methodist, resigned, since the additional work as editor was too heavy a load. Burton R. Jones was then elected editor. Four years later he was elected bishop, in which capacity he served the church until 1919 when he resigned because of failing health.

In his domestic life he met much sorrow. In 1869 he was married to Miss Ella M. Boyd, an excellent Christian young woman from his native town, who was taken by the hand of death about six years afterward. In 1877 he was united in matrimony to another choice Christian woman, Miss Mary E. Sanford of Albion, New York, only to go through the sorrow of bereavement again after a period of six years. In 1895 he was united in marriage to Miss Helen M. Hart, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Hart, who tenderly cared for him during his long illness.

#### As Editor of The Free Methodist

Burton R. Jones' work naturally falls into two divisions, as editor, and as preacher and administrator. During the years of his editorship, he stressed the doctrine of holiness, experimental religion, and reforms. His style as a writer is pointed and direct, without any attempt at rhetorical flourish. Bishop Zahniser gives this description of his literary style:

"As a writer he was clear, instructive and entertaining. When editor of the Free Methodist his editorials were of a high order, always short, spicy and spiritual. Anything from his pen is well worth reading."

#### A Distinguished People

A good example of his style of preaching is found in the Memorial number of the Free Methodist of December 10, 1912, celebrating the dedication of the Roberts Monument at North Chili, New York.

"Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light, which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God" (1 Pet. 2:9,10).

From its origin, the Free Methodist Church has borne the marks of a "chosen people," and been distinguished in many respects from the other churches of the age. Unassuming, unpopular, opposed and persecuted by the world and the worldly, these people have received inspiration and courage from the consciousness that God had chosen them and prepared them for a special work. To some extent, at least, God has given success to their efforts to maintain the Bible standard of

religion and preserve a pure Methodism. Whenever the unity of the church has been seriously threatened, God has graciously interposed and carried her safely over the crisis. As of ancient Israel, so of God's people today it may be said: "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency; and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places" (Deut. 33:29).

Evidently the Free Methodist Church is a true child of providence, and her mission is not yet fulfilled. Her foundation is the Rock of Ages, and so long as she keeps her covenant with God she will enjoy the consolations of divine approval and protection. But let us prayerfully consider a few things essential to the future success of the church.

1. Gospel simplicity must be maintained. As sure as she attempts to be like the nations around her, she will be robbed of her power and influence for good. Earnest, humble, holy, uncompromising as were the fathers and mothers of the church, so much every twentieth-century Free Methodist be who would aid in building up the church in righteousness and true holiness. Worldly encroachments must not be tolerated, costly churches, the pew system, choir singing and their usual accomplishments are among the things that the church faithfully discountenanced in her early history, and they are no less fatal to vital godliness today. Extravagance in dress, as forbidden in the Scriptures and excluded by the early Methodists, has been prohibited by the Discipline of the Free Methodist Church from its origin. Membership in any secret society is forbidden. To compromise on any of these lines is destructive to that simplicity and purity that has ever characterized true Free Methodism. Such a people are sure to be a curiosity to some and as great a dread to others. To see people dress as plainly as they did in the days when the mother church excluded from her love feasts all who wore "high heads, high bonnets, ruffles and rings," is rather a curiosity to modern Methodists in fashionable attire.

2. Gospel thoroughness must be maintained. A thoroughly radical (not rabid) line of work, tempered by the Christlike spirit, propelled by Omnipotence, guided by divine wisdom, was never more needed than now. To give countenance to worldly compromises or compromisers is to encourage elements that are destructive to the most vital interests of the church. Ministers and members who are not Free Methodists in principle and in heart, and who attach little or no importance to the issues and principles of the church, are an element of weakness, and will sooner or later sell out to some worldly, time-serving people. The church should be thorough. The "ancient landmark" should be kept so prominent that the people can readily discern the boundaries of God's dominions. One soul thoroughly saved to God and in love with the principles of the church will bring a greater inspiration of real strength and holy enthusiasm than any amount of superficial work.

3. The gospel standard of purity must be maintained. As Methodists we must make a specialty of the work of holiness; not simply as a theory, but as a vital experience to be definitely attained, faithfully lived, and boldly proclaimed. The church is required to "follow holiness" -- make a life-work of it. A merely spasmodic effort will not answer the purpose. Holiness should be the all-absorbing theme of every Free Methodist pulpit in the land. It should fire the hearts of all our ministers and spread out through the membership as a leaven that shall work until the whole body is leavened. Thus equipped, the church will stand out as the "light of the world" amid the gross moral darkness that enshrouds the people. Thus far, holy men who earnestly and faithfully

preach Bible holiness, denouncing sin of every character, find a warm reception in the Free Methodist Church. The utmost liberty is given to pure Christian testimony. While at times, perhaps, this zeal may not be sufficiently tempered with wisdom, or whatever may be the defects of the church, yet the old banner of holiness still waves unmolested at the masthead. Woe to the Free Methodist preacher that would presume to lower that banner.

4. In thus maintaining the Bible standard of Christian life and conduct, God is pledged to give success to His distinguished people. There is no ground for fear. No weapon formed against such a people can prosper. Their enemies may mock and taunt them, may misrepresent their motives, call them bigots, enthusiasts, and fanatics; infidels may malign their holy religion and scoff at their Redeemer, but while they hold to the grand old standard of salvation from sin through the blood of the everlasting atonement, the combined forces of sin and hell cannot successfully resist their onward march. Thank God! The old ship is "unsinkable." She is able to withstand the tempest of satanic wrath, incident to a voyage over life's rough sea.

It looks very much as though this stalwart vessel, launched with her weather-beaten crew in 1860, would yet make the final landing in safety. Fellow mortal, get on board. Our Father's at the helm.

He wrote an autobiography entitled "Burton R. Jones, His Life and Labors." issued from the press of the Free Methodist Publishing House in 1910. It is a volume of reminiscences of his long years of service, throwing many interesting sidelights on the early history of the church. He also prepared a "Digest of Free Methodist Law" which was the standard interpretation of the Discipline until a new volume was ordered by General Conference in 1935.

#### As A Minister

It was as a preacher of the gospel that Bishop Jones was at his best. He was concise and simple in his language, sincere in his manner and unctuous in his delivery. He was pre-eminently a preacher on Holiness. He used to say, "If I have a hobby, it is holiness." His preaching was a practical exemplification of his oft-repeated exhortation to the preachers:

"Begin low;  
Speak slow;  
Rise higher;  
Strike fire  
Wax warm;  
Quit in a storm."

He was a man of unusual courage both in the pulpit and in his contacts with men. This is well illustrated by the following incident:

When John Alexander Dowie was at the height of his influence, Brother Jones attended one of his "great" tabernacle meetings. On the occasion Mr. Dowie was scathingly denouncing Bishop Simpson. At the climax of his tirade he cried out, "Bishop Simpson is a liar. All who believe that I have proven that Bishop Simpson is a liar stand to your feet." The great congregation of his

followers arose en masse. Brother Jones remained seated, whereupon Mr. Dowie, pointing to him, cried out, "Who are you sitting in that seat?" Voices from the enthusiastic crowd cried out, "He is a coward. He is a liar. Throw him out." Brother Jones, raising his clear, commanding voice above the noise of the clamoring crowd, cried out, "I am not a coward nor a liar. I travel extensively throughout the United States and am frequently asked about this work. I came today to see and hear first-hand that I might give an intelligent answer to these inquiries. You have declared that Bishop Simpson is a liar and that you have proved this. I do not believe, sir, that Bishop Simpson is a liar or that you have proven your assertion." Voices from the crowd again cried, "Throw him out. Throw him out." But Mr. Dowie quieted the "mob" and Brother Jones remained to the close and walked out quietly. The reader will get a realistic picture of Bishop Jones from the pen of Bishop Zahniser:

"Though not robust in personal appearance, one could not closely contact the subject of this tribute without receiving the impression that he was more than an ordinary man. His splendid shaped head, piercing, expressive, dark eyes back of heavy eyebrows and the whole contour of his countenance would convince the critical observer that he could not be classified with the ordinary commoner. He had a severe attack of rheumatism which would have driven a less determined man to a life of utter dependence. He, however, heroically resolved not only to care for himself and his dependents but also to wage an aggressive warfare and render a worthwhile service to Christ and his fellow men. In his determined spirit there was a dynamo of energy and ambition. He was a living demonstration of the doctrine that, "The only use of an obstacle is to be overcome," and the only right way out of a difficulty is through it. This young man arose superior to his sufferings and with a commendable spirit of courageous confidence he chose a life of conflict and conquest. . . .

"He was a wise and proficient presiding officer and an excellent parliamentarian. Business moved forward with dispatch and precision when he occupied the chair in a deliberative body. In more than a score of years, as my memory serves me, not a single decision rendered by him was reversed by the General Conference.

"Brother Jones was a Spirit-filled man and contended for the freedom of the Spirit in the public worship of the church. He ministered the Spirit to others and contended for that type of spirituality which produced a high standard of practical living and negative as well as positive righteousness. He had a wealth of apt illustrations with which to 'clinch' the truth. In exhorting young preachers against long, dry preaching, he told of a preacher who preached two hours to a sleepy congregation from the text, 'Feed my lambs.' At the close a successful sheep-raiser arose and said, 'I don't know much about preaching, but I have three splendid rules for feeding lambs. First, feed them often. Second, give them a little at a time. Third, GIVE IT TO THEM WARM.'

"Bishop Jones excelled as a preacher. His sermons were masterful, delivered with an unction and power peculiar to himself. According to my thinking and liking I have seldom heard his equal. At the General Conference convening at Greenville, Illinois, in 1903, on the first Sunday morning following the greatest lovefeast I have ever attended, he preached a sermon that in the opinion of many did more to influence the action of the conference favorably than all the speeches delivered on the floor. I can see him now as he passed from one height to another, carrying that great congregation with him. Reaching his climax in describing the devotion, consecration and great sacrifice by which our fathers established the principles of the church he raised his clenched

fist and shook it threateningly, crying out, "AND PARALYZED BE THE ARM THAT EVER DARES TO LOWER THE STANDARD." The storm broke upon us in a veritable Pentecost. The preacher took his seat with a halo of glory shining from his countenance."

Burton R. Jones furnishes a shining example of Christian fortitude. In spite of the fact that he was afflicted with rheumatism during nearly all his public life, he served twenty-three years in the pastorate and eldership, four years as editor and twenty-five years as bishop. He preached approximately 8000 times, conducted 475 quarterly meetings, presided at more than 150 conferences, ordained about 350 deacons and elders, dedicated approximately 170 churches, attended 150 camp meetings, and traveled 200,000 miles after his election as bishop.

After his resignation as bishop he was a patient sufferer for the last seventeen years of his life. During one of his last sermons while preaching from his wheel chair, he said the Lord gave him this answer relative to his healing -- Paul's answer, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." During a severe siege of suffering he wrote the following sketch entitled "Saturday Night" which reveals the personality of the man:

#### Saturday Night

"With firm resolve my steady bosom steal,  
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel."

As I sit in my room this Saturday night, when the week and the day are dying together, my thoughts go beyond the unseemly clamor of the hurrying world, and memories come to me of bright hopes that were suddenly swept away, leaving only the wound which the dead days have thus far failed to heal.

I can but wonder why my hopes are so often wrecked, while others' joys go on and on. I have often tried to reason why one who is trying to please his Maker (for twenty years I've tried to do right) should so suffer, while others less scrupulous, perhaps, are permitted to walk where the path of life is smooth, and the flowers bloom, and the birds sing.

I cannot help but wonder why life to some is never life, but solely waiting for the end to come. Said a pilgrim sister, "When we reach the eternal shore we shall not care to take the journey again." So many hardships! So much suffering!

This I have tried to understand in my own weak way, and while I have looked, and wondered, and waited, and trusted, the sunshine from the invisible has broken in and touched my soul into perfect peace and rest. Thank God!

Now this Saturday night, reasoning will come back again, and I ask myself why these things should be as they are, and no answer comes, save that wisdom tells me that perhaps it is God's way of teaching me to be better and purer. Has it done so? If not, I trust that it may. The word of faith says, "Hope thou in God."

Job, a "perfect and upright" servant of the Most High God, testifies that, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." And in the bitterness of his heart he cried out, "My soul is weary of life." Yet he was not wicked, (see Job 10:7) and in the midst of his affliction he could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Surely, nothing can come out of the darkness of nightly doubt, but fear, and unrest, and the mistake we so often make of not casting our cares fully on the Infinite One.

"Faith brings a glimpse of heavenly day,  
That drives the gloom of night away."

So light breaks in from the distant shore. Oh, to live from the turmoil of the world apart, hid with Christ in God, knowing the mysteries of His kingdom, fully prepared for that eternal peace which is to come when "sleep has kissed our eyelids to everlasting rest."

I am becoming more and more convinced that nothing sure and steadfast will there ever be in this life, save the inner consciousness that to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God" will insure peace of mind here, and joys immortal beyond life's everlasting Saturday night.

He answered the roll call of heaven at Pasadena, California, April 20, 1933. He who had been a heroic sufferer peacefully entered the haven of rest. His resignation to the will of God, even in the furnace, was significantly indicated by his parting words, "Amen! Amen!" Fittingly the funeral service was concluded by twenty-two ministers, in a circle around his casket, singing Charles Wesley's grand old hymn:

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past  
The battles fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last."

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## Part 10 MARTIN WELLS KNAPP

The tribute to Martin Wells Knapp found in the following text is taken from hdm0098, "A Hero of Faith and Prayer," by Aaron Merritt (A. M.) Hills.

"Vandalia, Mich., December 12, 1901.  
"Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"My dear Sister, -- Brother Wood's letters both received tonight, forwarded from Lake City.

"How our hearts go out to you in this great sorrow! 'Jesus wept.' Yes, His was real sorrow; His was a real life. Why should not we weep also? It is God's way for us. You loved him, and the

measure of that affection is the immeasurable chasm made by his departure. I loved him well; there has been a great vacancy in my Conference life since he did not meet with us; but I have thought of him as about the Master's business elsewhere. Is he not still about the Master's business? Certainly; he in the upper courts, as we below. I am sure the God of all comfort is comforting your heart with the same comfort wherewith we also in like manner have been comforted. We are bearing you to the Throne of infinite grace. Of Brother Martin Wells Knapp it can be said as of but few, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' He held nothing back from God. He constantly, instantly, joyously, wholly served his Savior.

"Truly may we say with Charles Wesley:

"Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crowned at last;

Of all thy heart's desire  
Triumphantly possessed;  
Lodged by the ministerial choir  
In thy Redeemer's breast.

In condescending love,  
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;  
And bade thee suddenly remove  
To thy complete reward

With Saints enthroned on high,  
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
And still to God salvation cry,  
Salvation to the Lamb!

O, happy, happy soul!  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Long as eternal ages' roll,  
Thou seest thy Savior's face,

Redeemed from earth and pain,  
Ah! when shall we ascend,  
And all in Jesus' presence reign  
With our translated friend?"

"There! it needed it all to voice my heart to you. It would be a great satisfaction to be at the Memorial the 19th; but that is not within our ability. We have one common mercy-seat, and there will we meet, and let our faith unite with yours. There comes to me so vividly that gathering at your mother's home when Conference met at Lansing. What a gathering in the home above! May we all safely enter!



Your brother,  
John C. Beach."

\* \* \*

#### TRIBUTE OF THE BIBLE COMMENTATOR, W. B. GODBEY

"With Rev. Martin Wells Knapp it was my privilege to enjoy a happy acquaintance and intimate fellowship in the Lord's work the last twelve years of his life. Meanwhile he shone like the sun in his noonday glory; but unlike the sun who declines from the zenith to the Occident till barely eclipsed by the Hesperian hills, but like the Morning Star who goes not down on the approach of day, but shines till the floods of diurnal splendor melt away his nocturnal glory and the overwhelming grandeur and effulgent radiations accompanying the king of day.

"The fall of Brother Knapp at the early age of forty-eight was like the sun dropping from the zenith at noonday. What a blessed privilege simultaneously to cease to labor and cease to live, thus, in God's signal mercy, delivered from all the decrepitude of declining years! My constant prayer is, 'O Lord, Thy will be done.' If consistent with His will, I certainly would hail it as a signal blessing to go suddenly from labor to rest.

'Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Saviour's joy.  
But strew his ashes to the winds,  
Whose pen and voice still bless the world.  
And is he dead? Glorious reward!  
Life's thine on high.  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.'

"Brother Knapp will preach, shine, and shout in the nine books which God gave the world through his instrumentality till Jesus comes in the clouds, and then on through all the ages of eternity, as many will rise up to call him blessed.

"His zeal was sublime, his doctrine Wesleyan, and his courage Napoleonic. He seemed to live amid sheets of cherubic light and flames of seraphic fire. He was a beautiful incarnation, exhibiting the love of John, the fire of Peter, the lightning of Jude, and the dynamite of Paul.

"Let all the saints pray that his mantle may rest on his son John with a double portion of his spirit. He was a marvel of intellectual brilliancy and nervous acumen, having the most active brain I ever knew. His thoughts moved with locomotive speed. Doubtless the preternatural activity of his mind wore out his body prematurely, like Hugh Miller, Dr. Munsey, and others. His enterprises were simply marvelous, girdling the globe with his missions in Africa, Japan, and India, and actually sending two evangelists around the world to encourage the work in all lands.

"God's Revivalist, God's Tabernacle on the Mount of Blessings, God's Training-school, Salvation Park Camp-meeting, and God's Rescue Home are living monuments of that indefatigable perseverance which characterized this wonderful man of God.

W. B. Godbey."

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## Part 11

### ROBERT MANLEY

The tribute to Robert Manley found in the following text is taken from hdm0683, the "Autobiography of James B. Finley," and is a portion of Chapter 13, entitled: "Itinerant Life Continued."

We were not only favored, at this campmeeting, with the presence of our beloved bishops, but also by the presence of the Rev. Robert Manley, a flaming herald of the cross, and pioneer of the gospel in the west. I shall never forget the first time I saw him. At a campmeeting, held at brother John Collins', on the east fork of the Little Miami, in the year preceding the one about which I am writing, I had the pleasure of an introduction to this devoted and talented minister, by brother Collins, who represented him as his spiritual father.

When he arose in the stand, all eyes were turned toward him. Instead of giving out a hymn, as is customary on such occasions, before preaching, he commenced, in a full, clear, and musical voice, singing that exceedingly-impressive, spiritual song,

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found;  
I knew not where to go.  
O'erwhelmed with guilt, and anguish slain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink to endless woe."

Before he had finished singing the fourth verse, the power of God came down, and pervaded the vast assembly, and it became agitated -- swelling and surging like the sea in a storm. It seemed as if the glory of God filled the entire encampment. At this meeting, it may be said, the power of Manley reached its culminating point. Never did he preach with greater eloquence and power, nor were his efforts ever crowned with greater success. But his work was done. Shortly after the meeting closed he was taken sick, and called from labor to refreshment and rest in heaven, by the summons of his Master.

"Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle's fought, the victory won;  
Enter thy Master's joy."

During this round I made an attempt to preach in the town of Newark. This place was notorious for its wickedness; and, as no house was opened for me, I was obliged to preach in the bar-room of a tavern. Fearing the citizens would cut my saddle, or shave my horse, I hid him in the bushes. When I stepped into the door I found the room full; and many were crowded around the bar, drinking. It looked to me more like the celebration of a bacchanalian orgie [Bacchanalia = the Roman festival of Bacchus, the Greek or Roman god of wine -- a drunken revelry, riotous, roistering -- Oxford Dict.], than a place for the worship of God. But I had made an appointment; and I must fill it at all hazards; and, as the gospel was to be preached to every creature, my mission extended to every place this side of hell. I procured a stool, and, placing it beside the door, got upon it, and cried out, at the top of my voice, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." for thirty minutes I labored to show the audience that they were on their way to hell, and as insensible of their danger as though locked fast in the embrace of sleep. I assured them that hell would soon awaken them. When I had done warning them of their danger, and inviting them to Christ, I returned to the bushes, found my horse, and rode to brother Channel's. The bar-room folks made search for me, but I was gone. They sent me word, if I came again they would roast me; but, notwithstanding, I made another appointment in the court-house.

On my next round, fearless of the threats of the bar-room hearers, I preached in the court-house, to a more orderly congregation, and formed a class. At this place I continued to preach regularly during the year, and was permitted to witness some fruits of my labors.

On one of my tours down the north fork of Licking, one evening I heard, not far from me, the report of a rifle, and instantly heard some one scream as if shot. It was getting dark, and I rode on to brother Robinson's, and, after being there a short time, a messenger came and informed us that a man had been shot up the creek. We immediately started for the place where he was reported to have been shot, and found the track and blood in the snow. We traced the wounded man as far as the creek, which he had crossed, and, following him by the blood which had spurted from his wound at every jump, as from a stricken deer, for about one mile, where we found him in a cabin, with a family. He was shot through the body; but, being in a stooping position, the ball escaped his vitals. The man who shot him was a neighbor, to whom the wounded man had been a great friend. He had loaned his murderer a sum of money; and for simply asking the payment of a part of it, the debtor determined on killing him, for the purpose, doubtless, of getting clear of the whole debt. It appeared, from the testimony of the wounded man, that he had followed him a mile, and made several attempts to shoot, but was deterred, from some cause or other, till he arrived at that fatal spot. We bound up his wounds in the best manner we were able, and, after praying with him, returned home. A similar case occurred a few years since, in the melancholy death of Dr. Parkman, of Boston. O, the wickedness of the human heart! Who can know it?

Soon after our second campmeeting a glorious work commenced at the house of brother John's. After preaching, and meeting class, the company separated, and went in different directions, to their homes. On the way, a young woman, who had been convicted at the meeting, fell down in the road, and greatly alarmed those who were with her. They scarcely knew what to do; but finally came to the conclusion to take her back to the place of meeting. She was the sister of the lady at whose house the meeting was held; and when the circumstance of her having fallen on the way home was noised abroad, the whole neighborhood came together, the religious portion

commenced singing and praying; and, while engaged in these exercises, the power of God came down upon them, and many were smitten by the Divine influence, and fell to the floor, crying for mercy. The intelligence of this excitement spread in every direction; and great multitudes, from a distance, flocked together to see this wonderful thing. The young woman -- Eliza Hankins -- still remained insensible, without exhibiting any signs of life. Fears were entertained by some, that she would never recover from this state; but, after remaining apparently lifeless, for the space of thirty-two hours, she sprang instantly to her feet, and commenced singing and shouting alternately. Her face seemed lighted up with an unearthly radiance; and, as she spoke of Jesus and heaven, in strains of the most inimitable eloquence and sweetness, the whole congregation was overwhelmed, and we felt ourselves in the presence of a superior being, rather than that of an artless, unsophisticated country girl. This gave a fresh impulse to the work of God, and the exercises resembled those of a campmeeting more than any thing else. The meeting lasted ten days, increasing in interest and power; and there were at least one hundred happily converted to God

An incident occurred during this meeting worthy of particular note; and, as it belongs to a class of frequent occurrence in the early days of Methodism in this country, I will narrate it. A young man had come to the meeting, who seemed to have been possessed of the devil. His ravings and blasphemy shocked all who heard him. He boastingly exclaimed that he defied the power of God; and that those who had fallen were overcome by the influence of fear, or nervous weakness. While this stouthearted young man was listening to the fervid eloquence of the young woman before described, he sprang suddenly from his feet, and fell his whole length on the floor. Had he been shot through the heart, he would not have fallen more suddenly, or been more lifeless to all appearance. Here was a marked demonstration of the power of God, in irresistible conviction; and I determined to watch the issue closely. His companions in sin were terribly alarmed, and many of them hurried away. After lying a short time, the limbs of the young man became perfectly rigid, and remained in this state for eight hours, when they relaxed, and he was seized with convulsions of such an intense and powerful character, that it seemed as though he must die from the agony. While thus torn, as the demonized young man in the gospel, till the hearts of all were wrung with sympathy at his sufferings, and some began to fear the consequences, instantly he sprang to his feet, praising God for his salvation, and exhorting all his friends to seek an interest in the Savior. His conversion was a matter of astonishment to all. One man, who was inveterately opposed to the revival, said that it was the work of the devil. I replied, "If it be a work of the devil, when this young man recovers from this state he will curse and swear as formerly; but if it be a work of God, his oaths and curses will be turned into prayers and praises." When the gainsayer witnessed the wonderful change wrought on the young man, he was confounded, and went away.

The Lord crowned our labors this year with abundant success. Upward of two hundred were added to the church. I left this circuit as I did my first one, with many tears, and knew not how strongly my heart was attached to my brethren till I was called to separate from them.

At the conference held in Cincinnati in 1811, E. Bowman was appointed to be my successor. This was a sad appointment. He no sooner arrived than he commenced sowing the vile seed of Arianism and Socinianism, which spread over the whole circuit. It was not long till it sprang up and produced its deadly fruit. James Smith, John Green, and other local preachers embraced this heresy and joined the New Lights. Green soon backslid, lost the comforts of

religion, and, as I learned, became a drunkard -- broke the hearts of, and beggared, his once happy family. Rapp also embraced the doctrine, and lost the grace of God out of his heart.

Henry Haines, once a good man, full of faith and good fruits, went off with them, and soon after became deranged and hung himself. Mody was also among the number of apostates from the faith. He erected a distillery, lost all his beautiful property at Bowling Green, ruined his interesting family, and died a most horrible death. Others, who left in this heresy, became Universalists and infidels. Never was that Scripture more clearly fulfilled than in the case of these unfortunate men -- "they have chosen their own way and I will choose their delusions." [The following is a more complete and accurate quotation of this scripture: Isa 66:3-4 -- "Yea, they have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abominations. I also will choose their delusions, and will bring their fears upon them; because when I called, none did answer; when I spake, they did not hear: but they did evil before mine eyes, and chose that in which I delighted not." -- DVM]

It is now more than forty years since this sad heresy prevailed, and its desolating effects are yet to be seen. The history of this one man, entrusted with the care of souls, but who proved faithless, is an illustration of the proverb, "One sinner destroyeth much good." Let all beware how they depart from sound doctrine. The first digression from the old and beaten path of truth is attended with danger, and no one can tell whither he shall wander, or what will be his end, who departs from the good and the right way. A few years after Thrapp and Fleming went off with the Radicals. Pigman, Parks, and Pumphrey, only three out of nine local preachers on the circuit, remained faithful to their high calling. They lived for many years to preach the gospel in destitute settlements, and do good in every department of the church for which they were fitted, and having finished the work assigned them, they entered into rest. While the "memory of the wicked shall rot, the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Brother Cratzer, the person with whom I boarded, and one of the most devoted of Christians, and talented and useful exhorters, fell into this fatal error and became a New Light preacher. But, alas like his deluded companions, he departed from God and reaped the bitter fruits -- poverty, sin, and death! The memory of these men should prove as beacons to warn all of the dangerous rocks on which they wrecked their hopes.

On this circuit lived old brother Carpenter, whose son Samuel has since become a useful local preacher. Brother Carpenter resided in St. Albans township, and, being invited, I went to his house and preached. This was the first sermon ever preached in the township.

On Owl Creek there lived a Universalist, who like the most of them, was full of controversy; and to hear him talk, one would imagine that he considered himself able to overturn all orthodoxy, and even "wiser than seven men who could render a reason." He always came to our meetings, and invariably pressed me to go home with him. I was considerably annoyed by the fellow, and one day, for the purpose of getting rid of him, agreed to accompany him home. He was a real backwoods hunter, rough and uncouth in his manners. He lived about four miles from the appointment, and we started through the woods, traveling. Part of the time, a cow path. When we arrived at his cabin, which was situated in a corn-patch, and only about sixteen feet square, I said to him, "Bill, what shall I do with my horse?" "Tie him to the fence," he replied. "Well, but what

shall I give him to eat?" "Feed him with cut up corn," said he. It was too late to retreat, so I went into the cabin, and his wife prepared some venison in backwoods fashion, and we partook of our supper. As soon as we had finished our repast, Bill got down his old Bible and said, "Now I have got you, and you will be obliged to argue with me on the subject of religion. I have been waiting for an opportunity for a long time to have a controversy with you." "No," said I, "Bill, you have not a sufficient amount of sense to hold an argument on any religious subject. You brought me here as a Methodist preacher, and I must instruct you and your family; so call in all your children and we will have prayers."

Notwithstanding all his excuses and pleadings I insisted upon the course I had adopted, and his wife and children were called in, and I read the Scriptures, explained, and applied the truth to all, and then prayed to God for their salvation. I trust the poor wife and children were benefited, if the redoubtable Bill was not. After spending a rather unpleasant night in the loft of the cabin, among the chickens, I arose in the morning, had prayers with the family, and departed. Bill never after annoyed me with invitations to go home with him.

At the Cincinnati conference, which I have already alluded to, I was appointed to Fairfield circuit. A mistake in the Minutes represents brother Isaac Quinn as having been appointed to this circuit in charge. Brother Quinn was on the Tombigbee circuit with William Houston. These brethren were both elected delegates to the General conference of 1812. They both came up from that conference, but did not return. In June brother Quinn came home sick, with his brother James, and remained till the next annual conference.

This circuit received the name of Fairfield in 1809, and had been traveled the two preceding years by brother Ralph Lotspiech. He was of German descent, born in Virginia, and raised in Tennessee, where he was converted to God and called to preach the gospel. He was extremely meek and unassuming in all his manners and deportment, deeply pious, and always wore a serious air. In his discourses he wept much, and from this circumstance was called, by his brethren, the "weeping prophet." His pulpit labors were characterized with close practical application to the consciences of his hearers, and attended with good results wherever he ministered. While traveling Deer Creek circuit he was attacked with sickness, which was unto death. Realizing that his work was done, he called his colleague to his bedside, and told him to get a piece of paper and make an inventory of his property. Though he had but little, he felt it his duty to "set his house in order" before he died. The task, which was a short and easy one, being completed, and his assets and liabilities reckoned up, he said, "Well, after paying my debts there will be one hundred dollars left, and that will support my wife and almost helpless children [two of them being twin babes] for one year, and then God will provide. Now," said he to his colleague, "my work is done; turn me over with my face to the wall." This being done, he commenced singing in soft but sweet and plaintive tones,

"Great spoil I shall win  
From death, hell, and sin;  
'Midst outward affliction,  
Shall feel Christ within.  
And when I'm to die,  
Receive me, I'll cry;

for Jesus hath loved me.  
I cannot tell why;  
But this I do find,  
We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in heaven,  
And leave me behind."

The last strain was finished, and the soul of the "weeping prophet" went out, with his last song, to that bright world where "there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying; but where God shall wipe the tears from all eyes." How rich must heaven be in pure and sainted spirits, who have, in the lapse of six thousand years, gone up to people its bright abodes!

This circuit was large, having twenty-five appointments, and I increased the number to thirty-eight before the expiration of the year. It extended from the town of Putnam, on the bank of the Muskingum, opposite Zanesville, ten miles west of Lancaster, and from the head waters of Licking to the falls of the Hockhocking, including all the settlements on Jonathan's Creek and Rush Creek. It embraced parts of five counties; namely, Muskingum, Licking, Fairfield, Perry, and Ross. I traveled round this circuit every four weeks, and formed fifteen new societies. The local preachers were John Goshen, Jesse Stoneman, \_\_\_\_\_ Park, \_\_\_\_\_ Newman, \_\_\_\_\_ Bright, Jesse Spurgeon, and Martin Fate. Spurgeon went off with the party of Methodists organized in Cincinnati by the Rev. William Burke. Stoneman, Park, and Bright lived, labored, and died in the church. Brothers Goshen and Fate are still living, advanced in years, but laboring on the walls of Zion. Robert Manley, the first missionary to the Muskingum, died on this circuit the year before I came, full of faith and the Holy Spirit.

Among the more prominent of the old Methodists on this circuit, were Edward Teal, William Hamilton, and Benjamin Smith, the latter being mighty in faith and prayer. Robert Cloud also lived within its bounds. The strongest societies were on Rush Creek, at Hamilton's, Cooper's, Hog Run, and Thomas Ijam's. Many strong men and mothers in Israel had emigrated and settled in these neighborhoods. I never shall forget the true-hearted Christian kindness and affection with which I was received and treated by the good, simple-hearted class at Hog Run. They took me in when a stranger, and comforted me by their counsel and prayers. It is with no ordinary feelings of affection that I call these brethren to remembrance. Brother Pitzer and family were especially endeared to my heart. He has long since entered into rest, and his widow and children have emigrated to the far west. As I before remarked, I labored alone on this circuit till after the General conference, which was held in May, when brother Isaac Quinn came on, with feeble health, from the south, and, as far as circumstances would permit, labored with me.

This year will long be remembered as the one in which this whole region was shaken by a mighty earthquake. On the night of the twelfth of February, I was awakened by the rocking of the house in which I slept. It seemed as if my bedstead was on a rough sea, and the waves were rolling under it, so sensible were the undulations. Slight shocks were felt almost every day and night for some time. One day, while I was preaching a funeral, the house began to rock and the cupboard doors flew open. The people became alarmed and commenced shrieking and running. It was a time of great terror to sinners.

The greatest shock was felt on the sixteenth day of the month. It commenced at ten o'clock and lasted fifteen minutes. I was then in the town of Putnam, opposite to Zanesville, where the Legislature was then in session. It was reported that the steeple of the state-house vibrated some five or six inches, like the pendulum of a clock. It was a time of the most awful suspense. Consternation sat on every countenance, especially upon the wicked, who fled into the streets, clinging one to another, and crying for mercy. In the town of Putnam there lived a sister Gardiner, a woman of great piety, and who was often persecuted for shouting, which she often did, not only at meetings, but at home, while engaged in her daily domestic avocations. On this day, while the houses were rocking and the chimneys falling, as though the dissolution of all things was at hand, sister Gardiner ran out into the street shouting and clapping her hands, exclaiming, "Glory, glory, glory to God! My Savior is coming! I am my Lord's and he is mine!" Thus she showed her enemies, who were loudly crying for mercy, that her religion, however much despised, could stand the test of so awful an hour.

Although we had some favorable indications, before this event, of a revival, it contributed greatly to increase the interest on the subject of religion. Multitudes who previously paid no attention to the subject of religion, now flocked out to meeting, and the power of God was manifested, not only in the earthquake and the fire, but in the still small yet powerful voice. The number of converts was great, and the work extended almost everywhere. The most signal manifestation of Divine power was at Rush Creek, at the house of David Swazy. The neighborhood had been notorious for wickedness, and, especially, for drunkenness. The young people seemed to devote all their time to mirth and revelry; but now, instead of threading the giddy mazes of the dance at the sound of the viol till past the noon of night, the meetings were crowded with anxious souls, and the cry of penitence, which wakes the harps of angels, and the songs of joy from happy converts, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night air.

On one occasion I stood upon a table in a new cabin and cried out, "for the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand?" That night will never be forgotten in time for eternity. Many hardened sinners fell, before the power of God, like those slain in battle. Many also found pardon and salvation in the blood of the Lamb.

On my next round, after preaching at this place, I was about to meet the class -- a thing which I never neglected -- when one of the brethren came to me and said, "Mr. H\_\_\_\_, the great distiller of whisky, is here with his party, and they have determined to break into classmeeting." I placed old brother Hooper at the door, and charged him to keep it shut and let no one pass without permission. As our meeting progressed the members became happy, and began to sing and shout most lustily. This attracted the attention of old brother Hooper, and he became more interested in the meeting than watchful of the door. In the meantime H\_\_\_\_ came, lifted the latch, opened the door, and walked in. He had no sooner got in than brother Hooper reclosed the door and stood against it, fearing the others would follow the example of their leader. The great champion of whisky and infidelity was now in a hot place, and he seemed to be at a loss to know what to do. I went up to him, and kindly laying my arm around his neck began to recommend to him my loving Savior. At this he became somewhat enraged, but I held on to him and continued to press my entreaties. Presently he began to tremble from head to foot, like an aspen leaf. Still encouraged, I poured the truth upon him, and his agitation increased, and letting go my hold he screamed out with all his might and fell his whole length upon the floor. At that moment the excitement in the room



was intense, and it seemed as if heaven and earth had come together. The noise might have been heard a mile distant. At this point brother Hooper opened the door and cried to those outside at the top of his voice, "Glory be to God, H\_\_\_\_\_ is down, H\_\_\_\_\_ is down!" The rush to the door, of those from without, was such as cannot be described. As they came rushing forward they fell upon one another in the doorway, and so completely blocked it up that none could pass either way. The excitement rose to a tremendous height, and it was impossible to close the meeting. Those who had not fallen under the power of conviction ran to their horses and fled with the greatest precipitancy and consternation to their homes. The meeting lasted till sunrise the next morning. Several were converted, and H\_\_\_\_\_ joined the church, though he did not experience a change of heart. Had he given up his distillery he doubtless would have been converted; but God will not hear those who regard iniquity in their hearts, or hold unrighteousness in their hands. He went away, and, as I believe, lived and died a manufacturer of the accursed poison. Some good, however, resulted from his conviction, as it completely cured him of his disposition to annoy and persecute the people of God.

Richard McMahan, an amiable, talented, and eloquent young preacher, who traveled Knox circuit one year before, died at the house of brother John. Feeling that the vows of God were on him, and he must not stoop to play with earthly flowers, he turned away from all the endearments of home and entered the rugged field of itinerant life. He bore hardness as a good soldier; and though the conflict was severe, it was short and glorious. Away from home and kindred, in the wilderness, he yielded up his spirit to God. It was a calm and quiet evening of summer. All nature seemed hushed into stillness, while in that cottage in the wilderness the youthful herald of the cross was sinking to rest. Already had he passed the land of Beulah, breathing the air and hearing the songs of the celestial city, and now there remained for him nothing but the passage of Jordan. As he neared it the heavenly glory gleamed upon his brow; and no sooner did his feet touch the waters than an angelic convoy bore him safely home.

Again and again have I visited the grave of this sainted one. It was in the woods -- a lone, sequestered spot, where Solitude herself might have chosen a seat; and yet, to me, no place could have been more favorable to religious meditation. No pen could describe my feelings the first time I visited it alone. The forest cast its deep shade around. Scattered here and there were wild flowers, which, one has said, are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and plains mysterious truths. Around the grave was placed a rude inclosure. Here I read my Bible on my knees, and prayed, and sang, and often did it seem to me that I was quite on the verge of heaven.

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## Part 12 DE QUETEVILLE

The tribute to De Queteville found in the following text is taken from hdm0085, "The Life of Adam Clarke," by John Wesley Etheridge.

To the erection of the chapel in Guernsey many difficulties had risen, and all the more formidable from the determined opposition of the bailiff, the chief magistrate of the island. Several letters on these matters passed between our missionary and Mr. Wesley, whose counsels,

inculcative of gentleness in words and conduct, perseverance, and fervent prayer, were followed by Mr. Clarke and his friends with entire success. The disinclination of the bailiff suddenly gave way. Mr. Wesley himself was surprised at the genial change of mind in this gentleman; and he says, "I really think the temper and behaviour of the bailiff are little less than miraculous." In fact, he sold them a piece of ground from his own property, promised to subscribe fifty pounds himself, before the building was begun added ten pounds more, and engaged a pew for himself and family. Among the other subscribers we find the name of Mr. Walker for a hundred pounds, and that of Mr. De Jersey for a hundred. The latter tried friend lent them also three hundred, with -- "Pay it as you can; or, if I never receive a farthing of it, I shall be well contented." He was about to build a house for his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. De Queteville; but declared that not a stone of it should be laid till the chapel was finished. We set this down because such an example of hearty devotion to the cause of Jesus merits a record. Servant of God, well done!

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### Part 13 JOHN SALE

The tribute to John Sale found in the following text is taken from hdm0230, "Sketches of Western Methodism," by James B. Finley. It is part of Chapter 11, titled: "John Sale."

If, as one has said, "history is philosophy teaching by examples," we may add, with equal propriety, biography furnishes the examples which history records. No department of literature can be more interesting than truthful narratives of human life -- certainly none can be more instructive; and hence it is that we grasp with eagerness and read with avidity sketches of the life and times of those who have gained notoriety by worthy or adventurous deeds.

The subject of our narrative was a western man. He was born in the state of Virginia, on the 24th of April, 1769. History furnishes us no account of the precise place of his birth; or of his parentage. In early life he was awakened and converted to God, through the instrumentality of Methodist preachers who visited the neighborhood where he resided. He soon joined the Church, and, for a youth, became a devoted and exemplary Christian.

It is worthy of remark, that so many of the early preachers were converted in their youth. It seems to have been the order of Providence, since the days of Samuel, who was called when a child to the service of the sanctuary, to take the young and susceptible mind and early train it, by grace, for the great work of the ministry. If the reader will look over the biographical sketches which we have written, he will find that nearly all who were called to preach the Gospel were, in early life, made the subjects of converting grace.

When young Sale became religious he was surrounded by worldly and wicked associations, and it cost him an effort, such as those only can make who have firmly resolved, by God's grace, to break up all unhallowed associations, and start out, at all hazards, in the path of life, who, putting their hand to the plow and counting the cost, have crossed the chasm that separated them from the world of sin, and cut away the communication. To become a Methodist at that time, which of all the forms of Christianity was most despised by the wicked, was to enter

upon a profession which would insure the contempt and scorn of the ungodly, and, not infrequently, of many professors of another faith, The most opprobrious terms were heaped upon Methodists in that day, and they were called "fanatics, swaddlers," etc.. Young Sale, however, had Christian courage and nerve enough to breast the storm of ridicule which he met, and bravely stood his ground, fully identifying himself with the despised number of God's children. With zeal and courage he took up the cross, despised the shame, and boldly espoused the cause of his divine Master. He passed through many and severe conflicts of mind in regard to his call to preach the Gospel; but after much prayer and profound consideration in regard to what was his duty, he fully yielded to the movings of the Spirit and was licensed to preach, and in due time received on trial in the traveling connection, at the conference held at Salem Chapel, in the state of Virginia, on the 24th of November, 1795. The first circuit to which he was sent was Swanino, in the wilds of Virginia, where he had his courage and fidelity tested in breasting the dangers and hardships of a pioneer preacher. His next circuit was the Mattamuskeet, in the lowlands of the above state. Added to the necessary hardships connected with traveling this circuit, it was a very sickly region and much dreaded by the itinerant; but as no scenes could disgust or dangers deter the preachers of those days wherever, in the providence of God, their lot was cast, Sale went, in the name of his Master, and entered upon the work assigned him ready to do or die.

After finishing his labors on this field, he was sent over the mountains to the Holston circuit. Here, in the west, he had the same hard fare; but he had, as a good and faithful soldier, enlisted "during the war," and felt no disposition to lay down his arms till the great Captain of his salvation should grant him a final release from conflict and suffering below. In the year 1799 he traveled the Russell circuit, and the two succeeding years he labored on Salt River and Shelby circuits. The next year he traveled the Danville circuit, where, as on all the circuits named, he was made a blessing to multitudes. Many will hail him on the shores of immortality as the honored instrument of their conversion to God.

In the year 1803 he was sent to the North-Western territory, and stationed on Scioto circuit, which embraced a large extent of country. The following year he was appointed to Miami circuit. These two circuits then embraced all the south and west portions of the now state of Ohio. It was while traveling this circuit that he organized the first society of Methodists in Cincinnati, mention of which the reader will find in the chapter which relates to the origin and progress of Methodism in Cincinnati. The conference which had been held at Mt. Gerizim the preceding year, organized the Ohio district, which was the first in the state, and the Rev. William Burke was appointed the presiding elder, as his autobiography will show. For the purpose of giving the preachers of the present day some idea of the extent of the fields of labor, and the manner in which they were supplied, we will give a list of appointments: Muskingum and Little Kanawha, George Askins; Hockhocking, James Quinn, John Meek; Scioto, William Patterson, Nathan Barnes; Miami, John Sale, J. Oglesby; Guyandotte, Asa Shinn. When we take into the account the sparseness of the population, the distance between the appointments without roads, rivers to be crossed without bridges, it must be obvious that none but such as felt a necessity laid upon them to preach the Gospel would be likely to engage in such a work.

In the year 1805 he returned to Kentucky and was appointed to the Lexington circuit. Here he labored with success in cultivating the vineyard of the Lord, and at the expiration of the year sent to the Ohio district, where he labored with untiring zeal for two years. At this time the district

was divided, and he was appointed to the Miami district. It was during his labors on this district that we first became acquainted with him, and from his hand in 1809 we received our first license to preach the Gospel. He had employed us to travel on the circuit four months previous to the date of our license, and with his permit we endeavored to preach Christ and his salvation around the circuit. From the camp meeting on Paint creek, where we received license to preach, without any recommendation from a class meeting or quarterly conference we were recommended to the annual conference for admission, and accordingly received.

A short time since we visited this consecrated spot. But the grand old woods were gone. The trees, which spread their giant branches and screened us from the sun, affording the most refreshing shade, have been leveled by the axman's stroke, and there, in that cornfield where we stood, had been gathered thousands of men and women, from all parts of the country, to listen to the words of life. A thousand recollections rushed upon us as we stood there and wept to think how many of that assembled throngs had passed away. Here stood the Rev. Dr. Tiffin, and the eloquent Monett, and the zealous Collins, of the Baltimore conference -- father of the late Rev. John Collins -- the presiding elder, and the aged father of the writer of this sketch, and with full and fervent hearts proclaimed God's love to perishing sinners, many of whom tremblingly fled to Christ for mercy, and found pardon and salvation. But preachers and people have alike gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, these to answer for the manner in which they discharged their duty as ministers of the Gospel, and those to render an account for the manner in which they received that Gospel from their lips. What a solemn reflection, that in a few years all the old pioneers who preached the Gospel in the west will be gone, and nothing left to tell of their toils and sufferings but a few hasty sketches!

In this field of labor brother Sale was quite successful, and prosperity attended his labors in all parts of the district. The next four years he labored on the Kentucky district, and the two following he was back again on the Miami district. In 1817 he traveled Union circuit, and the following year Mad River; and in 1819 he is again on the Miami district. The year following, in consequence of loss of health, he was obliged to take a superannuated relation, in which he remained for five years, at the expiration of which time, his health improving, he was made effective, and appointed to the Wilmington circuit. The next year he traveled Union circuit, and the following Piqua, where he closed his labors with his life.

How rapidly have, we passed over the labors of the last ten years of his life, all summed up in a few lines; and how meager the whole of our sketch of this pioneer preacher! And yet how can it be otherwise, where nothing is left, not even a page, from which to gather a history of his labors? Indeed, were it not for the printed Minutes, which contain his appointments from year to year, not even this much could be saved from oblivion. If "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and we are not disposed to appreciate them till they are removed from us, how assiduously should we labor to gather up the reminiscences of our aged brethren, and how fondly should we cherish those recollections of their heroic achievements in the cause of their Lord, which endear them to us!

On the 15th of January, 1827, while on the Piqua circuit, at the house of his friend and brother, Mr. French, he was called to yield up his spirit into the hands of God. We visited him a day or two before, his death, and although his sufferings were intense, yet he had great peace in

believing. His faith enabled him to behold the land that was afar off and to rejoice in the sight of his distant heavenly home. He was frequently heard to say, "I am nearing my home. My last battle is fought, and the victory sure! Hallelujah! My Savior reigneth over heaven and earth most glorious! Praise the Lord!" On my second visit we were accompanied by Colonel William McLean one of his warm, personal friends. We found him very happy, just on the verge of heaven. When on rising to leave, we took his hand, and bade him farewell. He said, "My son, be faithful, and you shall have a crown of life." We left the dying herald of the cross strong in faith, giving glory to God for a religion that

"Can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast he leaned his head,  
And breathed his life out sweetly there."

Worn down with the toils and sufferings, as the necessary and always concomitant attendants of an itinerant life, he was ready and prepared to enter into the rest of heaven.

Servant of God, well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle's fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's Joy."

Brother Sale was about five feet ten inches high, of great symmetry of form, dignified and courteous in his manners. He had a dark eye, which, when lighted up with the Gospel themes, would flash its fires of holy passion, and melt at the recital of a Savior's love. But he has gone where anxiety, and toil, and tears come not.

Brother Sale was not a very vehement speaker, and yet he was far from being dry or uninteresting. He indulged very little in declamation, his chief aim being to preach the doctrines of the Gospel, and enforcing the practice thereof; so that while his hearers were thoroughly indoctrinated in regard to all matters of belief, they were urged to the performance of all duties, and thus a life in the soul was produced which fitted them for heaven. No one excelled him in the judicious administration of discipline and the government of the Church. We never knew a better manager. He seemed to govern without design, and so thoroughly did he acquaint himself with the disposition and temperament of men, that all yielded to his advice and direction without feeling themselves under any constraint. He was a great favorite of Bishop Asbury, and was, when able to attend, elected, from time to time, as a delegate to the General conference. After marrying he settled in the neighborhood of Xenia, at a place called Union, one of the early strongholds of our western Zion. His family of sons and daughters embraced religion in early life. One of his sons is now a traveling preacher in Indiana, and we trust is following in the footsteps of his father. His pious and venerable consort still lives, full of faith and good works, waiting with patience for the hour to arrive when her divine Lord shall call her to mingle with the departed in the world of bliss.

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Part 14  
THE MISSIONARY

The tribute to "The Missionary" found in the following text is taken from hdm0680, "Alfred Cookman's Father," by Duane V. Maxey. It is "Part 6, Speeches on Various Occasions, by George G. Cookman -- Speech Six."

The substance of a speech delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society of Middletown, Connecticut, held at the Commencement of the Wesleyan University, Wednesday evening, August 28, 1833

I feel myself happy, respected president, in being permitted to advocate the lofty claims of the missionary enterprise before the Areopagas of American Methodism, and the juvenile branches of the missionary family.

Particularly I address myself to my young friends of this town and university, who are already embarked in this adventurous achievement, as the rising hope, the living soul, and the chosen instruments of this good cause.

If, sir, the great subject now before us were not in itself infinitely superior to all secondary excitements, I should feel myself strung up to the utmost exercise and energy of thought and feeling, by the bare recollection of the possible results of this meeting upon the ardent minds and burning hearts by which I am surrounded. Who knows, sir, but a spark of holy ethereal fire may now be kindled, whose electric shock may tell on the destinies of generations yet unborn, and a blow struck which shall reverberate through ages yet to come?

Sir, it is no ordinary privilege to live in so spirit-stirring an age as the present. If a stream of time and a map of the world were now before me, and the question were put, "In what period of the ample circumference of this world's history would you choose to exist?" I would say, Let me be a young man in the United States of America at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Never, never has the world presented so interesting an aspect; never has the march of religion, knowledge, and liberty been so rapid; never has the public mind been so graciously cited; never have such great and effectual doors been opened for the advance of the missionary and the dissemination of the sacred Scriptures.

Sir, let us stand, like the holy prophet on Mount Carmel, and watch the signs of the times. Is not the cloud rising out of the sea, the lofty beacon of an auspicious providence? Look, sir, to the far off west, and beyond the precipices and pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains, nations yet untold are uttering the voice of appeal: their swift messengers have come, like the queen of Sheba, from the uttermost parts of the earth, to hear and to invite the wisdom of a greater than Solomon. And scarcely, sir, are we recovered from our astonishment, ere another voice from the east, borne on the wings of the wind, over the bosom of the Atlantic, it comes, it comes from widowed Africa, robbed of her children, and, like the weeping Rachel, refusing to be comforted because they are not. Yet in the dark hour of her extremity she is turning her imploring eye to Him who will not break the bruised reed. Hark! hark! from the banks of the Niger to the Mountains of the Moon, "Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands unto God;" a voice is crying in the African wilderness,

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord." "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

What shall we say to these things? Say, sir; why, we say that the world is going to be converted, and that right speedily.

I know, however, that all this will be contested. You will be told of difficulties. You will be told that the Mohammedan cleaves to his Koran, and the Hindoo to his Shaster; that the barbarous Hottentot is shut up in the incomprehensible jargon of his uncouth dialect; that infidelity spits its venom, and antichrist frowns its defiance. And what then? Are young men to be appalled by difficulties? Are young men to quail before difficulties? Perish the thought! No, sir, we will venture to affirm that this is neither the creed nor the character of this youthful assembly. They have not so learned to underrate and depreciate the high missionary commission of Jesus Christ. Resting upon the sure word of prophecy, they believe that God will give the heathen to his Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; yea, that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands shall break in pieces the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

While, therefore, we take this immutable and elevated ground, candor compels us to acknowledge that there are formidable obstacles in the way, and wisdom requires that we look them in the face. We have a few grave, yet honest considerations to submit, for which, of course, we alone are responsible and which we are persuaded will be judged according to their intrinsic merits. We intend no offense to any missionary society of missionary in existence. Our views are general, and are intended to bear upon the future rather than comment upon the past. Perhaps it may appear that our plans are capable of improvement; that we have not yet attained the manhood of missionary stature; in a word, that this is but the silver age of the church. Under these convictions may I be allowed most respectfully to submit the following questions -- First, Whether the present amount of missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources of the Christian church, or the wants of the heathen world? and, secondly, Whether the spiritual success of modern missionaries, as a whole, is at all commensurate with the amount of labor bestowed? Sir, to both these questions we are reluctantly but conscientiously compelled to answer, No. Is there not a cause? Verily there is. Bear with us while we attempt to point it out.

With regard to the first question we inquire, Does the missionary cause occupy that authoritative and commanding position in the estimate and conscience of the Christian church which the New Testament imperatively demands? Nay, sir, does it not take a secondary and subordinate place? Is it not regarded in the light of a mere charity, depending more upon the popular excitement of good feeling than the fixed and determinate force of religious principle? So that instead of being considered an integral part of the church militant, it is passed off as an adventitious and extempore benevolence, which may be done, or not done, at the mere option or caprice of the party. We affirm, sir, that until missionary principle be more deeply lodged in the heart of the Christian church; our operations must be inevitably slow and irregular. Depend upon it, sir, this is the reason why we witness so many mortifying declensions and changes in our missionary societies. We adopt the plausible notion that we must be first just to ourselves, and when generous to the heathen. We very ostentatiously strike the balance sheet of our accounts at

home, and after allowing a Benjamin's portion for our own expenses, should there be, as it were by miracle, a small surplus, we very ceremoniously, in the sight and hearing of all Christendom, hand it over to the missionary treasury, Is this, I ask, doing unto others as we would they should do unto us? Would we wish our spiritual mercies to be doled out by the same miserable measure? Is this loving our neighbor as ourselves? I trow not! With respect to the second question, will it not admit of a query, whether the Protestant churches have not rated the scale of missionary qualification too low; and instead of advancing the missionary character up to the fulness of the stature of the New Testament standard, have been disposed to make it subordinate to the pastoral calling at home? Else why such an outcry of opposition when one of our leading, talented ministers proposes to go out on missionary work? Else why the prevailing opinion that inferior instruments will do as well? Else why the disposition to send forth into the heathen world young and inexperienced persons, male and female, who have not even been sufficiently tried and proved at home to be entrusted with any weighty responsibility? We again repeat, that, in these remarks, we verily disavow any intentional cause of offense, any personal reference, or any disposition to discourage the ardor of youthful enthusiasm. But truth compels us to express our honest apprehension, that amid the blaze of popular excitement, and the splendor with which the distant and magnificent scenes of missionary enterprise are ever invested, many young and ardent minds, suffering their imagination to overrule their judgment, and their zeal to outrun their knowledge, have rushed upon a work for which they found, when it was too late, they were morally and spiritually unfit: thus disappointed in themselves, they have been a burden on the missionary cause, and a stumbling block to the attempts of others.

Sir, I know of no remedy for these things but a general diffusion of correct views of the missionary office and the missionary work. We must raise the standard of the missionary character. Raise it, did I say? Nay, sir, we have it raised already in the primitive instructions of our Lord to the twelve and the seventy, which stand forth in bold relief on the page of inspiration, as the eternal model for the study and practice of all future missionaries down to the end of time.

With these impressions, sir, I deeply feel that in addressing this youthful assembly I cannot pursue a more interesting and instructive topic than in attempting a brief sketch of such a New Testament missionary. And; sir, in this humble attempt, I feel that I am approaching no ordinary character. I hesitate not to say, that the heaven-called, heaven-inspired, and heaven-sent missionary of modern times, hears a close relation to the apostle of ancient days; or, to say the least, is fully equivalent to the evangelist of the primitive church. Sir, he stands pre-eminent in the first order of the Christian ministry; he answers above us all -- bishops, elders, and deacons; he is the chosen vessel to the Gentiles, the great spiritual pioneer in the wilderness of the heathen world. What, sir, can he be an ordinary, everyday minister, who is sent by the Lord of the church to the Flat Head Indians in the far west, or to bear a message of mercy to Sego or Timbuktu? He goes to lands "unknown to song," over which the foot of prophet or apostle never trod; he goes to beard the lion in his den; to grapple with the fierceness and obstinacy of paganism in all the primary elements of its native and gigantic strength. What, sir, can he be an ordinary character who, as the chosen champion of the Lord, advances to the attack in the teeth of the heaviest fire of the enemy's strongest batteries, and when the victory is won, is appointed to lay the broad foundations of the Christian empire abroad?



And now, sir, in all good conscience, and with all due solemnity, let me ask, Shall the Christian church intrust this momentous enterprise to the raw conscripts of our camp, or demands it not the most experienced and determined veterans we can send forth? Else why did the Lord and Prince of all missionaries call the fishermen of Galilee, men in middle life, to this arduous work? Else why have the most successful reformers, aye, and missionaries too, been the veterans of the church? Who can forget that Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and the Wesleys, were not employed in the morning but in the meridian of their age? To which may be added, in the missionary field, a Carey, a Marshman, a Morrison, a Coke, and honorable living names, connected with the missions of our church in this country, the mention of whom propriety forbids: men first trained at home in the regular ministry, and thus prepared for the higher duties and difficulties of missionary labor. I am aware, sir, that this position will be contested and confronted by the heroic and devoted examples of a Henry Martyn, a David Brainerd, or a Harriet Newell; but without questioning the correctness of their aid, or the ordinations of Providence, may we not innocently assume, that if the ardor of their youthful zeal had been chastened by a few years' discipline at home, they might have been yet more permanently useful abroad? May we not consider them as splendid exceptions to the general rule? in the light of martyrs, offered up on the missionary altar to rouse the spirit of the church to the height and grandeur of this great enterprise?

Let us then magnify the missionary office; let the church feel its responsibility and duty; and let our young aspirants, contemplating this lofty character, press toward the mark of this high calling.

We affirm, then, that the spiritual qualifications of such a missionary should be scarcely less than apostolic. For if deep and genuine piety be indispensable to the pastoral office at home, how much more to the missionary calling abroad! Who can estimate the spiritual burden of the missionary standing alone amid the dreary solitudes of the pagan world? Who but himself knoweth the heart-rending trials, the soul-harassing temptations of such a life? Separated from friends, and home, and country, cut off from the consolations of Christian fellowship, and the aids of ministerial counsel and religious ordinances; a stranger in a strange land, begirt by an unknown tongue, surrounded by scenes of lust and blood, and opposed, and ridiculed, and threatened at every step of his work; think you that the dwarfish piety of a modern religionist will sustain, or the ephemeral fervors of youthful enthusiasm will endure the wear and tear of such a Herculean undertaking as this? No, sir; he who adventures forth to this dangerous and desperate post must aspire after the apostolic zeal and devotion which adorned the primitive champions of the church. Is he the messenger of God? Then he must be a man of God. Is he the trumpet of the Lord to the nations? Then he must be sanctified to the Master's use. Preaches he Christ crucified? Then he himself must be crucified with Christ, baptized not only into the faith, but unto the death. He must possess resources within himself sufficient to sustain him single-handed against the combined powers of earth and hell. Though heart and flesh may fail, he must feel that God is the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. A victorious faith which laughs at impossibilities; a love omnipotent; a zeal unquenchable; an industry untiring; a disinterestedness unimpeachable. He must have a lion's heart, and an eagle's wing, and a serpent's wisdom, and a dove-like charity, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He must approve himself as a minister of God, "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned. By the word of truth, by the power of God, by the

armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

As to the natural qualifications of such a missionary, we should say, Let him be a practical man rather than a theorist. Let him be formed in the school of the world rather than the schools of philosophy. Let him have a body inured to labor, and a mind prompt to decide; for rest assured his life will be a life of action rather than a life of contemplation. Not that we would exclude the aids of learning from the scale of missionary qualifications. It has a place, and it ought to have a place. We cannot sufficiently acknowledge this important auxiliary in the numerous translations of the Scriptures, and in combating the errors of oriental skeptics; we intend not these general remarks to be interpreted as an exclusion of human learning from our estimate of the missionary character, but still we insist that it must occupy a secondary place; the practical qualities of the missionary are the primary qualities. We had rather, sir, that our missionary should possess good common sense than metaphysical acumen; that he should resolve a case of conscience than a problem in Euclid: we had rather, sir, that he should know how to make shoes, or hats, or wagons, than acids or gas. We should be very sorry that our missionaries abroad should be reduced to follow trades for a subsistence; but yet, if, in the interims of their public labors, they could occasionally instruct the heathen in the arts of civilized life; if, for instance, while driving the gospel plow, they were at times to drive the agricultural plow; if, while wielding the hammer of the word, they were now and then to take up the hammer of the forge, could they not then more convincingly urge that delightful text, "Godliness is profitable to all things?" We urge, then, the practical qualifications of the missionary. St. Paul, in ancient times, with charming magnanimity, has set the illustrious example in working at Corinth as a tent maker; and Barnabas Shaw, that noble-minded and devoted missionary of modern times, first built a pulpit with his own hands, and then had the double honor of preaching in it; and hesitates not, when necessity requires, to ride round his circuit on the back of an ox.

The missionary must be a man of decision. He must be a man of one purpose. He must keep his eye singly fixed on the one great object, and all inferior things count but loss, so he may win the missionary crown. He is separated, devoted, and consecrated to this sublime and godlike work. In him the missionary spirit burns like fire, and the love of Christ is the master passion. He is determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Forgetting the things which are behind, he presses toward the mark. He thirsts for souls, he pants for spiritual empire. He shuts his ears and steels his heart against the entreaties of friendship at home, or the anathemas of opposition abroad. His cry is, Onward! Though mountains rear their rugged heads, and oceans roll their tempestuous surges, and pestilence breathes its deadly poison, yet, in the name of that divine Master whose he is, and whom he serves, he embarks his health, his reputation, his hopes, his interests, his life, his all, and having landed on the enemy's opposite shores, he disdains a retreat. Like the great Athenian commander, he burns the ships behind him, he draws the sword and throws away the scabbard, and, inscribing on his banners, "Victory or death," he rushes to the imminent deadly breach, and victoriously scales the loftiest battlement of the enemy's strongest hold.

Such, sir, is a brief and imperfect sketch of our New Testament missionary. Let it not be said that this is an imaginary character; sir, we have the bold and graphic original embodied in the persons of St. Paul and his apostolic coadjutors. "These be the men that turn the world upside down;" -- we pray God they may "come hither also." And cannot God raise up such missionary

men among us? We believe it, we expect it. What the great Head of the church has done before he can surely do again. Yes, sir, we believe that prior to the bursting glories of the millennial day, the breath of the eternal Spirit shall come from the four winds and breathe upon the church, and we shall behold "an exceeding great army" of such heaven-inspired, and heaven-qualified men, marching forth to the conquest of the heathen world.

And who knows, sir, but among the juvenile assembly I now address, some youthful spirit feels the thrilling touch of a live coal from the missionary altar? Think not, my young friends, that because we have drawn a high portrait of missionary character, and faithfully depicted the rugged and stiff-necked work of missionary duty, that we wish to damp the generous ardors of your enthusiasm. Our object is not to repress, but to regulate your zeal; not to quench, but to awaken and rouse up the magnanimity of your spirit to the elevation and magnitude of this lofty undertaking.

Small and feeble is the missionary call in its beginnings, and humble its pretensions. Insignificant it may appear as the little glimmering spark. Yet despise not the day of small things. Fanned by the Almighty Spirit, that little spark may increase to a pyramid of missionary flame. We are told of Samson, the mighty Nazarite, under the old dispensation, that as the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Ashtaol;" and of John, the inspired Baptist, that "the word of the Lord came to him in the wilderness:" so when the Spirit of the Lord begins to move the youthful disciple; though it be in his native village, in his father's house, let him not resist but obey its movements. If the call be of God, it shall stand, and triumphantly outlive the floods of opposition. Where shall he commence his mission? Sir, let him begin at home. Let the school of missionary preparation be within the little circle of his own neighborhood. As the blessed Jesus opened his ministry at Nazareth, so let him, amid the opposition and ridicule of kinsfolk and acquaintance, test the validity of his spiritual call, and the strength and sincerity of his missionary feelings. Thus, like the youthful David amid his father's flock, let him, in juvenile and local encounters with the lion and the bear, be qualifying for a sterner and more gigantic warfare.

And depend upon it, sir, the Spirit of God will work in him mightily. The things of the flesh will decay and die, and the things of the Spirit will flourish and live. The life of faith will overwhelm and swallow up the life of sense. He will feel the power of a spiritual crucifixion to the world, and a spiritual resurrection with Christ. He will unlock his grasp on the things which are seen, and which are temporal, and fasten his soul on those things which are unseen, but which are eternal. The ties of home, and kindred, and country, will relax and dissolve before the melting, moving, omnipotent love of God and man.

The missionary words of Jesus, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," will be imprinted in letters of fire on his heart. The piercing cry of the perishing heathen will wax louder and louder on his ear; the generous tumult of his bosom shall increase; he shall find no rest to his soul until God and the church call him directly to the field; then shall he respond, "Here am I, send me."

And away he goes, over land and over flood; through fire and flame, storm and tempest, amid danger and death, daring the spirits of earth or goblins damned. Behold him climbing the Rocky Mountains, or ranging the banks of the Niger, and as he goes he cries aloud, he lifts up his

voice like a trumpet; he prays, he beseeches the guilty people to be reconciled to God. Here you may see him in the Indian wigwam, or yonder in the African hut. Nothing dismays him. Barbarian despots may curse, tumultuous mobs may roar, onward he goes, and God is with him. The haughty tyrant trembles on his throne, and thousands are pricked to the heart, and the heathen temples are abandoned, and the dumb idols are cast to the moles and the bats, and cowardly superstition skulks to her native dens and deserts, and amid the wreck and ruins of idolatry the faithful missionary plants the victorious cross, with this triumphant shout -- "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment, at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

Oft with its fiery force  
His arm had quell'd the foe,  
And laid resistless in its course  
The alien armies low.

But on such glorious toils,  
The world to him was loss,  
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare!"  
He woke and caught his Captain's eye,  
Then strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit; with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay,  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,  
A darken'd ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ:  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

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Part 15

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

The tribute to George Whitefield found in the following text is from hdm0176, "Wesley's Sermons Arranged Alphabetically -- Topically -- Ser--Zea Topics," a sermon titled: "On The Death of Mr. Whitefield," by John Wesley

Preached at the Chapel in Tottenham-Court Road and at the Tabernacle, near Moorfields, on Sunday, November 18, 1770.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Num. 23:10.

1. "Let my last end be like his!" How many of you join in this wish? Perhaps there are few of you who do not, even in this numerous congregation! And O that this wish may rest upon your minds! -- that it may not die away till your souls also are lodged "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!"

2. An elaborate exposition of the text will not be expected on this occasion. It would detain you too long from the sadly-pleasing thought of your beloved brother, friend, and pastor; yea, and father too: for how many are here whom he hath "begotten in the Lord!" Will it not, then, be more suitable to your inclinations, as well as to this solemnity, directly to speak of this man of God, whom you have so often heard speaking in this place? -- the end of whose conversation ye know, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." And may we not,

I. Observe a few particulars of his life and death?

II. Take some view of his character? and,

III. Inquire how we may improve this awful providence, his sudden removal from us?

1. We may, in the first place, observe a few particulars of his life and death. He was born at Gloucester, in December, 1714, and put to a grammar-school there, when about twelve years old. When he was seventeen, he began to be seriously religious, and served God to the best of his knowledge. About eighteen he removed to the University, and was admitted at Pembroke College in Oxford; and about a year after he became acquainted with the Methodists (so called), whom from that time he loved as his own soul.

2. By them he was convinced that we "must be born again," or outward religion will profit us nothing. He joined with them in fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays; in visiting the sick and the prisoners; and in gathering up the very fragments of time, that no moment might be lost: and he changed the course of his studies; reading chiefly such books as entered into the heart of religion, and led directly to an experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

3. He was soon tried as with fire. Not only his reputation was lost, and some of his dearest friends forsook him; but he was exercised with inward trials, and those of the severest kind. Many nights he lay sleepless upon his bed; many days, prostrate on the ground. But after he had groaned

several months under "the spirit of bondage," God was pleased to remove the heavy load, by giving him "the Spirit of adoption;" enabling him through a living faith, to lay hold on "the Son of His Love."

4. However, it was thought needful, for the recovery of his health, which was much impaired, that he should go into the country. He accordingly went to Gloucester, where God enabled him to awaken several young persons. These soon formed themselves into a little society, and were some of the first-fruits of his labor. Shortly after, he began to read, twice or thrice a week, to some poor people in the town; and every day to read to and pray with the prisoners in the county jail.

5. Being now about twenty-one years of age, he was solicited to enter into holy orders. Of this he was greatly afraid, being deeply sensible of his own insufficiency. But the Bishop himself sending for him, and telling him, "Though I had purposed to ordain none under three-and-twenty, yet I will ordain you whenever you come" -- and several other providential circumstances concurring -- he submitted, and was ordained on Trinity Sunday, 1736. The next Sunday he preached to a crowded auditory, in the church wherein he was baptized. The week following he returned to Oxford, and took his Bachelor's degree: and he was now fully employed; the care of the prisoners and the poor lying chiefly on him.

6. But it was not long before he was invited to London, to serve the cure of a friend going into the country. He continued there two months, lodging in the Tower, reading prayers in the chapel twice a week, catechizing and preaching once, beside visiting the soldiers in the barracks and the infirmary. He also read prayers every evening at Wapping chapel, and preached at Ludgate prison every Tuesday. While he was here, letters came from his friends in Georgia, which made him long to go and help them: but not seeing his call clear, at the appointed time he returned to his little charge at Oxford, where several youths met daily at his room, to build up each other in their most holy faith.

7. But he was quickly called from hence again, to supply the cure of Dummer, in Hampshire. Here he read prayers twice a day; early in the morning, and in the evening after the people came from work. He also daily catechized the children, and visited from house to house. He now divided the day into three parts, allotting eight hours for sleep and meals, eight for study and retirement, and eight for reading prayers, catechizing, and visiting the people. Is there a more excellent way for a servant of Christ and His Church? If not, who will "go and do likewise?"

8. Yet his mind still ran on going abroad; and being now fully convinced he was called of God thereto, he set all things in order, and, in January, 1737, went down to take leave of his friends in Gloucester. It was in this journey that God began to bless his ministry in an uncommon manner. Wherever he preached, amazing multitudes of hearers flocked together, in Gloucester, in Stonehouse, in Bath, in Bristol; so that the heat of the churches was scarce supportable: and the impressions made on the minds of many were no less extraordinary. After his return to London, while he was detained by General Oglethorpe, from week to week, and from month to month, it pleased God to bless his word still more. And he was indefatigable in his labor: generally on Sunday he preached four times, to exceeding large auditories; beside reading prayers twice or thrice, and walking to and fro often ten or twelve miles.

9. On December 28 he left London. It was on the 29th that he first preached without notes. December 30, he went on board; but it was above a month before they cleared the land. One happy effect of their very slow passage he mentions in April following: "Blessed be God, we now live very comfortably in the great cabin. We talk of little else but God and Christ; and scarce a word is heard among us when together, but what has reference to our fall in the first, and our new birth in the Second, Adam." It seems, likewise, to have been a peculiar providence, that he should spend a little time at Gibraltar; where both citizens and soldiers, high and low, young and old, acknowledged the day of their visitation.

10. From Sunday, May 7, 1738, till the latter end of August following, he "made full proof of his ministry" in Georgia, particularly at Savannah: he read prayers and expounded twice a day, and visited the sick daily. On Sunday he expounded at five in the morning; at ten read prayers and preached, and at three in the afternoon; and at seven in the evening expounded the Church Catechism. How much easier is it for our brethren in the ministry, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland, to find fault: with such a laborer in our Lord's vineyard, than to tread in his steps!

11. It was now that he observed the deplorable condition of many children here; and that God put into his heart the first thought of founding an Orphan-house, for which he determined to raise contributions in England, if God should give him a safe return thither. In December following, he did return to London; and on Sunday, January 14, 1739, he was ordained priest at Christ Church, Oxford. The next day he came to London again; and on Sunday, the 21st, preached twice. But though the churches were large, and crowded exceedingly, yet many hundreds stood in the churchyard, and hundreds more returned home. This put him upon the first thought of preaching in the open air. But when he mentioned it to some of his friends, they judged it to be mere madness: so he did not carry it into execution till after he, had left London. It was on Wednesday, February 21, that, finding all the church doors to be shut in Bristol (beside, that no church was able to contain one half of the congregation), at three in the afternoon he went to Kingswood, and preached abroad to near two thousand people. On Friday he preached there to four or five thousand; and on Sunday to, it was supposed, ten thousand! The number continually increased all the time he stayed at Bristol; and a flame of holy love was kindled, which will not easily be put out. The same was afterwards kindled in various parts of Wales, of Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire. Indeed, wherever he went, God abundantly confirmed the word of his messenger.

12. On Sunday, April 29, he preached the first time in Moorfields, and on Kennington Common; and the thousands of hearers were as quiet as they could have been in a church. Being again detained in England from month to month, he made little excursions into several counties, and received the contributions of willing multitudes for an Orphan-house in Georgia. The embargo which was now laid on the shipping gave him leisure for more journeys through various parts of England, for which many will have reason to bless God to all eternity. At length, on August 14, he embarked: but he did not land in Pennsylvania till October 30. Afterwards he went through Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, New York, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina; preaching all along to immense congregations, with full as great effect as in England. On January 10, 1740, he arrived at Savannah.

13. January 29, he added three desolate orphans to near twenty which he had in his house before. The next day he laid out the ground for the house, about ten miles from Savannah. February 11, he took in four orphans more; and set out for Frederica, in order to fetch the orphans that were in the southern parts of the colony. In his return he fixed a school, both for children and grown persons, at Darien, and took four orphans thence. March 25, he laid the first stone of the Orphan-house; to which, with great propriety, he gave the name of Bethesda; a work for which the children yet unborn shall praise the Lord. He had now about forty orphans, so that there was near a hundred mouths to be fed daily. But he was "careful for nothing," casting his care on Him who feed the young ravens that call upon Him.

14. In April he made another tour through Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, and New York. Incredible multitudes flocked to hear, among whom were abundance of Negroes. In all places the greater part of the hearers were affected to an amazing degree. Many were deeply convinced of their lost state, many truly converted to God. In some places, thousands cried out aloud; many as in the agonies of death; most were drowned in tears; some turned pale as death; others were wringing their hands; others lying on the ground; others sinking into the arms of their friends; almost all lifting up their eyes, and calling for mercy.

15. He returned to Savannah, June 5. The next evening, during the public service, the whole congregation, young and old, were dissolved in tears: after service, several of the parishioners, and all his family, particularly the little children, returned home crying along the street, and some could not help praying aloud. The groans and cries of the children continued all night, and great part of the next day.

16. In August he set out again, and through various provinces came to Boston. While he was here, and in the neighboring places, he was extremely weak in body: yet the multitudes of hearers were so great, and the effects wrought on them so astonishing, as the oldest men then alive in the town had never seen before. The same power attended his preaching at New York, particularly on Sunday, November 2: almost as soon as he began, crying, weeping, and wailing were to be heard on every side. Many sunk down to the ground, cut to the heart; and many were filled with divine consolation. Toward the close of his journey he made this reflection: "It is the seventy-fifth day since I arrived at Rhode Island, exceeding weak in body; yet God has enabled me to preach an hundred and seventy-five times in public, besides exhorting frequently in private! Never did God vouchsafe me greater comforts: never did I perform my journeys with less fatigue, or see such a continuance of the divine presence in the congregations to whom I preached." In December he returned to Savannah, and in the March following arrived in England.

17. You may easily observe, that the preceding account is chiefly extracted from his own journals, which, for their artless and unaffected simplicity, may vie with any writings of the kind. And how exact a specimen is this of his labors both in Europe and America, for the honor of his beloved Master, during the thirty years that followed, as well as of the uninterrupted shower of blessings wherewith God was pleased to succeed his labors! Is it not much to be lamented, that anything should have prevented his continuing this account, till at least near the time when he was called by his Lord to enjoy the fruit of his labor? If he has left any papers of this kind, and his friends account me worthy of the honor, it would be my glory and joy to methodize, transcribe, and prepare them for the public view.



18. A particular account of the last scene of his life is thus given by a gentleman of Boston:--

"After being about a month with us in Boston and its vicinity, and preaching every day, he went to Old York; preached on Thursday, September 27, there; proceeded to Portsmouth, and preached there on Friday. On Saturday morning he set out for Boston; but before he came to Newbury, where he had engaged to preach the next morning, he was importuned to preach by the way. The house not being large enough to contain the people, he preached in an open field. But having been infirm for several weeks, this so exhausted his strength, that when he came to Newbury he could not get out of the ferry-boat without the help of two men. In the evening, however, he recovered his spirits, and appeared with his usual cheerfulness. He went to his chamber at nine, his fixed time, which no company could divert him from, and slept better than he had done for some weeks before. He rose at four in the morning, September 30, and went into his closet; and his companion observed he was unusually long in private. He left his closet, returned to his companion, threw himself on the bed, and lay about ten minutes. Then he fell upon his knees, and prayed most fervently to God that if it was consistent with His will, he might that day finish his Master's work. He then desired his man to call Mr. Parsons, the clergyman, at whose house he was; but, in a minute, before Mr. Parsons could reach him, died, without a sigh or groan. On the news of his death, six gentlemen set out for Newbury, in order to bring his remains hither: but he could not be moved; so that his precious ashes must remain at Newbury. Hundreds would have gone from this town to attend his funeral, had they not expected he would have been interred here.... May this stroke be sanctified to the Church of God in general, and to this province in particular!"

II. 1. We are, in the second place, to take some view of his character. A little sketch of this was soon after published in the Boston Gazette; an extract of which is subjoined:-- ["Little can be said of him but what every friend to vital Christianity who has sat under his ministry will attest."]

"In his public labors he has, for many years, astonished the world with his eloquence and devotion. With what divine pathos did he persuade the impenitent sinner to embrace the practice of piety and virtue! [Filled with the spirit of grace, he] spoke from the heart, and, with a fervency of zeal perhaps unequalled since the day of the Apostles, [adorned the truths he delivered with the most graceful charms of rhetoric and oratory.] From the pulpit he was unrivalled in the command of an ever-crowded auditory. Nor was he less agreeable and instructive in his private conversation; happy in a remarkable ease of address, willing to communicate, studious to edify. May the rising generation catch a spark of that flame which shone, with such distinguished luster, in the spirit and practice of this faithful servant of the most high God!"

2. A more particular, and equally just, character of him has appeared in one of the English papers. It may not be disagreeable to you to add the substance of this likewise:--

"The character of this truly pious person must be [deeply] impressed on the heart of every friend to vital religion. In spite of a tender [and delicate] constitution, he continued to the last day of his life, preaching with a frequency and fervor that seemed to exceed the natural strength of the most robust. Being called to the exercise of his function at an age when most young men are only

beginning to qualify themselves for it, he had not time to make a very considerable progress in the learned languages. But this defect was amply supplied by a lively and fertile genius, by fervent zeal, and by a forcible and most persuasive delivery. And though in the pulpit he often found it needful by "the terrors of the Lord" to "persuade men," he had nothing gloomy in his nature; being singularly cheerful, as well as charitable and tender-hearted. He was as ready to relieve the bodily as the spiritual necessities of those that applied to him. It ought also to be observed, that he constantly enforced upon his audience every moral duty; particularly industry in their several callings, and obedience to their superiors. He endeavored, by the most extraordinary efforts of preaching, in different places, and even in the open fields, to rouse the lower class of people from the last degree of inattention and ignorance to a sense of religion. For this, and his other labors, the name of GEORGE WHITEFIELD will long be remembered with esteem and veneration."

3. That both these accounts are just and impartial, will readily be allowed; that is, as far as they go. But they go little farther than the outside of his character. They show you the preacher, but not the man, the Christian, the saint of God. May I be permitted to add a little on this head, from a personal knowledge of near forty years? Indeed, I am thoroughly sensible how difficult it is to speak on so delicate a subject; what prudence is required to avoid both extremes, to say neither too little nor too much! Nay, I know it is impossible to speak at all, to say either less or more, without incurring from some the former, from others the latter censure. Some will seriously think that too little is said; and others, that it is too much. But without attending to this, I will speak just what I know, before Him to whom we are all to give an account.

4. Mention has already been made of his unparalleled zeal, his indefatigable activity, his tender-heartedness to the afflicted, and charitableness toward the poor. But should we not likewise mention his deep gratitude to all whom God had used as instruments of good to him? -- of whom he did not cease to speak in the most respectful manner, even to his dying day. Should we not mention, that he had a heart susceptible of the most generous and the most tender friendship? I have frequently thought that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character. How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections! Was it not principally by this, that the hearts of others were so strangely drawn and knit to him? Can anything but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. Was it not this, which, quick and penetrating as lightning, flew from heart to heart? which gave that life to his sermons, his conversations, his letters? Ye are witnesses!

5. But away with the vile misconstruction of men of corrupt minds, who know of no love but what is earthly and sensual! Be it remembered, at the same time, that he was endued with the most nice and unblemished modesty. His office called him to converse very frequently and largely with women as well as men; and those of every age and condition. But his whole behavior towards them was a practical comment on that advice of St. Paul to Timothy: "Entreat the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity."

6. Meantime, how suitable to the friendliness of his spirit was the frankness and openness of his conversation! -- although it was as far removed from rudeness on the one hand, as from guile [and disguise] on the other. Was not this frankness at once a fruit and a proof of his courage and intrepidity? Armed with these, he feared not the faces of men, but "used great plainness of speech"

to persons of every rank and condition, high and low, rich and poor; endeavoring only "by manifestation of the truth to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

7. Neither was he afraid of labor or pain, any more than of "what man [could] do unto him;" being equally

Patient in bearing ill and doing well.

And this appeared in the steadiness wherewith he pursued whatever he undertook for his Master's sake. Witness one instance for all, -- the Orphan-house in Georgia; which he began and perfected, in spite of all discouragements. Indeed, in whatever concerned himself he was pliant and flexible. In this case he was "easy to be entreated;" easy to be either convinced or persuaded. But he was immovable in the things of God, or wherever his conscience was concerned. None could persuade, any more than affright, him to vary, in the least point, from that integrity which was inseparable from his whole character, and regulated all his words and actions. Herein he did

Stand as an iron pillar strong,  
And steadfast as a wall of brass.

8. If it be inquired what was the foundation of this integrity, or of his sincerity, courage, patience, and every other valuable and amiable quality; it is easy to give the answer. It was not the excellence of his natural temper, not the strength of his understanding; it was not the force of education; no, nor the advice of his friends: it was no other than faith in a bleeding Lord; "faith of the operation of God." It was "a lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." It was "the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him," filling his soul with tender, disinterested love to every child of man. From this source arose that torrent of eloquence which frequently bore down all before it; from this, that astonishing force of persuasion which the most hardened sinners could not resist. This it was which often made his "head as waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears." This it was which enabled him to pour out his soul in prayer, in a manner peculiar to himself, with such fullness and ease united together, with such strength and variety both of sentiment and expression.

9. I may close this head with observing what an honor it pleased God to put upon His faithful servant, by allowing him to declare His everlasting gospel in so many various countries, to such numbers of people, and with so great an effect on so many of their precious souls! Have we read or heard of any person since the Apostles, who testified the gospel of the grace of God through so widely extended a space, through so large a part of the habitable world? Have we read or heard of any person who called so many thousands, so many myriads, of sinners to repentance? Above all, have we read or heard of any who has been a blessed instrument in His hand of bringing so many sinners from "darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?" It is true, were we to talk thus to the gay world, we should be judged to speak as barbarians. But you understand the language of the country to which you are going, and whither our dear friend is gone a little before us.

III. But how shall we improve this awful providence? This is the third thing which we have to consider. And the answer to this important question is easy (may God write it in all our hearts!). By keeping close to the grand doctrines which he delivered; and by drinking into his spirit.

1. And, first, let us keep close to the grand scriptural doctrines which he everywhere delivered. There are many doctrines of a less essential nature, with regard to which even the sincere children of God (such is the present weakness of human understanding) are and have been divided for many ages. In these we may think and let think; we may "agree to disagree." But, meantime, let us hold fast the essentials of "the faith which was once delivered to the saints;" and which this champion of God so strongly insisted on, at all times, and in all places!

2. His fundamental point was, "Give God all the glory of whatever is good in man;" and, "In the business of salvation, set Christ as high and man as low as possible." With this point, he and his friends at Oxford, the original Methodists, so called, set out. Their grand principle was, there is no power (by nature) and no merit in man. They insisted, all power to think, speak, or act aright, is in and from the Spirit of Christ; and all merit is (not in man, how high soever in grace, but merely) in the blood of Christ. So he and they taught: there is no power in man, till it is given him from above, to do one good work, to speak one good word, or to form one good desire. For it is not enough to say, all men are sick of sin: no, we are all "dead in trespasses and sins." It follows, that all the children of men are, "by nature, children of wrath." We are all "guilty before God," liable to death temporal and eternal.

3. And we are all helpless, both with regard to the power and to the guilt of sin. "For who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" None less than the Almighty. Who can raise those that are dead, spiritually dead in sin? None but He who raised us from the dust of the earth. But on what consideration will He do this? "Not for works of righteousness that we have done." "The dead cannot praise Thee, O Lord;" nor do anything for the sake of which they should be raised to life. Whatever, therefore, God does, He does it merely for the sake of His well-beloved Son: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." He Himself "bore" all "our sins in His own body upon the tree." He "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Here then is the sole meritorious cause of every blessing we do or can enjoy; in particular of our pardon and acceptance with God, of our full and free justification. But by what means do we become interested in what Christ has done and suffered? "Not by works, lest any man should boast;" but by faith alone. "We conclude," says the Apostle, "that a man is justified by faith, without the works of the law." And "to as many as" thus "receive Him, giveth He power to become the sons of God, even to those that believe in His name; who are born, not of the will of man, but of God."

4. And "except a man be" thus "born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But all who are thus "born of the Spirit" have "the kingdom of God within them." Christ sets up His kingdom in their hearts; "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." That "mind is in them, which was in Christ Jesus," enabling them to "walk as Christ also walked." His indwelling Spirit makes them both holy in heart, and "holy in all manner of conversation." But still, seeing all this is a free gift, through the righteousness and blood of Christ, there is eternally the same reason to remember, "He that glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord."

5. You are not ignorant that these are the fundamental doctrines which he everywhere insisted on. And may they not be summed up, as it were, in two words, -- the new birth, and justification by faith? These let us insist upon with all boldness, at all times, and in all places; -- in public (those of us who are called thereto), and at all opportunities in private. Keep close to these good, old, unfashionable doctrines, how many soever contradict and blaspheme. Go on, my brethren, in the "name of the Lord, and in the power of His might." With all care and diligence, "keep that safe which is committed to your trust;" knowing that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but this truth shall not pass away."

6. But will it be sufficient to keep close to his doctrines, how pure soever they are? Is there not a point of still greater importance than this, namely, to drink into his spirit? -- herein to be a follower of him, even as he was of Christ? Without this, the purity of our doctrines would only increase our condemnation. This, therefore, is the principal thing -- to copy after his spirit. And allowing that in some points we must be content to admire what we cannot imitate; yet in many others we may, through the same free grace, be partakers of the same blessing. Conscious then of your own wants and of His bounteous love, who "giveth liberally and upbraids not," cry to Him that works all in all for a measure of the same precious faith; of the same zeal and activity; the same tender-heartedness, charitableness, bowels of mercies. Wrestle with God for some degree of the same grateful, friendly, affectionate temper; of the same openness, simplicity, and godly sincerity; "love without dissimulation." Wrestle on, till the power from on high works in you the same steady courage and patience; and above all, because it is the crown of all, the same invariable integrity!

7. Is there any other fruit of the grace of God with which he was eminently endowed, and the want of which among the children of God he frequently and passionately lamented? There is one, that is, catholic love; that sincere and tender affection which is due to all those who, we have reason to believe, are children of God by faith; in other words, all those, in every persuasion, who "fear God and work righteousness." He longed to see all who had "tasted of the good word," of a true catholic spirit; a word little understood, and still less experienced, by many who have it frequently in their mouth. Who is he that answers this character? Who is the man of a catholic spirit? One who loves as friends, as brethren in the Lord, as joint partakers of the present kingdom of heaven, and fellow heirs of His eternal kingdom, all, of whatever opinion, mode of worship, or congregation, who believe in the Lord Jesus; who love God and man; who, rejoicing to please and fearing to offend God, are careful to abstain from evil, and zealous of good works. He is a man of a truly catholic spirit, who bears all these continually upon his heart; who, having an unspeakable tenderness for their persons, and an earnest desire of their welfare, does not cease to commend them to God in prayer, as well as to plead their cause before men; who speaks comfortably to them, and labors, by all his words, to strengthen their hands in God. He assists them to the uttermost of his power, in all things, spiritual and temporal; he is ready to "spend and be spent" for them; yea, "to lay down his life for his brethren."

8. How amiable a character is this! How desirable to every child of God! But why is it then so rarely found? How is it that there are so few instances of it? Indeed, supposing we have tasted of the love of God, how can any of us rest till it is our own? Why, there is a delicate device, whereby Satan persuades thousands that they may stop short of it and yet be guiltless. It is well if many here present are not in this "snare of the devil, taken captive at his will." "O yes," says one,

"I have all this love for those I believe to be children of God; but I will never believe he is a child of God, who belongs to that vile congregation! Can he, do you think, be a child of God, who holds such detestable opinions? or he that joins in such senseless and superstitious, if not idolatrous, worship?" So we may justify ourselves in one sin by adding a second to it! We excuse the want of love in ourselves by laying the blame on others! To color our own devilish temper, we pronounce our brethren children of the devil! O beware of this! -- and if you are already taken in the snare, escape out of it as soon as possible! Go and learn that truly catholic love which "is not rash," or hasty in judging; that love which "thinks no evil;" which "believes and hopes all things;" which makes all the allowances for others that we desire others should make for us! Then we shall take knowledge of the grace of God which is in every man, whatever be his opinion or mode of worship: then will all that fear God be near and dear unto us "in the bowels of Jesus Christ."

9. Was not this the spirit of our dear friend? And why should it not be ours? O Thou God of love, how long shall Thy people be a by-word among the Heathen? How long shall they laugh us to scorn, and say, "See how these Christians love one another!" When wilt Thou roll away our reproach? Shall the sword devour for ever? How long will it be ere Thou bid Thy people return from "following each other?" Now, at least, "let all the people stand still, and pursue after their brethren no more!" But what ever others do, let all of us, my brethren, hear the voice of him that, being dead, yet speaks! Suppose ye hear him say, "Now, at least, be ye followers of me as I was of Christ! Let brother "no more lift up sword against brother, neither know ye war any more!" Rather put ye on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, humbleness of mild, brotherly kindness, gentleness, long- suffering, forbearing one another in love. Let the time past suffice for strife, envy, contention; for biting and devouring one another. Bless ed be God, that ye have not long ago been consumed one of another! From henceforth hold ye the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

10. O God, with Thee no word is impossible! Thou does whatsoever please Thee! O that Thou would cause the mantle of Thy prophet, whom Thou hast taken up, now to fall upon us that remain! "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Let his spirit rest upon these Thy servants! Show Thou art the God that answers by fire! Let the fire of Thy love fall on every heart! And because we love Thee, let us love one another with a "love stronger than death!" Take away from us "all anger, and wrath, and bitterness; all clamor and evil speaking!" Let Thy Spirit so rest upon us, that from this hour we may be "kind to each other, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake hath forgiven us!"

#### AN HYMN

1

Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crown'd at last;  
Of all thy heart's desire  
Triumphantly possess'd,  
Lodged by the ministerial choir  
In thy Redeemer's breast.

2

In condescending love,  
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;  
And bade thee suddenly remove  
To thy complete reward:  
Ready to bring the peace,  
Thy beauteous feet were shod,  
When mercy sign'd thy soul's release,  
And caught thee up to God.

3

With saints enthroned on high,  
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
And still To God salvation cry,  
Salvation to the Lamb!  
O happy, happy soul!  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Long as eternal ages roll,  
Thou seest thy Saviour's face!

4

Redeem'd from earth and pain,  
Ah! when shall we ascend,  
And all in Jesu's presence reign  
With our translated friend?  
Come, Lord, and quickly come!  
And, when in Thee complete,  
Receive Thy longing servants home,  
To triumph at Thy feet!

[Sugden's edition includes the additions in square brackets within the text.]

[Sugden's introduction:

GEORGE WHITEFIELD died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, thirty miles north of Boston, on September 30, 1770, in the Presbyterian manse, which is still preserved. He was buried in a vault under the pulpit of the Presbyterian meeting-house on October 2, according to his own wish; and in 1828 a cenotaph was erected in the church with a suitable inscription. Under date November 10, 1770, Wesley says, "I returned to London, and had the melancholy news of Mr. Whitefield's death confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday the 18th." [This was his own wish. "If you should die abroad," said Mr. Keen, "whom shall we get to preach your funeral sermon? Must it be your old friend, the Rev. Mr. John Wesley?" This question was often put, and as often Whitefield answered, "He is the man."] "In order to write this, I retired to Lewisham on Monday; and on Sunday following went to the chapel in Tottenham Court Road. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear; but it

pleased God to strengthen my voice that even those at the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season. All were still as night; most appeared to be deeply affected; and an impression was made on many which one would hope will not speedily be effaced. The time appointed for my beginning at the Tabernacle was half-hour after five, but it was quite filled at three; so I began at four. At first the noise was exceeding great; but it ceased when I began to speak; and my voice was again so strengthened that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there for a few moments. Oh that all may hear the voice of Him with whom are the issues of life and death; and who so loudly, by this unexpected stroke, calls all His children to love one another." On the following Friday he repeated the sermon at the Tabernacle at Greenwich to an overflowing congregation. Again, on January 2, 1771, he preached at Deptford "a kind of funeral sermon for Mr. Whitefield. In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."

It must not be forgotten that at this very time Wesley was in the thick of the controversy with the Rev. Walter Shirley and the Countess of Huntingdon's preachers about the famous Minutes of 1770, in which Wesley had laid down clearly the differences between his views and those of the Calvinists. It is much to the credit both of Mr. Whitefield's friends and of Wesley that this was not allowed to interfere with their invitation to him to preach the sermon, nor with his own affectionate and ungrudging recognition of the greatness and goodness of his departed fellow worker. Indeed, their difference of opinion had never, since the dispute in 1741, been permitted to interrupt their mutual love and esteem; they agreed to differ, and still to love one another.

The sermon was at once published in London; and a reprint was issued in Dublin, also dated 1770, with an additional hymn "Glory and thanks and love;" and it was placed last in the sermons in vol. iv (1771). A warm attack was made on it in the Gospel Magazine of February 1771, probably by Mr. Romaine. He first objected to the text. "How improper," he says, "to apply the words of a mad prophet to so holy a man as Mr. Whitefield!" Of course Wesley's answer was obvious: he did not apply the words to Mr. Whitefield, but to himself; and he humorously says, "Nothing would be more suitable than for Balaam junior to use the words of his forefather; surely a poor reprobate may, without offence, wish to die like one of the elect!" The more serious part of the attack was on the statement in iii. (5) that "the fundamental doctrines which Mr. Whitefield everywhere insisted on" were "the new birth, and justification by faith." Romaine, on the contrary, affirms "the grand fundamental doctrines, which he everywhere preached, were the everlasting covenant between the Father and the Son, and absolute predestination flowing therefrom." Wesley answers "(1) that Mr. Whitefield did not everywhere preach these. In all the times I myself heard him preach, I never heard him utter a sentence either on one or the other. Yea, all the times he preached in West Street Chapel, and in our other chapels throughout England, he did not preach these doctrines at all, no, not in a single paragraph. (2) That he did everywhere preach the new birth, and justification by faith. Both in West Street Chapel and in all our other chapels throughout England, he did preach the necessity of the new birth, and justification by faith, as clearly as he has done in his two volumes of printed sermons." Wesley was not ignorant of the differences between himself and Whitefield in regard to predestination; but most properly in this sermon, whilst he recognizes (iii. 1) that there are differences of opinion between the children of God, he emphasizes the points of agreement; and whatever Whitefield may have believed about the eternal decrees, no man ever preached a full and free salvation more constantly and effectively than he did. The only solution of this difficulty is to be found in the recognition that the two opposing views represent



the two sides of one truth, which our finite understanding is not able to synthesize; but which we may nevertheless accept, just as we accept the Unity in Trinity in the Godhead, or the divine-human person of our Lord.

Incidentally we learn from Wesley reply to Romaine that one of the hymns sung at the service was Charles Wesley's "Shrinking from the cold hand of death," from the Short Hymns on Select Passages (1762), now No. 823 in the Methodist Hymn-Book; the other was no doubt the one appended to the sermon, "Servant of God, well done!" written by Charles Wesley for this occasion, and published as "An Hymn on the Death of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield" in the third (post-humous) series of Funeral Hymns. The hymn appended to the Dublin edition of the sermon is No. 42 in the second series of Funeral Hymns, published in 1759 (Osborn's edition of Poetical Works, vi. 285).

The Tottenham Court Road Chapel, or Whitefield's Tabernacle, as it was often called, stood on the west side of the road, between Tottenham Street and Howland Street. The site was then surrounded by fields and gardens, and there were only two houses to the north of it. The foundation stone was laid by Whitefield in June 1756, and he opened it on November 7 of the same year. It soon was found to be too small, and was enlarged in 1759. A vault was prepared beneath the chapel, in which Whitefield meant that both he himself and the two Wesleys should be interred; but his wish was not fulfilled. In 1890 the building was taken down and re-erected. It is now known as Whitefield's Central Mission.

The Tabernacle was originally a wooden shed to the north of Upper Moorfields, close to Wesley's Foundery, opened in 1741; in 1753 it was superseded by a brick building, the one in which this sermon was preached in the afternoon. This was used for over a century, and was then replaced by a Tabernacle at the corner of Tabernacle Street and Leonard Street, Finsbury, which occupied the old site. The old pulpit was retained from which Wesley preached on this occasion. The building is now used for business purposes.]

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## Part 16

### ARTHUR DEFRANCE ZAHNISER

The tribute to Arthur DeFrance Zahniser found in the following text was taken from hdm0618, "Master Workmen," by Richard R. Blews. It is part of Chapter 10, titled: "Arthur DeFrance Zahniser."

Methodism in England was born in the blazing fire of a far-reaching revival that continued unabated for half a century; Methodism in the United States was born in the fervor of a revival continuing for several decades until a church that was not became the greatest in the land; Free Methodism was born in a rekindled flame of evangelism, and her life depends upon keeping that flame aglow. Among her sons of varied talents, Free Methodism has brought forth no greater fire-crowned prophet of evangelism than Arthur DeFrance Zahniser.

He was born near Mercer, Pennsylvania, August 26, 1865, and passed away on August 14, 1935. In 1894 he was married to Miss Sarah J. Carrier, a well-balanced Christian woman who was an adornment to his home and a true helpmeet in the work of the Lord. Of four children, two survive, Mrs. Bernice Weidman and Mrs. Lefa Snyder.

In October, 1890, he joined the Pittsburgh Conference on trial. Two years later he was ordained deacon. In 1894 he was ordained elder. He served the following circuits as pastor: Hickory, one year; Philipsburg, two years; and Bradford, three years. He was then elected district elder, serving the Greensburg district three years, Rochester district four years, and Pittsburgh district four years. In 1911 at the General Conference at Chicago, he was elected General Conference Evangelist, which office he held until elected bishop in 1927. He was re-elected at the General Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, just before his death in 1935.

This brief outline of his ministerial career is given to supplement the following autobiography which he wrote upon request, just before his last General Conference, in 1935.

#### Autobiography by Bishop Zahniser

I was born near Mercer, the county seat of Mercer County, Pennsylvania. All the Zahnisers in the United States, now numbering approximately 3,000, are the direct descendants of one Valentine Zahniser who, en route from Germany, died and was buried in the sea. His widow, with her four-year-old son, Matthias, arrived in the United States in 1753. The family were of the respectable, middle class, usually thrifty. My mother's people were of French and Irish descent.

Our immediate family consisted of seven sons and three daughters. I was the senior of the boys.

My parents, and their ancestors for several generations, were Calvinists (Presbyterians) . As a child, I learned the Ten Commandments, the Children's Catechism, etc. I attended Sabbath school and church services regularly, until I left home to attend school at Grove City, Pennsylvania.

In early life I was reared in a highly moral and religious community. I do not recall a man who lived in that immediate vicinity who used profane language or who drank intoxicants, though practically all the men (including church officials) used tobacco. I had a very interesting and happy childhood. The enrollment in our district school one year numbered sixty students. Thirty-nine of these were Zahnisers. I was not regarded as a brilliant student. I was much too interested in fun and frolic to take my school work very seriously. However, I managed to keep along with my classes. I received my first standard grades at an examination for teachers when sixteen years of age, but was too young to be given a certificate. This I received about two years later.

When I was about thirteen years of age my father was elected prothonotary of Mercer County, Pennsylvania. At the close of his term of office, he purchased a farm near the county seat of Forest County, Pennsylvania (Tionesta) . The moral standard in the new community was lower than in our former home neighborhood. I was susceptible to this new environment. Having already

formed the tobacco habit, I naturally acquired others commonly practiced by my new associates I became known far and wide in this vicinity as a fun-loving and fun-making young man.

It was in this new community that we first contacted Free Methodism. I heard some powerful preaching from great preachers, such as Rev. J. T. Michael, Rev. R. W. Hawkins, Rev. J. Barnhart and Rev. J. S. MacGeary. Though I knew little or nothing about homiletics or systematic theology, I recognized the ability of these great men. However, my Presbyterian background rather inclined me to look upon them as unorthodox and therefore not to be taken too seriously.

There were a few years in my life (17 to 22) into which I crowded many attempts at various occupations, canvassing, taking small contracts, working on salary, etc. I finally secured an interest in a small lumber manufacturing business, employing six or eight men. I decided to finish a business course in view of permanently entering the business of manufacturing, buying and selling lumber.

## PROVIDENCES LEADING TO MY CONVERSION

I had engaged to work on a salary for a few months, preparatory to my school plan. In this period were many vital, interesting and even thrilling experiences. The lack of time and space forbids their record here.

It was reported that the boiler in the plant where I worked was not safe. This news reached my people. They became concerned for my safety. My brother, Jacob, who had been converted in a Free Methodist revival, but now backslidden, dreamed that the boiler had exploded and that I was killed. He saw my mangled body lying on the ground, and cried out, "Oh, my brother is lost. Had I remained faithful he might have been saved!" The dream so distressed him that he started at four o'clock in the morning and made a three-hours' drive to see if I were safe. I returned home with him over the week-end. He related this dream to me. It did not appear to impress me seriously. I recall that I replied, "Oh, of course, one would feel better about the death of his friends if they were Christians." My people, especially my mother, urged that I should not continue my work at that place, but since it was so vitally related to my plan, I could not consider such a course.

Arriving at my boarding house on Monday morning, I discovered that the daughter in the home had the measles. Not having had this disease, I did not feel free to enter. I secured a man to take my place.

On my return home, I found a Free Methodist revival meeting in progress, conducted by Rev. S. Sager, assisted by his brother, L. A. Sager. I attended the meeting just as a sort of pastime, or a place to meet the young folk. My good Presbyterian mother, without my knowledge, had sent my name to the Fulton Street prayer meeting in New York, requesting them to join her in prayer for my conversion.

## MY CONVICTION

One memorable night, without any conscious previous conviction on this occasion, after the Christians had gathered to pray for the seekers, a German man, who called himself "Brother Will,"

who had drifted into the meeting, began to pray in broken English, then shifted to pure German and back to broken English. He lifted his hands heavenward. The Holy Spirit fell on the altar service. He spoke to my soul (though I did not recognize His person), saying, "That is God. You have known your duty all your life. Heaven or hell -- take your choice. This is your last chance."

I began to pray. I had not offered a prayer of any sort for years or since I had ceased praying the childhood prayers my mother had taught me. I promised God that if He would permit me to live until an opportunity was given to "arise for prayer" I would be the first man on my feet. At the close of the altar service the opportunity was given. I arose and stood, it seemed, for almost a minute. The preacher appeared to think I was "making fun," and spoke of the danger in mocking God. My older sister came to me at the close and said, "Oh, brother, don't make fun; don't mock God." When assured that I was really in earnest, she hurried home to tell the good news to my mother who, while rejoicing, quietly said, "Oh, I have been expecting that."

## MY CONVERSION

I presented myself as a seeker at the public altar the next night. Then followed an extended period of earnest, continuous seeking. I appeared to be wholly ignorant as to how to make a full and unconditional surrender to God and exercise saving faith in the Word of God through the provisions of the atonement. There seemed to be a vague consciousness that there must be something real and tangible in religion, a conscious contact with God. For this I diligently sought.

In the midst of my earnest quest an engagement previously made fell due. My promise was out. What must I do? My mother heard me say that I was going to carry out the plan. However, in answer to her prayers the Lord sent two young men, one of whom had prayed through the night before, to invite my brother Jacob and me to evening dinner and to go with them to church.

I took the newly-converted young man out alone and earnestly demanded of him that he tell me most solemnly whether sleeping over his seeming "happy religious experience" he felt the same now. He assured me that he did. I replied, "Well, Charles, it appears to me that I might as well be dead and buried as to get religion the way these folk are preaching it; but I am going to do it, if I never laugh again, if I never have any more pleasure; I will settle it."

I wrote a letter to the party most directly concerned in the social arrangement about as follows. "Doubtless you have heard that I am seeking religion at the Free Methodist revival. I am most miserable. My presence tonight could not add to your pleasure. I am sending Mr. in my place. He is a fine young man. I am coming out of this revival either a real Christian or an avowed infidel. You will hear from me later."

As I was about to enter the church that night the burden lifted from my heart and mind. It appeared that a combination of all the good sensations I had ever experienced came into my life. I hardly knew how to account for this condition. I had supposed that to be religious I must feel solemn. I tried to repress this conscious delight, even to reproach myself for it. The preacher preached a strong sermon on hell, but I could not feel badly or solemn. I went to the altar to try to get "a religious frame of mind." I attempted to think of the funeral of my grandfather to accomplish this. I found myself rejoicing in my attempt to feel solemn.

Suddenly I awoke to the fact that God had lifted the load of sin from my troubled heart. The Spirit had answered with my spirit. I was a new creature in Christ from that hour. It was all so supernaturally natural, so simple, yet so wonderful! I was immediately filled with a love for souls.

I was clearly led of the Spirit to unite with the Free Methodist Church. I have never doubted this leading nor regretted it for a moment. I am persuaded that this denomination offers a greater challenge to my faith, courage and consecration, and gives a better opportunity for real sacrificial service in soul-saving, than any other in the church world.

An early experience in cross-bearing I will give here. At the close of the revival, the pastor announced that I would lead the midweek prayer meeting. I protested, but he refused to change the plan. The first part of the week was one of fear and trembling. I had been the president of literary societies, and belonged to debating clubs, but had never tried to do anything religious. The temptation to remain at home was strong. I tried to argue that it was unfair and unwise to ask a young convert to do this. There was no way out of it. I went from my prayer room to the church. The audience room was packed. "Captain Jim" Zahniser sat in the back seat. He was a bright, intelligent man of years, but sarcastically critical. I tried to enlist every available person to take the lead, but all refused. I could scarcely hold the hymn book to give out the first hymn; but, after singing and prayers, as I began to read the Scriptures, the Holy Spirit came on me. I commented and exhorted and Captain Jim and all the rest looked small to me. This was a great victory.

## MY SANCTIFICATION

Some few weeks after my conversion I was awakened by a strange circumstance to the fact that though my regeneration was so marvelous, the sin principle remained within my heart. For six months I sought publicly and privately for heart purity. I confessed the depravity of my nature to God, consecrated my redeemed powers anew to Him, pleading the merits of the blood of Christ, and reached the great and gracious day of Pentecost!

En route home from my daily duties, the Holy Spirit's baptism sealed the work to my happy soul.

## MY CALL TO PREACH

This call was a great surprise, as this course had never been in any of my dreams, desires or thoughts. My preparations and plans were altogether along a different line. The conviction came in a quiet manner, but was very clear. Nothing less than this would have been considered. I did not mention it to others. Exhorter's license was practically thrust upon me. I was almost forced into the work.

My election to the office of district elder was a shock and a surprise. My election as general conference evangelist was unsought and undesired.

It is perhaps superfluous to state that I never expected to be elected to my present relation as bishop. I knew, of course, by the votes received on former quadrennial occasions, that I was

being thought of by some for the position. However, I never believed that I would be elected until the vote was announced. I have striven for eight years to fill this important and responsible office. I have earnestly sought divine help. Whatever of success I have attained in my unworthy efforts I attribute to the help of the Holy Spirit. I would not if I could now exchange my career as a humble minister in the Free Methodist Church for anything the world has had to offer in church or state. If I were privileged to start life over again, I would come over the same course. The highest honor God can confer upon any person is to call him into His service and work. The most exalted privilege a young person can have is to lay a well-prepared life at the feet of the Lord and Master, to spend and be spent in His service.

At the base of the life of A. D. Zahniser was a radical conversion, so deep and thorough that it separated him once and forever from the world and set him apart for God. And he never joined that chasm of separation by a bridge of compromise. To him there were two colors -- things were either white or black. His black and white never faded into a neutral gray. Nancy C. Morrow, one of the pioneers of the Oil City Conference, gives this personal picture of his conversion:

It was in the early eighties that a family of high respectability by the name of Zahniser located on a farm three miles west of Tionesta, which contained a fine "mansion house" -- a memorial of the palmy days of oildom.

The eldest of that family was an attractive young man who soon became a popular member of a gay young company. Ere long a revival of pure and undefiled religion reached that rural community, which did not in the least appeal to the young man, who remarked to his father while on their way to church one evening, "I'd rather go to hell than be a Free Methodist." To him the father replied, "Arthur, if you are ever converted you'll have to be a Free Methodist."

The Spirit of the Lord was abroad; the earnest prayers of his Presbyterian mother prevailed, and Arthur Zahniser was truly born of God. There was no mistake about it...

Like a valiant soldier of the Cross, he put on the whole armor of God, ready with courage to face the enemy of souls.

At a baptismal service the young soldier stepped towards the river with the minister (Rev. D. B. Tobey, we believe), closely followed by the mother clad in simple black, who knelt on the cobblestones in silent prayer as the twain advanced for the immersion -- a heavenly scene never to be forgotten.

Six years before his death a severe heart attack prostrated him and it was thought his work was done. As far as human skill is concerned he had come to the end of the journey. One of the pioneer preachers of the Pittsburgh Conference, Rev. D. B. Tobey, was noted through the years for his great faith in divine healing. Hundreds of people were healed in answer to his prayers. He was summoned far and near to anoint the sick. The Lord spoke to Brother Tobey, then an aged superannuate, to anoint his life-long friend. He hurried to Pittsburgh, went into the room where Bishop Zahniser was hovering at the gate of death, and said, "Arthur, the Lord sent me to anoint

you. God is not through with you yet. It is His will to raise you up and give you added years of service. God raised him up and added six of the best years of his life.

He was advised by his friends to take his work more moderately that he might live longer, but his passion for souls and his zeal for the work of God caused him to disregard the pleadings of his loved ones, although it possibly shortened his days.

Like the stars in the heavens, he lived near to God. His Master revealed to him that the end of the way was near. He privately said at the General Conference at Winona Lake that his work was almost done and the Lord was putting some finishing touches on him to prepare him for heaven. He could already see the distinct light of the celestial city. A special unction of heaven was upon him at the General Conference and at the last three conferences on the Pacific coast. Of his last Sunday at the Washington Conference, he wrote in his last letter: "Yesterday was a great day at Burlington, Washington (seat of the conference) . Wonderful love feast. I baptized thirteen or fourteen babies and preached in the morning. The people shouted me down before I was quite through. As it was, I got in about forty-five or fifty minutes rapid fire. I conducted both ordination of elders and deacons in the afternoon, and preached the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Free Methodist Church."

He prevailed upon his daughter, Mrs. Snyder, to accompany him to his conferences. On Monday morning after the Washington Conference he took a train en route to the West Kansas Conference. They were about to change cars at Laramie, Wyoming, Wednesday morning at six o'clock. He arose from his berth and as he dressed he suffered a heart attack. His daughter gave him a stimulant, but as they waited for the train to pull into Laramie, he peacefully dropped his head and was with the angels. "And he was not, for God took him."

## AS A MAN

As a man, A. D. Zahniser was a blend of firmness and kindness. Anyone acquainted with him knew him as a man of clear-cut convictions -- convictions extending into all the details of his life. The lines of spiritual demarcation he always kept distinct. His loyalty to his convictions, maintained at all costs, was one of the factors which made him the pungent preacher he was. The vow of Spurgeon, found in his "Little Secret Diary," may well apply to Brother Zahniser: "I vow to glory alone in Jesus and His cross, and to spend my life in extension of His cause, in whatsoever way He pleases. I desire to be sincere in this solemn profession, having but one object in view, and that to glorify God. Help me to honor Thee, and live the life of Christ on earth!"

At the same time he was the soul of kindness and sympathy. He loved people regardless of age or position, and they in turn loved him. His friends were numbered by thousands. Mrs. J. M. Daniels gave this picture of him in the home, which was universal:

But those of us who had the privilege of ministering to him in our homes knew something of the alluring grace which he possessed. As said of the Master, his gentleness did make him great.

He was so appreciative of the little things; the song of the birds, the beauty of the trees, the flowers upon the dinner table, the comfortable bed, the soft breeze which came in through the

window, the cool drink which had been prepared for his comfort; and how he rejoiced for the new day with its gladness and its opportunity for service. Truly he had an excellent spirit within him.

He was of such a genial disposition and he walked so closely with his Lord that his own spirit was so gladdened that he was able, in a peculiar way, to gladden the hearts of others.

Rev. W. N. Coffee emphasized the same trait from a different angle:

Bishop Zahniser was a magnanimous man, and in the fullest sense of the word; too great for envy, jealousy or selfishness, giving credit where credit was due; conceding too much sometimes when his opponents were contentious; sincere in his praise of others; true to his convictions; not disposed to hold others to his individual opinions, when self-evident principles were not involved.

His was a benevolent spirit, kind and loving, holding no ill will toward those who opposed him, but manifesting the spirit of the innate gentleman always. He was a humble man. He was perhaps one of, if not the greatest, evangelist of his denomination, possibly of any denomination, in recent years, yet apparently unconscious of it. Beautiful in his humility, unostentatious and unassuming, he was universally loved.

He was sociable and approachable by any and all. It was a real pleasure to have him in the home. The old folk, the young folk and the little children all appreciated and loved him. He was capable of doing the church a vast amount of good, and did.

He was kind and careful in his administration as a bishop, and considerate to the last degree, going almost any length to avoid unnecessary trouble, yet fearless when trouble had to be met.

## AS AN EVANGELIST

While Bishop Zahniser successfully filled every position in which he was placed and was wise as a counselor and administrator, yet the pulpit was his stronghold. He was a God-called evangelist. His life furnishes unmistakable evidence of his separation for his specific Christian service. If Paul was able to prove his apostleship by the transformed lives of those converted under his preaching, certainly no one would doubt that A. D. Zahniser followed in the succession of the chiefest of the apostles. Evangelism was the central passion of his life. His capacity for pioneering and organizing was all bent to the end of saving souls. Since the height of his striving was conscious obedience to the divine will, he was in the line of apostolic succession, called to be an evangelist "by the will of God."

The biographer of Hudson Taylor points out that the basic cause of the remarkable success of the China Inland Mission was due to the love of souls which was born in the hearts of the converts: "Among all the characteristics caught by the converts from their missionaries at this time, none was more important in the results than love for souls, that sure evidence of a heart in fellowship with the Lord Himself. When this is not found in the missionary, is it ever developed in the native helpers? And can anything make up for its absence in either the one or the other?



Learning, eloquence, natural gifts, all, all go up in the balance as lighter than nothing, if not permeated with this supreme endowment."

One of the sure signs of the genuineness of A. D. Zahniser's work as an evangelist was the desire of those converted under his ministry to become fishers of men. It is a life on fire that kindles others. His life was on fire, and he spontaneously kindled that fire in the hearts of others. It was the logic of heaven -- spontaneous combustion. "Why is it Mr. Wesley is able to set men on fire with his words?" asked one who heard the great preacher. The reply was, "It is because he is on fire himself." One of the distinctive fruits of his soul-stirring evangelism was the large number of young men and women who entered the ministry. He was not only a "fisher of men" but also a fisher of ministers. God-called preachers are practically always born in revivals of religion. In the mighty revival held by Dr. Redfield at Middletown, Connecticut, which had such a profound influence on B. T. Roberts, twenty-five preachers were born. His will be the crown of a servant who turned many to righteousness and above all inspired many to preach the uncompromising gospel of Jesus Christ.

#### AS A WRITER

Although confessedly not called as a writer, yet what limited amount he wrote for the Free Methodist was typical of his preaching -- clear in thought, direct and pointed in language. It is well to preserve one of his articles for coming generations.

#### CHRISTOCENTRIC

Jesus Christ is the great center around which circles all the moral and spiritual interests of all created human intelligences from the beginning of time into the measureless future of eternity. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God ... All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." To know Him is to possess a wisdom and understanding that "passeth knowledge." "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." The Bible is the one and only book that leads to a true knowledge of Him. To sincerely and faithfully search it is to find Him! "Search the Scriptures ... for they are they that testify of me."

From the closing of the gates of Eden's garden, through unfolding sacred history of the fallen and redeemed race, to His coming in the clouds, Christ is the center and the circumference, "the Alpha and the Omega." The destiny of men and nations are settled according to their knowledge of and attitude toward Him.

What a dismal history of a hopeless horde of human creatures, with an almost useless career and uncertain destiny, would be the record of the race without the Christ. What a meaningless message would be the Old Testament -- its types, shadows, priesthood, sacrifices, sabbaths and men -- separated from the promises and prophecies of the Messiah!

Prophecy is "a miracle of knowledge with reference to future events" or God revealing future events through men under divine inspiration. The great prophet Isaiah challenged the heathen "gods" to prove their boasted power and wisdom thus: "Let them bring forth, and show us what

shall happen; let them show the former things what they be, that we may consider them and know the latter end of them; or declare us things to come. Show the things that are to come hereafter that we may know that ye are gods."

The revelation of the Messiah by prophecy, through the millenniums of the Old Testament, furnishes the most positive proof that the Bible is the word of God, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Jehovah declares: "I am God, and there is none else; I am God and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from the ancient times the things that are not yet done ... I have spoken it and I will bring it to pass; I have promised it and I will do it."

So Christocentric are the Scriptures of the Old Testament that the life of Christ, from His ancestry and virgin birth by way of Pentecost to His final coming again to reign could be written from the inspired statements of these sacred records.

Concerning the ancestry of the Messiah, more than eighteen hundred years B. C., when the Father of the Faithful had passed the crucial test of loyalty, obedience, and faith, Jehovah gave him promise that the Redeemer of the human race should come through his posterity: "And in thy seed [Christ] shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Jacob, in blessing his sons, assures Judah that "Shiloh" shall be of his tribe: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." Of the father of David it was declared: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the spirit of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make Him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth."

By prophetic vision through three hundred years, Malachi beholds John Baptist, "the Forerunner," heralding the coming Messiah and cries out: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me."

Jehovah, in pronouncing sentence after the fall, foretold the virgin birth of His Son: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed; it [the seed of the woman, Christ] shall bruise thy [Satan's] head." The prophet Isaiah, in the plainest possible language, iterated this great truth more than seven centuries before "the angel Gabriel was sent forth from God" to announce to the modest maiden of Nazareth the miraculous conception: "Behold a virgin [Mary] shall conceive and bear a son, and thou shalt call His name Emmanuel."

And where, I ask, is this wonderful child to be born? The prophet Micah does not hesitate to answer, though centuries and generations lie between -- in Bethlehem: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He [Christ] come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," from eternity to eternity. The prophet Isaiah, under divine inspiration, looking down through more than seven centuries, sees the child and His mother in Bethlehem's stable, and as if standing by the manger cradle, with the wise men and shepherds he joins in the celebration of that first Christmas morning, and just as the angel's song is dying in the distance he starts a new song:

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Further history of the life of Him "of whom Moses and the prophets did write" is prohibited for lack of space, though the inspiration leads on the hilltops where history and prophecy meet, revealing most clearly the whole life of the incarnate God among men, centuries and millenniums before the Babe of Bethlehem breathed the atmosphere of our earth. Oh, let us pause at this Christmas morn and celebrate from the very depth of our redeemed hearts this event that marked the dawn of a new and eternal day.

Rev. J. T. Logan preached his funeral sermon from the great question raised by Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Before his dust was carried out to be laid in the cemetery at Greenville, Illinois, thirty-one fellow soldiers gathered around his casket to sing the paean of victory, "Servant of God, Well Done!"

He was unduplicatable. His heart was so big it took in the world. There was a swing of triumph in his soul which fired men to rise to the call of the gospel. He was a prince with God and prevailed.

Bishop Zahniser died at a propitious time; his work was well-nigh complete. Six years as pastor, eleven as district elder, sixteen as evangelist, eight as bishop mark the span of his holy warfare. He did not linger in decrepitude to outlive himself. The church crowned him with grateful benedictions; he tarried only for the good-night kiss of the Lord he served, and awoke from a transient earthly slumber to behold the glory ineffable.

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THE END