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FOUR YEARS IN THE OLD WORLD

By Phoebe Palmer

A Book Comprising The Travels, Incidents,
And Evangelistic Labors Of Dr. And Mrs. Palmer
In England, Ireland, Scotland, And Wales.

By The Author Of:
Way Of Holiness
Entire Devotion
Faith And Its Effects
Incidental Illustrations
Promise Of The Father
Useful Disciple, Etc.

"Go work today."

"Say not 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." -- Words Of Jesus

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DEDICATION

To our indulgent friends, irrespective of denomination, in the Old and New World, whose interest has prompted them to inquiries in regard to our travels, and humble efforts to gather jewels for the Redeemer's Crown, this work is affectionately inscribed, with the prayer that an unction from the Holy One for Whose glory alone it has been written, may accompany every page.

The Author

* * * * *

PREFACE

We hereby notify the captious and the mere critic to spare themselves the pains of reading our unpretending volume. A large portion of its contents was written only in view of meeting the eye and heart of indulgent friends, and not with the studied carefulness demanded by the fastidious, or calculated to commend it even to the justly critical. It is dedicated to our friends in the Old and New World, and may need the pleasant and affectionate charities of friendship as its apologist.

We did not visit the Old World in anticipation of making a book on our return, but solely in view of religious profit, and in answer to repeated solicitations of earnestly pious friends, and also in faithfulness to our own solemn convictions that the Lord of the harvest called us to that portion of the vineyard. If the result as here set forth has proved to the hearts of the multitude that we have not run or labored in vain, the pious will unite with us in ascribing all the praise to the Triune Deity.

The careful reader will observe occasional indications of a third party in the editorship of this volume. Our explanation is, that from failing health, &c., it was anticipated that the work might be issued under the supervision of another. Part of the papers were thus prepared. By the persuasion of friends, our health having improved, we were induced to assume the editorship ourselves. In this, the reader will see the wherefore of a third party, and also an apology for the introduction of some complimentary references, which had otherwise been omitted.

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01 -- CHAPTER

Have you ever crossed the Atlantic? Do you say, No? Then permit me to introduce you to some scenes, which, though not marvelous, may interest you. If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand, and together we will proceed over the mighty ocean.

It is half-past twelve o'clock, June 4, 1859. Here we are on board an English steamer, bound for Liverpool. We have just given the parting hand to loved relatives and friends. And who, however lowly, has not left some lingering dear one whose moistened eyes are telling a tale which the heart cannot conceal?

It is pleasant to think of our friendships as the gift of Jesus' love. Earthly friendships may prove fickle; but may we not think of true Christian friendships as ever abiding? Hearts made one in Christ, so long as union with Christ is maintained, must ever remain one; and, oh, how soon will all such be gathered to one blissful home, where tearful adieus will no more be uttered! Yet Christianity does not make the heart stoical. These flowing tears remind us of one whose heart, though cast into such a hardy mold that he was ready to go to prison or to death, had his heart broken when he beheld the fast-flowing tears of friends from whom he was about to be severed. "What! mean ye to weep and break my heart?" he exclaims. And yet I wonder if his tears did not flow quite as freely as the tears of those friends whom he so lovingly chided?

But we must not linger thus. Let us leave our broken hearts just where the affectionate "brother Paul" left his; that is, in the hands of the heavenly Healer. He who wept at the grave of his departed friend Lazarus will not chide our tears.

Scarcely has our majestic ship left her moorings amid the thundering of cannon and the cloud of waving white handkerchiefs, ere the friendly hand is extended from yet one and another. What had been a slight acquaintance in less than a day on shipboard seems to have matured into a confirmed life-long friendship. We have here met with lovely Christian friends, such as we would never have known had we not first been made acquainted with Jesus, the fairest among ten thousand.

We quickly pass down our beautiful bay, and, ere the shades of evening lower, lose sight of our green shores; and many are beginning to feel the effects of the heaving billows. Of the hundred and fifty cabin passengers, probably less than half that number are able to retain their seats, the first twenty-four hours of the voyage, at either the tea or breakfast table; and among the delinquents you may find your friend, through whose ministrations you are now being brought on this journey.

We would not, though we were able, attempt to describe that which so many have pronounced indescribable; but, should we tell you that we are disposed to affirm with some confidence that a specific for the cure of sea-sickness has been found, we shall surely give you pleasure.

Five drops of chloroform, taken in a tablespoonful of water, was tried with entire success in our own case and in the case of many others. A gentleman was on board who had traveled twenty-three hundred miles, without pausing for rest day or night, before taking passage on the steamer. No wonder that he was now a ready victim attacked by sea-sickness. Day after day he was unable to sit up for any length of time, or to retain his food. One day, as he staggered to the table after the other passengers had dined. I told him how I had been cured, though on former voyages suffering so much. He seemed anxious to use the remedy, though fearful of its effects; but when I assured him that there was not the same danger from taking chloroform in a liquid state in the stomach as from inhaling it, and that my husband, a physician of long standing, recommended it, he concluded to take it. From that hour he was cured, and regularly took his seat at the table.

Here I am in the midst of the ocean, endeavoring to steady my position amid heaving billows, hoping that I may be able to write a few intelligible lines to my dear S.

On Saturday we parted with you at twelve o'clock. It is now Tuesday. I am sitting in the large dining-saloon, and the time-piece before me says ten minutes past three o'clock. And here I sit surrounded by over a score of fellow passengers. Oh, how unlike the companionship of the hour to that of last Tuesday between three and four o'clock!

My spirit flies to the precious disciples of Jesus, who at various points assemble this afternoon. Not only in New York and Philadelphia, but in England, and several other places, do

we hear of the formation of Tuesday-afternoon meetings. How blessed the assurance, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I"! The Tuesday afternoon meetings are being blessed yet more and more with manifest tokens of the presence and approval of the Sanctifier. The prayers presented in our behalf at last Tuesday's memorable meeting, for a prosperous voyage and favorable health, are being answered. Your dear papa just now informs me that we are eight hundred miles on our journey (lat. 44 39', long. 56 37') toward England, our fatherland. You smile and say, Nay, don't begin to claim relationship with Old England so soon.

But do you not remember that England is indeed my fatherland? It is only a little over fifty years ago that my father of most precious memory left good Old England to establish himself in Young America. That honored father, though he greatly loved his adopted country, could not, of course, but venerate his fatherland; and that his daughter should affectionately acknowledge her relationship to England, and confess, under God, the debt of gratitude she owes that country for the gift of such a father, is only seemly, and what she loves to do.

While surrounded by outward commotion, I feel the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, filling and ruling my heart. Confirming assurances are being given that this long-contemplated visit has been undertaken at the bidding of our Saviour.

The Lord is graciously giving us the hearts of the people on board. Last Sunday was my first Sabbath at sea, The captain officiated as priest, and the physician as clerk. Though ministers of different evangelical denominations were on board, none of them were asked to officiate; it being the design on the part of the ship-owners that the Church-of-England service shall be maintained.

The captain, therefore, who, I presume, would not expect to be designated as a man of evangelical piety, read the service; and the doctor, whose claims to piety were most manifestly questionable, as he often partook of the intoxicating cup, read the responses. The service was conducted with seriousness.

The first land we saw after leaving New York was the rocky shores of Newfoundland. This was on Wednesday June 8. Our track lay along the shore about two hours. The vessel hove to, and three or four hardy men came on board. The steward gave them a loaf of bread and some corned meat. They remained on board about three minutes, and then returned to land in their small boat. The soil looked barren and uninviting. A beautiful lighthouse and some connecting buildings were all we could see. From this point, for several succeeding hours, we saw icebergs of large dimensions, forming most beautiful figures. These exceeded any thing I had anticipated. One group of figures was magnificent beyond any thing of the kind I have heard described. It represented two pillars of the purest alabaster or Italian marble, scores of feet in diameter, and rising two or three hundred feet toward the heavens. In front of these was the figure of a lion with flowing mane, not less than one hundred feet high. You may smile at my sketch as fanciful; but you can scarcely conceive how beautiful the figures were. Our steerage passengers outnumbered our cabin passengers, as I presume is usual. In all the ship's company, we number about five hundred.

Among the steerage passengers who came in for Sabbath-morning service, I noticed an individual who reminded me of one who worked at tent-making, and dwelt two whole years in

his own hired house, at the same time making all his business operations subservient to preaching the gospel. Paul, as you will remember, was a local preacher, a class of ministers to which I am particularly partial; and so I said to Dr. P., That old gentleman looks to me like one of our old-country local preachers, and, after the Church service is over, suppose we go among the steerage passengers and make friends. In the afternoon we went to the other end of the vessel, and proposed having religious service in the second-class cabin. We soon found ourselves surrounded by a group who were familiar with the delightful songs of Zion. Seldom have we heard the beautiful air set to the words, --

"Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide," --

more sweetly sung than on this occasion. We had not only beautiful singing, but prayer that opens heaven was offered; after which we addressed the people, and invited any one who had sought and found Jesus, and would love to tell the story of their salvation, to do so. Several spoke with freedom and power. I shall not soon forget this and other sweet meetings we had with the humble disciples of Jesus in the steerage. Surely there were those here who were of Heaven's nobility; and the delight we had with them in worship and song gave us a full appreciation of the divine admonition, "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

We are now within two hundred miles of Cork. It has been suggested that an opportunity might occur to mail a letter from Cork, which may reach you sooner than if we wait till we arrive at London.

I am not sure that I shall be able to write in a way to interest either you or myself. I am sitting in the saloon, with many persons around me, The most of them are engaged in playing various sorts of games, with the usual accompaniments, brandy, wine, and porter. Such employment with such accompaniments are calculated to make people humorsome and noisy. The "City of Baltimore," with which we are borne along at the speed of three hundred miles daily, is being rocked on the heaving bosom of the sea, so that I find it difficult to write intelligibly.

But perhaps a line after any fashion will give you pleasure. You will wish to know how we are enduring physically, as also spiritually, amid these varied commotions. Through grace we are doing well. I say through grace, because I believe special grace demands special acknowledgments. First, in regard to my spiritual state, I wish to say to the praise of God that I have been most graciously sustained. Truly have I proved the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Conscious that I am utter helplessness, and not sufficient to save or to keep myself for one moment, but that I have received the sentence of death in myself, I am enabled, through the energy of the Holy Spirit, to persevere in looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith; and through the power of faith in Jesus do I daily feel yet more of the blessedness of being raised to newness of life.

This perhaps has been. made more apparent to my spiritual perceptions, because of the many indications of spiritual death around me. How true the words of the poet! --

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

While I write this, I have a subject pressing on my heart of which I hesitate to speak. I hesitate because I do not wish either to be, or seem to be, uncharitable. Seeing the people so generally engaged in various kinds of games, we took pains to draw our dear W. from witnessing these scenes, which we have regarded as worse than vain. But he came to us repeatedly, saying, "I saw Rev. _____ and also Rev. _____," and so on, till he numbered four out of the five ministers on board, that he had seen engaged in playing at various games, such as chess, dice, &c.

Now, think how it would strike you to see a duly accredited Congregational minister and a Baptist minister together at a game in the presence of a score of beholders! This moment, while I am writing, I hear a jocose laugh, and, looking up, see a minister whose name I will not mention, but one who is a well-known professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, playing a game at which one of the party seems to have gained the better of the other, and therefore the merry laugh. I turn to the lady sitting near me, and ask, "Do you know what game that minister and the other gentleman are playing?" They are throwing dice, is the reply. This same minister addressed us yesterday morning in the saloon. When I heard he was to officiate, I was really thankful, and said to Dr. P., "This is well for the cause; for he is the only one that has not been seen playing at games in the presence of the passengers."

The Church of England service was read by the captain, and the responses by the surgeon, as on the preceding Sabbath; and it was currently reported that no other would be permitted. But the captain, on being asked whether Prof. _____ of the Theological Seminary might not address the passengers after the Church of England service was over, consented, and said, "He had occasionally asked ministers of different persuasions to officiate; but they had generally pleaded ill health, and refused. But," he observed, "their ill health did not seem to discommode them in any other way, as they were generally ready for their meals or any thing else as usual. He had therefore concluded that it was not regarded as desirable to ministers to preach on shipboard, and had ceased to ask them." And if ministers are not more careful by their example in guarding the sacredness of the holy calling in the presence of worldlings than those on board this vessel have been during this voyage, perhaps the Church of England service, which is largely made up of Scripture, may be as profitable as any thing else.

Prof. _____ gave us a good address on Sabbath. As the company were dispersing, we met the professor walking out on deck, and congratulated him in view of his having been called to officiate. As one reason why we were thankful that he had been chosen rather than either of the other ministers on board, we observed, "That he alone of all the ministers had not been engaged in playing at various games." The professor seemed embarrassed as we made these remarks, and said he had himself played games since he came on board.

We spoke of what we thought to be the injurious tendency of such games, leading to gambling of every species, and as concomitant with various vices, especially as connected with

habits of intoxication. This latter view neither he nor any other of this ship's company could gainsay. Seldom does a company sit down to play, but in a short time the steward is called to bring a bottle of brandy, wine, porter, or something of the kind. These, of course, were the wagers. The difference, I suppose, between ministers and others was, that there was no wagers in the case.

Said Prof. _____, "That some of these games lead to gambling and dissipation in various forms must be admitted, but others I have been accustomed to regard as harmless; and it has been a question with me where the line of demarcation is." He said he had been accustomed to fix the proscribed line with cards, as these were generally used in gambling. Perhaps he may have thought us Puritanical or too severe in our methods of thought; but I was free to acknowledge that we were Methodists, and said, "If I were to see one of our ministers playing at games of dice, or any thing of the kind, I should actually be frightened." We of course intimated that we could not conceive how ministers in their public or private capacity could, as ensamples to the flock, do it for the glory of God, and maintain a conscience void of offense towards God and man.

Now, think of the text, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," and then think of a minister of the New Testament, holding a leading position in a theological institution for the training of young ministers, treading on ground allowed by himself, and by the religious community generally, to be at least so questionable! Can we wonder that the gospel has not more power when ministered under such trainings?

Thank the Lord, though there is some darkness, there are some lighter shades, in this picture of sea-life! There sits an old gentleman at the table opposite, on my left. All around him are, at every meal, calling for their wine and other liquors. He is the only temperance man of the whole company of twelve. One of these said to him, "You do not seem to gain many over to your principles." He mentioned the disagreeableness of his position to us; but added, he thought it best to retain his place, as he hoped his example might do some good. This excellent old gentleman, of the Carvosso stamp, is a member of the Bedford-street Church, New York, and was well acquainted With our dear father. I presume he is a man of means. He takes this little trip to Visit his relatives, and intends returning in July to take his family to Saratoga Springs.

Sitting opposite us also is Mr. G_____, one of our wealthy New York merchants. He is a member of St. Paul's Church. We have not witnessed the first act unbecoming the dignity of the Christian character. His daughter, a lovely young lady of about eighteen, and his son, about sixteen, accompany him. Other names I might mention who have adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour amid the surrounding temptations.

We have daily morning prayer in the large saloon, -- a thing which, I presume, has not often occurred on board of one of these steamers. There is so much wine drank through the day, that evening is the time for merry carousal in the large dining-saloon, where the most of us are constrained to stay. We therefore make it a point to assemble daily at eight o'clock, A.M., for religious worship. At these seasons, our friends of different denominations generally are present, and occasionally the irreligious, won perhaps, in part, by the beauty of the singing.

By the pains we have taken in bringing this about, we may have made a mark of ourselves; yet I do not doubt but many at heart approved. A general respect for religion prevails among the English, however far some may be from carrying out its self-sacrificing principles. We have sweet singing on these occasions. A gentleman, who, in the regions of Boston, is known as a professor of music, accompanied by his lady and sister, a lovely trio in the science of song, make a part of our company at our morning devotions. And they are also one in spirit with us. The professor, having been specially aided in attaining the blessing of holiness months since in reading the "Way of Holiness," is prepared to enter heart and soul into all our schemes of usefulness. Though we had never seen him before, we have had sweet seasons, not only of singing and prayer, but in talking over many things appertaining to the kingdom. And truly may the Christian sing under such circumstances, --

"Mid scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And to feel in the presence of Jesus at home!"

We also have had very precious seasons of family devotion in our state-room. Here we are in the habit of daily remembrance of every member of our beloved family circle. Heaven seems very near as we generally each one in rum address the mercy-seat. Surely do we apprehend, as you will remember we often used to sing when at home surrounding the family altar, --

"And heaven comes down the soul to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat."

We had a death on board; and, for the first time, we witnessed a burial at sea. The Catholic priest officiated. The circumstance was, of course, calculated to solemnize; but the purpose seemed sadly defeated by the manner of the burial service, which was performed in Latin, and in a tone scarcely above a whisper. The performer of the solemn rite had not seemingly been disposed to be recognized in his clerical character; and, now that he was brought out by the unexpected demise of one of his own people, he was taken by surprise, and was embarrassed.

* * * * *

02 -- CHAPTER

London, England, June 16, 1859

Yesterday, about four o'clock, P.M., we completed our voyage, and for the first time set our feet on the shores of England. Surely "goodness and mercy have followed us." The Lord has given such marked assurances that he is with us, and will continue to be with us, by way of owning and directing in our labors, that we may indeed say, --

"Faith lends its realizing light,

The clouds disperse, the shadows flee."

We do not think it well to ask signs of God. I like Abraham's faith better than Gideon's. But God, as our indulgent Father in heaven, permits us to make all our wants and wishes known, and hath said, "He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him." And this is the confidence we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us.

Now, I want to tell you, to the praise of infinite grace, of some most blessed assurances which I have received in answer to prayer. Just before reaching the shores of England, I was thinking how delightful it would be to find some one ready to welcome us as at the places we visited in our native land. But the thought that no one could know of our coming to Liverpool made it appear impossible that the wish should be gratified.

We had taken our tickets for London: it would not seem improbable that friends might await us there; but the idea of being greeted at Liverpool on landing seemed not, to be entertained. But I began to reason thus: "All things are possible with God." The hearts of kings are in his hands, and he turneth them as rivers of water. If it is his will, he can dispose the hearts of some of his servants to come and welcome us to these foreign shores; and how desirable it would be to have such a token for good, by way of assuring us that it, was indeed God's order that we should come!

It was in view of this, I asked, if it could consist with the will of God, that we might have this token; otherwise I did not desire it. I felt that I was heard. As we drew up toward the shore, I saw a gentleman, whose appearance bespoke him to be a clergyman, eyeing us intently. Said I to Dr. P., "There stands the minister the Lord has sent to welcome us to England." Soon as the vessel reached the dock, he came on board. Coming up directly to us, he asked, "Is this Dr. and Mrs. P.?" On being answered in the affirmative, he most heartily exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, to the shores of Old England!" I said, "Please pardon me, sir; but will you permit me to ask how you could have known us, or have been apprised of our coming?" He told us that he was a Wesleyan minister, in charge of a flock about eight miles distant from Liverpool. In the magazine, "Guide to Holiness," he saw an announcement that we were expected to leave New York, in the steamer "City of Baltimore," on the 4th of June. Thinking it was about time for the vessel to arrive, he came to Liverpool. In coming to the pier-head, he inquired if the vessel had arrived. The answer was, "Wait a moment, and you will hear." The next moment, the announcement, with a deafening noise from the mouth of our cannon, notified the good people of Liverpool that a vessel from America had come to port.

The excellent minister who so courteously welcomed us to the British shores is Rev. Thornelow, stationed at Prescot. He kindly gave us all necessary advice in regard to the care of our luggage, and took us to lodgings, where the pious lady hailed us as acquaintances, having been blessed through reading "Entire Devotion."

You may ask what were my first impressions on landing on the shores of Britain. I believe my first exclamation as we rode toward our lodging was, "Surely this looks like the Old World!" Every thing appears so ancient and somber, as though grown hoary with age. Though it was not dull weather, the very sky, or atmosphere, seemed to wear the grayish hue of declining

age. "Old England" and "Young America" I felt were meaning epithets beyond my former conjectures. You will inquire the wherefore of this. One important reason is that bituminous coal is used. This with the damp atmosphere seems to concentrate the smoke, particularly over the large towns, and hence the somber hue, which, as a grayish drapery, intervenes between the eye and the bright heavens.

We left Liverpool for London early yesterday morning, passing through several large towns. As we approached Birmingham, said one of our company, "See! we are coming to a city of smoke." But my mind was dwelling on a lighter picture. Birmingham has been brightly enshrined in memory, ever since my childhood days, as the place where that burning and shining light, Hester Ann Rogers, lived and labored; and it was here she finished her course.

We reached London late in the afternoon; but as London is several miles in extent, and the house of our friend on Brixton Hill was about three miles out of the city, it was after eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived. We were met with the most affectionate Christian salutations by the friend, who, in inviting us to her hospitalities, had written: "If ye judge me worthy, come and abide at my house." She is truly a worthy and most lovable Christian lady, the leader of four classes; and her praise is "in all the churches." Today we rode into the city: we took a good look at Kensington Park, the place where Whitefield and the Wesleys used to preach, when the church pulpits were denied them.

We attended a mid-day prayer-meeting, held at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall. We were taken over the premises, and made acquainted with a law of the ministers. In all, we feel that we have but one business. It is delightful to be so affectionately greeted by friends, who, having never before seen us in the flesh, love us for Jesus' sake alone; but this will not satisfy unless we may see a speedy and mighty work of the Spirit. For this we are pleading.

The Lord has condescended to increase my faith greatly during the past two or three days. After landing at Liverpool on Thursday, as soon as I was left alone in my room, I asked our gracious Lord for some promise from his word that might be instructive and inspiring in view of the work we should be called to do in this the land of our fathers. I held the little book, "Clarke's Promises," in my hand, and, ere I opened it, said, "O Thou who in ancient days didst speak through the Urim and Thummim! speak to my heart through thy word." I opened on these words, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." The promise was applied as only the Spirit can apply truth to the heart. The next morning at an early hour, as I took up the same book, with an earnest desire that my heavenly Father might again speak some promise to my soul, -- as I opened the book, my eye rested on the same inspiring words, and again were they applied with power to my heart. I was the more surprised, as I do not remember to have seen them in the little volume before, and I did not know that they were there. Yesterday as we were nearing London, meeting new friends, and new responsibilities awaiting me, and longing that we might see great and mighty things here in the Old World as in America, it was suggested, "If the promise given you last evening and early this morning were repeated, would it not be an assurance, never to be questioned, in relation to what you may expect as the result of your labors here?" Oh! was it not wonderful that the High and Holy One should have thus condescended? The same passage was again given and applied with still greater power to my heart. And now, whatever seeming discouragements may await me, I

cannot doubt but the Lord will show us "great and mighty things;" for he has sealed the promise by the Spirit on my inmost soul "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name."

Brixton Hill, London, June 27, 1859

We have, by special invitation, divided our time, during the few days since we came to these regions, between two friends.

Part of last week was spent at the delightful residence of J. K. _____. While there, it was almost as one continuous meeting. So many were coming in from the neighborhood, and others from London, seeking the full baptism of the Spirit, that the days could have scarcely been more devotionally filled up had we attended a camp-meeting instead of the house of a retired London merchant. One evening, an intimation having been given that all might come who desired, the parlor was so crowded that no more could be admitted. Several were blessed during this and the other interviews. Seldom did one come, seeking either pardon or purity, but, ere he left, the blessing sought was received.

One afternoon we attended a meeting held at the residence of Mrs. M____, a dear lady who has long loved the doctrine of Christian purity. Here we met with many, whom, having not seen, we had learned to love. A number of persons of different denominations, interested in the great salvation, have been in the habit of meeting at Mrs. M____'s weekly; and many have, from time to time, been raised up to testify of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost. Among those who are abundant in labors on this subject is Miss R____, the grand-daughter of the eminent Dr. A. Clarke.

On Sabbath morning we went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, at the Surrey Music Hall. The congregation was immense. I presume not less than three to four thousand were present. We should have failed of securing a seat; but, our esteemed Mrs. K____, being personally acquainted with Mr. Spurgeon and family, we were comfortably accommodated in the seat with Mrs. Spurgeon. The congregation was made up, seemingly, of every grade of persons, from the nobility down to the humble servant; and all, we trust, received a word in season. The plain, palpable truths which fell from the lips of the speaker seemed to well up from the depths of his heart, and were uttered as in the solemn presence of God. An unction accompanied the entire service. The prayers were devout and unstudied; so much so, that one could not but feel that they were indeed for the ear of God alone. The Singing was spiritual, and reminded one of Mr. Wesley's early advices to the Methodist societies on this subject. The word was expounded as read, previous to the discourse, and was scarcely less interesting than the sermon which followed. It was from the text, "The Mighty God," Isa. ix. 6; he having taken as the foundation of his previous Sabbath discourses each title as given to Christ in the same verse. We were, on the whole, pleased and profited beyond our expectations: not that we should judge of Mr. Spurgeon as particularly distinguished for his eloquence or intellectual ability; but he is an outspoken, original thinker, and, with much good common sense, aims directly and most religiously at doing good, irrespective of the likes or dislikes of his auditory.

In the evening we went to the City-road Chapel, and heard an excellent sermon from a returned missionary; after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. This chapel was built by Mr. Wesley some years previous to his death. The altar at which the sacred emblems were received was that at which the Wesleys -- both John and Charles -- olden ministered.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings amid the solemnities of the hour. All around the walls are monumental tablets, on which are engraven names long venerated in Methodist circles the world over, and with which I have been familiar since childhood. We visited the graveyard in the rear of the chapel. Here we saw the tomb of John Wesley and many of his helpers in the gospel. We knelt at Wesley's grave, not in homage to the memory of the man, but in adoration, reverence, and praise to the Triune Deity for raising up a man whose ministrations had been so abundantly blessed to thousands in both hemispheres. And here dear Mrs. K____, Dr. P____, and myself knelt, and yielded ourselves up afresh in covenant to God, to live in the spirit of sacrifice, and spend and be spent in promoting holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, and which alone can give power to any church community. Holiness is power; and it was an apprehension of this fact that fitted the founder of Methodism for his wondrous calling, and then God thrust him out to raise a holy people.

Next to the grave of John Wesley was that of the eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke; and in close proximity the grave of another excellent commentator, Rev. Joseph Benson; and Richard Watson, the devoted author of the "Institutes." Mrs. Mortimor, formerly Miss Ritchie, one of the early friends of Mr. Wesley, with other familiar names in the annals of Methodism, long since gathered to their fathers, lie entombed here.

The vestry, or lecture-room, in which Mr. Wesley held his five-o'clock morning services, still stands; and several of the forms still used here were brought from the foundry, the first place of worship which the Methodists had in London. Some of the pewter plates now in use in taking up a collection are the same as Used in the foundry. One of these was used by Mr. Wesley on the occasion when a collection was raised to defray the expense of building the present edifice, City-road Chapel. It is said, that, as he stood with this plate at the door to receive the offerings of the congregation, such was the enthusiasm of the people, that it was nearly filled with gold.

The parsonage where Wesley died still remains. We were kindly taken through the house. Many things remain as Mr. Wesley left them. Here is the chair in which he used to sit. Now, how would you feel to sit in the identical chair in which the blessed Wesley used to Sit when enabled by divine grace to prepare so many rich, spiritual repasts, upon which thousands have already feasted, and tens of thousands will continue to feast down to the remotest generation? I confess I enjoyed the honor of being thus seated for a short time. Here, also, is the book-case which he had built as stationary furniture, and which, I presume, still contains many of his books. Here, also, is a tea-pot, which might, perhaps, hold about half a gallon. We were told that this was made for Mr. Wesley to order. On one side is inscribed, as burned in the material by the potter, --

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here as everywhere adored;

Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee!"

These lines, doubtless, were composed by one of the Wesleys, and always sung before sitting down to tea with his helpers. On the other side of this ancient teapot were the words sung on rising from the table, and read thus:--

"We thank the Lord for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood:
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven."

These words are still used at the Methodist public tea-meetings, and often in private families. We lingered some time in the room where Mr. Wesley died. It is now used as the parsonage drawing-room. We could not but imagine that scene, pictured long since on our hearts, and more recently in an engraving on steel, adorning the drawing-room walls of hundreds of the children of Methodism, where that mournful group assembled around the dying Wesley, and heard the exclamation, "The best of all is, God is with us!" Here knelt the sainted Hester Ann Rogers amid that group, in the prime of life, commending the spirit of her early friend to God; and at that couch stood her youthful son. All, alas! have now passed away. That youthful son lived to be a gray-haired man, and was a member of the City-road Wesleyan Society. The friend with whom I have just been conversing knew him well, but he has also recently gone and we will hope that once sorrowing group have all, as they bade adieu to earth, joined the father of Methodism in the eternal city.

In the graveyard opposite the City-road Chapel, in the midst of a thickly peopled city of the dead, lie the remains of Bunyan of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the mother of the Wesleys, with others illustrious for piety and usefulness. How imperishable the memory of the righteous! Truly do they shine as stars in the firmament forever!

On another day, we went to St. Paul's. This immense structure covers two acres of ground, and was thirty-five years in building. We were present during part of one of the services which occur daily the year round. There was little spirituality. The spirit seemed lost in the letter, and the utterances of prayer fell powerless on the people. Several boys, robed in white, reminded us of the papal form of service. It might interest you could I enter into details, as this edifice is regarded among the greatest curiosities of London; but I am constrained to be brief, and can only give you a passing glance by adding, that the height of St. Paul's, from the ball on the top of the spire, to the ground, is four hundred and four feet. Had Paul been told, at the time when he was working at tent-making, having only his own little hired house as his cathedral, that his memory would be perpetuated in future ages by many costly edifices bearing his name and pompous services, how amazed he would have been!

Our last few days in London were very agreeably passed at the beautiful mansion of our friends Mr. and Mrs. G____, where, from a survey of the delightful scenery, -- fruits and flowers, lawn and lake, -- it would seem nothing earthly is wanting to make the place a paradise. Our friends have spared no pains to make our visit agreeable, and to cause us to feel that English

hospitality is more than a name. Mrs. G____, our hostess, having been acquainted with many who have made their mark in the world, either religiously, politically, or for intellectual ability, has many choice relics, among which are the writings of Wilberforce, the present Napoleon, and many others of similar description. Though much younger, she was the intimate friend of Dr. A. Clarke; has considerable of his original manuscripts, and several books bearing the commentator's name in his own handwriting. One of these she very kindly gave us, also a lock of Mrs. Fletcher's hair.

Through the courtesy of a Christian gentleman, Mr. Gurney, shorthand writer to the House of Lords, we were taken through the magnificent building of the House of Parliament. We saw the throne of Queen Victoria, where she sits at the opening of Parliament; and sat in the chair of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Westminster Abbey is a noble Gothic structure. As we beheld its monumental remains, and thought of the concentration of interests which have been gathering around the spot for so many ages, we could not wonder that it has been so much regarded. It was founded in the year 610. Two or three centuries after, it was mostly destroyed by the Danes, and again rebuilt by King Edward in 958. Here is one monument bearing the inscription of Seibert, King of the East Saxons, who died in 616. This king was the reputed founder of the abbey. The coronation of all the kings and queens of England has taken place in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony of crowning and enthroning the sovereigns takes place in the center of the sacarium. Here the coronation-chair is placed. Beneath the lantern is erected the throne, at which the peers do homage. We were informed the crown is placed on the head of the sovereign, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, and a signal is given from the top of the abbey for the Tower guns to fire at the same moment; and then the general acclamation on the part of the populace of course begins. Says the poet Waller, on beholding this ancient abbey, --

"From hence we may that antique pile behold
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep,
Making the circle of their reign complete, --
These suns of empire; where they rise. they set!"

Nearly all the kings, queens, and princes of England lie buried here; and here also repose the poets, warriors, statesmen, philanthropists, and philosophers of many past ages. In the south transept, or Poets' Corner, are the monuments of Milton, Dryden, Gray, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Chaucer, Campbell, Thomson, Shakspeare, Addison, and many others favored of the Muses. Entering the north transept, we saw the beautiful monuments of the statesmen Pitt and Canning, and a host of others. But I must pause in the recital of the great ones of this world. There are here hundreds of costly monuments bespeaking the end of earthly greatness. What lessons do these teach! The abbey is open for religious service every day at ten in the morning, and three in the afternoon.

The most beautiful sight we witnessed while in London was the Crystal Palace, in Sydenham Park. It is fitted up in a most magnificent manner. Portions of it are marked off into

rooms, representing the courts of many of the ancient monarchs in style and decorations. Here are tropical plants, and plants, I presume, from all parts of the world, rare and beautiful, and in richest profusion. The grounds of the park are exquisitely laid out: lawns, flowers, and fountains variegate the scene.

We have just received the following invitation to visit Newcastle, from Rev. Robert Young, Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, and chairman of the district:--

"I have just now heard of the safe arrival of yourself and beloved husband in this country, and hasten to express my delight and gratitude, and to give you a hearty welcome to Old England. I believe the Lord has brought you here to do us good. Many in this country have heard that God is with you, and are prepared to give you a warm reception.

"When may we hope to have a visit from you? At present, many of our people, whom I should like you to see, are going from home, and will probably not return till after our conference. Perhaps that will be as early as you can visit us. Of course, I do not know your arrangements, but beg to assure you that I am so anxious to have you here, that it will afford me pleasure to adapt matters as well as I can to meet your convenience.

"I am still unwell, and unequal to much physical labor; but I am in the care of Him who is 'touched with the feelings of my infirmities.' With love to Dr. Palmer,

"I am, dear madam, yours very sincerely,
"Robert Young.

"P. S. -- Mr. and Mrs. B____ ask to have the honor of having you and Dr. Palmer as their guests during your visit to Newcastle.

"Newcastle On Tyne, June 22, 1859"

Bowden, Near Manchester, July 9, 1859

On the 28th, we left London for this place. We are at the delightful villa of Mr. and Mrs. E. B____, with whom we had been flavored with an endearing heart friendship, through the medium of the pen, the last two or three years. We never till a few days ago met in the flesh. Here we have been made acquainted with a number of Christian friends, whose memory we will love to cherish in time and in eternity.

We have also been answerable to a few special services appointed to be held alternately for Bowden and Altringham. At these services, the Triune Deity has condescended to be present. Never was there a sinner convicted but through the direct agency of the Holy Spirit. All the so-called revivalists in the world, brought together at the expense of millions of silver and gold, could not, apart from the agency of the Divine Spirit, convince a sinner of his undone condition, or an unsanctified believer of his need of heart purity.

At each service, the altar of prayer has been surrounded by convicted penitents, and humble seekers of entire sanctification. Jesus has been with us to save. God, the Father, has been present to accept through the Son of his love. More than a score have been born of the Spirit, and several have been enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

Now it is certain we have seen greater things than these under our labors in America; but the Lord has been teaching me such lessons in regard to the infinite worth of one single soul, that I would not dare think or speak as though it were a light thing, though we had been called to labor a whole week, and but one solitary soul had been snatched from the grasp of the adversary. Perhaps I should have made no estimate of the number blessed. During each evening the services were held, the work increased in power; and the number who received justifying or sanctifying grace were rapidly increasing, when it was announced by the superintendent of the circuit that the special services would close.

Bowden is a town about nine miles from Manchester. It stands on a delightful elevation, and is beautified by the costly dwellings of the gentry, many of whom are merchants doing business in Manchester. The Wesleyans also have a beautiful chapel built in Gothic style, where the prayers, liturgy, and chants are all repeated in true Church of England style, as in the city of London, Manchester, and all places of considerable note throughout the kingdom. Some of the prominent Wesleyans in England do not wish to be regarded as dissenters; and yet I wonder at this, as they do not seem to gain in the estimation of the Church above those who appear to be more than willing to be called dissenters. If we take up any general periodical where denominational statistics are given, we find that Independents and other dissenting sects are usually first mentioned. This, to say the least, so far as Methodists are concerned, looks ungrateful in the Church people; for Methodism is doing much for the Established Church. Do you ask how? I might refer to several ways. One that has arrested my attention particularly is this. Not a few of the Wesleyan ministers whose names are noted in the annals of Methodism have sons who are clergymen in the Church of England, having been trained for that position under parental sanction. This may be seen in the case of the lamented Dr. A. Clarke, Dr. Newton, Dr. Hanna, and others I might mention, who certainly would not have set the example of training their sons for the Church had they not wished to identify their interests with it, and throw the weight of their extensive influence in that direction. Those who have been trained to the simple form of worship of evangelical dissenters would imagine, in going into an English Wesleyan chapel, that they had mistaken their way into a church of the Establishment. I have really wondered how men, who well know how to pour forth their soul in mighty prayer as the Spirit gives utterance, and thus take their congregation up in the arms of victorious faith, could stand and read the long prayers of the Church, however well written.

At one of the largest and most beautiful Wesleyan chapels in the city of L____ where we attended service, there being no clerk to make the responses, the fine-toned organ, with an accompanying choir, made up the deficiency by making the responses in charming chanting tones. Few of the congregation joined. Reading the prayers and liturgy occupied from half-past ten till within a few minutes of twelve. The officiating minister went through the service with quite as good a grace, I imagine, as any clergyman of the Church of England could have done; but I was acquainted with him personally, and knew him to be a man scarcely more at home in

such a service than our good Dr. Bangs would have been if compelled to pray from a book. When I saw the elastic step as he passed from the lower to the upper desk, and observed that the hands of the chapel clock were close on to twelve, my heart partook of a sadness, which I am sure he felt, in view of the duties which were to be crowded within the next half-hour.

The service, such as is usual with Methodists in America, and dissenters generally, was now to be gone through with; and the time for closing an ordinary service had come. It was an emergency, which, from a personal knowledge of the man, I know he did not enjoy. But he quickly gave out two or three verses of a hymn, which seemed to be accompanied with an unction before unfelt. He then knelt, and, without a book, prayed with a power which the Spirit alone could inspire. Another short hymn was sung; and then the man of God hastened to deliver a message most reproving to the formalist, and particularly astounding to those who had made their wealth by spirit dealing. Some of these who came from the outskirts of the city in their splendid carriages, and held official positions in the Church, were present. I question what may be the result of his unceremonious and faithful dealing,

Said a person to another in my hearing a few minutes ago, "Have you any idea what can be the number of members in the Church of England?" -- "Number of members!" exclaimed the gentleman: "why, you can only get at the idea by ascertaining the number of dissenters, taking in the Independents, Baptists, and Methodists, &c.; and then all who are not dissenters are claimed by the Church of England as members." -- "Did you ever hear of any one being turned out of the Established Church?" The question is received with a smile. But I know you will not infer from this that I would justify any one in speaking lightly of the Established Church; yet it is really a fact, that the mass of worldlings are nominally of the Church of England, though there are, doubtless, many of God's hidden ones in the Establishment, who, when his jewels are made up, will shine as the brightness of the firmament; while there is also intermingled to an alarming extent much that looks so much like rank Popery, that, if it were witnessed in Rome, one could scarcely discern the difference. Nothing that I have seen as yet has enlisted me in favor of a national church; and we may indeed be most thankful that America is free from such an incubus. The more I see of it, the more I wonder that English Wesleyans should fancy the idea of not being dissenters.

The Established Church here in Bowden is to us, and would be to any one from youthful America, a curiosity. Think of a church one thousand years old! Where are the worshippers, who, from one generation to another, have bowed within these walls? But, though they look as if they might have stood a thousand ages more, they are now being unpled for the erection of a new and more costly edifice.

One day recently, we rode out three or four miles to a hamlet, where, about a century ago, Mr. Wesley and his helpers frequently visited, and held services. I should judge very little alteration has been made in the house or its surroundings since the time when good Mr. Wesley used to preach here. The ceilings of the house are very low; but the room in which Wesley and John Nelson, and many other such worthy helpers, held their meetings, is quite large. The grandson of the one who occupied it in Wesley's day lives on the premises. He showed us the bedroom in which Mr. Wesley and the other preachers used to sleep. It is so small and humble in appearance, that few of his sons in the gospel would covet such a place to rest in now; but more

than equal, I doubt not, to places where Jesus, the prince of preachers, rested after his oft wearying journeys:--

"The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head."

The windows of the chamber, not more than one-fourth the size of ordinary windows of the present day, are made up of panes of glass little larger than the palm of one's hand. On one of these panes is engraven, as with a diamond, the name of John Wesley in his own peculiar handwriting. Here also the names of Dr. A. Clarke and many others familiar in early Methodism are written, showing that each in turn must have exercised his ministry here.

A very majestic umbrageous tree stood in the door-yard, which has been preserved with much care. Under this tree Mr. Wesley often preached when the house was too much crowded to admit the congregation. Other relics were shown us, among which was an oak boot-jack, made by John Nelson, and used by John Wesley and the other preachers. From its antiquated, worn appearance, no one, I presume, would question whether John Wesley and his veteran helpers did not use this identical boot-jack.

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03 -- CHAPTER

Belfast, July 19, 1859

Here we are in good old Ireland. The Lord is remembering the low estate of his people in all the regions round about. Thousands are yielding to be saved. Ireland, so long bowed down beneath the oppression of the Man of Sin, is now being rescued. The Deliverer is come out of Zion; and, by the brightness of his appearing, Popery is unmasked, and its very form seems destined to be consumed speedily. Such a luminous outbeaming of the Sun of Righteousness has seldom visited any portion of the world since Christianity began its enlightening, transforming career. I hesitate in giving an estimate of the number who have suddenly, as Saul of Tarsus, been "met by the way."

By the vivid rays of divine light darting into their heretofore rayless minds, they have seen the exceeding sinfulness of sin in such a manner as to cause them to fall suddenly, as scathed by the lightning's stroke. As they fall, they often utter a fearful shriek. All who have been brought over to the ranks of the saved have not been thus suddenly arrested. Some are having their hearts gently opened; but these seem rather to form the exception than the rule. Well-nigh all the north part of Ireland is being thus visited.

The revival is not confined to any particular denomination. If one has shared more largely than another, it has been the Presbyterian. But in these regions, this denomination, prior to this wondrous visitation of the Holy Spirit, has not been characterized, as in some other parts of the world, for enlightened views of Christian privilege. For an individual to speak of a divine conviction of sins forgiven, would, by many, be thought fanatical, if not presumptuous. But what

a change! Now, you may go into a Presbyterian church but a few minutes' walk from where I write, and you will hear young men and maidens, old men and children, speaking, with tongues touched with living fire, of the wonderful works of God. Hitherto where only the slow measured psalm was sung is now heard the soul-inspiring revival melodies as among our most earnest Methodist friends.

Here you may witness the slaying power, and listen to the piercing cry for mercy, equal to, if not exceeding, any thing that has been heard of among Methodists even in the days of the devoted Abbot. If the palm is to be given to any one in this day for hearty acclamations in worship, we shall have to accord it to our Presbyterian brethren in Rev. T. Toy's Church. Would you love to hear the good old-fashioned Amen uttered as in the clays of David, or in fervent Methodist style, step into one of the Presbyterian churches. Here the outspoken hallelujah, glory be to God, praise the Lord, in most inspiring tones, is oft repeated; and heaven and earth unite in hosannahs to God and the Lamb over sinners newly saved. But in this marvelous visitation all denominations are sharers.

It is said the work originated in the parish of Connor, in the conversion of a young man in humble life. A devoted Wesleyan friend has been with us stating the particulars. Who, on hearing the recital, can but exclaim, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" The conviction of this young man was on this wise. He heard a pious lady expostulating with her female friend about her soul. "You are in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity," said the earnest lady. The words, though not intended for the young man, went as barbed arrows to his heart. He became so distressed in view of his condition as a sinner, that he could do little else than plead for mercy through Christ. After three days of exceeding agony, he found acceptance.

Immediately he felt a great desire for the salvation of others, and pleaded with the Lord to give him at least one friend to go to heaven with him. Through his prayers and zealous personal efforts, God quickly gave him a companion in the heavenly way. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." These two young men, mighty through the Spirit, went about from house to house, holding prayer-meetings, and pleading with others to come to Jesus. God blessed their humble labors greatly, and the work went on till the converts might be numbered by hundreds in that region. The physical manifestations did not occur until these humble laborers were called to visit another town, some distance from Connor, where commenced the "striking down" and shrieking-out, as if pierced with a sword, as though God the Holy Spirit would set his seal to these humble yet, divinely ordained agencies.

Says Rev. H. Hanna, a Presbyterian minister who has himself shared greatly in the fruits of this work, "It has progressed largely by the instrumentality of unlearned men standing up to testify what God had done for them, and urging the acceptance of his salvation on dying men. The work is thus proved to be of God. To him be all the glory! If some eloquent revivalist had moved a multitude hanging on his lips to cry for mercy, it might have been attributed as much to the man as to the Spirit of God. And God has wisely in this idolatrous age of Protestant hero-worship detached his work from any such connection, that weak Christians may not adorn with God's glory some favored and idolized minister.

"The instruments chiefly employed in this work have no fitness for it beyond a knowledge of God's truth, faith in God, and hearts burning with fervent love to Christ and the perishing souls of men. They make no pretense to learning and oratory, and propose to tell only what everybody knows, but to tell it in faith that God will make it a word of power to the salvation of men. If the Church had determined on a revival, and set herself to provide the means for it, she never would have thought of such means. She would have thought of learning and oratory, and some position in life that would have secured respect in the eye of the world to the ambassador of Christ. She would not have gone down to Connor to make election of unlettered men, having regard only to the fervor of their piety and the energy of their faith. And that such men should have been mainly instrumental in originating and carrying on this glorious work proves it to be of God. It sets at nought the wisdom of the world and the wisdom of the Church, and reads a lesson to human pride that would be profitable if pride would but learn.

"I am quite aware that this very circumstance has been adopted as a matter for reproof by the world. 'Oh! this commotion,' it has been said, 'has all been set on foot by a few fanatical weavers from Connor.' It is imagined that no good on any extensive scale can be done but by regularly ordained clergymen, conducting all their movements in strict conformity to ecclesiastical rule. The tendency of the Church is to ritualism. Some put faith in what, they call apostolic succession. We are in danger of attaching an equal importance to church order. While I believe that order is necessary, and ought to be maintained, I also believe that we should import into, and employ in, the work of God, every element of usefulness in the Church.

"We must not scorn and scout it because it happens to be found in humble life. Our pride had need to be rebuked, and God has rebuked it. He has chosen what the world would represent as its foolish things. He has chosen them to confound the things that are mighty. And if the highly respectable Christianity of the present day—the Christianity of fashion and politeness -- would only consider a little before it condemns, it might chance to conclude that the weavers of Connor are quite as respectable as were the fishermen of Galilee. I have no objection to a respectable ministry: it is highly desirable. But then no one should condemn where Christ appears to adopt the principle on which he acted when he chose his apostles from the lowest ranks of social life; no one should condemn where God has manifestly put the seal of approbation. I welcome these men as brethren and as laborers in the vineyard; and I pray God that he may send forth many more such laborers."

By far the more numerous cases of conviction occur in private houses of the lowly in life, and in the open-air meetings, where these congregate largely. To my mind, there seems to be something strangely significant in all this. Every one acquainted with European customs, and habits of thought, is aware that the distinction between the poor and the rich, or the common people and the aristocracy, is humiliating to a degree unknown in most parts of America. It is seen in every thing, and everywhere abounds.

Now the King of kings, and Lord of lords, the blessed and only Potentate, seems to be singling out the most lowly in life as subjects of his kingdom. The rich and honorable of this world look on with awe and amazement. I would not, of course, favor the idea that God is a respecter of persons. But now God is pouring contempt on human pride. The illiterate poor, who

have little opportunity for the attainment of religious knowledge or instruction of any sort, are being enlightened by the direct rays of the Sun of Righteousness in a seemingly miraculous manner; while those who have all their lives listened to the gospel in their cushioned pews are left to follow what they have long known to be the voice of conscience, without these extraordinary influences.

Said a minister of the Church of England on hearing one of these newly enlightened ones speak in an open-air meeting, "Though I spent seven years graduating at Cambridge, and have been twenty years in the ministry, never did I hear the glorious gospel of our salvation so fully and beautifully and concisely set forth as in the speech to which I have just listened." This was said of a girl in humble life, who had not attained the age of twenty. The gentleman who heard this told us he was afraid that it might injure the poor girl, inducing spiritual pride: so, after the meeting, he warned her of the danger; but she replied, "Whenever I speak to any one about their souls, I give God all the glory; I don't take any to myself: I think no more of it than the dust of my shoe."

The lady of the newly arrived superintendent minister here has been telling me of scenes she witnessed in Londonderry, the field of labor from which she has recently remove. She says it was not unusual to see young and old, male and female, standing, and proclaiming to astonished and weeping multitudes the power and excellency of saving grace. Ladies of rank had been seen to leave their carriages, and with weeping eyes listen to most eloquent constraining appeals from humble young females in the open street and in the highway, and, running to them, embrace them, and with flowing tears thank them. Surely these are utterances of the Spirit, as in apostolic days!

As before observed, the origin of the work in various places has been most interestingly diversified. But, since the commencement of the work in Connor, far oftener than otherwise has it been through the testimony of saving grace from the lips of the convert. From the minister and his lady just referred to, we listened to an account of the rise and progress of the work in Londonderry. Our hearts and lips have glorified God while we have listened, and the recital seems worthy of a volume; but time and space will admit but a glimpse. The work here took its rise with the Wesleyans. Friday previous to its commencement was spent by this devoted minister and his lady in fasting and prayer. The plan proposed was, that this minister should go to Coleraine, and invite some of the recent converts to visit Londonderry. Five converts -- three males and two females -- came, and were present at the half-past ten o'clock meeting on Sabbath morning.

On Saturday, the day preceding the commencement of this work, the Wesleyan minister had been to the Presbyterian minister, and asked if he would unite in commencing this onset against the kingdom of Satan, and found his brother most ready to concur. The Presbyterian minister invited his Wesleyan brother to breakfast with him on Monday morning. He accepted the invitation on the condition that he might have the privilege of inviting all the evangelical ministers of the place to accompany him, in order that they might, with united propose, engage to hold up each other's hands, and, in one common phalanx, engage to fight the Lord's battles." This was readily acceded to, and it was thus that these brother ministers met. What a sight for men and angels!

The plan was agreed upon, that, irrespective of denomination, these ministers should all unite daily in one large open-air meeting, and then hold their evening meetings at their respective churches, and pursue any course which might be deemed most expedient. Thus the captains of the hosts were agreed to lead out the army of God's Israel against the common enemy, and wonderful have been the victories of the cross.

One of the converts that addressed the meeting said "he had been greatly addicted to drink. Since his conversion, he hated drink and all sin." It had been remarked, he said, by his enemies, that it was the work of Satan; but he was confident Satan never put him from drinking whiskey. He was followed by a young man, the narrative of whose conversion was so extraordinary, as to remind one forcibly of the circumstances attendant on the conversion of Col. Gardiner. A young woman also narrated her experience with simplicity and power. It was while these and similar exercises were progressing that the congregation was startled by a sudden cry from a man, who, with outstretched arms and upturned face, presented an alarming spectacle, while his groans and cries were of a heart-rending description.

An open-air meeting was held in the afternoon, attended by more than four thousand persons, at which the converts labored. Among these was a boy of twelve years, who spoke and prayed in a manner peculiarly impressive and affecting. This was the beginning of a work in which hundreds have been saved. The ministers in this place now conduct five services each day in addition to private visits and other ministerial duties. The young converts go out into the highways and hedges, at home and abroad, proclaiming Christ, and, by ministers and people, seem to be regarded as among the most efficient auxiliaries in leading souls to Jesus.

Some ministers, quite high in position, have themselves been stricken helpless, and have remained so till raised by the Saviour's life-giving word. These have been free to acknowledge that they knew little before of the transforming power of saving grace. There are a few ministers of the Church of England who stand out against this work; but these, I think, form the exception.

One of the bishops of Ireland has issued a circular, in which he warns the clergy against thinking lightly of this wondrous visitation. He says, "I should think that there are few, who, having examined, can refuse to recognize the hand of God in this remarkable manifestation. We dare not join with those who would neglect, or pour contempt on, this remarkable, perhaps it may be eccentric, display of spiritual affections... I have long felt that we do not sufficiently familiarize our flocks to the contemplation of the Spirit's character, and his wondrous operations; that we do not sufficiently dwell on his personality, divinity, regenerating, comforting, converting power; that we do not enough enlarge upon His work in whom we live, move, and have our being. While the Spirit is comparatively a stranger to our pulpits, can we wonder that his operations are unknown and unreflected on in our congregations?"

Recently we were told of a man who was suddenly stricken down dead under the following awful circumstances. He was standing with another, both of whom were Roman Catholics. Seeing a faithful Protestant minister coming toward them, they planned that one should feign himself "stricken down," and the other should go and summon the minister in haste. True to the arrangement, the man fell, and the other ran to bring the minister. The minister came;

when, lo! the vital spark of the godless man had fled. God had required his soul. Doubtless he had, as Ananias and Sapphira, sinned a sin unto death.

Belfast, July 26, 1859

We have yielded to the solicitations of our beloved Wesleyan friends, and for several days past have been holding meetings in the Donegal-square Church, A more interesting and zealous set of ministers than those of the Wesleyan body here we have Scarcely seen elsewhere. Revival services have been held, and with blessed effect, in most of the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist chapels. Donegal-square Church had not been equally favored, in consequence of a change of pastors, and other untoward influences which have recently intervened. No special services have been held until the past few days, when we accepted an official invitation to labor here.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for the wondrous work now going on at this church and in all the region round about! The breath of the Lord is coming upon the dry bones in every direction, infusing light and life. Faith looks into the future, and beholds an exceeding great army resurrected from the death of sin to a life of holiness.

In no place that we hear from is the flame of revival burning more intensely than at some of the Wesleyan chapels here, particularly in Donegal Square, This commodious and beautiful edifice is nightly filled. A solemn awe seems depicted on every countenance, and the large communion-rail is at every service surrounded with seekers; and from thirty to forty are, evening after evening, raised up to testify of the power of Christ to save. Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Though many cases of sound and powerful conversions have occurred, yet not so many have been stricken down as in some other churches. I infer that the difference may be accounted for thus. Our congregations in this church are composed largely of those who have been accustomed to the evangelical labors of Christ's servants. Through the ministry of truth, and a knowledge of the written word, they have long been convicted, though they have not been answerable to the light received.

Many of these enlightened yet undecided sinners, as they have beheld their poor, unlettered, tattered, shoeless neighbors suddenly arrested to see the just judgment of God against sinners, and stricken down, seem to imagine they can never be converted till alike favored. But how vastly do these cases differ! Hundreds of the outcasts whom God is now bringing in by these powerful and special calls of the Holy Ghost have never been placed in circumstances where they might learn to read the Bible; while the poverty of their condition has been such as to make them a spectacle, had they entered a Protestant place of worship.

Most forcibly has the case of these enlightened sinners reminded me of the parable of the marriage of the king's son. When the many, who were first bidden, had made light of the invitation, the servants were commanded to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel those who had otherwise been regarded as outcasts to come in; and the table was filled.

Our call here seems mainly to have been to those who have been waiting for miraculous influences. As illustrative of the folly of thus waiting, I told the congregation the other evening of a man we met with. He was an old gentleman whose head was already frosted over with manly winters. Coming forward to us, as we stood within the communion-rail, at the close of one of our afternoon services, he grasped my hand, and expressed his great pleasure in seeing me. He then began to speak in more complimentary way than was agreeable, saying he had come twenty miles on purpose to see us, had read all our works. Feeling that I had quite enough of this, but wishing to turn his partiality to the best account, I interrupted him by asking "if he had made the acquaintance of Jesus, and was now enjoying salvation through his name." His countenance fell, and he frankly acknowledged that he never had. "And why not?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "I have been waiting these thirty years for a special call."

"A special call!" said I. "Ah! I am afraid, if you do not take a common call, you will lose your soul: but, if you could only take a right view of this subject, you would see that the calls of grace are all special; and, if you will take my advice, I will tell you just how you may make what you term a common call a special one."

The old gentleman expressed himself as deeply interested to know the process; when I asked, "Do you believe the Bible?"

"Believe the Bible!" he exclaimed with amazement, "believe the Bible! Of course I do."

"What I mean is this: Do you believe the Bible to be the word of God just the same as though God were speaking to you in living tones from the highest heavens?"

"Certainly I do."

"If you should hear the Lord speaking to you in a voice of thunder, saying, 'Son, give me thy heart,' would you not regard such a call as special?" He could not say otherwise than yes.

"Now, act on the principle that you really do believe what you profess to believe; that is, that the Bible is the word of God to you, because he has been saying to you ever since your childhood, 'Son, give me thy heart.' Resolve you will do it Now. It is not knowledge you need, but ACTION. God is now saying, 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found;' and seeking implies research: begin to seek the Lord in the appointed means of grace. Seekers of salvation will be asked to come forward to the altar of prayer this evening, by way of confessing their need of Christ, and in order that they may have an interest in the united prayers of God's people."

I then affectionately urged him to present himself with these, and seek with all his heart; assuring him that the calls of grace were all special, and, if he would do this, that his common call would prove not only a special, but an effectual call. The Holy Spirit accompanied the truth to his heart, and he promised in the strength of Almighty Grace to take my advice. Before ten o'clock that night, he was made a joyful witness of saving mercy, and thus made his common call an effectual one.

Scores who have been waiting for irresistible influences, have, we trust, during the few past evenings, yielded to the still small voice of the Spirit, and are now, as the aged gentleman to whom we have referred, happy in being made special recipients of grace by the acceptance of a common call. Our heavenly Joshua is gloriously manifesting his power in bringing his Israel up out of the wilderness into the rest of faith: among these, some are ministers and several leading men. This I regard as beyond all expression important. What did it avail the Israelitish hosts, six hundred thousand strong, that they were brought out of Egypt, since they failed to enter the Promised Land? The converts may now be numbered by thousands. These have been brought out of spiritual Egypt, with signs and wonders in the sight of God's enemies; but, as with ancient Israel, the design of God in bringing them out will be frustrated if they are not led forward. What a work will such a revival as this make for fathers and mothers in Israel! These converts must not stand still. How sad it would be should they fall in the wilderness!

I am impressed with the conviction that the Lord has much for the Methodists to do as a people in this revival, if We would be answerable to the specialty of our calling. Thank God for the Calebs and Joshuas, who, within the past week, have been raised up to testify from their own experimental realizations, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land."

The Mayor of Belfast called at the residence of our host, his brother-in-law, today; and says, in passing his mills this morning, he saw between two and three hundred of his operatives gathered in the open air, holding a prayer-meeting, despite the falling rain. This was between eight and nine o'clock, the breakfast-hour. Thus these newly received disciples, in their longings for a spiritual repast with the Master, were devoting one-half of the time allotted for breakfast to feast with Jesus; and who can doubt but he, who, after his resurrection, met his disciples at a table already provided by a divine hand with broiled fish and honeycomb, met these his humble disciples, and feasted them richly with divine dainties?

Not a few are stricken down at their own houses, apart from any exciting influences. We visited one of these yesterday. She had been stricken down the day before, and so deeply wounded, that she was still unable to rise, though the heavenly Healer had, by the all-restoring word, quickened her soul into spiritual life. The Spirit had worked so mightily in her, that she was physically prostrated. There she lay, with heaven in her countenance, indulging in ardent expressions of lofty praise. This young woman is a Roman Catholic. As I entered the room, and saw how evidently she was the subject of the Holy Spirit's mighty working, I stepped up to a woman who seemed to be affectingly interested as she witnessed this transition from most distressing sorrow and conflict to joy and peace. Supposing her to be a Romanist, I thought I should like to know what was the result of her observations on her own mind. "Why, what can be the occasion of all this?" I exclaimed. She looked upon me with surprise, as though she wondered that it were possible I should not know; and then said, "Well, I suppose it is the revival sickness, the same that has happened to so many others." I then stooped down to converse with the humble subject of grace, and uttered the name of Jesus. She caught the name of the Ever Blessed, and echoed it in joyful acclamation again and again. "Ah!" said I, "Jesus is 'the name high over all:' you want no other name now. You need not come in the name of the Virgin Mary." -- "No," she exclaimed with marked emphasis: "I only want the name of Jesus now." We then sung the chorus, --

"Oh! he's taken my feet from the mire and clay,
And set them on the Rock of Ages."

Also, --

"Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

Here her joy was exceedingly ecstatic; and with looks indescribably blissful she exclaimed, "Yes, blessed Jesus, thou hast taken ray feet out of the mire and the clay: I will 'tell to sinners round what u dear Saviour I have found.' O Jesus! that thou shouldest take me, a poor, sinful, ignorant creature that I am! I bless thee, I bless thee! Glory be to thee, my Saviour! Oh, keep me, do keep me, my Saviour!" -- "He will," I continued, "keep that which you have committed unto him; for he has come to dwell in your heart, and he is now saying unto you, Behold, I am thy 'salvation!'"

Never did I witness a more blissful appreciation of these assurances than on this occasion. Again and again did she take up the expressions, and repeat them after me, "Yes, he has come to dwell in my heart. Yes, thou wilt keep me, my blessed Jesus."

Though she was unable to read, she had kept a copy of the precious Bible with her throughout the day. Dr. _____ took it from her hand, and commenced to read the fifth chapter of St. Matthew. When he came to the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," she exclaimed: "Oh, yes! they shall be comforted. These are the words I have been spelling out all day, poor ignorant creature I, that cannot read; but," and here she looked up with angelic sweetness, as though her Saviour was manifestly revealed and present, "he has taught me, he has taught me!"

There is here a doctor of divinity who does not understand these things, but repudiates the whole matter, and warns his flock against such influences. I saw one of his people yesterday, who was suddenly arrested while sitting in church. She knew his prejudices, and the threatening things he had said. She took pains to restrain her emotion till she could get out of his presence. She had been so deeply and suddenly wounded by the sword of the Spirit, that she scarcely reached the vestibule ere she shrieked and fell. A kind lady of the congregation saw her condition, and followed her out. She was attended carefully, placed on a car, and carried home. There some Christian friends remained with her till midnight, reading and praying. She has since been enabled to rejoice with unspeakable joy. It would have gladdened your heart to hear her repeated ejaculations as we were conversing yesterday. "Bless the Lord! Glory be to Jesus!"

These sudden and remarkable awakenings are not confined to any particular people, church, or place. I have been credibly informed that seven were stricken in a Romish church, and were carried in their state of helplessness to the adjacent nunnery. Strong men, as well as females, have been suddenly struck down in the street, the public road, and their own houses. In general, a deep sympathy is felt, even among the most skeptical, for those who are called, in common phrase, "the sufferers;" and every thing is done for their relief with earnest and affectionate promptness.

Last night, we labored at Frederick-street Methodist Church, and had the privilege of seeing about forty blessed with either pardon or purity. Several of those who received the witness of purity were remarkably lovely and intelligent young men and women, such as will be likely to take a leading position among the masses recently brought out of spiritual Egypt.

We have been permitted to see the glorious goings forth of our God among our Wesleyan brethren. Scarcely has a day passed but we have witnessed from twenty to forty saved. The blessed theme of heart purity is also attracting much attention. He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost is eminently in our midst. The hosts of Israel are being filled with faith and power, and are in labors abundant. Alleluia! salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God!

Belfast, June 28, 1859

Our meeting last evening at Donegal Square will long be remembered by all present. The service in the chapel was preceded by a tea-meeting in the vestry, at which the circuit ministers were present, and the official board, with their ladies. We had on a previous occasion met the leading brethren of the church, who had been invited by our excellent host, R. M____, to take tea with us.

The question proposed for the consideration of the company on that occasion was, How may we best promote the work of the Lord among us, and be most fully answerable to the design of the Head of the Church in raising us UP as a people? We had expressed a wish to say some things in relation to this subject, which could not be so well said before a promiscuous assembly; and our wish was gratified through the thoughtfulness of our dear Mr. R. M____ beyond our anticipations.

Rev. Wallace, the newly appointed superintendent of the circuit, seemed to be full of wisdom, faith, and love; and the whole affair originated and progressed in the beauty of holiness. But the tea-meeting in the vestry last evening exceeded in interest and spiritual profit the one first held. Resolutions were passed by the meeting, expressive of gratitude to the Giver of all good in sending us at this peculiar time. I cannot forbear expressing my loving admiration of these dear Irish friends, -- so affectionate and courteous. They seem to know just how to do the best things in the best way.

But the best of all was the public meeting which followed in the chapel. Jesus was eminently present, and manifested his glory in the salvation of many precious souls. You will unite with us in ascribing glory to God in the highest.

Perhaps you may have inferred that no physical manifestations had occurred during the meetings in which we have been engaged. This would be a mistake. Several have been stricken during the addresses. One night, four were stricken; but it is surprising how little commotion it occasioned. It occurred in the gallery while I was speaking. One was a large athletic man in front of the gallery. He and others were noiselessly carried out; but the occurrence made little confusion, and tended only to deepen the impressive solemnity of the service.

One case of conviction this evening was remarkable. It was that of an interesting young lady. She had attended the service by the solicitation of her pious parents, though rather unwillingly, as she afterward confessed, fearful that she might be prostrated; and she was not yet willing to give up worldly pleasures, particularly dancing. Just about the moment that the man referred to in front of the gallery was carried out, she also felt the arrow of conviction. We had been telling just how a hard heart might be given to Jesus, and the Holy Spirit sent the arrow to her soul. She struggled against her feelings, and did not yield. The next evening she was afraid to attend the service, though her anxious parents thought she had yielded to their wishes, and was present.

The following afternoon she took her sister, about nine years old, with her to the pleasure-ground around the water-works, some distance from the town. She had stopped at the post-office and received a letter, and now sat down on the beautiful green to read it, while her sister strolled away to enjoy the scenery alone. Presently she heard a shriek; and her sister came running toward her, crying for mercy. At the same moment, the arrow of conviction so powerfully penetrated her own heart as to prostrate her utterly. This was the helpless condition of the sisters when a humane person found them. A ear was procured; and, by the address of the letter she had received by post, her residence was ascertained; she being unable to speak. She remained in a condition scarcely able to lift her head from the pillow three or four days. We called, and found her ill with what is called "the revival or happy sickness:" but the struggle was well-nigh over; and, ere we left, her rebellious heart yielded to be saved on God's own terms, and she rejoiced with joy unspeakable. It has been observed that with some the struggle is much more protracted than others; and the case of this young lady is calculated to give light on this subject.

She has since told us that the pressure on her heart was so crushing, it seemed as though she must die. In the mean time, the Holy Spirit demanded, "Will you give up the world? will you give up dancing?" this being the fully to which she most fondly clung. It was the last point where her will resisted the will of God. To just the degree she yielded the pressure was lightened, till at last she gave up to be saved on God's terms, and took Jesus as her Saviour. He revealed himself as the fairest among ten thousand. From this moment, the joy of her new-born spirit diffused itself over her countenance. Would that you could behold the heavenly glow with which that countenance was radiated! What I have said of the glow on the countenance of this young lady may be said of hundreds of young converts. This peculiarity of the revival has been a subject of general remark.

A day or two since, we were taking a morning drive. As we passed a Church of England in the environs of Belfast, a clergyman of the Established Church, making one of our company, directed our attention to it, and informed us that five or six persons were stricken down during the administration of the sacrament the Sabbath previous. The clergyman, without finishing, turned the service into a prayer-meeting, which continued all the afternoon, till time for the evening meeting.

It is inspiring to see how immediately the fruits of the new birth are manifested in these lovely converts. Here may be seen a galaxy of Christian graces as set forth in Gal. v. 22. I could make a little volume of incidents which have come under my observation, illustrative of this.

One who was a Romanist, after having passed through a powerful ordeal in her enlightenment, cried out, "The Lord pardon the man who held up the false God before me, and hid the Saviour from my eyes!"

Said a doctor of divinity residing in these parts, "As to love, that man cannot know what love is who has not seen it flowing forth like a fountain from the hearts of our young converts." The embrace of a most affectionate brother and sister, after years of separation, could scarcely be more ardent than the embrace of two strong men, as they have met for the first time after each had passed through a period of enlightenment, and were newly born of the Spirit. The joy of the converts has been the joy of their espousal to Christ. Their long-suffering is really wonderful. They bear the most provoking scoffs, yet revile not again.

As far as we have learned, they invariably give up all intoxicating drinks, and become entire abstainers. Ballymena was notorious for drunkenness. With a population of about seven thousand, it had one hundred and twenty public-houses. A commercial man met a traveler for a distiller returning from Ballymena, who said, "It is no use going into that country: the people will neither drink whiskey nor buy it." Said one, in speaking of a man whose soul for hours seemed to be a battle-field between the powers of light and darkness, filling his body with agony indescribable, but who is now filled with peace, sitting at the feet of Jesus, "This man has given up a very lucrative business. He feels now as all newly converted do, -- that a Christian, and a distiller or whiskey-selling Christian, are not compatible terms."

If this work continue, it will not be difficult to see how the Man of Sin may be destroyed by the brightness of Christ's appearing. Those who are stricken are at once done with Romanism, whether the subject be young or old. A Roman-Catholic girl was stricken, and thoroughly converted. Among her first exclamations was, "No Virgin Mary for me!" A lady told us of a poor Romanist she had known for years, who was suddenly prostrated at the door of a chapel. She wore an amulet, as is common among the more deluded Romanists. This woman had fallen to the ground, and an expression of great distress was on her countenance. While she lay in this state, insensible to every thing around her, she began to tear the clothes away from her breast, till she got at the Romish charm, and threw it from her.

Another said, in all the simplicity of a little child, "Do you think the Virgin has any more power than any other woman?" This was one whose face was beaming with the smiles of heaven, and was stricken down in her own house, but who had found peace in believing. A Roman Catholic girl went to the door of a church to mock at the persons affected. She was stricken down. Soon after, she was taken home. An individual who was converted during the same week exhorted and prayed with her. A Roman Catholic priest entered the house just at that time; but the girl refused to have any thing to do with him, and he was glad to abandon the scene.

The love of the new converts for the Bible, and their deep reverence for its sacred pages, are remarkable. In spite of threats, and even acts of violence, on the part of relatives, the Roman Catholic converts continue in steady adherence to the doctrines of the reformed religion; and their number is on the increase. One of them -- a poor woman residing at some distance in the country -- was this week urged by some of her fellow-converts to follow their example, and burn

her "Manual" of the Roman Catholic faith. "No," she replied; "I will not do so; for it contains some portions of the word of God: but I will bury it in the earth!"

Coleraine, July 31, 1859

We are now at Coleraine, at the beautiful residence of our kind friend A. McIlvaine, situated on the bank of the River Ban. The scenery around us is enchantingly picturesque. A few minutes' walk from where I write stands the house where Rev. T. Waugh was born, with whose name we have been familiar since childhood, as a sort of bishop of the Emerald Isle.

The Giant's Causeway, which has been justly dignified as one of the seven wonders of the world, is about three hours' drive from Coleraine. Through the affectionate courtesy of our excellent friend W. McArthur, of London, who is at present on a visit here, we have just been taken to see the Causeway, and the sublime scenery by which it is surrounded. We have gazed with admiration at the sublimities of creation, and have joyously exclaimed, "All thy works praise thee, O Lord!"

On our way, we passed through Port Stewart and Port Rush, both small towns, most beautifully located on the seashore, and places of resort for persons seeking health or pleasure. At Port Rush, Dr. A. Clarke, the eminent commentator, had his residence, or retreat; and here also is the fine monument erected to his memory, and arrangements are being made to build a memorial church. We saw the site that was fixed upon, and the timber in preparation for the building. On our way, we looked at the old homestead of the doctor, where he was born; and were shown the cottage where he was converted, and where he first preached.

Nearly all the way from Port Rush to the Causeway, a distance of six miles, our route lay along the seashore: the scenery is magnificent. The road runs by the side of a mountain, about three hundred feet above the dashing waves below; and all along the shore fancy depicts striking images made by the washing of the waves against the limestone shore. One of these resembles an enormous head, -- with forehead, nose, mouth, and chin in due proportions, -- which is called the Giant's Head; and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to say that he is laughing. These figures present themselves along the shore for two or three miles.

The Giant's Causeway is a place difficult to describe. It commences at the base of a stupendous cliff formed of one mass of lava, whose elevation is about six hundred feet perpendicular above the level of the ocean, and extending in a semicircular form for about three-quarters of a mile. It is divided into three unequal parts, -- the Eastern, Middle, and Western Causeway, -- the whole comprising a multitude of columns, consisting of prisms of equal dimensions throughout their whole height, which range from fifteen to thirty feet, with a diameter of fifteen to twenty-eight inches, and varying in their number of sides from three to nine, although the greater number are pentagons and hexagons. Each of the pillars is perfectly distinct, and almost invariably differs in size, number of sides, and points of articulation, from the adjacent columns; to which, however, it is so close, that water cannot pass between them. Every column is composed of several pieces, the joints of which are articulated with the greatest exactness, and in a strictly horizontal direction. With the most of them, the upper part of the section is concave, and the lower convex; but this arrangement is sometimes reversed. The basalt

of which they are composed is of a very dark color, approaching to black. Along the sides of the mountain, there are some places where the columns appear to be misplaced, and lie horizontally, looking like cannon pointing out of the embankment.

In the promontories, or cliffs, there are large caves that are visited by means of small boats. All kinds of fanciful names are given to the different appearances or shapes that the columns put on. In one place we have the Giant's Organ; in another, the Giant's Loom, the Giant's Chair, Wash-basin, Fan, and Giant's Well, out of which issues a limpid stream of excellent water; and many other articles too numerous to mention. After partaking of a cold collation, for which the sea-breeze had prepared us to do ample justice, under the shade of the Giant's Loom, we started for home.

But, though this region abounds in the wonderful and sublime, the wonders of grace so far transcend, that I am longing to tell you a thousand times more than I can now do. All earthly sights, however glorious, dwindle into insignificance compared with the manifestations which we everywhere behold of an unearthly power at work among the people, making all things new. The resurrection of a soul from the death of sin to a life of holiness is a greater wonder than the creation of a world. Thousands in this town and the regions round about have been created anew in Christ Jesus.

The revival is the all-absorbing topic. Young and old, and people of all classes, are subjects of the wonder-working influences. What would you think of a united prayer-meeting at which from four to five thousand attend daily? Such has been held in these regions. The stricken cases occur at all places and under the most extraordinary circumstances.

The editor of a weekly paper, the "Coleraine Chronicle," giving as a reason for the non-delivery of his paper in due time, states that sixteen cases of prostration occurred in one house; "and of these, three are of our newspaper staff, and we have had difficulty in getting out the 'Chronicle.'" This good editor adds, "Rich and poor are now partaking of the special anointing of the Holy Ghost. From the counting-house of the merchant, hitherto engrossed in the long columns of his ledger, comes the redeemed worker for Jesus. Night brings such as know Jesus to the work of consolation and exhortation, and dawn and noon find them at their post. Trade, except in Bibles and Testaments, is paralyzed; those who conducted it having given it up for the present, or become incapable of transacting it. Young men have left the counter to take the place of comforters. Our young men are engaged in this work, and our readers will excuse us when they know the cause of the delay of the 'Chronicle.'"

A minister who came to Coleraine having heard of the marvelous influence, and uncertain what to think of it, resolved to examine the workings of the revival in order to ascertain whether it bore the marks of the Spirit of God. When he arrived, he called on his friend, the Independent minister of this place, whom he found greatly excited. His friend apologized for not meeting him at the train, saying that "the Lord had poured out his Spirit on the town, and his house had been filled on the previous night till three in the morning with persons who were crying out what they must do to be saved."

He thought his friend too much excited. But he was informed that a revival meeting had been held in the open air on the preceding evening, when some hundreds who had been at the open-air meeting had assembled outside of his friend's (Rev. Kidd) house after the open-air service; and, while he was engaged within, the rector (Rev. H. O'Hara) preached to the people from the door. Still somewhat doubtful of the great things his brother had related being caused by one meeting, he left the house to proceed a short distance into the country, where he was announced by his friend to preach in the open air. But they had great difficulty in getting out of town.

In almost every house, a stricken soul was lying; and the sound of praise and the voice of prayer were heard at every step, mingling with the moans and supplications of the stricken ones. Men and women, young and old, besought them, as they passed along, to visit some dear relation who was under conviction for sin. And thus they passed out of the town, till a short way off the place where he was to preach; when they acceded to a request to go into a house, and pray with a stricken soul. When they entered, they saw a young man bent down with sorrow. His hands were clasped, resting on the kitchen table; his eyes were fixed and expressionless; and there he sat, in sullen silence, unable or unwilling to speak, -- a sad picture of remorse. They prayed with him; and, when they left, my friend said, "That was one of the most godless men in this country; for, when I used to pray in this house with his father and mother, so hardened and impious was he, that he would not even remove his hat during prayers!"

When they arrived at the place of meeting, a large concourse of people were gathered together. He conducted the services, and he saw no commotion, no unusual manifestation. But, after a lay brother had offered up prayer to God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, here and there through the vast crowd one and another fell; and, as the lay brother continued supplicating God in prayer, the work continued till there were large numbers of persons lying prostrate on the earth, calling on God for pardon and mercy. They did all they could to attend to them, assisted by Christian friends; and it was near twelve at night before they could leave. They had not proceeded far when they were overtaken by a messenger, saying that a lady of high rank in the vicinity was following, to solicit them to visit her female attendant, who had been stricken down at the preaching. They accompanied her, and prayed with this female; and, after a time, she found peace in believing. On inquiry, they learned that she had been a moral, and what was supposed to be a Christian woman. On their way home, they were repeatedly stopped to minister consolation to stricken souls; and it was a late hour before they could retire to rest. Houses were open for prayer in all directions; and he saw the Presbyterian minister praying outside the door over a stricken soul, the house being filled with an anxious audience. He had proposed leaving the next day for his destination; but it was impossible for him to get away.

The ministers of the Presbyterian Church, the Wesleyan ministers, with the rector of the parish, held an open-air service, which was attended by thousands. The rector opened the meeting, and requested him to address the audience, which he did. Every thing went on quietly for a short time; but the Spirit of God was at work, for on all sides the people began to fall. It was a wonderful scene, and all attempts to preserve order were unavailing. The field was strewn over with men and women, and the moans and cries were such as to remind him forcibly of descriptions he had read of a field of battle. The meeting was broken up into sections, and every little group was addressed by a minister or some other Christian brother. He had never seen any

thing like it. The meeting was adjourned to the Town Hall, where the anxious remained till near five o'clock in the morning.

Next morning they had service in the Independent Chapel, which was crowded to overflowing. That congregation was dismissed, but the house at once was filled with others; and again and again and again the congregations were dismissed, and as often were their places taken by others anxious for their salvation. After they had retired for rest, at an advanced hour, they were roused by a knocking; the person calling upon them to go to six men who had been stricken on the road, at the rector's gate, after leaving their meeting. Being completely exhausted, they requested the messenger to ask the rector (Rev. O'Hara); and, if he did not speak to them, they would go. They were not disappointed; for the rector visited them, and endeavored to remove them into his own house: but they refused, saying, "Here the hand of the Lord has stricken us, and we will not move from this spot till we receive the assurance of pardon!" And they did not leave the spot till they had received the peace of God.

The next day he was engaged from an early hour till late at night, preaching and visiting. The Town Hall was opened, and kept open till five o'clock in the morning; and, even then, the people were not willing to leave. On Friday he went out of the Independent Chapel to get some fresh air, having been engaged all day; and he saw the people running in an excited state. On inquiring what was the matter, he was told that all the children in the society's large school were affected, and they were going to see them. He followed, and he could never forget that scene. There, on their knees, were one hundred children, and, beside them, ladies and gentlemen of position, who were too genteel to attend the extraordinary meetings, or who were prevented by delicate health, prostrated together before the throne of grace. The godless and worldly-minded man of business was there; the professional man was there; old and young, of the higher classes, were there, -- all joined together, crying out for pardon. One young gentleman, in particular, was so prostrated in mind, that he said he feared the physical frame could not long bear the strain put upon it; and he was removed to his own home, after hours of agonizing sullying, but he trusted that he had tasted that God was good.

Antrim, Aug. 2, 1859

We have left Coleraine for Antrim, intending to remain to attend a special service appointed here for this evening. The town of Connor is six miles distant, -- the favored spot where the revival began. Our kind host, Mr. J____, is well acquainted with the weavers, McQuilken and Quigley, with whose conversion the work commenced; and has offered to take us over to Connor, and introduce us to these humble brethren.

Lord Mazarine, the last remnant of the family of the kings of Ireland, resides here. We have been out looking at his castle and surroundings. The castle is very ancient, and the grounds exquisitely beautiful. In Ireland are many round towers, some in a state of dilapidation, and so old, that history or tradition gives no account of their use, or by whom built. At this place is one, said to be in a better state of preservation than any other in the country. The tower is about seventy feet high, twenty feet in diameter at the base; and the walls three feet thick, covered to the top with the ever-youthful ivy.

Wednesday morning. -- Our meeting last evening was indeed special, and ever to be remembered, on account of the display of God's glory in our midst. It was near midnight before the service could be brought to a close, and then with difficulty. Several received the baptism of fire, and many unsaved sinners found acceptance in Jesus. Oh, what an indescribably blessed work is going on in this dear down-trodden country! God, even our God, is truly honoring this land by the wondrous outgoings of his power. I have already given so much information on this subject; that I had concluded to write no more at present, yet cannot forbear sending you a portion of a letter we have been reading, written by Rev. H. Hunter, residing on the border of this county, to his friend, a minister in London. The utterances are so manifestly those of a spirit-baptized man, that they cannot fail to be inspiring. It is dated

"Bellaghy, 25Th June, 1859

"It is now nearly five weeks since the Lord's work commenced in good earnest in this neighborhood. For many months previously, it was going on amazingly in the neighboring county of Antrim, on the very borders of which this village is situated.

"At first, the most unfeasible stories were put into circulation about the movement in the county of Antrim. Every day brought new tales of trances, sleeps, visions, dreams, and miracles; such as, that persons who never knew a letter of the alphabet when awake could read the Bible distinctly, sing psalms and hymns, preach and pray with ease, eloquence, and fluency. Thank God, I was among the first, if not the first here, to look into the matter without prejudice; and, in a spirit of honest inquiry, I went to my knees. I implored God's Spirit to guide me to a right conclusion regarding the origin and character of the work. The Spirit did enlighten me; and, upon the clearest evidence, I was enabled to come to the conclusion that God's Spirit was working mightily, breathing upon the dry bones, and raising up an army of witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus.

"When convinced myself of the heavenly origin of the work, I preached upon the subject, conversed about it in the highways, and in the families of the neighborhood. God acknowledged my humble teaching; for the people were stirred up to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and, when it pleased the Lord to visit us with such superabundance of spiritual blessings as I cannot attempt to describe, the people were neither alarmed nor astonished, but saw in the merciful visitation more than an answer to our united prayers. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

"On the first night of the meeting in an open field, we witnessed the wonderful doings of the God of grace. While a young man was engaged in prayer, a cry was heard, -- a piercing, agonizing cry, -- 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' Another, and another. When prayer was concluded, and I looked around me, I could see, at glance, seven of my people prostrate at a throne of grace, crying for mercy, and calling for me their dear minister. I thought I knew my privilege and my responsibility before; but, oh! never half till then. I cannot picture the scene; my heart is too full. Mine eyes swim when I think of it.

"In the streets of London, you would not meet with a stronger-looking man than a member of my congregation, who was struck down under the mighty hand of God. I may say of

him, he has gone through a very severe ordeal. He was under the cloud until Monday evening last, when he came, and, taking me by the hand in my meeting, exclaimed, 'Thank God! I, at last, feel the ground on which I am standing. I have now found peace and joy in believing.' He is a noble fellow, an humble tradesman, but a glorious trophy of the power of God's grace. I have many such; in fact, a company whom we cannot now pretend to number.

"For the past five weeks, meetings have been held regularly. First week, a meeting in my church every night. Met at seven, P.M.; separated at one in the morning, sometimes two, sometimes three and four, and, in one case, six o'clock. After the meeting, and during the meeting, we attend to the converted. I was not in bed during the first week a single night. Each morning I got a sort of dreamy sleep; but I could not sleep, for my house was full each morning of anxious souls waiting for a word of Bible consolation. We have regular meetings still, -- never fewer than five in the week. I open them all, and address them on some suitable subject. I am not a man of great bodily strength, though very healthy. I am only thirty years of age, though more than nine years in the ministry. The wonder with everybody is, how I get through so much labor. The secret is 2 Cor. xii. 9.

"Many a time I go with tottering limbs and confused brain to the meeting: but when I enter, and receive the warm welcome of the earnest souls, and hear them say as I pass, 'Lord, bless and strengthen thy weak servant,' I just feel my heart swelling within me, my arms grow strong; God's Spirit gives me a spirit and a tongue, and I can go on with more than wonted power. I have been called popular: but I never preached till now; I never prayed till now. Oh for more and more of the baptism of fire! for more and more of the Spirit's gifts and graces! Oh for more humility! The Devil every day tempts me to be proud. Oh! pray for me; and, when you meet in solemn council on the 28th, pray for me.

"Before this our day of merciful visitation, Bellaghy was the most degraded of Irish villages. Rioting and drunkenness were the order of each evening; profane swearing and Sabbath desecration, most fashionable sins; and such a place for lying and stealing I do not know. Many a time I longed to get out of it. Well, we have a change now that is truly gratifying. As you pass down the street, you hear, in every house almost, the voice of joy and melody. Stop on the way, name the name of Jesus, old and young will crowd around you. Raise the voice of praise or prayer, and every dwelling pours out its inmates to join the company of anxious hearers. Those who heretofore were at ease in Zion now tremble at the presence of God. A minister from a distance heard of the Lord's work in Bellaghy. He could not credit the extraordinary accounts he heard. He came, he saw, he heard: but he did not conquer; for he was conquered. King Jesus conquered him. Eternity alone will tell the results of that minister's visit to us that night. He went away from my house next morning, if not a new man, at least with the arrow of conviction in his heart. As I was conveying him out of the village, he exclaimed, as the holy sounds reached his ears from the humble dwellings of the poor, 'I feel as if I were breathing the atmosphere and treading the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.'

"Among those who have been brought under conviction, we have some very old, at least some sixty years of age; and some very young, not more than eight years of age. We have persons of education, and persons grossly ignorant. We have persons of good moral character, as the world has it; and some of the very offscouring of the earth. Nothing more vile in London than

some converts I know. We have persons of all denominations in the neighborhood, Prelatists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Romanists, -- yes, Romanists. O sir! if you could hear what I have heard, and see what I have witnessed! -- poor, deluded Romanists casting their blessed beads, their manuals, their amulets, from them as polluting things, and crying, 'No priest but Jesus, no mediator but Jesus; no purgatory but the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.' They never go back to the priest for confession or absolution. They never go to mass again. Oh, no! they go to some of our Protestant places of worship, where they get a nourishing draught of the sincere milk of the Word. I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that Romanists will be very large sharers in this blessing. The priests of Rome are utterly confounded. First they scoffed, next they blustered, then they lost their temper. Now they are afraid, and at their wits' end, If I had your ear for an hour, I could tell you wonderful things about their doings.

"Our meetings sometimes present a scene of great confusion; so people think that know nothing about the movement. You can easily imagine what a noise it makes when fifty or a hundred men, women, and children begin to cry out in the most heart-rending accents for mercy. The physical phenomena are very startling. They lose all bodily strength, fall down, and require much kind attention. Some of them waste away to a shadow; some of them are speechless for as long as twelve hours; some of them are fearfully wrought in their bodies, not convulsively, however. I find, as a general rule, that those who never read the Bible, or had any religious instruction, suffer most dreadfully. Those who have read the word of God, generally don't suffer so much. I know those who have been under conviction, when I meet them. I would not know them after they had found peace. I can assure you, the countenances of every convicted sinner undergo a change, and so marked as not to be mistaken. My ministerial friend smiled when I told him this on Tuesday last; but he wept when I told him in brotherly kindness that he had the same mark himself. He was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the matter.

"Now, sir, what did my friend say at our little meeting? He said, if good men knew what is to be seen here, they would come from the ends of the earth to witness it. Now, why not come from London? This is a poor country village, and no accommodation therein for strangers; but I would rejoice to see and receive Christian friends, and give them a hearty welcome too; and, although no dainties would cover my table, they could get food for their souls of the most satisfying character.

"Many a time, I am sorry to think that I cannot get to other fields of labor to tell of God's doings here: I wish I had three or four of my little lambs at your London meeting. The greatest, the wisest, and best of your city ministers would give place to them in praise and prayer. It would astonish you.

"It is a very nice matter to deal with the poor anxious souls as their state requires: first they are convicted; second, converted. The following are the portions of Scripture that stand us in good stead, and to which we confine ourselves, particularly in dealing with those under conviction: Isa. i. 18, and iv. 6; Matt. xi. 28; and, above all, John vi. 37. The words in which they delight to sing God's praise are Ps. xviii.; xl., first four verses; and cxvi.; and the new hymn, if I may so call it, 'What's the News?' Oh, if you heard them sing that! how hearty! how heavenly! The work is progressing, and will progress. Thy kingdom come!

"Don't you want it in London? Well, I'll tell you how to get it there. Get up prayer-meetings, and pray as we do, that God, for Christ's sake, would come quickly, and pour out upon the wealthy and populous but wicked city of London the light and life-giving influences of his Holy Spirit. But you must have meetings like ours in Bellaghy. Don't stand aghast at my presumption in asking the enlightened and pious devoted ministers and people of London to imitate the example of the uneducated, poverty-stricken people of Bellaghy! Ah! but we are before you now: 'Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name, give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.' You must have a union prayer-meeting; nay, meetings. Acts ii. 1: 'One accord,' -- we have no isms in Bellaghy for the past five weeks. We have made no unholy compromises. We are parties to no patched-up peace; but the foot of the cross is our common ground, where we meet, and sing the hundred and thirty-third Psalm; and a throne of grace is our meeting-place, where with one heart and soul we say, 'Our Father.' Well, meet in this spirit. Let some spiritually-minded man read and expound, in the light of the present times, the second chapter of Acts; and, in connection therewith, let there be plenty of fervent prayer. Pray on. Think of the poor people of this and other neighborhoods praying nightly till morning dawn. From not one of our meetings have we been sent away without the very blessings we agreed to ask, and in the very form we requested them... I have written to you in the fullness of my heart, as if I were writing to my mother. I have written too much and too hastily, but with strict honesty and truthfulness."

I might transcribe more; but my limited space forbids. You see the spirit by which this revival has been brought about, and continues to progress. Many ministers here are like-minded with the writer of this thrilling letter. Rev. Hugh Hanna of Belfast writes, "I would rather live three such weeks as the last than three hundred years as before." We leave by a Belfast steamer for England this afternoon.

* * * * *

04 -- CHAPTER

Walsingham Weardale, Sept. 6, 1859

We took steamer from Belfast, Aug. 2. Passing through Manchester, on our return to England, we requested that the carriage should pause a few moments at the door of the Oldham-street Chapel, where the Wesleyan Conference was in session. We sent in our cards to Rev. R. Young and Rev. T. Waugh, whose faces we had never seen in the flesh, but who, by letter, had expressed a desire to see us. The interview was one of exceeding interest to us; for from our youthful days we had learned to love and honor these eminent heralds of the cross. Rev. Thornton also came to our carriage, and pleasantly claimed acquaintance.

We again spent a few days at Bowden. Rev. Messrs. Young, Waugh, and other ministers, occasionally came out to dine with us at the house of our esteemed friend E. Boyer. We attended a few meetings, one at Sale, another at Manchester, and also at Altringham and Bowden; at which several found acceptance, and others the witness of purity.

We are now in the north of England. We are here by the affectionate solicitation of our beloved friend Mrs. J. M. K____. As guests, we have divided our time between Mrs. K____ and her brother C. B____. Special meetings were held each evening during the week. A few of the Lord's people were, we trust, sanctified wholly, and several born into the kingdom of grace; how many, I do not know, as the names were not taken: but I trust that the Book of Life will bear some enduring records of this visitation in the increased activities of Zion's hosts, and the enlargement of her borders. Here we remained a few days. Our last Sabbath in Weardale was spent at St. John's Chapel. The meetings on Sabbath and Monday evening were blessed with manifestations of the Saviour's presence and power. We were the guests of brother J. Dawson, a Wesleyan local preacher: he is a man of the Bramwell spirit, and, though in humble life, is mighty in word and deed.

Some divine interpositions in his behalf prove that the God of Elijah still lives. He formerly was a school-teacher in this place. Though as fully patronized as he could reasonably expect, he was just able to meet the daily demands on his purse, and unable to lay up as much as five pounds; and it having been decided that there should be a British school, aided by government funds, commenced, he saw no way to provide for himself and family.

He began to plead with the Lord to open some way of support, and thought, if he could get but five pounds, he might obtain a few goods, open a shop, and get in a small way of trade. He might have borrowed the sum; but he preferred not to risk the debt, and therefore did not speak to others of his want, but prayed, if it could consist with the divine will, that he might in some providential way receive the needed amount.

One day, after pleading thus, on retiring from his closet, he saw a letter awaiting him. He felt sure, even before he opened it, that faith had prevailed; and, on breaking the seal, was not surprised to read a nameless letter, presenting the sum asked, with the words, "From a friend of Jesus to a lover of Jesus." Who was the giver of this sum, he has no possible means of ascertaining, any more than Peter, Thomas, or John could have ascertained who provided the bread, and made the fire of coals, and laid the fish thereon, when their newly risen Lord met them on the shore of Tiberias, after their night's hard toiling on the sea. Years have passed, yet no clue to the mystery has occurred.

The five pounds was judiciously laid out in trade; and the amount, by the blessing of Providence, was soon doubled and trebled, till now he has a large and well-filled shop, and is enabled to give generously toward the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, and to devote much of his time in labor as a local preacher. Since our visit to St. John's Chapel, we have received letters from J. D____, giving delightful evidence that our short stay there was not in vain. He writes:--

"St. John's Chapel, September, 1859

"Glory be to God! I believe I shall praise him to all eternity that he sent you to my house. As soon as you left, I went into my closet to praise the Lord for sending you here. And, if you only knew what I felt of the power of God, you would consider yourselves fully rewarded for your journey from America. Oh, what I felt! Language cannot express it. The fountain of my

heart was broken up, and I could do nothing but weep, and praise the Lord. God showed me a glorious future in the work of soul-saving. Oh, what a blessing you have been to me! I had a commission before; but the Lord has renewed it. My soul is full of glory. I am weeping and writing. Oh the weight of glory!

"There are now seven witnesses for Jesus that his blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness; and very many are seeking the same blessing. On Wednesday night, I addressed the society on holiness. We had a glorious meeting. Yesterday I had to collect the poor-rate. I preached entire sanctification to all the believers I met with. After pressing it on three believers in one house, we prayed: one obtained the blessing, and the others resolved on seeking it. A great revival is begun. The Church is being made a flame of fire. I hope the Lord will prolong your stay in England for a while to spread the flame of holiness."

Again he writes: "Since you left, I have felt continually the witness of purity. I feel as Mrs. P____ remarked, that, in proportion as I testify of the cleansing blood to others, so does the Spirit testify in my own heart. I believe many who get the blessing of holiness lose a great deal by not often acknowledging it, and not pressing others to seek it. On Saturday evening, at my class-meeting, about twenty were present; and all, except three, have received the blessing of holiness. I am sure you will be glad to hear that you have left abundant fruit of your short visit to this place.

"We still hold two prayer-meetings; one at St. John's, and one at High-house. Nearly all our working members at St. John's are now enabled to rejoice in the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. I preached at High-house yesterday; and a man came down from the gallery before the close of the first meeting, and cried out at the top of his voice. He found peace in less than a minute. A young woman obtained the blessing in our prayer-meeting. She is a Primitive Methodist, and servant at Rev. _____'s. This was the means of commencing the work of revival among the Primitives about a week ago. During the last few days, about thirty of the leading persons in their society have received the blessing of holiness. I have called three times at their meetings during the week on my way from ours, and have heard most clear testimony. I gave them an exhortation each night, and had the pleasure of rejoicing with some when they received the blessing. In their prayer-meeting on Sabbath morning, thirteen were converted without a sermon being preached, entirely, as they say, through the whole of them getting perfect love. Nearly all the younger members, say of ten years' standing, have obtained the blessing, both among the Wesleyans and Primitives.

"Thanks for the book, _____ 'The Promise of the Father.' It has already been made a great blessing to me. Last Wednesday afternoon, six local preachers were at our house. I read to them a chapter out of the book, showing how a lady obtained the blessing of perfect love. We then knelt down to pray, and two of them received the blessing.

"... Last Sabbath I preached at A_____ on holiness. Many there are prejudiced against the doctrine. One cried for mercy; and I had to leave the pulpit, and point her to Jesus. She found peace in the presence of the whole congregation. Last night, I again preached on holiness. God honored his word. Six made public acknowledgment of receiving the blessing during the service, and one young man was converted. The Spirit came as a mighty rushing wind. By faith I saw it

coming, and I exhorted the people to receive it; and it went through the congregation like fire. Numbers that had received the blessing before were renewedly baptized of the Spirit."

I would love to have you beside me to take a glance out of a window at Redgate Hall. Our friend Mr. K____'s residence is surrounded with venerable forest-trees, situated on a lofty rise, overlooking one of the most beautiful landscapes you can imagine. The River Wear winds its meandering course in the vale below. It is from the river that Weardale takes its name. The Wesleyan Chapel here is a more ancient structure, I imagine, than you ever saw, and was built in the days of the apostolic Wesley; by reference to whose journals, you will see that he visited these parts as early as 1764. Wesley's manner of locating and building churches was singular; but, perhaps, from necessity. It was a choice sentiment with the Wesleys,

"Keep us from the great and wise
Till they sink in their own eyes;
Make us little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

The chapel in Walsingham stands on the rear of a lot quite excluded from the gaze of passers-by. The parsonage occupies the front of the lot facing the street; but this is entered by a side-door, suggesting the idea of retirement: and the whole seems so little calculated to attract the attention of the great of this world, that one cannot but feel that the sentiments expressed occasionally in the hymns of the Wesleys were often carried out to the letter in the location of their chapels.

Several of the chapels built in Wesley's time are still standing in different parts of the kingdom; and the one here is a specimen of some others which may be seen elsewhere. The Wesleyans, in Walsingham, are about being presented with a new and more commodious chapel, at the expense of the benevolent friends with whom we have spent the last few days. Mrs. K____ accompanies us to Newcastle shortly.

I hardly know why, but perhaps you, with myself, may have imagined that the good J. Wesley was too much of a matter of fact man to possess much musical genius. But turn to his Journal, July 3, 1766, and you will find the ripe scholar and the unrivaled theologian standing in the streets of Walsingham singing. He says, "I began singing in the middle of the town. A few soon gathered together, and their number increased all the time I was preaching." I had given the good Primitives, who are twenty times more numerous in England than America, the credit of introducing this practice, but am interested to see that it originated with Wesley himself, and therefore may well obtain among the earnest primitive Methodists.

Other interesting items may be found in Wesley's journals of his visits to Walsingham; but none more instructive and characteristic of the man than a note of his journeyings, Friday, June 11, 1790: "In going through Walsingham, we called at Mr. W____'s, who was in low circumstances till a few years ago, when many thousands were heaped upon him unawares; and yet he seems to walk unhurt in fire. What is too hard for God?"

From this we see that this truly apostolic man regarded the inheritance of wealth as a most fiery ordeal for the Christian; and then, in remembrance of the camel and the needle's eye, he exclaims, "Is any thing too hard for God?"

We are in reception of letters from our valued correspondent, Rev. R. Young, chairman of the Newcastle district. He has been a champion in the ranks of God's Israel, and one of the most eminent revivalists of his day. He is the author of several valuable works bearing on the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom; and long since was my heart divinely aided and inspired while reading his "Suggestions for the World's Conversion." Would it might be read by every Christian in England and America!

He is now in a low state of health, and unable as formerly to lead forth the sacramental hosts to conquest. But the fast-failing energies of the outer man do not dampen the fires of his ardent spirit. The letters just received are in anticipation of our visit to his district. I hardly know whether tears or smiles would predominate, could you read his letters. I could not but weep as I read portions of them. He says,

"My medical attendant has ordered me to the seaside for a month. I have delayed for two weeks, hoping to have the very great pleasure of seeing you among us, and partaking more fully of that spirit which so manifestly influences you; but the privilege at present is not to be mine, as I am obliged to leave home on Monday next. Should you, however, find it convenient to visit Newcastle in my absence, my colleagues will be glad to see you. But how strange is this! Few things in my history I have anticipated with so much warmth and pleasure as I have your visit to us; and now it would seem that I am not to enjoy it. I may have erred in this, and possibly thought more of the instrument than of the agent. I fear I have done sot and feel now rebuked. 'And they lifted up their eyes, and saw Jesus only?

"I am receiving invitations for you to visit North Shields, South Shields, and Sunderland, also large towns about ten or twelve miles from Newcastle. I am glad to hear of your success at Walsingham; and I have no doubt you will have a good day next Sabbath. May the Lord continue to bless you! If you can give me a line or two before I leave, I shall be gratified. Having been active in the Lord's cause for so many years, and delighting to do any thing for him, I feel my present weakness greatly. I do not, however, murmur, but bless him for all his dealings with me. 'As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'"

About the time Rev. R. Young was writing the above, we were engaged in penning a line to say that we would be in Newcastle on Wednesday of the present week. In reply to this, he says, "I feel delighted at the prospect of your being so soon in Newcastle. I have, in conjunction with our leaders, arranged for a meeting on Wednesday evening in Brunswick Chapel, and published the same in all our chapels in the town. I hope, therefore, to have a good gathering. I preached this morning in Brunswick Chapel, to a large congregation, from 'She hath done what she could.' I spoke of female influence, and what that influence might accomplish if fully sanctified to God. I believe the good ladies were pleased with their position, and I know some have resolved to be more active in the Lord's work. When we previously expected you, I preached from 'Some believed and consorted with Paul and Silas; of devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few.' It was then said that I was preparing the way for

Mrs. P____; and, after this morning's service, the saying has been extensively repeated, and it is true. I have, in my humble way, been preparing the people to receive with joy your visit; and I believe they will do so. It is my intention to come up from the seaside, and be present at your meeting on Wednesday evening. One of my colleagues, who has just arrived in the circuit, tells me that he some time ago received the blessing of full salvation as the result of reading your 'Way of Holiness.' This, I am sure, will gladden your heart."

* * * * *

05 -- CHAPTER

Newcastle-On-Tyne, Sept. 16, 1859

The God of the armies of Israel has commenced to display his all-conquering power here in the north of England. A work is progressing, which, my heart seems to assure me, is destined to spread over England, provided human limitations do not obstruct, and the ministry and laity, as workers together with God, unite in spreading the flame.

We have been engaged in many revivals in America, and more recently in Ireland, and have seen thousands saved, but never remember to have witnessed a more glorious work than has been going on here within the last few days. We came last Wednesday evening. You are aware of the long-standing solicitations of Rev. R. Young, that we should make an early visit to this place; but little did we know what an outpouring of the Spirit was awaiting us. We now apprehend the meaning of the inspiring assurance, "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

You will remember we told you how signally the Lord gave us this promise when we first set our feet on British soil, repeating it again and again in a most memorable manner. Oh! if you could only be here for a few hours, you would see how wonderfully the Lord is fulfilling the word on which he hath caused us to hope. Between three and four hundred souls, we have reason to believe, have been gathered out of the world, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, during the last few days. Every day and hour, the work is increasing in power. Last night, I presume there were not less than seventy forward for prayers, and probably not less than fifty received pardon. The secretaries of the meeting recorded the names of forty-two. They took as many as they could; but the seekers were so scattered, and the interests of the meeting were otherwise so varied and engrossing, that they were not able to get all. Others also were blessed in the afternoon meeting, whose names, I believe, were not recorded. We are having four meetings per day. Here is one of the bills which are posted throughout the town:--

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be may be found; call upon him while he is near.'
Revival services will be held every day during the present week in the Brunswick-place Chapel. Meetings will be held every day from twelve to one o'clock. Afternoon services in the chapel will commence at three o'clock. Meetings of a more social character, for serious-minded persons, who may desire to inquire, 'What must I do to be saved?' will be held from six to seven o'clock. Public evening service in the chapel will commence at seven o'clock. Persons of all denominations are invited to attend. Dr. and Mrs. P____, from America, will be present, and

assist in the services. 'And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also' (Zechariah). 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come' (St. John)."

Hundreds are coming out to the meetings. Have you ever been in the spacious Brunswick Chapel? Would that you could witness the multitudes which nightly congregate there! The place seems filled with the awful presence of God. Solemnity, deep and impressive as eternity, is depicted on every countenance. The expression of every face, young and old, professors and nonprofessors, ministers and laymen, seems to say, "Surely God is in this place." Again and again have we heard the solemn annunciation going from one lip to another, "The place whereon thou standest is holy."

Our first meeting was held on Wednesday evening, in the Brunswick Chapel. This is the largest dissenting place of worship in Newcastle, and is considered the most commodious in the north of England. A large number of the people of the town and its surroundings were present. Our message was to the Church. Dr. P. gave out the hymn, --

"Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To meet the wonders of the day,
When, with thy fiery cloven tongues,
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

"Oh! 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

"By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had entered heaven;
Had now obtained the promise duet
Fully by God the Father given.

"Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given:
We wait the Pentecostal powers, --
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

"Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

"If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all."

We talked about the endowment of power, the full baptism of the Holy Ghost as the indispensable, ay, absolute, necessity of all the disciples of Jesus, if they would be answerable to the duties of their high and holy calling in bringing this redeemed, revolted world back to the world's Redeemer. Many, by their intensely earnest, longing looks, manifested the absorption of their desires for the reception of the grace; and not a few, by most decisive action, signified before the assembled multitude their resolve not to wait till the morrow, but to seek the endowment of power now. A local preacher was the first to hasten to the communion-rail, and was the first to receive "the tongue of fire." Would that you could have heard his clear, unequivocal testimony, as with a holy boldness, which perhaps scarcely was more than equaled on the day when the holy flame first descended on the Pentecostal morn, he spake as the Spirit gave utterance. Several other witnesses, principally interesting young men, who looked as though they were destined to be valiant in pulling down the strongholds of Satan, were raised up that night.

This, as you may observe was the first meeting; and surely now, as in the early days of the Spirit's dispensation, Pentecostal blessings bring Pentecostal power. The next afternoon, we had a meeting of remarkable interest in the lecture-room. I cannot describe it. Rev. R. Young, chairman of this district, speaks of it as exceeding in interest any meeting he ever attended. Surely there was One in our midst who "baptizeth" with the Holy Ghost and with fire; and many felt the penetrating influence of the baptismal flame to a degree, which, I trust, may be as far-reaching as life. When we sung, at the close, --

"Glory to the Lamb! glory to the Lamb!
For I have overcome through the blood of the Lamb!" --

it did seem as if the spirits of the just made perfect around the throne were blending with us in holy song; and the influence was indescribably glorious. Since this time the afternoon meetings have been held in the commodious chapel, and are numerous attended. The power of the Lord is gloriously and most manifestly present in all our assemblies.

We do not say this only from what our own feelings suggest, but from the outspoken indications in the countenance, action, and words of the congregated multitudes. All seem ready to say, "Surely God is in this place." Not only as the God of Sinai, before whom the mountains melted, but "the Man of Calvary," who walked the streets of Jerusalem, -- the Redeemer and Saviour of the world -- is here enwrapping sinners in his crimson vest, and making known his unspeakable name. The numbers in attendance are daily on the increase. Last night, I presume, there could not have been less than from fourteen to fifteen hundred present. The crowd in the lower part of the chapel was so great, that there seemed to be danger of retarding the work: the aisles were so crowded as to make egress from the pews to the communion-rail difficult on the part of those who were wounded by the sword of the Spirit.

You will wish to hear of the number that have received the full baptism. Of this I cannot tell you as accurately as I would. For the glory of God, and the promotion of important truth, I thought it might have been well if the secretaries of the meetings had taken some note of the number who have sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. Scores have

surrounded the communion-rail, especially during the afternoon services, seeking, the blessing of heart pretty. Not a few of these are persons distinguished for their position in the community and in the church. They have come, laying all upon Heaven's altar; and the holy fire has fallen upon the sacrifice, and many scores have been able to testify that the consuming, purifying fires of the Spirit have energized their whole being as never before, and, by the manifestation of their lives, are declaring, "The zeal of Thine house has eaten me up." The ministers are all in the work; and heaven and earth seem to conspire in assuring us that this is but the beginning of a mighty flame which is to spread all over this region. "Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth;" and let all the people say, "Amen!"

We have letters before us from a lady who participated in the revival, from which, by permission, we extract the following:--

"Sept. 15, 1859

"You will be glad to hear how gloriously captives are being brought daily to the feet of the mighty Conqueror, and King of kings. We have been just one week in Newcastle. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer speak without exciting the passions in the usual way: they strike at principles. Uncle B___ was telling the Mayor of Gateshead how little noise or excitement there was, and yet how the penitents have kept pouring along the aisles when the invitation to the altar has been given. About three hundred have been added to the Church this week in Newcastle. Yesterday afternoon the communion-rail was full all round, compassing the pulpit; the vestry also, is full of seekers every night. It really seems as if all Newcastle had to be brought willing captives to the feet of Jesus. One very earnest seeker came thirty miles to the meeting. The five ministers work nobly. Mrs. C___ has got Perfect love, and glides about within the rails looking almost like an angel. A gentleman met Mr. C___ yesterday, and said, 'If you don't take care, your wife will be going off in a chariot of fire to heaven.' Old and young, rich and poor, meet at the altar, -- no distinction: some are carried out overpowered. It is wonderful and glorious! each day more and more come: we never close till ten o'clock, and can scarcely leave the mourners. Some have come from Sunderland and other places to the meetings. It seems the sovereign power of the Triune Jehovah moving the hearts of the people, like forest-trees moved by a mighty wind; and it only appears as the beginning. Be much in prayer that the fire of God's love may spread throughout England, and consume all the dross and stubble of sin. I scarcely know what is going on, my own soul is so fully one with the mourners. The first meeting last Thursday afternoon was in the upper vestry; and Rev. Young was so full, he told me he came near going home in a chariot of fire. He said he had not shed so many tears for many years as at that meeting. Mrs. B___ said, that, last evening, a tall gentleman entered, and took a seat fronting theirs. He seemed to be like a reporter, -- very busily taking notes in short-hand. At length the book was dropped, and he was quite overpowered."

"Newcastle, Sept. 29, 1859

"The aunt of Sir William _____, two of her sons, and two daughters, went up to the altar, seeking mercy, and all found salvation. One poor old man, with hoary locks, told me, that night, that for seven years he had been in the iron cage in 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but the strong bar of unbelief was removed by the hand of faith, and now he is free indeed. I could fill a dozen sheets,

and not tell you all. Two old and consistent members of our society returned thanks publicly to the Triune God for the answer to prayer they had received in seeing five of their family made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"Every night I am called within the communion-rails to speak to the female seekers of salvation. It is really a business. Often, while I am speaking to one, the audible and suppressed weeping and prayers I hear on every hand make me feel, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' The ministers seem as one soul. Five denominations are frequently represented within the communion-rails at the same meeting. Self, that hydra-headed monster, seems annihilated in the glory of the Redeemer: all share in the common joy. The spirit of power in prayer, which is poured out upon even the children here, is marvelous: it is almost like inspiration. A little boy was met in the street by one of the members: he said, 'I am not sure that I know what Mrs. Palmer means by entire holiness; but I do know what entire happiness is.'

"Three days ago, Mrs. Palmer recommended us each to ask for one soul to be laid on our hearts before God in prayer. I was prayerfully considering whom I might take, when it was suggested, 'Have you not three already, whom you are carrying as a burden clay and night before the Lord? Have an answer for their souls before you take more.' At the close of the meeting, one of the most influential ladies came to introduce a young relation to me, whose mother had been an eminent Christian. I asked her if she was a member of our society. Her answer rather startled me: at once I felt this soul particularly laid upon my heart before the Lord. If ever I felt the Holy Ghost making supplications within me, it was for this soul. At the opening of the following afternoon meeting I said to a friend, I felt quite sure there must have been a corresponding feeling in the heart of this young lady from the power I had felt in praying for her. I was kneeling at the altar, when one came and told me this young lady was there also. She attended the Established Church. At the close she came up to me, and said how improperly she had spoken to me; how much she had thought and felt since, and how she had longed to see me, and wished to open her heart to me. She spent about an hour in the chapel with me before the service; and she told me she had cast her sins on Jesus, and now wished to be entirely consecrated to God. That evening I put Mrs. Palmer's 'Entire Devotion' into her hand. The following day, she came and told me she had laid her all upon the altar. She seemed deeply impressed with a sense of her responsibility, being the eldest daughter in a large family. She said, 'I feel I have one talent, in the affections of the entire family.' A shade quickly passed over her bright countenance, and she began to speak of the time she had lost for doing good. I encouraged her to begin at once, and work for God. Yesterday she came again to my brother's dwelling to see me: clasping me in her arms, leaning her head on my shoulder in a transport of joy, she said, 'I have come that you may share in my joy.' My eldest brother, who was about to prepare for the bar, came to take me home a few nights ago from the meeting, and said, 'These meetings have a repelling influence upon me.' However, on the previous night he followed his sister to her room, fell upon her neck, burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'I can hold out no longer:' they knelt together before the Lord. She said, 'I am ashamed to say it was the first time I had prayed with one of the family;' 'and now,' she added, 'if you see my brother go to the altar, will you go to him, and help him to the Saviour?' A remarkably fine-looking young man took a seat last evening in our pew. (The weight of souls was almost more than my body could bear.) At once, when Dr. Palmer asked seekers to go to the altar, in a noble, manly way he left our pew, and quickly walked round to the front of the altar: his aunt and sister followed. I was sent for, and knelt inside the rails, and talked to him:

again and again I had to leave off; and get water. As he seemed so unwilling I should leave him, I persevered until he laid hold of Christ as his Saviour. I got out of chapel: the next second, I seemed awaking out of sleep, and found myself surrounded by a loving group. I had taken a dead fainting fit; so now I write in bed. "A densely crowded chapel, which seemed filled with the mighty power of God; and, had there been as much more room for penitents, I am led to think it would have been all filled with mourners. One gentleman brought his two sons here from Lynn, in Norfolk, to be present at the meetings; and one of them was converted. One young man also came thirty miles seeking, and found Jesus."

Again, on a subsequent date:--

"It is easy to help souls to Jesus in Newcastle; for the power of God is sensibly felt to be present to heal. I invariably try to probe and test seekers by trying to show the divine requirements, -- what must be given up to have them on 'promised ground' (as Mrs. Palmer sometimes says) before I attempt to point them to Him who 'taketh away the sin of the world.' One young female I was speaking to the other evening, I found in deep distress; but there was a friendship which she felt she could not give up for Jesus. I got Mrs. C____, who knew her, to speak to her: she left in deep disquietude of soul, retired to her room when she got home, and resolved she would not sleep until she felt she could tear the idol from her bleeding heart. She got the victory: the one to whom she had been attached attended St. Thomas' Church with her, but was unconverted. She gave him up after a long and severe struggle, and almost at once obtained salvation. She said she had scarcely slept the whole night, the joys of pardoning love so powerfully flowed into her soul. The following morning she hastened to tell her friends the glorious news.

"Invitations keep pouring in daily for Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's labors, not only from the regions around, but from very distant and some very important circuits, scarcely second to City Road or Lambeth. M..."

Oct. 12, 1859

"You will be rejoiced to hear that the work of salvation is still going on in this place with increasing power. This is the thirty-fifth clay since the Captain of our salvation began in such wondrous grace to lead forth his hosts, and yet more glorious with each passing day have been the conquests. The number of the newly blessed, as taken by the secretaries of the meeting, now amounts to about thirteen hundred. Yesterday, fifty names were recorded; the day previous; about the same number; and thus the work goes on. We find great advantage from taking the names of those newly enlisted in the service of Christ. Not only does it furnish work for the beloved and indefatigable pastors of the flocks worshipping at the various Wesleyan chapels in this place and the region round about, but it furnishes needful work for the scores of newly baptized disciples. Surely there is employment for all, and many have a mind to work. Both the ministry and the people are gloriously energized; and the work, in all its departments, shows the effect of the baptism of fire of which I wrote you in my last.

"Among the hundreds born into the kingdom of Christ, scarcely more are under the influence of our own than other denominations, and many are from a distance. One Evangelical

Church, whose membership has gathered largely with us, had an increase of one hundred and thirty at their last communion-service, a Sabbath or two ago; and we do not doubt but other denominations have shared in a similar manner. Dr, P____, coming in while I write, observes, "Calling in at an apothecary's a few moments since, I conversed with an interesting young man, who tells me he has been converted since the revival meetings commenced. He is organist at the Baptist Church, and cannot get to the meetings at Brunswick Chapel; but his soul seems most sweetly filled with the love of Jesus."

In fact, the revival influences are permeating the whole place. Even a skeptic, attending Brunswick Chapel, frankly acknowledged he felt the power of God on entering. This may be truly termed an Evangelical Alliance Revival. As Rev. Robert Young has observed, it is not unusual for ministers and people of five or six different denominations to unite, during the prayer-meeting exercises, in pleading for the liberation of captives, and the more abundant manifestations of awakening and saving power. Ministers and people are coming from near and remote regions to witness the work, and to participate in its glorious fruits.

A clergyman of the Church of England, whose charge is not far from London, has been here several days. So largely has he shared in the baptism of fire with which the multitude of disciples have been visited, that he told me, last night, he could scarcely have endured more. Perhaps you are asking, "And how did this baptism affect him? What were its spiritual, physical, or mental indications?" Not in any supernatural manifestations or bodily prostrations, not in influences telling particularly on the physical perceptions; but in the energizing, constraining, all-controlling fires of the Spirit, impelling to holy action and burning words, and mighty, all-prevailing prayer. Said the clergyman referred to last evening about thus: "I felt my soul so drawn out in unutterable prayer, that it seemed as if God was filling the house: every sinner must have been arrested by the power of the Spirit! Oh! we have had a wonderful evening." Many have received a like baptism, and these are the instrumentalities that God is owning in leading others to the foot of the cross.

World-loving and worldly-conformed professors are apprehending, as never before, that the God of the Scriptures means just what he says when he enjoins separation from the world. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing," has become an obvious and experimental realization. A minister once said to us, "Mrs. P____, how do you get people to believe so easily?" Our answer was, "Because we never attempt to persuade any one to appropriate a promise until we have reason to conclude they are on promised ground." The promise, "I will receive you," is only applicable to those who, through the enabling grace of God, separate themselves from the spirit of the world. This done, and the obedient disciple is on promised ground; and he has only to lay hold upon the promise at once, and cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. I must confess I have felt some solicitude, since I have been in England, in regard to the general conformity of professors to the world, which I have witnessed well-nigh everywhere. But the gracious change is being produced. Said a lady of influential position and wealth -- who has not heretofore felt the full import of the command, "Be not conformed to the world," m about thus: "I care not how public you make my renunciation of worldly adornments; my broaches, &c., are at your disposal; the avails may go to the cause of missions, or any thing else you suggest; I find I cannot wear them to the glory of

God." And thus it is that jewelry and costly array are being renounced, and we are having a revival, not only of primitive powers but primitive principles.

The revival is the absorbing theme of the place, and it is most significant and heart-cheering to observe how this resuscitation of primitive Christianity and primitive Methodism seems to be appreciated by all Christians of every name and sect. At our afternoon meetings, "Holiness to the Lord," or, in other words, the full baptism of the Holy Spirit, as received by the one hundred and twenty disciples on the day of Pentecost, is set forth as the absolute necessity of all believers of every name. Hundreds, composed of various sects, and from miles distant, crowd to these meetings; and, when Dr. P____ gives the invitation to all who are resolved with unyielding faith to claim the grace at once, the communion-rail, which will accommodate about sixty persons, is generally surrounded.

Intermingled with these kneeling suppliants, it is usual to see persons under various denominational influences. Seldom have I observed one more unutterably filled than a lady two or three days since. She is an influential lady belonging to the Church of England. We are constantly, and to the degree God gives power, strongly enforcing the good old scriptural doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, -- that is, that all true believers know the things freely given to them of God, and that the Holy Spirit clearly and distinctly testifies to the grace given, whether it be the blessing of justification or entire sanctification; also that God requires explicit acknowledgment of the grace received. I believe I should not give to God the glory due unto his name, were I not to say, that, during the past thirty-five days, hundreds from far and near have been enabled to testify to the reception of the Spirit's direct testimony, "that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness." And now they live to sing to the praise of the Triune Deity.

"And both the witnesses are joined,
The Spirit of God with ours."

One gentleman came all the way from Scotland, groaning after the witness of inward purity. While he was kneeling at the altar of prayer, and we were pointing the living way by which the Holy Spirit led us into the holiest through the blood of the everlasting covenant, he was enabled to cast anchor within the veil, and returned home to be mighty through the Spirit in pulling down the strongholds of Satan.

Oh! this blessed doctrine of the full baptism of the Spirit is indeed our might; and to just the degree we are answerable to the specialty of our calling, and are a witnessing people, to just that degree God will be mindful of us, and exalt us before the people of all lands, and we shall be called "the repairer of the breach, the restorer of the paths to dwell in." What but the revival of our ancient doctrine, "Holiness to the Lord," making it a present and experimental realization, has caused the wonderful outburst of power, by which hundreds have, within the past thirty-five days, been brought under the influence of saving grace? And what but this will convey the flame through England? In vain might the early disciples have prayed and labored for the conviction of three thousand in one day, had they not first received the baptism of fire, and, under the impellings of this holy flame, spoke as the Spirit gave utterance. And it is thus the Pentecostal flame has been witnessed as an impelling influence in this Pentecost of modern days. Though no mighty rushing wind has been telling on the outward perceptions, yet just as truly have the

mighty impellings of the heavenly flame been seen in the constraining influences of holy love and mighty faith. I could write largely illustrative of the constraining power of this heavenly influence, urging its recipients to utterances and acts befitting apostolic times.

A Christian brother, whom I had observed perhaps the first time, about thirty days ago, kneeling at the altar of prayer, at one of the afternoon meetings, seeking the baptism of power, gave evidence that he had obtained the grace by the manner in which the Spirit spoke through him in inducing others to yield to the claims of Christ. With no extraordinary influence of any sort, other than the gift of power with which Jesus would have all his disciples endued, he went out among the people, and, with the holy discernment and singleness of purpose which this endowment of power ever gives, he continued from day to day bringing forward to the penitent-form one after another. One evening as I was observing his unobtrusive yet mighty influence, seemingly unmarked by other than the unseen angel with the ink-horn, -- and he had now come forward perhaps the sixth or seventh time that evening, leading those that he had ferreted out to the altar of prayer, -- I could not but speak to him of the divine record which was being kept of those who sigh and cry for the peace of Jerusalem. Modestly yet joyously he exclaimed, "This is the fiftieth one the Lord has enabled me to bring!" Think of a quiet, unassuming man, with no extraordinary capabilities, either physical, intellectual, or social, being instrumental, in the hand of God, in leading fifty in a few days to the foot of the cross! What a mighty flame would, in less than a month, envelop the Christian world, if all Christ's professed disciples were alike endued!

Another man, who is a mechanic, residing about four miles distant, is in the habit of daily attendance on the afternoon and evening meetings. As he walks to and from the chapel, he literally obeys the command, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." It is estimated that as many as two or three hundred have, through his agency, been brought more or less under the influence of this visitation of the Spirit. The reception given to this truly Christian man, while thus urging the gospel invitation, is worthy of note. Said one, "Are you a blacksmith?" "I am a salvation smith," rejoined the earnest Christian, and, producing his Bible, said, "I have a hammer that can break the hardest heart in pieces." The zealous man then went on using the hammer of the Word so truly in the demonstration of the Spirit, that the questioner began to weep and tremble under the power of God. So completely was the heart of this hardened sinner broken, that he who so dexterously wielded the hammer of the Word said to us that he thought he might have witnessed the healing power of Christ on the man at once, could he only have found a place to take him aside for prayer. The same power attending the labor of this man, and of the weavers of Connor, might be seen all around us, if men would be alike filled with the power of the Spirit, and sacrifice that which costs them something, by way of making every earthly consideration subservient to the salvation of souls.

Saturday, Oct. 15. -- The meetings yesterday afternoon and evening exceeded any former occasion. The God of the temple was so manifestly present in taking the direction of our mind while laboring, and in all the orderings of the services, that it would be difficult for my pen to portray what my heart would dictate. An unusual number received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost in the afternoon meeting. Many, very many, received grace for grace; and no one could say, "God is in this place, and I knew it not." Not one, I imagine, but felt the girdings of almighty

power in an unusual manner; and not less manifest were the tokens of divine presence in the evening. The secretaries took the names of sixty-one persons surrounding the altar of prayer, who were enabled to testify of the forgiving love of Christ. Others were blessed in the vestry, whose names I think were not taken. The house was densely crowded. It is estimated that between two and three thousand persons were present. Surely it is nought but the power of God, thus creating this eagerness on the part of persons of every grade to attend the means of grace. Almost literally are we abiding in the house of the Lord. We are pleasantly situated on the outskirts of the town with a lovely family, who reside a little less than a mile from Brunswick Chapel. The family carriage leaves us at the chapel in time for the three-o'clock service, and does not return for us again till ten o'clock in the evening.

I presume you wonder how our physical ability can be answerable to such a long-continued series of services. We are, and have been for years past, a wonder to ourselves; but, while we would with much carefulness give God all the glory for spiritual and physical ability, we feel it our duty to acknowledge the affectionate and considerate assiduities of our beloved Christian friends. The people do not generally disperse from the three-o'clock service till about five o'clock, and not a few of them linger and remain till after the evening service. Between five and six o'clock, tea is furnished in the vestry. Ladies in turn take this upon themselves, and, in generous, loving solicitude, seem to vie with each other which may best serve the convenience of the multitude by providing for the greatest possible number. Last night, I think fifty at least took tea with us; and those that could not be seated in the vestry were supplied in the chapel. In view of the many ministers and people who come from abroad to participate in the work, this is as the Master of the feast would have it. Surely Jesus is now passing by. Even men of the world, and the community at large, are acknowledging his visitation; and, through the invitations of his Spirit, multitudes are gathered from "the regions round about;" and, in the "beauty of holiness," the friends of Jesus in Newcastle seem to meet the emergency. To God be all the glory! and to this your ever-attuned heart will, I am sure, say, "Amen, AMEN!"

It is difficult to pause. Many interesting incidents connected with this remarkable outpouring of the Spirit come rushing upon my mind, which I fain would communicate; but my pen has already run over a far larger space than I had prescribed. This afternoon we tear ourselves away from this beloved people to meet an engagement made sometime since with our Sunderland friends. We need not tell you that it seems difficult indeed to leave in the midst of such a glorious work: but the battle is the Lord's; and the ministry and the people are so truly baptized into the spirit of the work, that we dare not doubt but the hosts of Israel will be led forth to yet greater victories.

On closing our labors at Newcastle, we received an agreeable note from our esteemed friend Rev. R. Young, chairman of the district, with an accompanying document, which I am sure it will give you pleasure to read.

Newcastle, Oct. 25, 1859
To Dr. And Mrs. Palmer

"Beloved In The Lord," -- It gives me much pleasure to forward the enclosed document. I heartily concur in every sentiment it expresses, and earnestly pray for your continued health and prosperity. I praise God that I ever saw you, and that I am now permitted to call you my friends.

Yours very affectionately,
Robert Young

At a meeting of the ministers, stewards, and leaders connected with Brunswick-place Chapel, Newcastle-On-Tyne, held Oct. 24, 1859, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:--

1. This meeting expresses its deep obligation to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer for their very opportune and highly acceptable visit to this important town, and for the daily, arduous, and efficient services they rendered to the cause of the Redeemer, especially in the Wesleyan community; and would devoutly glorify God in them.

2. This meeting records, with sincere gratitude to Him whose alone is the glory, that, during the thirty-five days' labor of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in this place, very many church-members received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and not fewer than thirteen hundred persons decided for God, and besought the prayers of his people. Many of these were from the world; the others from different sections of the Church; and it is hoped that the largest portion of them obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. That these resolutions, signed by the chairman, be placed on permanent record in the minute-book of this meeting; and that a copy of them be forwarded to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, with an assurance, that, should those honored servants of the Lord revisit Newcastle, their numerous warm-hearted friends here would greatly rejoice to see them again, and to receive them "as becometh saints."

Robert Young, Chairman.
Newcastle-On-Tyne, Oct. 25, 1859

Several deeply interesting letters have appeared in the "British Standard," published in London. The writer, viewing the work from a standpoint other than Wesleyan (Independent), says, --

"A series of remarkable meetings are being conducted at Brunswick Chapel, Newcastle, numerous attended, and deeply impressive. They are held every night from seven till ten, and also at sundry times during the day. Many profess to have decided for God. Oh! it is heart-cheering to witness numbers of the people, after deep emotion and mental anguish, enabled to 'behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' These meetings are chiefly under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who have been active both in the American and Irish revivals. They are assisted by various ministers and also lay brethren of the Wesleyan and other churches. They are opened with singing and prayer: a portion of Scripture is read; and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer alternately address the people with mingled simplicity, earnestness, and power; mainly appealing to the unconverted, beseeching them, in Christ's stead, that they be reconciled

to God. They are happy in their selection of Scripture passages, incidents, and illustrations. The service is more characterized by solemnity than excitement. There is nothing boisterous, or unbecoming the house of God. Sometimes a brother in prayer may, in his zeal for God, discover an undue warmth, but associated with so much earnestness and holy fervor, as to justify it in the eyes of all who are looking for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"There is the work before you! It speaks for itself. God is in it. There is a majesty about it which the Christian reveres, and the man of the world respects, and which even infidels are impressed with. After the second address, Dr. P. with much tenderness calls upon all who are willing to give themselves to God to approach the communion pew ('altar'), where, and in the vestries, the palsies are individually conversed with by ministers, laymen, and pious females, all commendably active in directing inquirers to Jesus. Alternate singing and prayer is offered by ministers and friends of different denominations, which occupies the remaining time. Then the announcements for the meetings -- morning, noon, and night of the following day -- precede the benediction; and the vast concourse slowly and reluctantly retire.

"The spacious chapel, capable of accommodating two thousand, is crowded. We have good reason to believe the work is the finger of God. Let us, then, recognize it! We have all been praying for a revival, for a copious effusion of divine influence; and have we not tokens of it? Doth not the Almighty seem to reason thus? -- 'Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, whether I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, so that there be not room to receive it.' And now, Christian brethren, let us ask ourselves whether we are prepared for such a work.

"In another communication we may be able to report further progress of the good work, and its reaching other churches. Meanwhile, let us be devoutly concerned to ascribe all praise to God, and supplicate yet more largely his blessing, and that very many may have cause to praise God through eternity for this gracious manifestation of his love, and power to save.

"The writer has just learned, that, after a meeting of the revivalists last evening, a great number of the new converts were brought together, whom it was known were wishful to make a profession of their faith; when they were told distinctly by the leaders in the movement, that, if any of them had a wish to join other churches, they would do right to do so, many or them being accustomed to attend elsewhere. This is good, noble, Christian, and just as it ought to be. It is a practical and beautiful illustration of that scriptural sentiment, 'One is our Master, even Christ; and all we are brethren.'"

From several subsequent articles which appeared in the "British Standard," we extract the following:--

"The revival is progressing. The movement is remarkable and interesting, bearing as it does evident marks of divine impress. Ministers, elders, and people, of all churches, may with advantage ponder it; and, if found of a spiritual character, let them hail, cherish, and promote it by every proper means in the sanctuary, in the school, the social circle, in the office, and in the workshop, by small and larger meetings, and the circulation of pertinent tracts, and all associated with fervent, believing prayer. Let us, in all our places of worship, have revival sermons!

"There is beauty, propriety, and advantage in the friends of different churches dropping into the place of worship at this time which has been honored of God as the more immediate scene of the revival, -- Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel (a Congregationalist writes this), there to witness the order of the service, -- its phases, workings, and successful issues. There, too, let brother ministers and laymen take part, and thence carry to their respective sanctuaries those lessons and hallowed influences which would tend to deepen and widen the good work.

"Let us in all our churches, in entire dependence upon divine aid, set about a revival of religion, -- a revival which seeks not only a large accession to our churches of converts from the world, but the arousing and purifying of professors who shall be constrained to consecrate their time, talents, energies, and influence to God. Let the elders, deacons, and officers of churches convene some special and early meeting, when, with their respective pastors, the subject could be prayerfully considered.

"It seems desirable to have some further publication as a memento of this mighty movement, which might be handed down to our children's children, commemorative of the goodness of God so signally manifested, -- a publication wherein might be recorded some of the mere striking incidents, and palpable features, and gracious results, of the revival. Should no individual readily undertake the pleasant duty, any facts addressed to the writer of this paper would be gratefully received. The penny tract already issued, entitled 'A Night at Brunswick Chapel,' has been well received and eagerly read. It has in one week passed through four editions!"

It may be proper here to state, a desire had been expressed that there should be some public testimonial of affection by the good people of Newcastle, at the Town Hall, on the eve of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's departure. In relation to this, the writer in the "British Standard" suggests, "Might not a general communion in Brunswick Chapel conclude the salutary meetings there, where several ministers shall mutually share in the solemn exercise of the service; where the office-bearers and members of various churches, and especially the new converts; shall commemorate together the dying love of Christ, and again avow their allegiance to him?"

"This, at the same time, we apprehend, would be more gratifying to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer (whose services have been so honored of God) than any formal testimonial, and far preferable to a 'monster soiree,' which some friends with much good feeling and desire contemplate. And should Brunswick Chapel be too small, could it not be held in the Town Hall? and what meeter appropriation of that spacious and magnificent edifice? Should any further final service be desired, one could wish a meeting for thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, the author and consummator of the great work."

A writer in a secular paper says, "Newcastle-On-Tyne is a place noted for its stoical coolness and apathy, if not worse, -- infidelity: nothing has ever before seemed to make an impression on the public mind, or move the masses." But who is a God like unto our God, our enemies themselves being judges? The population of the town is about 120,000. How inspiring and wonderful it is to witness the moving of the masses, -- the coming together of these dry bones!

The tract issued on the subject of this glorious revival says, "A gale of grace is being wafted from on high; the precious dew of heaven are descending. The Sun of Righteousness is shining in his strength. Christians, take advantage of the glorious visitation! Scatter wide the seeds of truth and righteousness, and crave an abundant harvest of souls. Glad are we all to witness this gracious work going on among our Wesleyan brethren.

"One is reminded of the times of Whitefield and Wesley, when these devoted men and their zealous assistants were privileged to see the work of the Lord prospering in their hands, -- sinners converted, the lukewarm quickened, backsliders reclaimed, self-righteous regenerated, and believers built up in their most holy faith.

"O Christian brethren, ministers, elders, private members, Sunday-school teachers! let us ponder on our knees this solemn crisis, -- this season of merciful visitation; let us, to a man and to a woman, be devoutly resolved to take hold of God's strength, to crave his Spirit, and, in simple dependence on divine aid, do all that in us lies to favor and further this blessed work, -- this Palpable revival of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"In this movement we disclaim all self-interest, all sectarianism, all vaunting. The work is the Lord's, and he alone must have all the glory. It is true, we adhere, as is our right, to different sections of the universal Church; but we are all agreed in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, -- our ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and holiness of life. We are brethren. Then let us so love, live, and labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Again, and finally, let us provoke each other to Christian sympathy, and to a full participation in the revival."

The tract of eight pages, from which the editor of these pages makes the extract, was scattered by thousands. The author of it, in his reportings, informs us that it passed through four editions in one week. We cannot doubt but the little winged messenger performed its mission in stirring up many, irrespective of sect, inducing them to acknowledge this wonderful visitation of the Holy Spirit, and, though not written by a Wesleyan, induced many to know the day of their visitation whose names now stand recorded among the Wesleyans.

* * * * *

06 -- CHAPTER

Sunderland, Oct. 19, 1859

The work here bids fair to exceed any thing we remember to have witnessed either in America or Europe. Last night the large chapel in Sans Street was densely crowded, and many, I presume, went away for want of room; but the best of all is, God was with us in his wonder-working power. The number of the convicted I would scarcely dare to estimate. Rev. Rawlings, one of the able staff of Wesleyan ministers here, gives it, as his opinion, that the number could not have been less than five hundred.

The penitent form, and every place available for the accommodation of seekers, was filled, till we could invite no more forward. Dr. Palmer then, standing on a seat in the midst of the dense crowd, announced, "We are informed that the people are weeping all over the house, and that there are hundreds of awakened sinners here. In view of the fact that we cannot invite you forward for want of room, we desire to know Where you are in order that we may make our supplications on your behalf. The Saviour of sinners is willing to save you, wherever you may be; and let all who desire to seek the Lord raise the right hand." Quickly, multitudes in every part of the house threw up their right hand. Probably not less than two or three hundred of those raising the hand were among those standing in the gallery. I will not attempt to describe the effect of this acknowledgment of convicting power, as Dr. Palmer requested that every one desiring prayers would continue keeping their hand upraised until heaven's recording angel might write the name in the book of God's remembrance. Under such circumstances, we cannot tell how many were blessed with pardoning mercy. Over a hundred names have been recorded, of those who have presented themselves as subjects of prayer, as having realized the blessing sought.

How wonderful are the manifestations of awakening and saving power! When we commenced our labors here on Sabbath afternoon and evening, it was difficult to raise our faith to a point to believe that God would pour out his Spirit here as in Newcastle. Neither do I think he would have done so, had not the Church come up more fully, and clothed herself with the power which the full baptism of the Spirit gives. But, oh, what a mighty impulse did my faith receive at our afternoon meeting yesterday! Hundreds were at the services. Ministers and people of various denominations mingled with us as at Newcastle; but the point at which my faith began to rise, and claim "great and mighty things," was when I saw the office-bearers and leading men of the church, with their wives, come forward to the altar of prayer, humbly acknowledging their resolve, that they would never rest without the gift of power such as was received by the early disciples, At this point my faith rose to the majesty of assured confidence; and now we are claiming, in the name of the Captain of our salvation, thousands from the armies of the aliens.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Nov. 14, 1859

We seem to have been kept in the heat of this glorious battle to such a degree as to preclude attention to any thing else. Such has been the pressure of other calls, that we came here quite settled in purpose that we must not remain over two weeks. But we have already numbered twenty-nine days, and still it seems impossible that we should leave. During the past week, about one hundred have been saved daily. Oh, how glorious have been the manifestations of awakening, converting, and sanctifying power! It is not now difficult for faith to apprehend how a nation maybe born in a day.

Since the commencement of this world, the secretaries of the meeting have recorded the names of two thousand and eleven who have presented themselves as seekers. Of these, we trust

about two hundred from near and remote regions have received the witness of purity. "Create in me a clean heart O God! and renew a right spirit within me. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." So says the Psalmist; and the development of power which has resulted in the sudden ingathering of such a multitude of the unsaved still gives demonstration of the fact, that purity is power; or, in other words, that the creation of clean heart, and the reception of increased ability to teach transgressors truths which may lead to their conversion, is still the divine order.

The whole town seems to be permeated with the power of restraining, transforming truth. To a remarkable degree is the Lord of the armies of Israel owning and guarding this work, and the instrumentalities engaged in its promotion. Men of the world acknowledge the wonders of grace; and opposers are taught, by the speedily uplifted rod of the Almighty, that they cannot speak against it with impunity. One of these, who was mingling with the hundreds who were dispersing from the chapel, was railing against the work, pronouncing it all humbug, fanaticism, and the like. This was in the hearing of one from whom we received the information. He had parted from our friend but a few steps, before the man, who had "tarried long at wine," stumbled, and broke his leg in two places. He believes it to be a retributive providence, and now seems penitent.

Since I commenced to write, the "Northern Daily Express" of this morning has been handed me. Though not a religious paper, it contains a tacit acknowledgment of the permeating influence of the present religious movement on all classes of this community. I have not time to transcribe, but will clip two paragraphs from the paper, which corroborates what I have written:--

"Either from the badness of the times, or the increased goodness of the people; from the efficiency of the police, or the beneficial results of the revival movement, -- crime seems to be greatly diminishing in the town and neighborhood. On Friday there was a 'maiden session,'* [*An ancient custom prevails in England, of giving a pair of white gloves to the judge presiding at a session where no criminal cases are reported.] and no applications to the magistrates; and on Saturday there was not a single summons returnable for the county. Should matters continue much longer in this way, there must, of necessity, be a reduction of the police force; and the lawyers, whose chief practice lies in the police court, will be driven to the alternative either of starving, or taking their caseless bags and going a 'cadging.' Every man of feeling must wish that the good life thus begun may be lasting, and not like 'the morning cloud and the early dew, which passeth away.' But, be it ever so evanescent, a gleam of heavenly light will have been thrown athwart the gloom, of many a sinning, sorrowing heart, which will ever be, bright to its memory, and may become the load-star which will guide it ultimately to the only haven of rest.

"During the past week, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have continued to address overflowing congregations in Sans-street Chapel, there being no diminution of interest in this good work. On Friday evening, when it was expected that these revivalists would hold their last meeting, a crowd had gathered at the door of the chapel an hour and a half before the time of commencing; and, during the evening, the chapel yard was crowded with persons who could not gain admission, it being found advisable to lock the doors of the chapel to prevent the pressure from without. Dr. Palmer, however, announced that, though he and Mrs. Palmer needed a week of rest, they had consented to stay another week, and conduct the services in the evenings only.

During the visit of Dr: and Mrs. Palmer, nearly two thousand persons have professed to be benefited by their ministrations: the wealthy tradesman forgetting his ledger, and the poor widow forgetting her poverty; the aged professor mourning his shortcomings and backsliding, and the young sinner for the first time inquiring the way to Jesus; the fast young man and the aged rouse both satiated with the pleasure of sin; the poor Magdalene,

'Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour,' --

have been among those who, in tears, have prostrated themselves in agony at the 'altar of prayer,' and risen with joy unspeakable depicted on their countenances."

As here stated, people of every age, and of all classes, are flocking as doves to the windows. Never do I remember to have seen such a proportion of aged people come to Jesus with true brokenness of spirit. One evening, shortly after the opening exercises, a very aged lady, who I was informed, was about ninety years old, came forward, and knelt at the communion-rail nearly all the time I continued to address the congregation. That night she was made unspeakably happy; and we were also informed that her aged husband, before the close of that evening service, was made partaker of like precious grace.

At another service, we illustrated the fearful character of unbelief by referring to an aged opulent friend of ours, who, though willing to give largely of her goods to feed the poor, and doubtless, if called thereunto, would gladly have given her body to be burned, remained year after year, till age came on, in the bondage of unbelief. She introduced herself to our observation by rising in one of our meetings, and, confessing her unbelief, cried out, "What a fool, what a fool, I have been all my days! I have been giving, giving, and giving myself to God, but never believing that he received me!"

On giving this illustration of the error of not believing, after having been empowered by the Spirit to yield ourselves to Christ, an aged man, whose locks, I imagine, had stood the frosts of about eighty winters, came to the altar of prayer. "Forty years," said he, "have I been endeavoring thus to give myself to Jesus, but have never till now believed that he received me." Since that time, he has been unutterably full of joy, and begged the privilege of telling at a subsequent service, to a listening multitude, the bliss of his new-born spirit.

Another aged one, who knelt at the communion-rail, seeking the full baptism of the Holy Spirit, was inexpressibly filled with heavenly triumph. On returning home, speaking of this wonderful visitation as marvelous in her eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh! why is it, why is it, that the Lord has sent Dr. and Mrs. Palmer here to be such a blessing to my soul?"

That day the angel of death was commissioned to unloose the "silver cord." Gradually her entranced spirit was released, and she seemed to dig to the things of time before she left its shores. In less than a week, her new-washed spirit

"Clapped her glad wings, and soared away
To mingle with the blaze of day."

Not a few middle-aged people have been brought in. One of these, much respected in the community, whose name was on the church-books, but who had not the witness that his name was written in the Book of Life, came forward, humbly sought, and, ere he left, obtained, the witness of his acceptance in the Beloved.

The next evening he again presented himself at the altar of prayer, seeking the endowment of power for which the "one hundred and twenty" were commanded to tarry. The baptism of fire descended; and, as in the early days of Christianity, utterance as a constraining gift was also given. Though a man, who, ere his lips had been thus touched with the live coal from off the altar, would have pleaded his slowness of speech, if called to speak for God, the succeeding evening, before between two and three thousand persons, asked if he might not have the privilege of addressing the assembly. Time will tell how many scores, if not hundreds, were penetrated to the deepest recesses of the heart by the utterances of that Spirit-baptized man. Demonstration that he has received the "tongue of fire" has ever since been most marked; and many, I trust, will yet be stars in the crown of his rejoicing. I might speak of many, very many, who have in a similar manner sought and obtained, with like results, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and are working under the inspiration of this gift of power. Dr. P____, just now, while I write, interrupts me by the reading of a note. It is from a local preacher, who also is a temperance lecturer, residing a few miles distant. A week or two since he came to Sans-street Chapel. It was on Saturday afternoon.

When the invitation was given to all who were not enjoying the witness of entire sanctification to come forward, and unite in seeking definitely that grace, this temperance lecturer came. When the earnest pleader asks bread, the heavenly Giver marks the thing asked for. It is the Spirit that maketh intercession, and the gift asked for is specifically to meet the soul's immediate necessities. The grace, being purchased, is ready. It is only for faith to demand the needed grace now, and the holy violence which the kingdom of heaven suffereth takes the purchased gift. Definite in his faith, and unyielding in importunity, our temperance lecturer sought, and, with about a score of others on the same afternoon, obtained. the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. He appeared to be amazingly filled with the Spirit; and, as he spoke in testimony thereof, his words seemed to fly as arrows from the quiver of the Almighty.

Before leaving, he told us that he had two sons, who (though they had never seen their father or mother touch the intoxicating cup, even to wine or beer) were both victims of the hydra-headed monster, intemperance. War has slain its thousands, and intemperance its tens of thousands. When this father told of his unsaved children, we observed, that as God's order had now been obeyed, and judgment had begun with him, he would of course have an increase of power, and might confidently expect the speedy conversion of his children. The next day, during family prayer, a son, who had been so hardened as to refuse to bend his knee in family worship, was broken down, and cried for mercy. He was powerfully converted the same evening. Soon afterward the other son was arrested by the might of the Spirit, and deeply penitent: he also was brought to the foot of the cross, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus. During the week, another one of the family was saved, and also several other persons residing in the

neighborhood. I will transcribe portion of his note, which refers to a scene which occurred the third evening after he received this endowment of power:--

"On Monday night I was called out of bed to visit two dying sisters, the elder aged twenty-two, the younger seventeen. One was seeking this further blessing. After kneeling down beside her, and giving a few instructions, she received it, and cried, 'Glory to God!' Soon her mother began to cry for mercy, and in a few minutes her soul was set at liberty. Two sisters of the dying girls, and a female friend, all earnestly sought the Lord, and before I left, were rejoicing in their Saviour. 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!'"

Among the newly converted have been several sea captains, with many others who do "business on great waters." A pilot, converted last night, suddenly bounded up, and in an ecstasy of joy cried out, "Glory be to God!" "What has he done for you?" asked Dr. P____. "Done for me? Why, he has given me a new heart, a blessed heart! Glory be to Jesus!" And then, looking up towards the densely crowded gallery, and seemingly singling out friends that he would fain have brought to Jesus, he cried out, "Come down, come down! Here is the place to find Jesus! I am sure it is cheap enough going to Jesus!" A brother pilot, who was kneeling beside him, and translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son about the same moment, was also asked what the Lord had done for him. "The very same, glory to Jesus!" he replied, and was well-nigh as earnest in his indications of overwhelming bliss as his friend.

Never shall I forget the beaming countenance of a master of a vessel, converted two or three evenings since. He told me he was expecting to leave the next morning, but assured me that he was resolved, through almighty grace, to have a praying crew. Who can tell where the end of these things will be? Sunderland, you may remember, is a large seaport town, from which hundreds of vessels sail yearly. How many floating Bethels will go forth from this port, as the result of this blessed visitation of the Spirit, who can tell?

One captain who has been saved, with his whole crew, writes to Dr. P____ thus:--

"It is with feelings of great pleasure that I take this present opportunity of informing you that I desire in behalf of myself and crew, seven in number, to return our grateful thanks to Almighty God for his great blessings, by attending the services in Sans-street Chapel during the last nine days; for all are safe and sound conversions to God: and we can now all rejoice in the God of our salvation.

"As we are ready to sail, we desire the prayers of the congregation on our behalf, that we may have a richer and fuller blessing during our passage home to Southampton. I am, sir, by the grace of God,

"Your humble servant,
"Thomas Harris, Master,
"On behalf of myself and crew."

Many have walked miles, after completing their day's labor, to attend these services. Said one of the ministers to me, "Here is a young man who has come six miles to get religion; and

now the Lord has pardoned his sins, and made him very happy." There stood the pale-faced young man with heaven in his countenance. Doubtless he would have felt himself well repaid, as he walked that night to his distant home, had it been ten times more distant. He was a pitman.

Many other pitmen have attended. I heard of one who walked eight miles to attend one of the recent services. Ere he returned, he received the grace which he sought. With joy unspeakable, from a divine consciousness that his name was written in heaven, he reached his humble home. In a few days from the time that the Spirit witnessed so graciously to his heart of his adoption; the call came, "Child, come home!" and his newly saved spirit entered the eternal city for which he had so recently received a title, and of which, from the time of his conversion, he was continually talking.

Several pious pitmen have come and sought to be endued with that power from on high with which He who baptizeth "with the Holy Ghost and with fire" would fain now endue all his disciples. With lips touched with a live coal from heaven's altar, and with hearts in sympathy with Jesus, in that love that moved him to die for sinners, they have returned, to speak, as the Spirit gave utterance, to their unsaved friends. And how many of these rayless minds and dark homes have, through these humble agencies, been enlightened, eternity alone will reveal. In connection with this subject, I will transcribe a note which lies before me, given to Dr. P____ at one of the afternoon meetings. It reads thus:--

"An influential coal-owner, residing about ten miles distant, stated this morning that the revival movement was operating in a most wonderful manner in the district with which he is connected. He said solemnly, that upwards of four hundred of his pitmen had been brought to Christ. Glory be to God!"*

[*Several months after this remarkable visitation of the Spirit, a distressing disaster occurred in the mining district where these newly converted pitmen were engaged in their hardy toil. By an explosion in the mine, many were suddenly called from time to eternity. Some of the converted pitmen, who, though victims of the fatal disaster, were not instantly killed, bore noble testimony, to the last, of the power of grace to give victory over death, hell, and the grave.]

Among the many who yielded to the Spirit's constraining influence, and hastened to the altar of prayer an evening or two since, I noticed a lady whose attention seemed entirely absorbed with the Spirit's internal revealings. Her grief was not convulsive, as with some others; but the fact that she was a sinner, and her name not written in the book of life, was so engrossing, that the outward world appeared wholly excluded from her mental vision. In our address that evening, we had quoted the passage, "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." -- Rev. xx. 15. This arrow of truth from the Almighty's quiver had penetrated her heart to its deepest recesses, and she could look at nothing else. As I knelt before her, and would fain have directed her eye to the Saviour, she looked not heavenward, neither did she for a few moments seem to heed my words, but only exclaimed, "Oh, my name is not written in the book of life!" When I tried to tell her how, through faith in the atoning sacrifice, she might see her name written in heaven, she despairingly cried, "I cannot see it, I cannot see it!" Soon the Altogether Lovely lifted up the light of his countenance; and,

when the Holy Spirit revealed Christ to the vision of her soul, she exclaimed, "I see it now, I see it now!" Seldom have I witnessed a more happy convert than this.

That evening the crowd in the chapel was so dense as well-nigh to preclude the possibility of many who might wish to present themselves as seekers of salvation from doing so; and when it was announced to the lady just referred to that her husband also had been converted in the midst of the congregation, it did seem as if her new-born spirit would well-nigh have taken wing

"From Calvary to Zion's height."

One morning, as Dr. P_____ was walking out, he met an interesting young man, whom he had seen at the chapel: he was one whom I had personally addressed in regard to the interests of his soul. "I have made up my mind," said he. "Made up your mind to what?" asked Dr. P_____. He then expressed his resolve to seek the Lord with all his heart, and said he was fully decided that he would that night come out as a seeker of salvation by presenting himself at the altar of prayer. "So resolved am I on this, and lest I should fail, that I am telling everybody I meet." Scarcely was the invitation given for those who desired to find Jesus to come forward, and openly acknowledge their need of salvation, before that young man manifested the firmness of his purpose by kneeling before that assembled multitude as a seeker. It surely does not take our Saviour longer to receive disciples now than in the days of his incarnation. "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my father and his holy angels." But it is the Spirit alone that can take of the things of God, and reveal them to the waiting soul. He does not come to testify of himself; but, when the trusting sinner openly acknowledges the Saviour, how quickly does the Spirit take of the things of God and reveal them to the seeking Saviour and the seeking sinner meet. It did not take Jesus longer to save this sinner than to save the jailer, who, with his whole house, were saved in less than an hour.

A characteristic of the revival here, as also at Newcastle, is the energizing influence which those who are newly blessed receive to work for God, in trying to save others. "Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way Shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." On this principle we may, through grace, confidently expect that the day of eternity will reveal that a multitude of sins have been covered as the result of this visitation. To human observation, the work seems only to have been bounded by the want of accommodation to meet the ever-occurring emergencies. I will instance: When the invitation was first given, the communion-rail, accommodating about forty persons, was filled. Then benches were placed before the communion-rail. Still the accommodation for seekers was insufficient. Next a large square singing pew, fronting the pulpit, was in demand. This threw Dr. P_____, and others taking a leading part in the ordering of the battle, quite out into the congregation. The singing pew being filled, one of the smaller vestries was then called for, then another, and still another, till every available place was in demand.

Though the work among children did not excite so much attention as in Newcastle, yet many were saved. Over one hundred children were enabled to testify to the pardoning love of Jesus. Some may think of the conversion of children as a small matter, and he who labors specifically in their conversion may not have his name blazoned largely on the archives of time

as mighty in pious achievement; but will not this matter, viewed in the light of eternity, assume an aspect greatly important, when the fire shall reveal every man's work of what sort it is? Imagine that Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Paine, or any other infidel writer, whose works have leavened thousands of minds with infidel principles, had been converted in childhood. What a multitude of sins might have been covered, and how many already lost spirits might have been saved! Yet, had this in fact been the case, doubtless some would have said, "Only a child has been converted!"

Not a few of the children converted here, as in Newcastle, have manifested the fruits of the Spirit in a marked manner. Seldom, if ever, have I listened to such words in prayer -- words so clothed with the might of the Spirit as have fallen from the lips of some of these converted children. Such prayers could not have been presented but, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Neither are these newly saved children willing to eat their morsel alone any more than the truly converted of more mature age.

Rev. Robert Young has been giving us an incident illustrative of this. Several of the children who tasted of the joys of pardoning grace when we were at Newcastle had assembled at the house of the parents of one of the boys. So powerful were the constrainings of Jesus' love in their young hearts, that they felt they could not eat their morsel alone. The same principle that induced the Psalmist to cry out, "Oh! taste, and see that the Lord is good," constrained these youthful disciples to sally out into the street each one after his fellow. The meeting, which was commenced with less than a dozen, was thus increased to over twenty. What a manifestation does this furnish of the principle involved in the Saviour's command, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in," and if older disciples would, with like simplicity, individualize in obeying the Spirit's dictations, how soon might this revolted, redeemed world be constrained to accept the gospel invitation!

Several days ago, at the close of one of the afternoon services, a lady introduced me to her son, a young man of intellectual countenance, and noble, generous bearing. With moistened eyes she looked wistfully at me, as though she would have said, "Do say something to my loved one about the interests of his soul." The lady receded in a casual manner a little distance, and left her son standing by me. I understood the matter, but was surprised, on addressing the young man, to be met with the answer, "I have no desire for salvation." He listened to my affectionate expostulations with respectful attention, as I entreated him to ask the Father, in the name of Jesus, for the gift of the Holy Spirit to enlighten his mind, and show him his need of a Saviour. Two or three evenings after this, he presented himself at the altar of prayer. He acknowledged he was intellectually convinced of his need of salvation: "But," said he, "I cannot feel; I am not a penitent."

I asked him if the act of thus presenting himself among the seekers of salvation, before such a vast multitude, was not crossing to his natural feelings. This he acknowledged; and I assured him that the fact of his having been constrained to deny himself, and take up the cross, was of itself a manifestation of desire. He said he had been constrained to do it by a friend. But, whether so or otherwise, the constraint was doubtless through divine influence.

He afterwards voluntarily presented himself yet again as a seeker, and understandingly yielded himself up as a sinner to Jesus the Saviour. Still he had not received those sensible emotions of joy which he had been seeking as a sort of prerequisite, or as in absolute and immediate connection with discipleship. The fact was, that he stood there as the nobleman, demanding a sign or a wonder. We assured him again and again, that the requirements of grace were unalterable, and that God was teaching him lessons in faith, which he would be required in turn to teach to others. "The just shall live by faith."

"What, then, shall I do?"

"Go to work; and, as you have given yourself up to God, act on the principle that you belong to God," and then the joy of Christ and angels shall be yours. It was the joy of Christ to do the will of his Father, and bring many sons to glory. It is the joy of angels to see sinners repenting." A lovely Christian lady standing by, who had been endeavoring to instruct him in the way of faith, said, "There, did I not tell you so?" He left the altar of prayer with a trembling though not joyous faith. His subsequent experience was so quickly and beautifully illustrative of what should be the character, and may be the development, of every Christian's joy, that, could we see a like testing of the same principles on the part of every Christian, we might soon see the entire of this redeemed world in a flame of revival.

Go to work for God. As you have given yourself to God, act on the principle that you do belong to God. This was the advice we had given. And now behold the result! Very early the next morning, ere Nature had withdrawn the curtain of night from a sleeping world, this newly received disciple arose, and wrote to a gay young gentleman residing in this town. A letter of several pages told the longing solicitude of his new-born soul for the companion of his former worldly pleasures. His friend did not receive the letter till noon of the day it was written. Every sentence was as a barbed arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The young man came to the chapel in the afternoon, so deeply wounded in spirit that his tears and sighs were indeed most mournfully affecting. On presenting himself among many other seekers of salvation at the altar of prayer, in the evening, his brother soon followed him; then a beloved sister; and all three were enabled to yield themselves up fully to the Saviour of sinners, and left the chapel rejoicing. This was followed by the salvation of another the succeeding evening. Thus, within perhaps forty-eight hours after this young man of trembling faith had commenced his career of discipleship, four had been blessed through his agency.

I might record other instances of similar interest. It is difficult to pause, so many things occur to the memory which would delight you. We have been engaged in revivals for a series of years; but never do we remember to have seen such an extraordinary visitation of the Spirit as this. Afternoon and evening meetings have been held as in Newcastle.

Both ministers and people have been disposed to sacrifice that which cost them something, as workers together with God in saving the lost. Day after day, during the whole time, the afternoon meetings have been attended by hundreds: not only ministers, but men of business, have given up their time largely, many of them spending at least seven hours daily in the chapel, besides much time and expense necessarily involved in connection with this visitation in its various bearings.

Tea has been provided in the vestry of the chapel, which, for liberality and true Christian courtesy, reminds one of those days of primitive simplicity and power, when the all-controlling principle of love was so predominant over selfish nature, that "neither said any of them that aught of the things he possessed was his own." The privilege of providing tea, we were informed, has actually been coveted not only by those belonging to the Wesleyans, but by persons of other denominations. A lady of the Church of England claimed the privilege of providing for our last tea-meeting. Bounteous provision was made, of which one hundred and thirty-two partook; and still there was enough and to spare. A gentleman of independent means -- who from the commencement of these meetings has been among us as one that serveth, and has also disbursed not scantily from his own purse -- informs us that he has taken note of sixteen hundred and ninety meals being taken at the Chapel.

It is estimated that nearly three thousand are present at the evening services, and many go away for want of room. But the best of all is, God is with us, and wonderful have been his manifestations of awakening and saving power. The revival is taking hold on persons of all classes, -- men of business of every grade; and, more recently, a most interesting class of young men. Every one saved would seem to be a guaranty for the salvation of others. Each man is disposed to be after his man, and yet more effectively is this being done. With every passing hour the flame of burning zeal seems to be rising. Many of the high and low, rich and poor, have been gathered in. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, the merchant and his clerks, the lady and her servants, have knelt at the same altar of prayer, and have been made partakers of like precious faith. If the prince of this world does not muster his forces to withstand the progress of this work, it will only be because He who is stronger than the strong man armed has so weakened his kingdom as to render futile his attempts. One man was converted, who, by general consent of the community, seems to have received the palm for uproarious and mischievous sin. Seldom did he return to his home but in a state of intoxication. On entering his house on the night of his conversion, he said to his servant Mary, "Never will you again see your master come home intoxicated. You have a new master now." We are informed that this man literally wet his pillow nightly with tears of humble, holy joy.

Another penitent, newly converted, as he rose from his knees, lifting both hands exclaimed, "How wonderful! I have been a follower of Tom Paine, a gambler, and a drunkard; but I have now found salvation." After the close of one of the afternoon meetings, a new convert took me to three penitents who had, side by side, been seeking the Lord sorrowing. While I was directing one, all three inquirers listened, and all three were simultaneously, born into the kingdom, and left the chapel rejoicing. One who was by profession a play-actor was among the converted. Another, we are told, who was the proprietor, and also one of the actors, of a traveling circus, was among the saved. Several of the managers of the Sunderland Commercial Quadrille Party were also among the saved. A circular containing the printed rules, etc., of this party for 1859-60, lies now before me. It was handed over by one of the managers recently converted.

A young lady whose musical ability gave her a leading position in the Glee Club of Sunderland was among the newly saved. She stood announced before the public to take a leading part in a forthcoming concert; but the evening announced found her a new creature in Christ

Jesus, and her heart and lips sweetly attuned to the songs of Zion. The concert was indefinitely postponed; she being the head glee-singer, and her place not easily filled.

You have expressed a desire that you might, if but for a short time, mingle with us during this blessed visitation. Would that, on the wing of desire, you might alight among us on some occasion when the congregation unite in singing the song of the blood-washed around the throne! --

"Glory to the Lamb!
For I have overcome
Through the blood of the Lamb!"

Oh! could you hear the hundreds of newly attuned hearts in blissful chorus, blending, as with one voice, in the song of the redeemed, you would, I am sure, feel with us as though the veil of mortality were well-nigh uplifted, and the redeemed company of heaven and earth were one. And is it not indeed so? Surely --

"One family we dwell in Him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death."

Yes: the saved family of heaven and earth are one in song. The Revelator assures us that none could join the song of the blood-washed in heaven but those who had learned it on earth. It was called a new song, because it was never sung in the upper world until some of our redeemed race, washed in the blood of the Lamb, entered by the new and living way through the gates into the city. And now the redeemed of earth and the redeemed of heaven may unite in singing, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, -- to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!"

The meetings have, with some carefulness, been brought to a close at ten o'clock, leaving all who may wish an opportunity to retire at once; but hundreds linger, unwilling to leave the place so hallowed by the saving presence of Christ. On such occasions we have sung some "Revival Melodies," such as have been sung by thousands during the gracious revival in America and Ireland. One of these, --

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?" --

with the chorus, --

"Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world;
For we all have the cross to bear:
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine

When we have the crown to wear!" --

gained so much favor among our Sunderland friends, as to become a favorite air with the community, to such a degree that it is often heard in the streets. Especially did its inspiring strains peal on the evening air, as the worshippers of Sans-street Chapel were nightly dispersing to their homes.

Said a French politician, "Let me make the songs for the people, and I will rule their politics." The Wesleys felt the force of this principle, and, resolving not to be outdone by the children of this world, encouraged the use of the beautifully pathetic and lively spiritual songs.

Nov. 5, 1859

Here I am, sitting in an apartment in the chapel which our endeared friends have prepared with lounge, carpet, etc., for our accommodation. Our time is spent much the same as when at Newcastle.

We are almost literally abiding in the house of the Lord. If our friends were not in every way considerate, we should not be able to endure. We try not to see more company in the morning than we can avoid; but, though this is our arrangement, we have often company at breakfast and dinner.

At quarter before three, the carriage comes to take us to the chapel; and there we remain till ten o'clock in the evening. We take tea in the vestry. The arrangements are, to our conceptions, in the beauty of holiness. Ladies seem to vie with each other which may have the privilege of furnishing provision for the multitude. But I do not say quite right in according this to the ladies of the church only; for the gentlemen are quite as much interested in rendering services of every sort connected with this tea-meeting. The average number taking tea is about one hundred.

This they call taking tea with us. So you see, though not permitted to extend hospitalities at our own dear home, we have the privilege to invite whom we please to partake hospitalities furnished for us. Our English friends have facilities for furnishing entertainments of this kind which are not much known among our American Methodists. I cannot speak with entire certainty; but I presume, in all chapels connected with Wesleyan Methodism, they have facilities for entertainments of this kind. A "chapel-keeper," with his family, are provided with accommodations, which are all in connection with the chapel. Crockery and cooking apparatus are always kept on hand. On all occasions, such as quarterly conference, etc., tea is provided in the vestry.

The circumstances by which I am surrounded just now are so peculiar, that I have been wishing that our dear ones at home could take a glance at these glorious scenes now transpiring in our fatherland. So with pen and ink I will draw a hasty sketch.

Our conveyance, by mistake, came this afternoon a half-hour too early. On coming up to the vestry-door, we find it densely filled, and all the avenues leading to it crowded. The steps and

sidewalk are filled, and the people standing out to the middle of the street. And what the occasion? It is this: Hundreds have, within the past nineteen days, been brought to Jesus. This is the day for the administration of the Lord's Supper.

Last evening, it was announced that all who had newly partaken of the love of Jesus might have the privilege of partaking of the ordinance this afternoon by coming to the vestry, where they would find ministers in attendance to give them notes of admission. Do you wonder that I am affected to tears at the sight? I ask Dr. P_____ to go down into the vestry to see whether he may not assist in handing the notes of admission. He returns, and assures me that the pressure will not admit of giving notes. The superintendent minister waits, and, as the crowd passes one by one before him, says, "Do you enjoy peace with God?" An answer in the affirmative is the passport; and the newly-received disciple enters in, and is permitted, with his elder brethren, to partake of the memorials of his Saviour's sufferings.

Scarcely do I know how to commence a recital of the wonderful goodness of God to us here. You will remember the promise the Lord gave me the first day we landed on the shores of Britain. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Beyond even what we could have conceived, God is fulfilling his promise. Such a work as has been going on in Sunderland exceeds any thing we have before known. Our hearts are ever ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.

"Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought
And righteous act is thine."

The work has continued to rise with steadily increasing flame, till now the entire community seem ready to acknowledge its power. Sunderland is a seaport town of about one hundred thousand inhabitants.

We came, thinking we could not possibly remain over two weeks, in view of other many and most pressing calls. But so gloriously has God wrought, that at the end of our proposed time, when waited upon by a committee importuning us to stay, we dared not leave, Another week passed, and we were officially waited on again and again: we were constrained to remain a little longer. How could we leave when the Lord was saving the people by scores daily? During the time we have been here, the secretaries of the meeting have recorded the names of over two thousand who have received the blessing of pardon or purity. Surely from this time it shall be said, "What hath God wrought!"

The official report of the number saved will doubtless be handed us at Newcastle, when we may give you particulars.

Nov. 19

Thirty-five days since we came to Sunderland. Last night we closed our labors. It was a season of affecting interest. We could scarcely have felt it our duty to leave in the midst of such

an extraordinary work of the Holy Spirit, had it not been for other pressing engagements, and our health also positively demanding a short respite. From the commencement of the work, it has been rapidly gathering in interest till last night, when it exceeded any former period. Not that there were more forward for prayer. The dense crowd precluded as ready an egress from the pews and the gallery on the part of the convicted; yet over sixty names were added to the newly blessed. But We trust many more of that solemn assembly will have cause to remember, long as eternity endures, this eventful occasion. Many more doubtless would have been brought but for the multitude crowding the aisles.

The nearness of Christ to save was gloriously manifest. To our own perceptions, the place seemed to shine with the glory of God; and we are prone to believe there was not one in that vast assembly but felt the mellowing, constraining influence of the divine presence.

Here, as elsewhere we have labored, we have enjoyed much satisfaction in our efforts in connection with the beloved ministry. Everywhere we have found them affectionately ready to strengthen our hands in the Lord. Were it not for the indefatigable and efficient aid we have received from the dear and honored ministry of the Wesleyan Church, our efforts had surely not come to such a favorable issue. Our design has never been to work aside from the ministry and membership of any church, but only under God, as laborers together with them. Just before the close of the meeting, Rev. Lambert, superintendent of this circuit, gave the people permission to testify their gratitude for this blessed visitation of the Spirit, etc., by rising, and lifting the right hand. We did not observe one in all that vast assembly but in less than one minute was on his feet, with the right hand uplifted. Dr. P____, in a subsequent address, said, that, as he could not expect many of our Sunderland friends to visit him at his New York home, he would extend an invitation to all to visit him in his heavenly mansion, which, he felt assured, Jesus was now preparing for him. He then asked that all who would accept his invitation, and promise to meet him at the close of life's labors in his heavenly home, would signify it by rising; when well-nigh every person in the house was again standing.

"Oh! what a glorious company
When saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet."

What a blessed world will that be where parting words and looks will no more be exchanged! It was near midnight before we retired to our pillow, after taking the parting hand with many beloved ones, hundreds of whom had, within the past thirty-five days, been born into the kingdom of grace.

Today we leave for Newcastle, in expectation of spending a part of the coming week at the country residence of our esteemed friend, E. Brainbridge. On Sabbath following, D. V., we shall hope to meet an engagement made some time since with our North Shields friends.

* * * * *

North Shields, Mr. Wesley's Study

Yes, here we are in Mr. Wesley's study! The door by which we enter is cracked with age; and though but a few months since painted, still the imprints made by the fingers of hoary Time are ineffaceable. And thus it may be said of the thick casings of the window-panes out of which I have just been gazing. The homely grate, filled with the bright burning coals which are now warming us on this winter's day, is the same by which the venerable John Wesley sat while penning many of the blessed effusions of his sanctified heart. The little closet from which I have taken my portfolio is doubtless the place where, for many successive years, were treasured his books and papers and writings, which have gone forth to bless thousands of every succeeding generation, down to the end of time.

And here in this place, hallowed by so many precious associations, I have just been bowing my knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thanking him for the pure principles of that blessed form of Christianity denominated Methodism, and yielding up myself afresh in the eternal and unconditional surrender to the God of our fathers.

Relics are around me of surprising interest to one who, from early life, has learned to venerate and love the memory of the pioneers of a sect raised up to spread scriptural holiness through these lands. Lying before me is a manuscript sermon of Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madley, and the dearly cherished friend of the Wesleys. Here it is as written and corrected by his own hand.

It bears the marks of extreme age, and probably was written during the early years of his ministry. It seems not to have been written for publication, as it deals in homely truths, perhaps peculiarly suited only to his own flock over whom the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. The text on which the sermon is founded is Luke vii. 42, 43: "And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which will love him most. Simon answered, and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged." This relic of precious value has been given to Dr. P____. by our kind hostess, the lady of Solomon Mease, in whose possession it has been for some time.

Another relic of equal interest, which has also been presented to us by the same lady, is the identical Testament used for a series of years by Mrs. Mary Fletcher. It doubtless was the companion of her closet and also more public ministrations, if we may judge by the many and copious markings of her own pen in every part of this time-worn book. It seems evidently to have been the companion of Mr. Fletcher's closet devotions, till the period of his death, before falling into the hands of Mrs. Fletcher. The name John Fletcher Madley, written with his own hand at an earlier date, precedes the writing of Mrs. Fletcher. The words which follow, written after the book had become the companion of Mrs. Fletcher, and subsequent to the decease of her illustrious husband, are characteristic of this eminently Christian lady: "Stand to my will, and thou shalt suffer no detriment." During the years of Mrs. Fletcher's lonely widowhood, this book, we may judge, was the chosen companion of her heart. Here she communed with Him who hath said, "Thy Maker is thy husband," and to whose will she ever stood firm till life's latest hour.

And yet another relic of interest is an ancient copy of Wesley's Hymns, used by Mr. Fletcher. It is in a state of "excellent preservation, although near a century old. If we may judge of the pains taken to keep it in his possession, he prized it truly. In four places on the cover, his initials are burned in. On the inside of the cover, his name, in his own handwriting, stands recorded three times. I open one of the lids of this antiquated book, where those fingers, so long moldering in the dust, have traced thus:--

"Pray do not keep this book from the owner,
John Fletcher, Madley

"If he should drop or leave it anywhere, or lend it, pray be so kind as to return it to him; and you will do as you would be done to."

How precious is the memory of the just! I might speak of other interesting memorials of venerated ones, who, though dead, still speak.

The little study from which my letter is dated was built on the roof of the Orphan House in Newcastle, and occupied by Mr. Wesley during his repeated visits to these regions. If you will turn to his journals, you will find some interesting reminiscences of this place. A few years since, the Orphan House being rebuilt, this interesting relic, after exchanging owners, was removed to the beautiful grounds of Solomon Mease, of Cleaveland House, North Shields.

Dec. 24, 1859

We need not repeat that the nature of the work in which we are engaged is various in its demands, and necessarily engrossing. Our hearts are filled with constraining praise. "And again they said, Alleluiah!" Yes, "Alleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad, and rejoice, and give honor to him." Surely the Bride is making herself ready for the marriage of the Lamb!

We take no honor to ourselves, as the Lord knoweth, in regard to this wondrous work, which now, as a rapid flame, is spreading from place to place over the north of England. The Church, in obedience to the call of the Bridegroom, is being induced to rise, and put on her strength. Holiness is her strength, or, in other words, the baptism of fire. We have no hope for an extension of this work on any other principle than that on which it has commenced. It began with the reception of the baptism of the Holy Ghost on the part of the Church. Thus newly energized men and women, whose talents had before been dormant, became valiant in holy warfare. Each were after their friends and neighbors. Burning words of entreaty, such as could not fall from other than Spirit-baptized lips, fell upon the ears of the careless multitude. Formal professors were aroused; utter neglecters of salvation, some of whom had not attended any place of worship for years, have been searched out. We have heard of some resisters of truth who have been pricked to the heart, who, for desperate hardness, could not, we imagine, have been exceeded by the murderers of our Lord, who were listeners to the early disciples when the tongue of fire fell upon them, and all spake as the Spirit gave utterance. What is this but a revival of the ancient Pentecostal flame, and that flame of which the holy seer Isaiah, in connection with the establishment of Christ's kingdom, so graphically prophesied, when he said, "For every battle of

the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning, and fuel of fire"? (Isa. ix. 5.)

Surely He who was born in Bethlehem's manger, whose name is Wonderful, is now, as the Mighty God, doing wonders. The aggregate of the numbers blessed cannot be correctly estimated. Up to this time, the secretaries of the various meetings we have attended have received the names of four thousand three hundred and forty-five persons who have presented themselves as seekers, and professed to obtain the blessing sought. Those thus presenting themselves are not only from various congregations and remote regions, but it is not unusual for persons who have been under various sectarian influences, who thus far seem not disposed to separate from the religious associations with which they have been accustomed to mingle, to carry the new-caught flame to their own circle. Occasionally we hear of departures from this, but only under constraints, which, to those who love the truth, would seem imperative. I will instance. A reputable gentleman, belonging to a denomination whose doctrinal tenets repudiate the belief of salvation from sin in the present life, came to our services. On the succeeding Sabbath morning, his pastor, who had also been at one of the afternoon meetings, and heard us speak of the believer's privilege in this regard, took upon himself to caricature the subject. This was more than the gentleman, whose heart had been touched with the sacredness of the subject, could endure. He resolved on the afternoon of the same day to go again to the Wesleyan Chapel, and hear for himself.

He came, and with many others sought and obtained the witness of full salvation. The glaring offense against truth, on the part of his pastor, caused him to be settled in his convictions at once, that he must not give the influence of his name or example any longer to a church that would not recognize the necessity of the full baptism of the Holy Ghost as the present duty of all believers. That afternoon he signified his wish to the secretary of the meeting that his name should stand recorded among the Wesleyans.

We might mention the names of two other ministers at different places, who, pursuing a course calculated to throw dishonor on the work, preached away their congregations to such a degree, that they subsequently ministered to well-nigh empty walls. Wherever this course of opposition has prevailed, it has invariably tended to augment our numbers: but, where it has not been pursued, it has spread energizing influences, which have become general over the religious community; and the number of communicants of various religious sects has been much increased.

Here, in North Shields, the work has become general as at other places. A notice in the "watchman" of Dec. 12, as given by the superintendent of this circuit, Rev. T. Brummell, after we had been here about two weeks, will give you a glance at the character and magnitude of the work:--

"The revival services which we held during the past week have been attended by very large numbers of persons. The chapel has been crowded to excess, and many were unable to find standing-room. The beneficial results have far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Hundreds of anxious inquirers, of various ages, and belonging to different congregations, have

given in their names as having found peace with God, and are giving evidence in their character and labors that they have been renewed by the power of God.

"Many of the officers and members of our own societies have been greatly quickened, and are now evidently ' full of faith and the Holy Ghost.' Our esteemed friends Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have consented to remain with us another week."

We informed the friends on coming here, that, in view of other pressing calls, we could not remain over two weeks; but so evident and extensive were the mighty workings of the Holy Spirit, that we dared not do otherwise than yield to the request to stay another week.

We informed the committee that waited upon us, composed of ministers, and members of the official board, that if one hundred would pledge themselves to bring one daily, and make that one a subject of special prayer with accompanying labor during the process of the week, each day enlisting yet another volunteer in the service of Jesus, we right then feel it our duty to remain. That evening the question was proposed, and it was estimated that the number pledging themselves quite exceeded one hundred.

This band worked valiantly. Though a deep snow had fallen, and the weather was unusually cold, it did not prevent this noble company of volunteers from permeating the place. People of all classes were visited at their homes, and others spoken to in regard to the interests of their souls along the streets. One Christian brother from a town several miles distant, who had come to participate in the work, pledged as one of the honorable hundred. He hid left his business, though not a man of large means; yet, having food and raiment for himself and family, he was willing to forego for a time his daily earnings in order to help forward the glorious battle.

Others also came from Newcastle and Sunderland; and, to meet the exigency, extra trains were repeatedly run. Thus were the hosts of God's Israel marshaled for the work; each one willing to sacrifice that which cost him something in time, ease, and estate. Surely these were manifestations, which, in the eye of God, angels, and men, were befitting the dignity of the subject. One soul outweighs the wealth of the world. Such is the estimate set upon it by the world's Redeemer. He who hath purchased the soul with his own precious blood knows its value. Who, bearing the name of Christian, can contemplate any sacrifice in purse, time, ease, or reputation, as too much, in view of the example of Him who sat weary at Jacob's well, expending, as we may imagine, an hour in converse with one solitary woman about her soul's interest, -- "who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich"? The foundation of the Christian religion is laid in sacrifice. The Father gave his Son, who, from all eternity, dwelt in his bosom. The Son left the throne of his glory, and came to earth in the form of a servant. As our Exemplar, he lived a life of toil and sacrifice, enduring the contradiction of sinners, despising the shame, and suffering the agonies, of the cross. In his vicarious death, we may not follow him. In his life, we must be followers of him as dear children; otherwise we are only in name his disciples. It is therefore the beloved Summerfield said, "Any man that would not be willing to circumnavigate the globe for the purpose of saving one soul is unworthy the name of Christian."

It was indeed most refreshing to see the workings of this noble company of over one hundred. When we witnessed the indomitable zeal of some of these, and saw not only strong young men, and others more advanced in age, but delicate, refined young ladies, who had, as tender plants, been cherished, unexposed to wintry blasts, wending their way amid storm and cold unharmed; while others more accustomed to endurance, yet seemingly less sacrificing by way of redeeming their pledge to work daffy in order to insure one more soul for Jesus, were less successful in resisting the severities of the weather, -- my mind was impressed with the conviction that there might be divine and most admonitory teachings in what seemed to be a mere casualty. A special work, if undertaken and pursued under divine guidance, insures special protection. The God of providence is the God of all grace; and those who, in exemplification of the mind of" the Saviour, are willing to sacrifice that which costs them something, proportionately as they do thus, evidence to the world that they at heart believe what they profess; that is, that the interests of the soul immeasurably outweigh all human considerations. And when such practical manifestations of the Spirit's power become common, such revivals as we are witnessing will become general, and the foundation of Satan's kingdom will tremble. As illustrative of this, let me say, we had heard, from the first of our coming to this town, that the proprietor of the town theater felt himself exceedingly annoyed. The revival having become the leading topic of the place, the crowd had turned away from his nursery of vice to the chapel, and he had been compelled to keep his doors closed. He had been anticipating our departure in two weeks, and then, doubtless, hoped that the tide would turn again in his favor.

You may conceive Ms dismay when he found we had concluded to remain yet another week. He vented wrathful and threatening words, said we had almost ruined him already, and, if we remained another week, it would be utterly ruinous to his interests. One of his singular threats was, that he would put up a placard on his closed doors, announcing that the performances of the evening would be at the Wesleyan Chapel. If he had carried out his threat, it were surely only to his greater damage. Somewhat similar were the ventings of others who kept establishments calculated to promote the cause of sin. Referring to our longer stay, said an angry keeper of a beer-shop, who resided in a region where a number of carpenters were employed, "I think Dr. and Mrs. Palmer might so much as let the carpenter-boys alone: before they came, I used to run off about half a barrel of beer every night; now I scarcely draw off a quart."

We trust that not only the dwellings of the poor and the middle classes of the community were made subjects of special visitation by the vigilant committee of one hundred; otherwise the members of the band could not have been wholly faithful to the responsibilities involved in the pledge, which required that every one should "work over against his own house," as when the walls of Jerusalem were reared. Some who composed the members of this band were men of wealth, whose position in the community would demand that they should seek out the careless men of wealth,

"Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Are quite unfurnished for the world to come."

Few are more to be pitied than these. Men of wealth and position we have in most churches. These, by virtue of their station, have a work to do, which those of lower worldly position cannot so well reach. But, alas! how few rich men are willing to be answerable to the

responsibilities of their position, and in faithfulness remind their neighbors, rolling in luxury and ease, of the necessity of living in preparation for eternity, in view of the shortness of time and the reckonings of the last day!

But our minds will ever recur with satisfaction to some men of true nobility of mind and position, who did not, as the nobles of ancient time of the Tekoites, refuse to put their necks to the yoke. We will leave these assured that their record is on high. But we cannot forget a poor man we saw, who appeared as though he had now performed his toilet after any fashion for many days. He looked as though he might have been dug up from the dregs of society, and all that was good and manly had been long buried under the rubbish of sin. He did not present himself in front of the communion-rail: of this, doubtless, he was ashamed, on account of his general untidiness. I went to him as he knelt in the rear of the pulpit, and tried to point him to the compassionate Saviour, who came to seek and to save the lost. But his mind was so absorbed with visions of his own utter vileness, that my effort to point him to the Saviour of lost men seemed for some time to be wholly fruitless. I at last succeeded in getting his mind off from himself by telling him, if there was one sinner in the house nearer perdition than another, that was the identical one on whom the eye of the Saviour was at that moment most compassionately fixed: for the Saviour of sinners came to seek and to save the lost; and the more hopeless his condition, the more intensely was the loving eye of the Saviour fixed on him. After some moments had passed thus, I turned from him, and, while endeavoring to lead the penitent inquirer kneeling next to him to the Saviour, I heard such affecting utterances of humble confession and prayer from the lowly man I had just left, as surprised me. Surely, amid all the devastations of sin on the outward man, there were indications that the Spirit was at work in transforming influences within. He was pouring out such intercessions for himself, and those who had befriended him in his lowly condition, as could only have been inspired by the inworking Spirit helping his infirmities. From that time, I marked the progress of this humble man; and the recital would form a chapter for the annals of the poor, of exceeding interest. He was only seeing men as trees walking, as he left the first evening; but he soon saw all things clearly. For years he had not been in the habit of attending the means of grace. Neither is there any probability that he would ever have been induced to attend, had it not been through the repeated visits of the young lady who had resolved that she would take no denial. And now that he had been thus, through the persuasions of love, won over from the ranks of sin, he, in turn, began to be instant in season and out of season in searching out other neglecters of salvation. Through his persuasion, a man who had not been in a church for twenty years was induced to come; and our humble friend had the satisfaction of bringing him forward as a seeker of salvation. The wife of this latter man, who was lying ill, became also an object of spiritual interest with our humble friend. This woman was also made a partaker of saving grace, and soon after died in the Lord. Who can tell where the end may be of one thus brought over from the dominion of sin?

Persons who had been under various denominational influences were subjects of the work. An interesting gentleman, belonging to the society of Friends, was so joyously translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, that, to use his own words, "though he had known what happiness was before, he had, in fact, never known what real enjoyment was." A few sea-captains with their wives were subjects of the work. Two Norwegians, who were masters of vessels, were powerfully blessed. Neither of them was a sufficient adept in the English language

to be well understood; but both, by words and looks, demonstrated that the tongue of fire had fallen on them. Said one of these, as he was kneeling at the communion-rail, where showers of blessings had fallen on him, "How I should love to remain here all night!" One lady, who knelt as a seeker of the full baptism of the Spirit at one of the afternoon services, as she was returning to her home, called at the house of a friend, when the silver cord was suddenly loosed; and, in less than one hour from the time she was joining with us in the sanctuary in praises to the Lamb, she joined the bloodwashed company around the throne.

We witnessed some seasons of the extraordinary effusion of the Holy Spirit while here, such as would be difficult to describe. Especially was one of the afternoon meetings thus signalized. Isaiah lxii. had been read, and the remarks made had been mostly in reference to the importance of lifting up the standard for the people. The question was asked, "What is the Bible standard of religion?" We need not say how the question was disposed of. The responsibility involved in view of this Bible standard and the acknowledged Methodistic belief was then urged: many signified their resolve to come up at once to the standard, and to lift it up by making their experimental realization answerable to their known belief. There was a rush to the communion-rail: nearly all the brethren of the official board were present, and seemingly, with one accord, there was a simultaneous bowing of heart and soul, and yielding-up of the whole being to God through Christ. Many, we trust, bound their offerings unconditionally to the Lord's altar during that sacred, ever-memorable hour. And truly did the fire descend, and consume the sacrifice. We think there could not have been one present but felt that the place was hallowed to an extraordinary degree with the divine presence, and trust there were few of the disciples of Jesus but felt the Pentecostal flame penetrating their whole being. In connection with my own experience, I cannot forget that hour. I had been accustomed to try to help those surrounding the communion-rail, who were struggling to get over the bar of unbelief; but now my prostrate soul seemed so overawed by the sacred nearness of the High and Holy One, that the seal of silence was on my lips. Many will, in remembrance of that season of Pentecostal power, be constrained to say,

"Then did our prostrate souls adore
The Lord, he is the God confess,
He is the God of saving power,
He is the God of hallowing grace."

The pious and devoted heroism of several converts, from adjacent places where we had labored, exerted a most desirable influence on the newly converted young men of North Shields, who, in like manner, began to tell what great things God had done for them. Truly the might and wisdom with which some of these converts seemed inspired was most encouraging. Some are giving hopeful indications that they may ere long perform valiant service on the walls of Zion. Not a few of these have, within a few days after their conversion, sought and obtained the witness of purity; and, judging from the strength and intelligence of their piety, we cannot doubt they have received an endowment of power beyond the mass of ordinary professors. As the baptism received on the day of Pentecost constrained its recipients to burning utterance, so has it been in the case of some of these Spirit-baptized converts. One of them was by providential circumstances taken scores of miles from the place of his conversion. It was Sabbath, and we know not there was any one in the place of worship which he attended who knew of his having

been brought out of darkness into God's marvelous light. But so strong were the constrainings of the Spirit within for the salvation of others, that he sent a messenger to the minister who had occupied the pulpit, to ask if he might address the congregation. Permission being granted, he went forward, and, standing within the communion-rail, poured forth such words of power in the ears of the people, that several young men were arrested by the Holy Spirit, and came forward for prayers. I might multiply instances, but time fails.

These surely are recordings with which the Father of Methodism would sympathize, were he permitted to mingle with the scenes of earth, and occupy this place, which has witnessed so many of his fervent aspirations for the revival of pure and undefiled religion.

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08 -- CHAPTER

East Jarrow, Jan. 2, 1860

On the 27th, we visited the old church at West Jarrow, called Bede's Church. It is described as one of the most remarkable of the ecclesiastical monuments of the land, and one of the very oldest in the kingdom. Though it has been rejuvenated, the western walls are known to have been standing, without a roof, in the times of William the Conqueror. These walls form at present the back part of the church; the addition having been added in front of the tower, leaving the tower, or belfry, in the center of the building. Here is the very same old bell that rang over twelve hundred years ago to call the monks to their devotions. At Jarrow, Tynemouth, and Wearmouth were large monasteries, and perhaps better monks than live in our day, though, no doubt, mistaken men. They attempted to make a passage under ground from here to Tynemouth, under the River Tyne, a distance of five miles, so as to assist each other, 'tis said, in case of invasion.

Here we also saw Bede's chair, eleven hundred years old; a rough piece of mechanism. The clergyman of the church said it was very much like the chair in which King Edward I. was crowned, now kept as a curiosity in the Tower of London.

This chair was supposed, by the papists to whom it be longed before the Reformation, to possess some peculiar charms that cured the sick. Much of it has been cut away by visitors, in little pieces, to wear round the neck, or to be put under the pillow at night.

There are two forms in the church, of black oak, with carved work at each end, said to be a thousand years old. The original tablet that was in front of this old edifice now hangs inside of the church.

The Venerable Bede, as he is called, was born in the year 673, and spent his life in the monastery of Jarrow, and is renowned as a learned man, a historian, and poet, and translated the Gospel of St. John for the use of the inmates of the monasteries of Jarrow, Wearmouth, and Tynemouth. This is thought to be the first translation of the Scriptures in England.

Jarrow is a little village on the suburbs of which is the pleasant country residence of our kind friend S. M____ We have entered upon the new year in the midst of manifold mercies.

What hath God wrought during the past twelve months! We look back with amazement. What multitudes have we witnessed in the valley of decision! The year began with seeing souls turning from darkness to light in our own dear America. The last evening of the expiring year was spent here in the Old World. Three thousand miles intervening between this and our former scenes of labor find us yet nearer to our blissful home in heaven, and engaged in similar endeavors in winning souls to Christ.

We came to this place feeling that a short respite was needful from more arduous labors, and believing that the Lord of the vineyard might have us gather some fruit. The cause of vital godliness here has been low. The Wesleyan society has numbered but twelve; but there were elements of power which God would have brought into action; or, in other words, there were seeds which had been vitalized by the prayer of faith, and watered with tears which have now come up in remembrance before God.

A pious young man, son of S. Mease, finished his earthly course here in the house in which I now write. He was a man of more than ordinary mental ability and scientific attainments. As he lingered on the borders of eternity, in the year 1857, he deplored the religious desolations of the place, and desired especially that a Wesleyan chapel should be reared in the village. His bereaved, devoted father was not slow in carrying out the wishes of his son; and now a neat church edifice, dedicated to the memory of the dear departed one, stands as the light of the village. And here, during the past eight days, scores of names have been enrolled by the secretaries, as having sought and found the pearl of great price. May every name ever stand enrolled in the Lamb's book of life! How wonderful are the ways of God! Being dead, this young man yet speaketh.

It was affecting to look upon the tablet placed over the chapel-door by which we entered, and think of what had been the prayerful longings for the salvation of the perishing in this place, of the interesting young man whose name is thus honorably perpetuated. If angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, how must his blood-washed spirit have mingled with us, and triumphed over the many saved during the past few days! It is sweet to think that

"All the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
One family we dwell in Him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death."

A local preacher, who sought and obtained the full baptism of the Holy Ghost soon after we commenced our labors in Newcastle, has been exceedingly helpful to the interests of the work in this place. At the Sunderland and North Shields revivals, he was also rendered remarkably serviceable. It is most manifest, in beholding such an embodiment of power, how one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

In view of this man's natural abilities or his social position, we see no reason why he should be more than any ordinary Christian man might be if alike filled with the Spirit. He is dependent, as a mechanic, on his business, for the support of himself and family, and has been afflicted with an affection of the heart, which, if the chidings of Nature were yielded to, might seem to forbid overexertion and excitement. But, from a letter we received since we left Jarrow, we learn that in neither body, mind, nor estate, has he been the loser by sacrificing that which cost him something in efforts to upbuild the walls of Zion. Since he received the baptism of fire himself, soon after the commencement of the revival in Newcastle, the Lord has blessed all his family in a remarkable manner: his wife has received a similar baptism of power with himself, and all his children have been converted. His home is about four miles distant from Newcastle, and he was in the habit of walking eight miles daily during the four or five weeks of our sojourn there. In connection with these journeyings, he has spoken to hundreds. It is difficult to refrain from copying largely from his letter now before me. I must content myself with some occasional extracts. He says, --

"After hearing one or two addresses on holiness at Newcastle, I felt the most vehement desire after an entire conformity to the image of Christ; and one afternoon, in Brunswick Chapel, the Lord came very nigh, and I felt such a sense of unworthiness and vileness as I cannot describe. I never saw sin to be so dreadful before; and, oh! what an agonizing sense of helplessness filled my whole being! I turned my eye of faith to the sinner's Friend; and, as I looked to his wounded side, I felt life revive within me. As I was repeating the words of the poet, --

'Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea;
For me the Saviour died,' --

I felt as if scales had fallen from my eyes; and I received such a view of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood, and of the almightiness of the Holy Spirit, that I felt power to believe. In that solemn hour, the Spirit of light and life entered my heart, and penetrated the entire depths of my being, making all things new. In the strength of grace, I began to employ the gift of power I had received from God in exhorting men to come to Jesus. The more I labored, the more power I felt to labor. I felt the true glory of going without the camp, bearing the reproach of Jesus. The Holy Spirit put forth such power in my heart, that sometimes it seemed to me as if a holy consuming fire had been kindled in my soul. I entered every open door to proclaim the sinner's Friend; and, with tears and entreaties, I tried to save poor souls, and snatch them from a yawning hell. I was permitted to see many kneeling at the altar of prayer with whom I had conversed.

"In going to Newcastle, I spoke with many more than to whom I gave tracts; and I gave away two hundred and fifty-eight in going from my house to Newcastle, It seems like a miracle when I consider the weak state of my health. The Lord did give strength. If you knew how my friends besought me not to kill myself; and my dear wife, how she would often plead with tears that I should desist, fearful that I should be brought home dead, you would see that I have had a great cross to lift. But I had taken it up, and my heart said, 'O Lord! thou knowest I have no time

just now to take care of self: thou wilt care for me; for, whether living or dying, I am thine.' And, now that the campaign is over, I am a better man in health than I have been for a long time. I feel as if the vigor of my youth had returned, and I am a wonder to many.

"The happy change in my family is truly grand. My second son, a youth of about eighteen, was the first of my family to come to the altar at Newcastle. The Lord blessed him most wonderfully; for he began at once to work in the blessed cause. He has already brought from eight to twelve young men to Jesus. I have known him, after he has induced a young man to come to the meeting, and the person has left the house of God before the service closed, to follow the person to the door, and lay hands upon him, and bring him back, where he has remained, and given his heart to God. Oh! what an earnest power seemed to be filling the heart of my son, as I said to him, 'What prompted you to go after that young man, and bring him back?' lie replied, 'I felt, if he did not give his heart to Jesus that night, as if he would be lost.'

"My youngest son, a boy of about fifteen, has brought several, from his own age to seventeen years, to decide for God. One night, when returning from a meeting of the Temperance Band of Hope with four or six other boys about his own age, they thought they must have a prayer-meeting before they parted. The hour was late: so they got into a hay-loft, and took two of their unconverted companions with them. Ere they parted, those two lads were brought to the Saviour. I shall not soon forget the gladness that filled his young heart, when he bounded into the house, and said, 'O mother! glory be to Jesus! He has saved two more boys of the band tonight? I did not at first interfere, fearful that I might check the exuberance of his joy; and so he and his mother for some time had the talk to themselves. I afterwards said, 'George, my son, just tell me how you went on with the lads.' 'Well, father, when we got into the loft, those of us who were converted prayed.' -- 'And what did you pray for?' 'We asked that the Lord would send his Holy Spirit more and more upon the lads? -- And how then?' -- 'Well, we went to them, and asked them if they would give their hearts to Jesus; and they said yes. Then we told them how happy we were, and how Jesus would receive them also.' -- 'Did you tell them any words out of God's book?' Oh, yes! we told them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and they should be saved; and, father, they did believe, and they were saved.'

"To the present time, these lads are giving all possible satisfaction of their conversion to God. Not only on my seven children has the Spirit been poured out, but on scores in this neighborhood and in the adjoining places. Some of the pious females in our society have been mighty in bringing sinners to God."

I might add much more of deep interest from the letter of this Spirit-baptized disciple, but must terrain. What might be the state of all our churches in less than a month, if all the disciples of Jesus should receive a like baptism of fire! God sends help; but he sends it out of Zion.

Today we leave East Jarrow, expecting on the morrow to leave England for Scotland.

* * * * *

Glasgow, Feb. 3, 1860

We are now in Glasgow, within five minutes' walk of the hill where Mary, Queen of Scots, suffered her last defeat, and was forced to fly to England for protection, and, putting herself in the power of Queen Elizabeth, was subsequently beheaded.

The Lord has permitted us to witness the defeat of the hosts of sin to a remarkable degree. We have been here a little over four weeks, and have not labored at any place where the results in view of eternity look more hopeful. The established religion, as you will remember, is the Church of Scotland. The opinion is quite general among both ministers and people, that it is possible for persons to be converted without knowing it, unmindful of the fact that all true believers "receive of that Spirit whereby they know the things freely given to them of God."

It is unpopular not to be a church-member. Almost any or every one maintaining any sort of position belongs to either the Established Church of Scotland or some other church, and partakes of the sacrament once a quarter.

I have just been conversing with an intelligent lady, who speaks of the exceeding injuriousness of this, inasmuch as it is a quietus, and conscience sleeps under the opiate of a religious profession; but as the ministers are not willing to baptize the children of those who are not church-members, and it is regarded as heathenish not to have children baptized, it becomes a sort of necessity to unite with the Church. Hence it is common for church members to know nothing experimentally about a change of heart.

With many it is thought presumptuous to speak of the knowledge of sins forgiven. Never have we labored at a place where the words of the Saviour might be urged with more peculiar appropriateness: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say Unto you, will seek to enter in, but shall not be able."

Many, I fear, who eat and drink in God's presence, that is, who partake of the sacrament, are strangers to the doctrine of conversion. We have never felt more inoperatively called to faithfulness than since we have been here, and have never seen more marked fruit of our labors; but I will not enter into particulars. The Lord has wrought marvelously in the upbuilding of Zion, and to his name alone be all the glory.

Says a Wesleyan author, "Wesleyan Methodism as an instrument for the conversion of sinners, and for the establishment thereby of a church of Christ, has made less progress in Scotland than in any other part of the world in which it has had the opportunity to make known its principles and exercise its power." The highest point that has ever been reached was in 1819, when the return of members to conference from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Scotland entire, was three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six. Since that period there has been a decrease of membership, and the number till now has been something less than three thousand. In fact, Methodist usages and doctrine seems never thirty to have obtained here.

Mr. Wesley writes concerning Methodism in Edinburgh, Thursday, June 17, 1779, "When Mr. Brakenbury preached the old Methodist doctrine, one of them said, 'You must not preach such doctrine here: the doctrine of Christian perfection is not calculated for the meridian of Edinburgh.' Waiving, then, all other hindrances, is it any wonder that the work of God has not prospered here?"

Doubtless it was the neglect of this, the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust, according to Wesley, that has been the greatest difficulty in the way of prosperity; and then our peculiar usages have not been carried out here as in England, and America.

We had been somewhat dissuaded from going to Scotland; but, having been most pressing and affectionately invited by the superintendent minister and official board to come, we consented. We were told that the people were cold, and slow to move, and so settled in doctrinal dogmas calculated to repel such efforts as we might put forth, that there were not the same probabilities of success as awaited us elsewhere; but we at once found open, loving hearts, and most willing hands.

The Church came up to the help of the Lord. Persons of all denominations attended largely. The Scotch, as a people, are theologians; and are remarkable for religious technicalities, and the strength of their prejudices. They are, as a nation, greater adepts in hair-splitting, and making a man an offender for a word, than any people I ever saw. For this they are famed.

A minister of an Independent congregation said to me, "I have got out of the woods, where I have been for years. My people told me yesterday that they had got a new minister." This minister was one of Dr. Chalmers' most favorite students. Though he lives three miles distant from the Wesleyan Church, he has attended many of the afternoon and evening meetings. We have been to dine with him. He expresses the most earnest appreciation of the doctrine of holiness, and would love to have us come and hold revival services in his church.

The city of Glasgow numbers over two hundred thousand inhabitants. It lies on both sides of the River Clyde, which we cross and re-cross daily. Here, as elsewhere, the Lord has taken care of us, giving us a pleasant home, situated on a beautiful hill a little distance out of the city.

Antiquities abound in these regions. We have been looking at a magnificent cathedral whose foundations were laid as early as 1124. The consecration of the edifice took place in 1136. It was very near being destroyed in the time of the Reformation. This cathedral has been the scene of many remarkable occurrences in connection with Church and State. Within its walls are the "crypts:" kings, queens, and nobles have been buried here, who lived centuries since.

The ashes or bones of these have, many of them, been removed recently, and indiscriminately buried in grounds contiguous to the cathedral. And thus ends human glory. Here persons have been martyred for their temerity in daring to question the infallibility of the Church of Rome.

In what is called "the choir" of the cathedral, in 1635 met an assembly comprising one hundred and forty ministers, ninety "ruling elders" (of whom seventeen were noblemen of high rank), nine knights, twenty-five landed proprietors, &c., making in all two hundred and forty persons, as a council, whose measures terminated in a civil war, which, in 1691, resulted in the establishment of the Presbyterian form of church government for Scotland.

The length, from east to west, of this cathedral, is three hundred and nineteen feet. Standing at the great western door, and casting the eye eastward, the view is magnificent. The lofty vault overhead, the lines of beautiful columns and arches on each hand, and the large, magnificent window that casts its light from behind the choir, contribute to produce an effect, which for worldly magnificence, I presume, has not often been exceeded.

Many persons of great worldly estate have here perpetuated their names by preparing themselves places where their earthly remains might rest among the honorable dead of this world. Verily, they have had their reward! But it is to be feared that few of these were earnest in their endeavors to prepare the deathless spirit for glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!!" Not many of the mighty, not many of the noble, are called.

Seldom have I had such a realization of the importance of the admonition, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupts" than at the present moment. We may indeed lay up for ourselves treasure now which we may enjoy after millions of ages have passed away. To be instrumental in the hands of God in turning many to righteousness is a consideration which infinitely outweighs all human conceptions of gain.

The Glasgow Necropolis is a beautifully ornamented cemetery, and is reached by a path running along the south wall of St. Mungo's Churchyard, which crosses the ravine of the Molindinar by a handsome bridge of one arch denominated the Bridge of Sighs. On the extreme summit of the hill, which is reached by a winding pathway, is the Doric column, with the statue of the stern reformer, John Knox. The square base is filled with inscriptions of great length on its four sides.

Feb. 6, 1860

We do not remember to have labored with more unmingled satisfaction at any place than here. Not but we may refer to some things, in connection with church usages, which seemed at first a little perplexing; yet even these were subsequently made subservient to the strengthening of our faith.

The most formidable of these was on beholding, as we entered the church the first evening, that there was no communion-rail, as is usual in English and American Methodist churches. Neither was there room where penitent-forms might be placed. How we should proceed in usual Methodistic form, in case there might be seekers as anticipated, we could not conceive. The surroundings of the high pulpit, instead of being such as are usual in Wesleyan chapels, presented a large, square singing-pew on a raised platform, where had stood the

"preceptor" and his choir. On either side of the "band-pew" were other enclosed sittings, filling up the entire area below the pulpit.

We felt that God was in his holy temple. While endeavoring to press the necessity of holiness, as the gift of power with which all must be endowed if they would be mighty for God, He who baptizeth with the Holy Spirit and with fire caused truth to be felt in its penetrating influences. We could not doubt but many would have presented themselves as seekers of the great salvation, if opportunity had offered. But what could we do? Dr. P____ saw the dilemma, and said, "We should love to invite you forward in order to mingle our prayers and sympathies with you, as we have been accustomed to do under Similar circumstances elsewhere; but we scarcely know what plan to pursue." After a somewhat embarrassing pause of a moment or two, he added about thus: "Would it be too much to ask all who feel their need of the full baptism of the Holy Spirit, and are resolved to seek it now with all their heart, to rise and stand till the recording angel may take cognizance of the act?" It was a solemn yet most inspiring sight to see, I think, not less than three hundred of that congregation rise. We then had a most precious season in drawing nigh unto God in prayer. While thus bowed, I earnestly sought unto the Captain of the hosts of Israel for wisdom in regard to our present dilemma. Feeling that we could not order our way, by reason of darkness, I said, --

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might:
Thy every act pure blessing is;
Thy path, unsullied light."

The case of the man brought to Jesus, borne of four, was suggested, "who when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was; and, when they had broken it up, they let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay." This betokened faith; for it is written: "When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." It was now clear to my mind that He in whose sight one soul outweighs the wealth of the world would have a somewhat similar manifestation of the spirit of sacrifice and faith on the part of his people, in case we would see sin-sick souls brought to the great Physician.

We detained the ministers and other leading men, and told them, in case a battle was fought, there must be the needful preliminaries. At first sight, it looked too formidable for either the ministers or people; or, at least, a part of these thought it could not be done until the board of trustees had called a meeting, which, as a whole, might occupy several days. We told them of one large church we visited, where a finely-drapered mahogany reading-desk and several pews were removed to meet the emergency of the work; and that the salvation of but one soul more than might otherwise be saved would repay the cost of the alteration a thousand times over, even though the trustees might require that the fixtures should all be reinstated. We asked whether Lord Nelson, Wellington, or Napoleon would have hesitated, if the success of a battle might depend on any sort of change of fixture imaginable, in adopting the thing at once, irrespective of cost, risk, or trouble. Did not portions of your own noble army, in the Crimean War, sit up all night to cast up bulwarks, dig trenches, &c., all to secure an earthly victory? Most nobly did the brethren conclude at once to risk the matter. A few of them retired into the vestry, and soon

returned with a paper properly executed: and signed, promising to indemnify the board of trustees, and to make all alterations good at their own expense, in case the change should not be approved.

Early as four o'clock the next morning, carpenters were at work: by three o'clock the next afternoon, the place was cleared. Now we have a neatly-carpeted platform enclosed by a railing. Both the enclosure and the communion-rail are filled daily with seekers, and wonderful have been the displays of saving power.

Scarcely have our congregations been more largely composed of our own than of other denominations. It is not unusual to have every available place filled with earnest seekers. The vestry of the John-street Church is a place venerated by time and some inspiring reminiscences. Here is an antiquated pulpit, in which, we are told, the Rev. J. Wesley used to preach his five-o'clock sermons. There was formerly a gallery, making the vestry more commodious as a place for week night and morning services, which, since Wesley's time, has been taken down: this vestry has been nightly filled with penitents. The three class-rooms above have also frequently been filled with seekers.

God is energizing his people gloriously. We hear the Captain of Israel's hosts saying, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." Yes, holy. From the depths of our inmost being do we feel it, and with lowliness of mind, yet with earnest, careful vigilance, are we waiting and obeying the order of the God of battles.

We know that the battle is not ours; yet, while in deepest realization we apprehend this, we are divinely taught to feel, that because the battle is not ours, but the Lord's, holy circumspection is needful if we would minutely obey the order of Him who teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight. This keeps us living, as it were, out of ourselves. You are well aware that there are those who would fain fight the Lord's battles in their own strength. "Some put their trust in chariots, and some on horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

God is working here in such a wondrous yet simple way, that I trust all the glory of the victory will redound to his own name. When I think of a scene I witnessed in the vestry two or three evenings ago, I am reminded of the lamp in Gideon's pitcher. As we entered the vestry, before the commencement of evening service, there sat a gentleman with a pile of papers before him, which he was rapidly folding. Others were gathered around him, who seemingly had caught similar inspirations; and each were folding the printed bills as rapidly as their hands could move. The matter was all a mystery to me; and, with some curiosity, I took up the bill, which read, --

"Friend, do you enjoy full salvation? For, 'Behold, now is the accepted time; Now is the day of salvation.' Come and learn the way of holiness. Come today: tomorrow may be too late for you. Will you come and hear Dr. and Mrs. Palmer at the John-street Church? Services daily: in the afternoon, from three to five o'clock, in the evening, from seven to ten o'clock. Now, do come, and bring as many of your friends with you as you can. This may be the last invitation that God will send you. To-morrow you may be in eternity. For the Lord hath said, 'Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.' Friend,

what will your reward be? Shall it be the welcome words, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world'? or shall it be, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels'?"

On inquiring into the wherefore of all this haste, and the bill just read, I found it to be this: The gentleman who sat so earnestly working at the head of the table had been so deeply baptized into the spirit of his Master, in love for souls, as to be unable to sleep the night previous. He felt that the God of battles had a work for him to do in connection with the revival services now going on at this church; and the language of his Spirit-baptized soul was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

He rose from his pillow, and, taking up his pen, permitted his newly-energized soul to trace its utterances on paper. Early on the coming clay, he ordered five thousand copies printed; and now the bills were being folded hastily, that they might be in readiness to hand to the people after service, to be distributed from house to house. If the bill appears to you as to ourselves, you will perceive something singularly energizing about it. To some, the course of this heaven-baptized disciple may seem a mere impulsiveness; but I believe he followed an impression made on his mind by the Holy Spirit, as did Gideon and his men in their simple yet mighty devisings.

Though there have been extraordinary manifestations of divine power, I presume there has been little that the most fastidious would be disposed to criticize. Says a writer in the "Revival Record," under date of Jan. 14, "The meetings are conducted with remarkable solemnity, and, by the divine blessing, have been found spiritually refreshing by members of different denominations."

The Rev. Hay, in a notice in the "London Watchman," under date of Jan. 16, says,

"I wrote, on the 9th instant, concerning the work of God here. At that time, nearly two hundred persons had come forward. The interest has continued increasing, the attendance improving both in the afternoon and evening meetings, and every meeting presenting some among the anxious inquirers concerning whom many of us had despaired. Drunkards have come forward, covenanting to part with the intoxicating cup; and already have we seen the godly wife rejoicing over the sobered and reformed husband. Persons, who for years have regarded themselves believers, have been seeking the grace of justification, as self-condemned as the most deeply wounded around them.

"It is pleasant to have to record that many of the members and office-bearers have come forward for a renewed and larger baptism of the Spirit, and that happy testimonies have been given by some of them of the almighty power of saving grace... The secretaries now number upwards of five hundred names: of these; four hundred profess to have found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Many also have found that perfect love which casteth out fear."

The work thus gloriously commenced continues to progress. The "Revival Record," under date of Jan. 21, says, --

"Persons of all denominations attend both the afternoon and evening meetings; and a large majority of the anxious inquirers who approach the communion-rail, or retire into the vestry for prayer and direction, belong to other congregations than the Wesleyan. Unless objected to, the names of the seekers of salvation are recorded, in order to their being visited, and directed to an immediate union with whatever may be the church of their choice. Persons are coming from a distance to share the blessings enjoyed by the people of God in these services. Kirkintulloch, Kilsyth, Thornliebank, Greenock, Dunbarton, Edinburgh, and even Ireland, furnish u number of anxious inquirers, and some willing assistants in the work."

The open and earnest appreciation of the doctrines of the witness of the Spirit and entire sanctification are the most significant features of the work. We have never felt the importance of plainness of speech on some points more than since we commenced our labors here. The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, and the necessity of perfecting holiness in the fear of God, were subjects well nigh new to a large proportion of those in attendance on the services. I do not, of course, refer to our Wesleyan friends. Said a reputable gentleman of the Church of England, who, with his lady, was seldom absent from the services, "Never did I see truth after this fashion before." I shall not soon forget the fervor of his grasp as he took my hand, and exclaimed thus last evening. He then referred to what had been said, at one of the afternoon meetings, about the Christian's altar and its claims, and said, "Never before did I see so much simplicity in religious truth as now." -- "And have you all upon the altar?" I asked. He replied, "I believe I have." His lady joined in the conversation, and seemed to be equally earnest in her appreciation of the plain truths to which she had listened.

The more definite and uncompromising we have been in presenting these cardinal doctrines of the cross, the more manifestly has truth triumphed in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers. Last evening, we were more than ordinarily definite and urgent on those very points which Wesleyans regard as most vital in doctrine, and which distinguish us mainly from other denominations. Extraordinary influences followed. Awakenings were multiplied: there was an unwonted rush to the communion-rails; and every available place where seekers might present themselves as subjects for prayer was in demand.

Scarcely was the invitation for the approach of seekers given, before a young lawyer was kneeling at the penitent form; next him was a lady, between fifty and sixty years old, of the Presbyterian Church, seeking pardon; beside her knelt an individual in the vigor of manhood, who looked as if he might have performed valiant service in the ranks of sin: he had been there but a few moments before his load of guilt was removed. I had been conversing with him about the time of his deliverance, when he exclaimed, "Oh! I came here with such a weight on my heart! but now it is all gone." He asked the privilege of telling the congregation what great things God had done for his soul. His testimony was so affectingly touching, that, I think, few could have listened to it without feeling that the consolations of the Spirit were neither few nor small with this newly saved man. After testifying what God had done for him, he broke forth in such words of prayer as were really astonishing from lips so evidently unused to pray.

It was not unusual to see ministers of various sects mingling in the congregation, though they did not often take part in the exercises, as in England. Never have I been more deeply convinced of the importance of giving prominence to the subject of holiness at every service

than under present circumstances. Though we urged the duty of entering in at the strait gate by the way of repentance and faith, yet we seemed urged in spirit not to permit one service to pass without bringing up before the people what Mr. Wesley terms "the Methodist testimony;" that is, the doctrine of Christian holiness. "This," says the founder of Methodism, "is the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust." The more faithful and definite we were in urging this subject on the attention of the people, the more signally did the God of all grace own our ministrations, and make his word "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword;" and even neglecters of salvation were made to feel the force of the inquiry, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" A minister of the Established Church, who has seldom been absent, was observed to be much affected through the presentation of these truths. He has since been to see us, and expresses himself as one with us in the belief, that holiness is the power with -which every disciple of every name must be endowed if they would be answerable to the duties of their holy calling. I am thus particular in giving my convictions on this subject, because, the more I hear of what have been the declensions and multiplied discouragements of the Wesleyans in Scotland, the more do I feel constrained to believe, that, if there had been on the part of our people an unflinching course in maintaining fearlessly and practically this "peculiar doctrine committed to our trust," we should have been mightily aggressive, and had now been so stately in strength, that the adversaries of truth had not been able to gainsay or resist. Such men have been needed to traverse Scotland as was our American bishop, Asbury, who planted Methodism in strength in so many of the regions beyond. "I feel divinely impressed with the conviction," says Asbury, "that I must preach holiness in every sermon." Some theologians will doubtless think this going quite too far. But why should not every one, called by the Holy Ghost to an oversight of souls purchased at an infinite price, feel divinely impressed to give something in regard to the necessity of present holiness in every sermon? Can it fail to be a word in season? How emphatic are the words to both those that hear and those that speak, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh"! Can one be ready without holiness? Surely, "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." But not only is this grace needed to die right: its principles, intelligently and experimentally apprehended, produce a strong race of living Christians. Was it not in recognition of this "peculiar doctrine committed to our trust," as exhibited by the zeal of some of the early Methodists, that the good Dr. Chalmers said, "Methodism is Christianity in earnest;" and, as illustrative of their successes, "They are all at it, and always at it"?

Let me pause here for a moment to remind you that we are now in the land of Chalmers. We have repeatedly looked at the place where his far-famed astronomical sermons were delivered. We are almost daily in company with those who were personally conversant with him. If the idea had not obtained with some well-meaning but mistaken men that holiness as a doctrine is not suited to the latitude of Scotland, we cannot tell how far men of the caliber of Chalmers might have given the weight of their influence in sustaining that form of truth denominated Methodism. Conversing with a minister whose theological studies were conducted under the superintendence of that celebrated minister, -- "Dr. Chalmers," said he, "dealt the first blow to my orthodoxy as a Calvinist by the following sentence, -- it was uttered with all his impassioned vehemence, in one of the extempore interludes to his lectures in which he was wont to indulge:

Give me a village; give me a hamlet; give me a few scattered houses, where the people are in anxiety about their souls' salvation; and I would rather send among them a Wesleyan Methodist, with all his Arminianism, than I would send a sturdy, square-built Calvinist, who is so strait-laced in the rigidity of his system, that he cannot present a free gospel to every creature."

The minister who related this to us has openly renounced Calvinism, and is now the pastor of an Independent church in Glasgow. So we see, though Dr. C____ nominally adhered to Calvinism himself, and was an honored member, first of the Established, and afterward of the Free, Church of Scotland, -- by both of which the dogma of Calvinism is most tenaciously held, -- he was the means of turning his student away from the faith of his fathers. Says this minister, "I published this first blow to my orthodoxy in tract form several years ago, and showed it to Dr. Chalmers; when he only smiled at the daguerreotype. The final overturning of the foundations of my Calvinistic faith," says this minister, "arose out of the doctor's conclusion to his lecture on Predestination, thus treasured up in my notebook: 'Gentlemen, I have lectured on this subject not so much for the purpose of indoctrinating you in a dogma, as for the purpose of rendering that dogma as harmless as possible.'"

A notice in the "Watchman" of Jan. 25, says, "The meetings on Wednesday were remarkable for the manifestations of divine power, especially to the hearts of those who were believingly seeking the grace of entire sanctification. Shouts of praise were again and again heard in the chapel from persons not hitherto characterized by indications of excitement in their worship. At the close of the evening meeting, as Dr. P____ was speaking to a young man, who for some hours had been earnestly seeking mercy, the truth suddenly flashed upon his soul, and, as suddenly, he exclaimed, 'I am in a new world, I am in a new world!' and then began blessing Jesus in a strain of praise which amazed us all. We rejoiced with him; and never did 'Glory to the Lamb' sound more sweetly as we then sang it. On Saturday afternoon, some very clear testimonies were given, by both leaders and members, of their enjoyment of a full salvation."

The superintendent of the circuit, Rev. Hay, in the "Watchman" of Feb. 1, continues his report of the work, thus:--

"In my last, I wrote of the manifestations of divine power to some who were believingly seeking the grace of entire sanctification. During the week, many more have been visited with the same blessing. A few days ago, a leader from the Airdrie circuit said that nearly half of the society in his town seemed to have received the full baptism of the Spirit in connection with the services.

"It had been decided to discontinue the afternoon meetings after Sunday, the 22d instant; but so strong was the expression of disappointment on the part even of friends from other churches, that they were resumed on Tuesday, when we had the largest attendance, and perhaps the most profitable meeting of all. A reclaimed drunkard, a man of giant form, was there, earnestly seeking full salvation; and, at the close, he told us of the mercy shown him, and of his resolve, by divine grace, that the strong body, which had, for so many years, been devoted to the service of the Devil, should, from henceforth, be used in the service of God. An active and useful member of a Presbyterian Church was also among the seekers of a full salvation, having been

deeply affected by the private testimonies given by personal friends, of the grace as received by them; and he, too, testified at the close, to the praise of the glory of God's grace.

"Communications from members of other churches have been sent, urging our dear Dr. and Mrs. P_____ to prolong their stay, and expressing a strong conviction of the great work as only beginning. Letters of thanksgiving have also been received from several, accompanied with requests for prayer for the conversion of relatives.

The leaders (who are all united in the good work) have undertaken the labor of visitation of the larger number of the persons who have professed to have received any special blessing, in order to secure their connection with whatever may be the church of their choice.

"Last night John-street Church was again crowded in every part; and upwards of fifty persons came forward for instruction and prayer. The number now recorded is one thousand and sixty."

Feb. 7.

Last evening we closed our labors here. It was a remarkably interesting service. At an early hour the house was densely crowded. Hundreds will remember this occasion till we meet in that world where parting is unknown. It was not rendered special by the shedding of more tears than we have witnessed on similar occasions; but by holy resolves, blissful hopes, and energizing influences. The meeting commenced with singing the hymn,

"Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb."

Fervent prayer, that opens heaven, was offered by two of the resident ministers. The Head of the Church has favored the Wesleyan people in this place with ministers after his own heart. We had much to encourage us in our labors, both from ministers and people. We have endeavored to be workers together with them during the past thirty-three days. The names of thirteen hundred have been given in as special recipients of grace. We have reason to hope over one thousand have been brought over from the hosts of sin to the ranks of Emmanuel. Others have been healed of their backslidings; and many, who had not received the Holy Ghost since they believed, have received the baptism of fire, and are now laboring in the might of the Spirit. Surely the work will go on! How can we doubt it when such a host of laborers have newly been enlisted, and those heretofore in the field stand pledged to renewed diligence? Among our parting reminiscences were some that we may not soon forget. The Rev. Hay, superintendent minister, in addressing the people, said that an earnest desire had been expressed on the part of many, that we should be induced to revisit Glasgow; and asked, that all who wished to unite in the invitation should signify it by lifting the right hand. Such a sudden rush, not only of upraised hands, but of simultaneous rising to the feet, seemed electrical. Said an Independent minister, who made one of the dense crowd in the gallery, "I never saw any thing like it. It was as though an electrical spark had been struck, producing an irresistible movement on the part of all. Others, as with myself, doubtless, found it difficult from the pressure of the crowd to raise the hand: the effort produced a whiz, which actually seemed electrical." Many stood with both hands upraised.

Think of the scene presented to our gaze as we stood on the platform, overlooking that dense mass! Could we resist? Dr. P____ turned to me, and said, "What shall we say?" If I have a passion in this world above another, it is a passion for soul-saving; and a thought at once occurred how I might make this expression of fervent importunity on the part of our beloved Scottish friends subservient to this controlling passion. So in answer to the inquiry of Dr. P____, "What shall we do?" I replied, "If three hundred will obligate to subscribe to the rules of the Christian Vigilance Band, and engage to labor at least one half-hour daily in specific effort to save souls, it will be my pleasure to encourage the people to anticipate our return." Dr. P____ acceded, and repeated the proposal to the congregation: when the invitation on our part was accepted, the matter was settled by over three hundred pledging themselves to daily systematic labors to save souls. Think of what may be the effect of three hundred missionaries at work daily in the city of Glasgow! What may we not hope for as the result of one hundred and fifty hours thus spent on the part of Spirit-baptized laborers? My faith looks forward confidently to the ingathering of thousands. You may think me too sanguine; but sure I am, if this band, with their devoted ministers at their head, are answerable to their Solemn Pledge made before God, Glasgow will continue in a blaze of revival; and, as with the Primitive Church, there will be "daily added to the Lord such as shall be saved."

Never have we labored with more satisfaction than with our Scottish friends. We had listened to remarks which had disposed us to think of them as too cool and calculating to enter readily into revival efforts; but to the self-sacrificing zeal, and gracious readiness of both ministers and people for every good work, our hearts will ever love to bear affectionate testimony.

Surely God has regarded the low estate of his people, and from henceforth it shall be said of our Zion in this place, that "this and that man were born there." The Glasgow "Examiner" of Saturday says, --

"The greater number of the anxious inquirers have been from other congregations than the Wesleyans; and many of them who have received good have freely acknowledged it in notes of thanksgiving to God."

The last report of the work in the "Watchman" of Feb. 8, from the pen of the superintendent of the Glasgow circuit, says, "The number now reaches about thirteen hundred. We hold our last meeting tonight." The account of that last meeting I have given you.

It is cause of great joy to hear of the continuance of the work at Glasgow. A letter received from the superintendent of the circuit says that about twenty penitents were forward on the Sabbath evening after our departure. He also says, the Vigilance Band meeting was very specially owned of God. Forty pounds was being raised to make the communion-rail (altar) a permanent fixture.

One of the leading lay brethren writes about a year and a half after our visit: "I have two classes numbering together forty-two members; and the most consistent and regular in their attendance are those who were brought in living union with Christ through your instrumentality. The results of your visit will never be known until declared in the great day of accounts."

"There is a band of young men who have been laboring throughout Glasgow and neighborhood in holding prayermeetings "in season and out of season." The principal part of them are members of the Presbyterian Church; but they are not confined to any church. They have been eminently owned of God in the salvation of souls: I was told at a meeting in Rev. Barnhill's house that it was by your earnest and pointed addresses in regard to the necessity of working for God, that they were induced to try to do something for Him who had done so much for them."

A letter from the superintendent, written three or four months after the close of labors in Glasgow, says, "As I look upon the congregations Sabbath after Sabbath, and observe the many who were blessed while you were with us, I long for your return, certain as I am, that, through the grace of God, they will be greatly confirmed thereby. Pray, do arrange so as to be with us! Many do not think it possible that you will disappoint them; their impression of your promise, their estimation of yourselves, and their ardent wish, all combining to such a cherished conclusion.

"We have a band of between sixty and seventy prayer leaders in connection with John-street Church. We seem to have as many tract distributors as we can furnish tracts. Our Sabbath school has now a superabundance of teachers, and the great cry of every one of them is for more room. In our present quarterly visitation, we find that almost all the new converts who joined class are remaining steadfast, -- not to Methodism simply, but to Christ."

Another letter of later date says, "In our quarterly visitation, we find very few backsliders among the new converts, -- only six altogether. It were better that there were none; but, in view of the great multitude gathered in, is it often that such a small falling-away is reported after the lapse of months?"

The following is an extract from the minutes of the March quarterly meeting, Glasgow west circuit, held on the evening of Friday, March 23, 1860:--

Resolved, That this meeting, recognizing the great benefits resulting from the visit of our honored and beloved friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, not only to our church, but which was largely participated in by others, hereby expresses its sense of the divine goodness therein, as the source of all good, and also its gratitude to them for their protracted and unwearied efforts among us; and, in order to sustain them in their great work elsewhere, resolves that this shall be entered in the minutes of the meeting, and a copy thereof transmitted to them, with a suitable letter, signed on its behalf by the superintendent of the circuit, and at same time urgently requesting their return at their earliest possible convenience.

Signed on behalf of the meeting
John Hay, Chairman

* * * * *

Edinburgh, Feb. 12, 1860

We are now in this modern Athens. Edinburgh, as you well know, is a city famed for literature. Of its literary institutions, its periodicals of world-wide reputation, we might say something, though not prepared to write largely.

It is said that literature is the staple produce of the Scottish metropolis. The attention cannot but be arrested with the intellectual tastes and bearing of its inhabitants. It is called the "Modern Athens" partly in compliment to its learnedness as the emporium of the nation, means of knowledge, and also in view of its topographical position and landscape scenery being similar to that of ancient Athens. It has many imposing public buildings, and, as a whole, is regarded as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

This world has its heroes. How numerous are its aspirants after earthly fame! and how many, toiling up the hill of science, scarcely begin to reap the fruit of their labor, and the anticipated reward of earthly emolument. ere it ends in disappointment!

Such a case has come up before us today. A young student of splendid abilities and brilliant prospects scarcely entered upon his life career, and now he lies apparently on the brink of eternity. Surely, "what is life? it is as a vapor that appeareth for a little, and then vanisheth away."

But the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. Not a few have had their birth in these regions, who, though not strangers to literary attainments, have been skilled in the science of holy living, and made life's hours, however variously filled up, all tributary to laying up treasure in heaven.

This city was the residence of Darcy, Lady Maxwell, the record of whose eminently devoted life has been read by thousands. She was a member of the Wesleyan Church in this place. The church which we have attended today was the place where she worshipped the God of our fathers. The edifice is neat and commodious. She was much interested with the enterprise, and contributed liberally of her means towards its erection.

The mahogany pulpit, which, we are told, is the only one of the sort in Scotland, was her gift; and also the clock still in use. With David and all the truly devoted of every age, she greatly loved the sanctuary of the Lord. The last lines her hands traced in her voluminous diary were, "O my gracious God, restore me to thy house of prayer! oh, I long for this Amen and Amen!" But, when these words were being penned, her last illness was already upon her, and she was removed to the upper sanctuary,-

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end."

We gazed upon the Gray Friars' Churchyard as we passed along. Here lie the remains of Lady Maxwell who, though dead, is yet speaking by the memoirs of her sanctified life.

By invitation we are at a friend's, resting, being exceedingly exhausted by continuous labors.

Edinburgh is built on three elevated ridges extending from east to west. The central ridge terminates west by a rocky precipice. At this point, on a rugged rock on three sides, stands the Castle of Edinburgh. The entrance to it is east, where it is defended by a ditch over which is a drawbridge.

After procuring tickets of admission, which are readily granted, we proceeded to the castle. The first object of interest is the bronze statue, situated on the north side of the esplanade, erected to the memory of the Duke of York, son of George III., and uncle to Queen Victoria.

Just within the castle gate is a plain building under which the road ascends: this is the ancient prison of the castle, and in which both the Earl and Marquis of Argyle were confined previous to execution. It has been but little used since 1746, when many of the followers of Prince Charles Stuart were confined in it.

On the east side of the square is the crown-room, containing the ancient regalia of Scotland. It consists of three articles, the crown, the scepter, and sword of State; and with these is a silver rod; the badge of the Lord Treasurer of Scotland; the golden collar of the Order of the Garter, being that presented by Queen Elizabeth to King James VI. of Scotland on his being created a Knight of the Garter; the "St. George," or badge, of the Order of the Garter of Gold, richly enameled, and set with diamonds; the "St. Andrew," having on one side the image of the patron saint finely cut in an onyx, set round with diamonds; on the other, the badge of the thistle, with a secret opening, under which is placed a fine miniature of Queen Anne of Denmark; and a ruby ring set round with diamonds, being the coronation-ring of King Charles I.

We next saw Queen Mary's room where James VI. was born: it is about eight feet square, with a recess of about three feet at the window. It was at this window, from which he was let down some two hundred and fifty feet in a basket, when eight days old, and secretly conveyed to Stirling Castle to be baptized by Romish priests. We were next shown St. Margaret's Chapel: it is in excellent preservation, and is probably about eight hundred years old, of the Romanesque or Norman architecture. It measures within the nave only sixteen feet six inches by ten feet six inches. This was the private chapel of the pious Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III. (Canmore), during her residence at the castle.

The entrance to the chapel is from Mons Meg battery. Mons Meg is a great gun, a relic of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It is constructed on the principle of a barrel, having longitudinal staves or sections hooped in its entire length. It is thirteen feet long and seven and one-half feet in circumference, and has a caliber of twenty inches. Massive stone bullets are piled beside it: some of them are said to be the same as were fired from Meg; and were found three miles distant.

We next visited St. Giles' Church. We might fill a sheet in writing about the marvelous scenes which have transpired within these time-honored walls, connected with the struggle of

Popery and its ultimate downfall, and the subsequent erection of the bishopric of Edinburgh, when this church was constituted the cathedral of the diocese. But neither did the downfall of Popery, or the substitution of the liturgy and prayers of the Established Church of England, suit the religious temperament of the sturdy Scots. It was when this change was near its completion, and the liturgy of the Church of England, as prepared by Laud, was being read for the first time, that the old Scotch lady, the noted Jenet Geddes, lifted the stool on which she sat, and hurled it at the head of the officiating dean. This curious way of settling theological difficulties, though questionable, seems to have been effectual; for, though the stool missed the head of the dean, it appears to have struck a death-blow to the system. The nation was roused. The bishop and his functionaries, not wishing to endanger life or limb by exposing themselves to such rude weapons of warfare, ceased to be imperative in urging their services on the people; and, ere long, Scotch Presbyterianism became the unmolested order of the day. This stool is still preserved in the Museum.

John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, preached here. Here also James VI. bade farewell to his Scottish subjects before his departure to take possession of the throne of England. St. Giles, in its palmiest Romish times, contained about forty altars, and was served by about seventy priests. The building is now partitioned into three parochial places of worship, -- the high, the old, and the new north.

The high church contains a throne for the Queen, or for her representative, the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly; and pews for the magistrates of the city and for the judges of the Court of Sessions, and is attended by these personages in their official robes; and, though ecclesiastically on a level with all the other parish churches of Scotland, it is regarded popularly as a sort of metropolitan church, investing its ministers with as much primal dignity as can comport with presbyterial equality.

The original church on the site of St. Giles was built about the year 854. A new church in the early part of the twelfth century was built by David I. Additions to this church, in different directions, and in a variety of forms, constituting aisles, chapels, transepts, and a choir, were afterwards made at successive periods to suit the wants of the increasing population. In 1387, such of these as then existed in a dilapidated condition, after having been twice laid desolate by invading English armies, were restored, and put into a compact shape in a prevailing style of early Gothic.

The house of John Knox, at the point where High Street narrows, is one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in Edinburgh. It was built in the fifteenth century. The principal apartment is on the second floor; and the reformer's study, a very small room in proximity to it, is shown the visitor. On the outside wall, and close to one of the windows, is a rude design of Knox in his pulpit, sculptured in stone; and on the corner is a small figure of Moses receiving the tables of the law, with the name of the Deity in Greek, Latin, and English. Above the first floor the following inscription extends along the wall:

"LVFE: GOD: ABOVE: AL: AND: YOVR: NICHTBOVR: AS: YI: SELF."

We next visited Holyrood, the palace of Scotland's Sovereigns. The origin of this place dates as far back as 1128 by David I.; but the present building is scarcely two centuries old. In the center of the spacious court is statue of her majesty Queen Victoria. She generally spends a night at this palace during her summer visit on her way to 'he Highlands of Scotland. We visited what is called the picture-gallery, or gallery of kings, from the circumstance of its walls being adorned with professed portraits of a long line of Scottish kings, extending from times too remote for history up to James VI. Most of the paintings were executed by De Witt, a Flemish artist, who entered into a contract with the government, in 1684, to supply one hundred and ten portraits in the space of two years, furnishing canvas, colors, and all but the originals. They are, with few exceptions, believed to be fabulous.

In another room, called Queen Mary's Bedroom, is an ancient bed with faded crimson hangings, said to be that of the queen, and by its side stands a small basket, which is reported to have held the baby-linen of James VI.

On the north side is a narrow doorway, leading to the secret stairs by which the murderers of Rizzio gained access to the royal apartments. It was in a small adjoining room, while Rizzio was supping with the queen, where the first blow was struck; and the doomed man, after having vainly clung to the queen's skirts, was dragged through the bedroom, and dispatched at the corner of the audience-chamber, near the top of the staircase.

The Chapel Royal, roofless and dilapidated, is all that remains of the great church of the Monastery of Holyrood. An ancient historian says, Within these walls, many kings and queens of Scotland were crowned. Here James II. was married to Mary of Gueldres; and James III. passed much of his time at the abbey; and, on the 13th July, his nuptials with Margaret of Denmark were celebrated in the Abbey Church, he himself "being of the aige of twentie yeires,... and the gentlevoman being bot twelff." Here was the scene of that high ceremonial, at which the papal legate presented to James IV., in the name of Pope Julius II., a purple crown, and that richly ornamented sword, which, under the name of the "Sword of State," is still preserved among the regalia of Scotland.

Above the doorway, and between the central windows, is a tablet inserted by Charles I., bearing the following inscription:--

"HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL STABLISH THE THRONE OF HIS KINGDOM FOR EVER."

The change from popery was brought about with moderation. Says one of Scotland's historians, "Our reformers seemed to have no idea of converting their creed into a penal code, or of punishing those who departed from it as heretics. They regarded Romanism as subversive of good order." This is the true view of the case. Papists are subjects of a foreign power, and, as such, can only be true subjects in their own land, only so far as they are faithless to their foreign prince, who claims for them a higher allegiance than is due to their own sovereign.

It is said that not a single Romanist was put to death in Scotland for his religion. This is what cannot be said of England. But though the lives of the Papists were spared, their images were doomed to utter destruction.

Among the most interesting memorials in Edinburgh, connected with the Reformation era, are those of John Knox. Our talkative guide at Holyrood brought some items of history to our recollection, which one cannot contemplate but with increasing reverence for the character of Scotland's great reformer.

It was here at Holyrood that the last interview between Queen Mary and John Knox took place. They had some times been pleasant in their converse. On one occasion, the queen had presented him with a valuable watch as a token of amity. But their last interview was sad, and, on the part of the queen, wrathful. Mary had heard his faithful sermons, and was much displeased. Knox had also protested against her marriage with Darnley. Mary was vexed, yet melted to tears.

After the queen had composed herself a little, the reformer proceeded to make his defense, saying, "Out of the pulpit few had occasion to complain of him, but, when there, he was not his own master; but was bound to obey Him who commanded him to speak plainly, and to flatter no one on the face of the earth."

Mary burst into a fresh flood of tears; and, while her courtiers tried to console her, Knox continued inflexible and silent. When she had vented her feelings, he calmly protested that he never took pleasure in the distress of any creature; that it was with great difficulty he could see his boys weep when he corrected them, and far less could he rejoice in her majesty's tears; but as he had given no just cause of offense, and had only done his duty, he was constrained, though unwillingly, to permit her tears rather than hurt his conscience, and betray the commonwealth by his silence. The queen then ordered him to leave her presence, and he obeyed. How sad was her future career!

Knox was buried at St. Giles's. His biographer says, "Feeling his end approaching, he desired that some one should read to him every day the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and a portion of the Epistle to the Ephesians. To the elders and deacons assembled in his room he said, "The day approaches, for which I have so long vehemently thirsted, when I shall be released from my great labors and sorrows, and shall be with Christ. I know many have complained of my too great severity; but God knows my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I have thundered the severest judgments. Now for the last time (touching three of his fingers as he spoke) I commend my spirit, soul, and body into thy hands, O Lord!"

He then gave a deep sigh, saying, "Now it is come!" His attendants, perceiving he had lost his speech, requested him to give a sign if he died in peace; upon which he lifted his hand, and, sighing twice, expired without a struggle. He died in the sixty-seventh year of his age, Nov. 24, 1572. His funeral was attended by all the nobility of the city, and a vast concourse of people. When his body was laid in the grave, the Regent Morton pronounced over it the short but emphatic eulogium, "There lies he who never feared the face of man!"

The approach to Edinburgh by railroad is charming. The first to strike the eye is the richly cultivated gardens which lie between the old and new towns. Unlike most places, the city is entered by railroad through a deep ravine, when suddenly you find yourself in the very heart of the city, amid rich green slopes and flowers.

Ascending a flight of steps, you enter Prince's Street, the "Broadway" of Edinburgh. It is a terrace street running along the south side of the original new town. It presents a romantic view of the soaring structures of the old town.

The first object to arrest the attention is the far-famed monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It stands on the esplanade of the East Prince's Garden. It is a beautiful structure, of Gothic form. Four grand arches, connected together in the same manner as those beneath the central tower of a cruciform cathedral, form the basement of the monument. Four stories of connected arches, all on a similar plan to the main basement, and each surmounted by a gallery, and crowned with pinnacles, rise in successive stages, diminishing as they ascend, till they terminate in a single pinnacle at the height of two hundred feet from the ground.

There are several niches in the exterior piers, which, it is said, were intended to be filled with the principal characters of Scott's poems and novels. As yet but few of them have been filled; and, as I gazed upon them, I was solemnly reminded of the utterances of the novelist as he neared the eternal world.

"Read to me out of the book," said he to his son-in-law.

"What book?" was the reply.

"There is but one book; and that is the BIBLE!"

And now that he has landed on the eternal shore, what must be his conceptions in relation to the value of that book? Yet how slight are the noticings of such sayings by the children of this world!

Well, Scott, being dead, still speaks. He speaks daily to hundreds of passers-by by his costly monument; and, though dead, he is still speaking by his fictitious works to thousands in both hemispheres. But, could he now speak in living tones, would he not chide many who pore over his works to the neglect of the Bible? and exclaim. "There is but one book, and that is the Bible!" The cost of the monument was nearly sixteen thousand pounds, raised by public subscription.

I omitted to say that there are flights of steps at the outside piers, converging to a platform, at the arches of the main platform. On that platform, on a pedestal, is statue in marble of Sir Walter Scott, in a sitting position, attended by his faithful dog. The statue was chiseled from a block of Carrara marble, weighing upwards of thirty tons, and sculptured at a cost of two thousand pounds.

There are many institutions here called hospitals, purely charitable, and of a most praiseworthy character. Within a few steps of our host is a "Merchant Maiden Hospital." Not for the sick merely, as the name would suggest, but an institution for maintaining and educating about one hundred girls, daughters and grand-daughters of reduced merchants of Edinburgh. It was founded in 1695, principally by contributions from merchants. It is a tasteful edifice, having been recently rebuilt at a large cost.

Stewart's Hospital is an institution for the maintenance and education of boys between the ages of seven and fourteen, -- the children of poor industrious parents. It sprang from a bequest of thirty thousand pounds, together with several houses, given by Mr. Daniel Stewart, who died in 1814. The building is large, and surmounted with turrets and high towers.

These are specimens of the beautiful buildings called hospitals, with their grounds laid out in elegant order; that adorn the city of Edinburgh. There is "Herriott's," founded by a bequest in 1624; "Donaldson's," "Gillespie's," "Orphan," "Trades' Maiden," "Watson's," and, to complete the galaxy of these truly benevolent institutions, founded mainly through individual munificence, is Mr. "George Watson's." Does not this speak nobly for the philanthropy of these modern Athenians? How much better for persons thus to perpetuate their names than hoarding it up for improvident heirs to squander!

Free Church College is an imposing edifice at the head of the mound. A statue of Dr. Chalmers adorns the library hall. There are two Free Churches here, called Chalmers' Territorial Churches. They sprang from Dr. Chalmers' scheme of district town missions. Both churches have Gothic fronts.

There is a church in Greenside Place called Lady Glenorchy's Church. Those familiar with the life of the devoted Lady Maxwell will remember that Lady Glenorchy was an intimate friend and correspondent of that earnest Christian lady. Lady Glenorchy died in 1786; but still the church perpetuating her memory stands as a monument of her earnest Christian spirit.

The far-famed University of Edinburgh is a spacious and beautiful edifice. It is ancient, being founded under a charter of James VI. in 1582. Yet, though ancient in name, it is modern and magnificent in appearance, having been rebuilt at an immense cost. In the front, there is a noble portico, supported by Doric columns, each formed of a single immense block of stone.

A fine structure to the memory of the poet Burns is on the south side of the Regent Road. It stands on a rock about ten feet high.

Arthur's Seat rises from the Royal Park to the height of eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the level of the sea. It is a rocky height, cloven in the midst by two valleys, separating the eastern portion with its lion-shaped summit, from the western, known as Craig's. The other runs from almost the base to the bold rocks which crown the hill. We had a magnificent carriage-drive around Arthur's Seat. The road sweeping around its base on the north and west presents a series of picturesque views which we have seldom, if ever, seen surpassed.

* * * * *

11 -- CHAPTER

Carlisle, March 22, 1860

Our journey from Edinburgh to Carlisle was delightful. Did you ever read the life of the devoted Col. Gardener? He was one of the few of heaven's heroes, who, amid the temptations incident to military life, fought the good fight of faith, and laid hold on eternal life. We read his memoir early in the days of our Christian warfare; and the inspiring lessons thereby learned have, we trust, never been lost.

The place where he lived, and the spot where he bade adieu to the dear home circle, previous to setting out on his last fatal campaign, were pointed out to us on our way a few miles from Edinburgh. We had long stood officially invited to Carlisle; and now we are at last here, entered fairly upon our precious toil for Jesus. We have a fine battle-field. The chapel is commodious, and very neatly furnished. The people come out largely, and we have gracious indications of good.

Carlisle is a very old city, but, though antiquated, is not as large as many other towns we have visited. That which constitutes a city in this old world is that it should be honored with a resident bishop and a cathedral as a needful accompaniment. This city is very pleasantly situated in Cumberland, near the confluence of the Eden and Caldén. It was formerly a military post of importance. The Cathedral dedicated to the Holy Trinity is a venerable structure, partly of Saxon and partly of Gothic architecture.

The town lies near the borders of Scotland, being but ninety-six miles from Edinburgh. The old castle still remains where Mary, Queen of Scots, was for a long time imprisoned after escaping from her own subjects. Our home is with the Rev. J. T____, the excellent chairman of the Carlisle district. When we found our home was to be with a minister, we came very near withdrawing our consent to come; having decided, from our own convictions and parental teachings, that a minister's family should not, under ordinary circumstances, be a resort for visitors, in view of their multiplied cares and limited purses.

We mentioned our objection before leaving Scotland, but were told that he to whose hospitalities we were invited had come near falling heir to an earldom: had he obtained his due, he would, doubtless, have been Earl Shrewsbury. So we waived our objections. Though far from being possessed of the wealth of an earl, we find both our host and hostess noble-minded, affectionate, and much given to hospitality.

What hath God wrought! Notwithstanding some trying circumstances calculated to retard the work, the Lord has wrought most graciously. Over four hundred and fifty, we have reason to believe, have been born into the kingdom of grace during the progress of the work which commenced since we came here.

Many of the disciples of Jesus have also sought and obtained the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. One feature of the work, which has been exceedingly satisfactory, is such a gathering of people from remote places.

Not a few of these have returned to their homes in companies the same evening a distance of several miles. Those who came seeking, generally lingered around the altar of prayer, until He whom they sought revealed himself the fairest among ten thousand. Then in the bliss of their first espousal, feeling that the joy of the Lord was their strength, they were ready to return to their distant homes singing, --

"With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
While thou, my God, art near!"

A few evenings since, Dr. P_____ asked me to go and converse with a young man, and his wife and sister, who were kneeling side by side at the communion-rail. And, wishing me not to linger, said, "They have come twelve miles, and are now about returning tonight; and I do not want them to go till they are all happy in the Lord."

They were interesting-looking persons, and, we might judge, calculated to make their mark for usefulness if only once fairly enlisted in the service of the Saviour. I went to the young wife first, and said, "If it were now as in the days of the Saviour's incarnation, and you might hear his own precious lips" saying, 'Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace, and sin no more,' it would be worth walking twelve miles for; would it not?" "Oh, yes!" she replied, "But does he not say so? Surely your pardon has been purchased. Suppose you were sentenced to death by the laws Of your country, not knowing at what hour your prison-door might be opened, and you led out to execution. How great would be your agony! But if, at this terrible moment, your cell is opened and a friend enters, who so compassionates your condition, that he offers to suffer the penalty of the law in your stead, and you see him led forth to death, would you in all your after-life hesitate in believing whether that friend was willing that you should be pardoned? The fact that he had given his own life to purchase your pardon would sufficiently demonstrate not only his willingness, but his desire, that you should be pardoned, beyond what the loudest outspoken words could possibly do." The Holy Spirit intensified truth to her mind; and, as she caught the idea with eyes glistening amid tears of joy, she exclaimed, "Yes, yes!" -- "And has not Jesus done more than this for you?" I asked. "Not only has Christ died to secure your pardon, but he has risen again for your justification, and he now lives to hear your praises."

From a full heart she began to say, "O Lord, I will praise thee; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me!" We have reason to believe that all three, husband, wife, and sister, returned to their distant home with the presence of the Comforter.

An intelligent-looking young man, who had come from about four miles distant, was kneeling at the altar seeking Jesus. On saying to him, what would you have the Lord Jesus do for

you? "Oh!" said he, "I want to be one of the Lord's marked men, who sigh and cry." It was a peculiar answer, the fact considered that he was not yet a member of the household of faith. The Sabbath afternoon previous, in talking to a large congregation, the most of whom we supposed were professors, we urged the necessity, on the part of all, of a sympathy with Christ in that love that moved him to die for a lost world. Among other things, we said on this occasion about thus, God in all ages has had his marked people. Not more truly was the man clothed with linen, with the writer's ink-horn by his side, commissioned to go forth, and mark those who sigh and cry, for the abominations done in the land in the days of Ezekiel (see Ezek. chap. ix.), than now. Who in this congregation has been marked, or who, we ask in the name of the Lord, that has not been marked, will be marked today? It will be remembered that all those who have not the mark were doomed; for the other men with their slaughter-weapons in hand followed quickly in the train of the man with the ink-horn; and all, whether old or young, who had not the mark upon their foreheads, whether in the sanctuary or out of it, were to be slain. And the solemn mandate was, "Begin at my sanctuary." Now, as you will observe, on asking this penitent what he would have the gracious Saviour do for him, he said, --

"Oh! I want to be one of the Lord's marked men."

"Were you here last Sabbath afternoon?" I asked.

On his answering in the affirmative, I saw that the Holy Spirit had made this solemn presentation of truth the means of arresting this young man.

Permit me to pause, and say how fearfully solemn is the thought, that all with whom we are in daily converse, whether old or young, in the sanctuary or out of the sanctuary, if not marked on the forehead (this implies open recognition) as in sympathy with God in the establishment of his righteous kingdom, moving the heart to sighing utterances, are doomed as victims of God's wrath; and, oh! how quickly did the ministers of divine vengeance, with their destroying weapons, follow in the train of the man with the ink-horn, slaying those who were not found sighing and crying!

The young man who came forward, seeking to become one of the Lord's marked people, understandingly yielded himself up to the Saviour, and experienced the joys of salvation. He seemed now to apprehend that he had entered upon his eternal God-service, and quickly began leading others to Jesus. The next evening he came with another, who, through his agency, had been induced to seek the Lord; and, on succeeding evenings, he brought another, and yet another: few more happy than this young man, who had thus set out, apprehending the service he had entered upon as the one great work of life.

Among those from a distance seeking the full baptism of the Holy Spirit was a local preacher, who came twenty-seven miles. He testified before the congregation, "Four evenings ago I came to this communion-rail, and obtained the witness of holiness; and, four such happy days I never had in all my life before." He was exulting in the consciousness that the joy of the Lord was his strength; and in this, his might, he has since commenced to hold special services in his own neighborhood, and God is owning them in the salvation of many souls.

A lady who told me she was converted some time since under the Rev. Mr. Kirk (Free Church Presbyterian) of Scotland called in a few mornings ago, and said she had scarcely been able to sleep since we came to this place. The penetrating rays of the Sun of Righteousness had so pierced her soul to its inmost recesses, discovering her need of inward purity, that the night previous had been spent wholly sleepless. As she was describing these intense longings, I said, "Truly are you hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Already is the blessing of Him, whose lips spake as man never spake, upon you.

'Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.' If you say, 'When shall I be filled?' God says, 'Now!'

"Do you now present all to God through Christ?"

"I do!"

"An offering presented to God, through Christ, is holy, acceptable (see Rom. xii. 1); and faith is to believe it."

She quickly laid hold upon the promise, "I will receive you," and believingly exclaimed, "Oh! I see it now. Praise the Lord!"

One of a company, who, I believe, were miners, and had come from a long distance, returning from the service, was deeply wounded by the Spirit's sword, and constrained to linger by the way, and plead for mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ. His companions, missing their friend, retraced their steps a short distance, seeking him. Ere they found him, the good heavenly Physician had undertaken his case; and, as his friends greeted him, he exclaimed, "All is right now!" The rejoicing company then pursued their way, magnifying the God of all grace.

Last night we concluded our labors at Carlisle. The congregation was large; and the whole service was such as, we trust, we shall have occasion to remember with thankfulness in the eternal world. Many were converted, and several also received the sanctifying seal.

The memory of this affecting parting-service will, I am persuaded, be far-reaching for good. We had given our last advices, and were about to take the parting hand, when an influential brother said, "May we not hear from Mrs. P ____ once more?"

I had, in fact, just been wishing that time might admit the utterance of but a few more words, by way of enlisting the people at that affecting hour to join me in a resolve made many years since. It was this: That I would never rest my head on my pillow at night, without feeling that all things were right between God and my own soul, so that, if I should wake in the other world, I might know that sudden death would be sudden glory. Now who can doubt but short accounts are best? And so greatly have I proved the excellency of this resolve in my own experience, that I assured these friends with whom we were so soon to part to meet no more, that it would repay me for a voyage across the Atlantic many times, if I could but be assured that they would unite with me in this solemn resolve. Feeling that it was indeed a most sacred engagement, and, if faithfully kept, would be an antidote to backsliding, as far-reaching as life, I

endeavored to present the matter so as to be fully understood and ever remembered. I then asked that all who would join me in the engagement would signify it by rising; when, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I should judge that not less than from three to five hundred rose. Oh! if all whom we have reason to hope have received good at the various places we have visited, would, in the strength of Almighty Grace, unite with us in this resolve, how glorious in results would be the unfoldings of eternity!

Not one name newly recorded in the book of life would be wanting; but all would at last appear in Zion before God, and greet us with holy joy in that blessed world

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end!"

With much thankfulness we would record that, wherever we go, we feel constrained to say, with God's ancient servant, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places: yea, we have a goodly heritage."

We leave here today for Penrith, a town about eighteen miles distant, where we are anticipating for a few days to enjoy a season of comparative rest.

One of the circuit ministers who took notes of the Carlisle revival, writing to the editors of the "Watchman," of London, under date of Feb. 27, says, "On Tuesday, we had a mighty struggle with the hindrances to the work breaking forth in its glory and power; our contest arising mainly from the want of holy earnestness and blameless consistency in the Church.

"Wednesday -- Today we had increased congregations, and blessed services. Mrs. Palmer's address, in the afternoon, on faith and its effects, touched every heart; and many came forward to lay their all on the Christian's altar. In the evening, we had several testimonies to the power of saving grace. One man, who had resisted the strivings of the Holy Ghost, the night before got no sleep, repaired to his work in the morning, and, whilst praying on the railway, obtained mercy. Others testified, with beaming countenances, to the fact of their recovery and salvation. The meetings on the subsequent days were characterized by much divine influence; and many have professed faith in the Redeemer, and their earnest purpose to live for God.

"Sunday -- We had a glorious day. The chapel was filled, and very much of the divine presence rested upon us. Mrs. Palmer's address was pointed, and many were wounded by the Spirit's sword. In the evening, there was a rush to the chapel; every available place being occupied. Many, both in the gallery and body of the chapel, were deeply convicted; and the capacious communion-rail and several adjacent pews were filled with penitent seekers of mercy, -- husbands bringing their wives, and children weeping for their parents; old men with gray hairs kneeling beside the youthful and the gay; all weeping, praying, and pleading for the one great blessing of salvation."

The same minister, in an article in the "Watchman," under date of March 5, says,

"Since my last, the revival of God's work has steadily progressed. The meetings have decidedly increased in profit and interest. Our devoted and earnest friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, continue to labor with great zeal; and we trust that their efforts for the conversion of souls, and the promotion of holiness in this city, will be permanent and practical in their results. Their addresses are accompanied with the influence of the Holy Ghost. Many during the past week have been savingly converted to God, others deeply convinced of sin. Some cases of conversion are peculiarly interesting. A man from the country who had attended the meeting on Monday last, was so convicted, that, on his way home, he turned aside into a plantation, and there wrestled with God until his burden was removed, and then went on his way singing and praising; in which exercise he spent the whole night. Yesterday the chapel was so crowded, that a large number could not gain admittance. Many sought and obtained the pearl of great price, and many left burdened with a world of grief. The villages round are sharing largely in the benefits of this time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We are still looking for mightier effusions of the Holy Ghost, and yet larger ingatherings to the fold of Christ."

Another correspondent of the "Watchman" writes:--

"Attracted by the reported successes of our dear American friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who are now on a visit to Carlisle, and having a desire to participate in the revival, I proceeded there on Saturday, 25th, and attended the special services in the Fisher-street Chapel on Sabbath. The afternoon service commenced at half-past two. The chapel was filled above and below. Not fewer than a thousand persons must have been present. The service was characterized by much of the divine presence and blessing. Dr. Palmer took the desk, gave out the four hundred and thirty-third hymn, and, with beautiful simplicity and childlike confidence, offered up a most fervent and comprehensive prayer. Mrs. Palmer then left her seat, and, taking her stand within the communion-rail, proceeded to exhort her hearers to the duty of entire consecration to the service of God. Her remarks were clear, pointed, and scriptural, but addressed more to the understanding than to the feelings of her audience, and interspersed with striking incidents. At the close, a solemn sense of the divine presence seemed to rest upon the entire congregation. Dr. P___ then gave a most earnest and affectionate invitation to all seekers of purity or pardon to come forward, and kneel at the altar of prayer. While a hymn was being sung, about thirty accepted the invitation.

"The chapel was crowded in the evening. Mrs. Palmer addressed the meeting on the duty of confessing our sins, and, having urged the claims of God upon her hearers, concluded her address by relating two or three remarkable conversions. Dr. Palmer now came forward, and if possible, with greater earnestness and affection than before, gave the usual invitation; and, while the second hymn was being sung, upwards of forty came forward to the communion-rail. Devout and fervent prayers were now offered in behalf of the seekers, while suitable advice" was being given to them. It was truly delightful to see parents and children, husbands and wives, old and young, rich and poor, one with another, pleading for the common salvation. At a quarter to ten o'clock, when the meeting closed, nearly all had found the blessing sought, as many were enabled to testify. One young man declared that the Lord had healed his backslidings; another, that 'he had taken her feet out of the horrible pit and the miry clay;' another, that he had received a clean heart. An aged female, with a radiant countenance which I shall ever remember, declared she had got back her 'first love.' But the most remarkable case was that of an old soldier,

seventy-six years of age, who had fought in nearly all the Peninsular battles under the Duke of Wellington, and had both his eyes put out. He was led to the communion-rail by a youth of fifteen years, who knelt by his side, and prayed for his conversion; and the old man was enabled to declare that the Lord had turned his darkness into day, having given him spiritual sight. Other facts not less interesting might be given.

"In conclusion, let me suggest that all who read this account be stirred up to take hold on God, and seek to promote a revival of his work in their several localities, that not only in Carlisle, but throughout all England, many such days of the Son of man may be witnessed."

An English Wesleyan minister, writing to "Zion's Herald," says, --

"The work of revival continues to advance in the north of England in connection with the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer of New York. The Lord is working in a marvelous manner: his Spirit is convincing sinners, and leading them to Christ in unprecedented numbers. In Carlisle, where they have been holding revival meetings twice a day for the last three weeks, a large number have received the blessing of entire sanctification, and more than four hundred have obtained justifying grace.

"The extent of the gracious visitation may be judged of from the fact, that the Wesleyan membership of the whole Carlisle circuit amounted to only about two hundred. The invitations to Dr. and Mrs. P____ for their services are so many and urgent, that they are trying to shorten their visits at each place. They went to Carlisle really intending to remain but two weeks; but the people utterly refused to let them go. Last Friday evening was to have been their last service. An immense crowd of persons had assembled. Dr. Palmer had already given a farewell address, and Mrs. P____ was expected to follow. But, at this stage of the meeting the district chairman intervened, and said it was his own earnest desire, in conjunction with many other friends, that Dr. and Mrs. P____ should be constrained to remain another week. The district chairman then asked that all who wished to join in the request should signify it by rising up; when every person present, both saints and sinners, rose. It was impossible to resist this demonstration; and Dr. and Mrs. P____ consented to remain one week more.

"These devoted servants of Christ have recently had an invitation which will surprise many. It is from a Church of England clergyman residing near London. Another minister of the Established Church attended the services at Newcastle. This minister had read Mrs. Palmer's works on the great theme of heart holiness, "and went, in consequence of the impression made on his mind, about three hundred miles to attend the revival services which Dr. and Mrs. P____ were conducting in Newcastle. While there, he received the 'baptism of fire.' On his return, he called on one who had been his former fellow curate, and advised him to read Mrs. Palmer's books on entire holiness. While reading, this clergyman also was enabled to feel that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. This clergyman seems wonderfully roused in regard to the state of the Church of England, and earnestly solicits Dr. and Mrs. P____ to visit his parishes. He has two parish churches; and he declares that both will be crowded in case Dr. and Mrs. H____ will come. He also engages to invite the clergy from the surrounding places, to his own house, to discuss with Dr. and Mrs. P____ and himself, the all-important privilege of heart holiness. One

may reasonably hope that this may be the germ of a gracious revival in the Church of England. All should pray that this leaven may mightily move the mass."

It is due to the cause of truth to say that there has not been as ready a co-operation on the part of ministers of other denominations here as in most places We have visited.

But, though the ministers of two denominations were willing to turn away the attention of their people from the reception of the full baptism of the Spirit, we have reason to know that some other churches are likely to share largely in the benefits of this visitation. Just before we left, on Saturday, the pastor of the Independent Church came in. He had attended the revival services, and such had been his intense hungering and thirsting after righteousness, that he was now being inexpressibly filled. He declared it as his intention, not only to preach entire sanctification to his own people, but felt that it might be his duty to go to the ministers of other denominations, and tell them of his own experimental realizations of the purifying and impelling fires of the Spirit.

A letter received from the Rev. R. Young, dated March 23, says, "I am thankful to say that our young converts give us satisfaction." He also observes in the same letter: "The minister of an Independent Church in this town has just announced in print that he has added one hundred and forty members to his Church as the result of the revival."

We are also continually hearing of the blessed progress of the work in Scotland. A letter received today from the Rev. J. Hay, superintendent of Glasgow circuit, referring to the encouragement the people claimed in regard to our return, says, "Many of the brethren are speaking of your return as a necessity; scores upon scores, outside and inside of the Church, are asking again and again when you are to return. Pray, do come, and greatly oblige many hundreds. The communion-rail is still crowded every Sabbath night with penitents," &c. Think of the change in what has been called cold, calculating Scotland; where, less than three months since, a communion-rail, as a resort for penitents, was seemingly a thing unthought of! Praise the Lord!

Carlisle Circuit -- At a meeting of stewards and leaders connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Society, Fisher Street, held March 23, 1860, Rev. John Talbot in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:--

1. That this meeting records its grateful appreciation of the service rendered to the cause of the Redeemer, in this city and neighborhood, by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, whose acceptable and unwearied labors during the past five weeks have been so signally owned by the 'great' Head of the Church in the quickening of believers and the conversion of many souls.

2. That the above resolution be inserted in the minute-book, and a copy be given to Dr. and Mrs. P____, with an assurance of the fervent prayers of this meeting for their continued and increased success in the work of the Lord.

(Signed)
John Talbot

* * * * *

12 -- CHAPTER

Penrith, Arthur Villa, April 24, 1860

Penrith is a town of about six thousand inhabitants, on the borders of Scotland. There is much here to awaken the interest of the admirer of nature, and the antiquarian. We are reliably informed that the history of this town may be traced back to three centuries before the Christian era. It is said that no other part of England possesses such numerous evidences of a high antiquity.

We have looked at dilapidated castles whose origin may be traced to over a thousand years back. The walls, several feet thick, suggest that the projectors anticipated that they might stand till time should be no more. Seldom have we witnessed more beautiful landscape scenery than here. It is enclosed between the Pennine Hills and the Irish Sea.

Brougham Hall, the residence of Lord Brougham, whose name, as one of England's noble statesmen, is familiar to many, is about two miles distant from the town. The style of the hall is ancient. Art has been freely taxed to render it a charmingly picturesque place: the site is the summit of a precipitous bank. His lordship is generally here about three months in the autumn of each year.

The Brougham Chapel stands near the hall. Tradition says that the history of the chapel may be traced as far back as 1393. It is a small building, apparently sunk in the earth; but the adornments within are of great costliness and splendor. One cannot doubt from a review of the images that the worship there observed is of the a "Tractarian" order.

The other day we drove out ten miles. The scene was most beautifully diversified with hill and dale, mountain and lake. Several miles of our way was beside one of the most lovely lakes we ever saw.

We took dinner at the Tower, built by the Duke of Norfolk. The room in which we dined was hung with tapestry said to be three hundred years old. The tapestry was canvas entirely filled up with the needle, presenting scenes in Scripture history, such as we frequently see framed, and, if wrought by one individual, must have taken years. How long since the hands that wrought it have been moldered to dust! I always think, when looking on any thing of this sort, --

"Were half the time that's vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

England is in many things quite unlike America. The ground is highly cultivated. There are many beautiful gardens. The hawthorn fence is common all over England. Think of farms in every direction divided by a beautiful green fence!

You would have smiled if you had seen us riding along here yesterday. Our position was dressed in bright-blue broadcloth bordered with yellow, bright buttons, white pantaloons, and light-topped boots. He rode one of the horses. English habits differ from American in many respects, but in nothing perhaps that would be more observable to an American than the difference there is between the common people and the higher classes.

We have just visited the castle of the Earl of Lonsdale, called Lowther Castle. This is a magnificent structure. It stands in a park of six hundred acres, studded with large umbrageous trees, many of which have outlived the oldest inhabitants of these regions. The site on which the castle stands is remarkably beautiful, overlooking an extensive region of hill and dale. The building is large and magnificent to a degree beyond what is often seen either in England or America. To my mind it out-vies the queen's palace in London.

We went through the castle. Here was a library of several thousand volumes. We examined some of the books, which were conspicuous for size and for the peculiarity of the light parchment covering, ornamented with gilt. Some of them were two or three hundred years old. Among the more recent volumes was Southey's "Life of Wesley," "Hannah More's Life and Letters," &c. Here were the busts and portraits of many kings and queens of bygone days.

Among the rooms we entered on the second floor was one called the State bed-room. The last person that slept in it was the King of Belgium. The hangings of the bed were of white satin embossed with the needle. The toilet-fixtures were of pure gold. Other fixtures about the room were equally magnificent. Standing out in one of the splendid halls were two chairs of ancient character, whose cushions were covered with needle-work wrought by Mary, Queen of Scots. None of the earl's household were at home, except the housekeeper and servants. We were told that he spends but a few weeks of the year here, having a house in London, and two castles elsewhere. This will give you an idea of others of the nobility of England. Here is a librarian employed at the cost of two hundred pounds a year. Servants remain at the castle the year round. The earl is a bachelor, and is about seventy years old.

One cannot but feel impressed with the idea, that his servants may have the best of it in point of comfort and quiet, and in view of the account of stewardship required. At the end of life's journey, who would not rather meet the responsibility of the servant than the master? At the porter's lodge a book is kept for the purpose of receiving visitor's names. We wrote our names as from America. I could not forbear appending to mine, "Godliness with Contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out: having food and raiment let us be therewith content;" and "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

As we rode back from the castle to the neighborhood of Penrith, we saw a curious mound called "King Arthur's table." It consists of a circular platform surrounded by a moat. Ballad-traditions have fixed it as the residence of King Arthur. It is regarded as a celebrity, some

supposing that its peculiarities denote it as a place of worship for the ancient settlers for these regions. These were Celts, and the religion a species of fire-worship.

And now, who can say that the former days were better than these? Oh, blessed Christianity: what hast thou done? Here, where once fire-worship obtained, many from various directions twenty miles around have been pouring in nightly during the past four weeks, seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. These, after receiving the gift of power, have scattered to their near and remote homes, and, returning again succeeding evenings, have brought their unconverted friends, who, in turn, have been blessed, till now the flame of heavenly fire is spreading in every direction, and the attention of rich and poor, high and low, seems to have been arrested.

The Wesleyans have a commodious chapel in Penrith. Here, as in many other places, they were subjected to most bitter and malignant persecution when they first made an effort to plant themselves.

Mr. Wesley, in his journal, referring to these regions, says, "On the 27th June, 1752, I preached at Clifton, near Penrith, to a civil people, who looked just as if I had been talking Greek." Again: May 5, 1780, he says, "Notice having been given, without my knowledge, of my preaching at Ninthead, all the lead-miners, that could, got together, and I declared unto them, 'All things are ready.' After riding over another enormous mountain, I preached, as I did about thirty years ago, to a large congregation of rich and poor. In the evening, a large upper room, designed for an assembly, was procured for me at Penrith; but several poor people were struck with a panic for fear the room should fall. Finding there was no remedy, I went down into the court below and preached in great peace to a multitude of well-behaved people. The rain was suspended while I preached, but afterward returned and continued most of the night." Again, May 11, 1786: "Preached at Appleby in the afternoon, and went on to Penrith."

One valuable auxiliary of Methodism in England is their day schools. These are established in most of the important towns for the purpose of placing within the reach of all classes the means of a useful education based on religious principles. The Wesleyans have an excellent and commodious building erected in this place expressly for the accommodation of the day-school, which has been for many years in successful operation.

You will be thankful to hear that the cloud of mercy has now gathered over this place, and showers of blessings are flowing out upon the people in all the region round about. We send you the "Cumberland and Westmoreland Advertiser," of April 3, containing some account of the work as it began. Our hearts are saying, with the sainted Fletcher, "Oh for a gust of praise to go through the earth!" We know that you will, with us, unite in ascribing "glory to God in the highest!" He who is fearful in praises, doing wonders, inhabits the praises of Israel "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." Let us, then, abundantly utter the memory of his great goodness, and, through the thanksgiving of many, praise shall redound to God.

We told you that we were coming here to rest. Well, on the principle that "labor is rest," we are resting. It puts me in mind of the sort of rest one took, who said, "The world is my parish." He speaks of taking a rest week, preaching only once every day. We are enjoying our

rest, holding meetings every evening. I say enjoying it, because the Lord is so graciously refreshing our own souls amid these exceedingly reviving influences. Truly do we prove that "he that watereth shall be watered." We are anticipating much greater things.

"A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God."

During the ten days we have labored here, we have been favored with more than ordinary manifestations of Christ's power and presence. The standard has been reared in the sight of the people. "Holiness To The Lord" has been proclaimed, not only as the privilege, but the present duty, of all believers. Ministers and leading men have united in rallying round it. Every night we seem constrained to say something by way of bringing up God's people definitely to this point; and the more we talk on the subject, the more the Lord owns his truth, not only in the sanctification of believers, but in the awakening and conversion of sinners. This can only be accounted for on the principle set forth on the day of Pentecost. If the "one hundred and twenty" had not first tarried for the gift of power, the "three thousand" would not have been pricked to the heart.

April 9

We find it impossible to leave here at the time specified in our last: impossible because it ought not to come within the range of possibilities to resist what we believe to be the order of the Captain of our salvation. Scores have been constrained by the mercies of God to bring their all to the Christian's altar. The Pentecostal flame has fallen on the sacrifice; and, as on the day of Pentecost, these Spirit-baptized disciples have gone forth among the people in every direction, speaking with lips touched with a living coal.

It is thus that the flame is spreading all over the circuit. It is common for the people to come nightly from five to ten miles' distance. We have heard of the case of one, whom though many miles distant from the point where this flame burst forth, was arrested while hearing the recital of the manner of the Spirit's workings here, and is now joyful convert. We were informed of another, residing at a distance of three or four miles, who was servant in a family where the master and mistress were in attendance on the services. Returning a few evenings since, they found their servant stricken down. It was a case similar to the many witnessed in Ireland. A physician was sent for; but he found it to be a case beyond his skill. She had been wounded by the Spirit's sword, and, in a few hours, He who healeth all manner of diseases came to her aid, and she was raised up to testify with exulting lips of his power to save.

Yesterday was a day of great blessedness. The people crowded in largely from the surrounding country. The day was gloriously serene; and heaven and earth conspired in saying, "This is the day the Lord hath made." The Rev. G. Greenwood gave a very impressive discourse. In the afternoon, the gates of righteousness were opened to many believing souls. He who over eighteen centuries ago bowed his sacred head, and cried, "It is finished," permitted many of his people to enter by the new and living way into the holiest. Oh! it was indeed a high day for the

redeemed of the Lord in these regions. To many also, who, looking on Him whom they had pierced, were mourning, did the Holy Comforter come; and sorrow was turned into songs of rejoicing. Good Friday, April 6, 1860, will long be remembered in Penrith and the region round about. Four meetings were held. The Rev. ft. W. Thomas delivered a very appropriate discourse in the morning. His subject was the suffering and death of the incarnate Deity. Service was also held at two o'clock in the afternoon. The exercises commenced with singing the hymn, --

"And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?"

Prayer mighty, which opens heaven, was offered by the Rev. G. Greenwood. The 12th chapter of Romans was read by Dr. P____, after which we urged the imperative claim, by virtue of God's infinite mercy in giving his son to die for a lost world, as a reason why there should be an unreserved, immediate, and unconditional surrender of the whole being to God on the part of all present. Many responded to the claim, and, rendering all up to God through Christ as a reasonable service, were enabled through the Spirit to testify of its acceptance. We cannot speak of the number of these. The communion-rail and its surroundings were insufficient for the accommodation of those who wished to express their desire for the full baptism. Dr. P____ therefore asked all who wished to manifest their determination that they would never rest without this blessing, to raise their right hand, and keep it upraised until the recording angel might note it down in the book of God's remembrance. I do not doubt that over a hundred thus with upraised hand, before God, men, and angels, declared their resolve to have the blessing. Truly did the Spirit seem to be abroad among the congregation as a Spirit of "burning and fuel of fire."

Another meeting was held at half-past six o'clock for anxious persons. The vestry was crowded, and many were blessed. At half-past seven the public service commenced. The place seemed filled with the power and glory of God, to a degree beyond any occasion since the work began. The secretary recorded the names of forty, who had been made special recipients of grace during the afternoon and evening services.

April 13

Last night exceeded any former occasion in manifestations of saving power. We had a rush to the altar of prayer, and the vestry was also crowded with earnest seekers. As Dr. P____ was inviting seekers to come to Jesus, ere he had finished his address, a gentleman came hurriedly forward, and bowed in lowly prostration at the mercy-seat. Others quickly followed, and in a few moments the communion-rail and the vestry were crowded. Between forty and fifty were made joyful recipients of saving grace.

Dr. P____ often towards the close of the services asks of those who come forward as seekers what the Lord has done for them. These testimonies from the newly saved are not always in a tone of voice sufficiently commanding for all the congregation to hear. As he passes around the communion-rail, extending his hand to one and another of the newly adopted ones, he often says, "And now, my brother, what has the Lord done for you?" or, "My sister, tell us what the Lord has done for you." The testimony of these new witnesses is often most inspiring.

One will say, amid flowing tears of joy, "Oh! He has taken my feet from the miry clay, and set them on the rock of ages;" another, "He has pardoned all my sins;" another, "Oh! I do believe. Jesus is my Saviour" glory be to Jesus!" As these and similar inspiring testimonies flow out from newly touched lips, Dr. P____ repeats them to the congregation; so that, through the thanksgiving of many, praise may redound to God. Sometimes these testimonies are touchingly sweet. The gentleman who with such hasteful step rushed to the altar from the gallery, when asked, "What has the Lord done for you?" replied, "The cloud of thick darkness that enveloped my mind has been dissipated, and now a flood of light has come in."

April 14

The utmost bound of our visit here was fixed for Monday last; but Sabbath afternoon and evening were seasons of such extraordinary interest, that we dared not leave. Interposing barriers of grace and mercy prevented; but to be prisoners of love is not hard. Last night, one who had been apprised of our intention of leaving on the first of the week, said, "You cannot go on Monday: you cannot, because the Lord will not let you leave. I have been to the Master, and he has given me an answer that you cannot go." As Dr. F____ was out yesterday, he was accosted by a lady belonging to the Independents: she entreated, with tears, that we would not leave for a week at least; said that the revival influences were abroad through the place, and people of every grade and name seemed to be feeling their penetrating power. Over fifty seekers were blessed on Sabbath. It rained most of the day, yet the people had gathered from every quarter, and from many miles distant; and, long before the time for the services to commence, the chapel was densely crowded.

The flame seems to be intensifying, and spreading yet more rapidly with every passing day. Ministers and office-bearers, and the membership generally, are of one heart. The word of the Lord has free course, runs, and is glorified. One minister who had come from a distant circuit to participate in the work was so unutterably filled with the Spirit last night, that he reminded us of those early disciples of whom it was said, "These men are full of new wine:" clapping his hands, he leaped and shouted for joy. Surely we are being blessed with a return of Pentecostal power!

One of the interesting features of this work is the spirit of sacrifice manifested on the part of the Spirit-baptized disciples in bringing their friends to Jesus. One excellent Christian man, living about ten miles distant, has, since the first week of our labors here, made a business of going among his unconverted neighbors and friends, and bringing them night after night in his own conveyance to the services. We have reason to believe that a score, at least, have, through his agency, been won over to Jesus. This blessed laborer has not been alone in the peculiarity of his work.

Another Christian brother, residing about fifteen miles distant, went among the people in his own region, telling them of the gracious visitation of the Saviour at the town of Penrith. On hearing how many were brought to Jesus, and healed of their spiritual maladies, the desire became general to go to the services. Many of those who came through the solicitations of this excellent man had not conveyances at their command. Several of such as could not conveniently

subject themselves to the expense of the public conveyance were franked to the town at the expense of the Christian man whose invitation they had accepted. Then in case they had not friends in the town, received a note of introduction to another large-hearted Christian brother, one of the leading men in the society, -- a local preacher, -- introducing them to his gratuitous hospitalities. And thus the work went on, one working into the hand of another, furnishing a beautiful example of Christianity in its primitive zeal, simplicity, and power.

It must not be imagined that these persons, and others to whose largeness of heart we have referred, were persons of specially large means. No: they were mainly of that class which formed mostly the auditory of the incarnate Redeemer. It was the common people heard the Saviour gladly when on earth; and these hear him gladly still. Out of these his humble band of male and female followers was chosen, and it will be remembered that of these, while some ministered of their substance, others ministered with their hands.

God has said, "Gather my saints together unto me; those who have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." To sacrifice that which costs nothing in ease, time, purse, or reputation, is in fact not sacrifice.

Only such are to be gathered at last as have in verity made covenant with God by sacrifice. Those who are in sympathy with God, in that love that moved him to give his son to die for a world of sinners, will deem no sacrifice too great that may be subservient to the salvation of a soul.

Those who are not manifesting their sympathy with God by demonstrations of self-sacrificing zeal will not be gathered with God's saints in time; and not being found with God's marked ones, "who sigh and cry," what can await them but the doom of the unmarked, as recorded, Ezek. ix. 4, 5?

How soon might England be in a blaze of revival if all the disciples of Jesus were alike disposed to sacrifice that which costs them something, in bringing their spiritually diseased friends to the great Physician! The man sick of the palsy was not able to come himself. In this case, it seemed to require some toil on the part of four men, otherwise they had not succeeded in getting the palsied man introduced into the presence of Jesus. And not only was some wearying toil required to bring the man, but some expense, we may infer, was incurred in repairing the roof which was uncovered; for it was "broken up" in order to get the man down into the immediate presence of Jesus. And this painstaking was specially recognized by the heavenly Physician; for it is written, "Jesus, seeing their faith, said to the sick of palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

April 16

What hath God wrought? Yesterday was most memorable, He who baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire was in our midst. Many of the disciples of Jesus were enabled by faith to claim the "promise of the Father," and rejoiced in "the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." About seventy convicted sinners were translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the

kingdom of God's dear son. Since writing the preceding, the "Cumberland and Westmoreland Advertiser;" containing an interesting notice of the work, has come to hand. We will insert it.

"Revival Services In Penrith -- These services have been continued during the last week, and their results are assuming most surprising dimensions. We have carefully watched their progress from the first, -- having attended the whole of them, -- and are amazed at the immense spread of divine influence among the people. At their commencement, the crowding of the chapel was confined to the Sabbaths; but such was the effect produced by the remarkable conversions taking place, that last Friday evening the congregation filled it. One pleasing feature about this revival is the evident genuineness of it. It is not mere excitement, but the power of the Holy Ghost spreading among, awakening, converting, and sanctifying the people. Proof of this is seen in the very satisfactory way in which it is extending to all classes; and people of every caliber of mind, and of different classes of society, are yielding to the influence of the Spirit. It is not the mere youth, or the ignorant, or the poor, you see bending at the altar of prayer; but the strong man, the hoary head, the educated, and the gentle, go there and are converted. Many who were among the most unlikely to kneel as penitents among the Methodists have found that God was there, and have been made to rejoice in Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Such was the state of the overflowing congregations last Sabbath, that we rejoiced most heartily that it was not a political gathering for some revolutionary purpose, but people drawn together by the Holy Ghost for the purpose of being saved from sin and eternal death. Upwards of eighty were at the altar of prayer, seventy of whom were penitents, and the rest believers who were sanctified through faith in the blood of the atonement; and the total number (from the commencement of these services) who have received these blessings is above five hundred and fifty. While we would give all the glory to God, we would honor the instruments he employs. All classes in the town ought to rejoice that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have visited it, and that their labors are thus crowned with success. What a glorious change has taken place in many individuals! How many have been made happy! The poor drunkard, miserable in himself, and making others miserable around him, has here found his way back to sobriety and peace. As our beloved friends have kindly consented to continue these services another week, and over another Sabbath, we sincerely hope that hundreds more who have not yet attended them will embrace the earliest opportunity of doing so."

April 19

The revival here is very remarkable. Seldom have we witnessed a more glorious work. The religious condition of the higher classes of the community has been much laid on my mind in prayer since I have been here. Oh, how many thousands have been rocked asleep in the cradle of carnal security! Forms and outward ceremonies are the lullaby with which conscience is being quieted. I am sure I pity the poor, yet I cannot divest my mind of the feeling that the wealthy are far greater objects of compassion.

How few dare to be faithful to the souls of the rich! and yet how mighty are their responsibilities in view of the summings up of eternity! Where much is given, much will be required. When we think of the shortness of life, it advantageth but little that it should be said of any one, "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things;" and, at the close of life's short day, what will the remembrance, avail but to augment the miseries of those who, Dives, live to

enjoy their good things, and fail to make preparation for heaven? You may wonder, but really I cannot describe how my heart has been drawn out in prayerful compassion for the rich. These words, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you," seem invested with an unwonted significance.

In Ireland the revival extended largely to the poorer classes. While there, we were informed that a lady of wealth, being present at one of the large gatherings where the ignorant poor were being stricken down in every direction, cried out, in an agony of soul, "My God, is there no mercy for the rich?" We know there is mercy for the rich if they will give up the world, and come down to the foot of the cross; but, alas! how many would rather risk their all for eternity than bend their neck to the yoke of the meek and lowly! Surely all things are possible with God. And though as impossible as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, yet this with God is possible; and I have been pleading that we may have a revival that may take in the rich in a proportionate ratio as the poor were taken in during the great revival in the sister isle. Blessed be the Lord any strength, that it is my privilege to record that my faith seems not to have been in vain in regard" to this subject!

In remembrance of those who brought their friends to our Lord in the days of his incarnation, I said to one who was in the employ of a very wealthy gentleman, Could you not bring that gentleman in the arms of faith and prayer to Jesus? I thought he looked dubious; and I pressed the matter more closely, telling him of the danger of limiting the Holy One of Israel, and assuring him that special requests insure special answers; and the impossibility of bringing any thing too great to the Almighty, inasmuch as he hath said, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

The good humble brother assured me he would try; but, after he had left me, I was for hours tempted with the thought, that, from my manner of speaking, I had laid a burden on that good brother above that he was able to bear. I sought relief by endeavoring to share the burden; and, in remembrance of the man that was "borne of four," I remained till a late hour in my pleadings with God in his behalf that night; and in order to do every thing in my power to make my faith effectual I wrote the individual, in whose behalf united prayer was being presented, a faithful letter.

This was a matter wholly between God and my own soul, and for obvious reasons not made known among the people. But, for the praise of our faithful Lord, I feel it my duty to tell you that marked assurances were given that the heart of this object of prayer was not untouched. The fact of his having had a special visitation of the Holy Spirit, if not fully acknowledged in time, will be confessed to the glory of a prayer-hearing God before an assembled universe. But, alas! how many convicted ones rest short of true conversion! In answer to the prayer of faith, the drawings of the Spirit may, ay, will be felt. This may tend to some reformation of life; but, unless wholly and continuously yielded to, and the heart wholly renewed, the subject can never be an inhabitant of the new heavens wherein dwelleth righteousness.

The work here seems specially to have aroused some of the lawyers." An intelligent lawyer, residing in the town, has been forward for prayers, and is now rejoicing with a joy unspeakable. He bids fair for usefulness. Dr. P_____ was conversing with another lawyer on

Saturday evening who has been deeply convicted for several days. He seems to have yielded partially to the drawings of the Spirit, thinks he is now being enabled to believe unto salvation. But he has not come out fully by way of confessing Christ before men; and it is only to the degree this is done that there can be a realization of the blessedness arising from the consciousness that Christ confesses us before his Father and the holy angels. The strength which this joy imparts is absolutely needful for all Who would endure, and without it I do not think that any one will be likely to stand.

The lady of another lawyer, who has been occasionally at the services, was converted the night before last. Last evening, at the half-past six-o'clock service, where Dr. _____ meets inquirers, this lady came as a seeker of the full baptism of the Spirit. Dr. P_____ has just been telling me that he does not doubt that she obtained the promised gift.

Thus far the names of over five hundred have been taken as those who have been newly born into the kingdom of grace. The names of about one hundred have been given in to the secretary, of those who have been able to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. J. P_____, of Arthur Villa, with whom we were guests, writing to a minister in London, under date of April 19, gives some interesting details of the work, which, with his permission, I will transcribe. Speaking of our unexpected detention, he says,

"I did not for a moment think it likely that our friends would remain over this week; but, last Friday evening, there were indications of good appearing among a class they had earnestly desired (the respectable, church-going people): this made them pause, and it was made a matter of special prayer at that evening meeting. There was an unusual congregation, and an unusual readiness on the part of seekers to come forward. The communion-rail was quickly filled, also the vestry. We took upwards of forty new names that evening. On the Sabbath it is likely as many persons came who could not get into the chapel, as there were inside. Many literally pushed through the crowd in the aisles to the communion-rails and vestry, and as they were blessed, they returned to their seats, and others took their places. We recorded upwards of seventy new names of penitent seekers. Understand me, this does not include any who were seeking full salvation, nor any whose names were previously taken, and who were not clear, and came again to the altar of prayer; nor does it take in any who were blessed in the gallery or body of the chapel. How far the number that evening would have been increased if there had been enlarged accommodations at the communion-rail and vestry, we know not. We have taken upwards of twenty names each evening since.

"My time is nearly gone, but I will endeavor to give you some eases. The first, a man named _____, from _____, a person who, I am told, has kept an inn twenty years, but has now left that occupation. He was in great distress on Good Friday. 'But,' said he, 'there is a peculiarity in my case, -- I am a backslider.' He did not obtain a clear sense of pardon, and came again on the Sabbath. He was the first to come out, and got well blessed. As he was seen on his horse after tea, one said to him, 'Are you not going to stay at the evening service?'

He said, 'I must go to the chapel at _____ (eleven miles distant), and tell them what the Lord has done for my soul.'

"Another case: I _____ is about sixty years old, a farmer, whose son and daughter, man-servant and maid-servant, have been converted during this revival. He was the first to come to the altar on Sabbath afternoon. The big tears were rolling down his cheeks: he got hold of my hand, saying, 'I could hold out no longer.' I spoke words of comfort to him, as did others; and, in a few moments, he was rejoicing in God his Saviour. Mr. W_____ has since seen him, and he gives evidence of a happy change, 'This was a hard case,' said one, in referring to it. 'Since _____ is saved, none need despair.'

"Several young persons, during the first week, gave their hearts to God, and were sweetly blessed. I have a class of young female converts, from eight to eighteen years of age. Since the first few days, there have not been many so young. There has been a large number in middle life, and a few aged persons. Oh! how soon do most of them obtain mercy after coming to the altar of prayer; thus taking up their cross and confessing Christ before men. On speaking to one young man, I found he had been blessed on the way between the pew and the communion-rail.

"I spoke to three successively last evening at the altar. I said something like this to each: 'My dear friend, what do you desire the Lord to do for you? If you have renounced all sin, and given your hearts to God, you are on promised ground.' I directed their minds to some suitable promise, which they quickly apprehended, of which they gave unmistakable evidence. I then said, 'Praise the Lord for his promise,' which they did, and quickly emerged from darkness into light.

"It has been common, during these revival services, for persons desiring the conversion of their family connections and friends to send in a written request. Some interesting cases of answers to prayer in these particulars have come to my knowledge. One case, that of a young lady, who was presented thus in prayer about a week ago. I found her night before last in the vestry, in deep distress. Mrs. P_____ said, at the close of service, to those in the vestry, 'If you do not feel quite clear, be sure you come immediately forward to the communion-rail as soon as the invitation is given tomorrow evening.' This young lady came again last evening, still in deep distress. Before the close of the meeting she was comforted. I believe the Lord spoke peace to her soul. She is the daughter of a praying mother.

"Other interesting cases of conversion have come under my own particular cognizance, which time would not permit me to give you when I wrote to you yesterday. G_____ I remember since I was a child. He was for a long time in a solicitor's office, and has been master of the national schools. He has a poetic mind, and has been a writer of ballads. I saw him in the gallery, apparently an attentive hearer. I went to him, and expressed my satisfaction in seeing him. He said, 'I wish I had attended the meetings from the first.' I said no more. This was a week last Tuesday. The next evening he was present again: I spoke to him about the importance of salvation, and told him I thought he would be likely to profit more if he were down stairs. On Friday evening, whilst Dr. P_____ was giving the invitation to seekers to come forward, the man left his seat in the gallery, walked up the aisle, and fell down on his knees in front of the altar. He found salvation most gloriously, and at the close of the service gave in a precious testimony.

"E____ is a man I know well. I went to him as I saw him standing at nearly the close of the prayer-meeting last Sunday week. He said he thought he had saving grace. I said, 'You have been a long time by the wayside, but you have never come out on the side of Christ; and if you have not come out on the right side, you must be on the wrong, for there are but two ways.' Next evening he came out voluntarily to the altar, and professed to find peace. I went to him the next evening, and after he had answered me satisfactorily in regard to his own condition, he pointed me to an individual kneeling at the altar of prayer. 'There is one,' said he, 'that I have brought with me.' The person to whom he directed my attention was in great distress, seeking pardon. He has since joined my class.

"I would here observe that it appears whenever we really take an individual on our hearts, and carry that soul to God in prayer, it has been given to us. Another man, M____, had a good mother, who is now in heaven. His wife had been converted during these revival meetings. I spoke to him in the gallery on Friday evening, but without any response. I saw him on the opposite side of the gallery on Sabbath morning. I felt an earnest desire that he might be saved. I then and there directed my prayer to God on his behalf; and I did indeed feel the way open direct to God, through the mediation of Christ, during that season of mental prayer. I saw this person in the congregation that evening, but my engagement as one of the secretaries of the meeting prevented me from speaking to any other than those who had come forward for prayers.

Looking for him toward the close of the services, I saw he had gone, and thought, 'It is all over for the time; he has left the chapel.' But not so. Unobserved to myself, he had found his way to the vestry, and there, to my joyful surprise, I met him at the close of the evening's service, a saved man.

"This is one of many cases where both man and wife have been blessed. My nearest neighbors, man and wife, were made happy in God at almost the commencement of these services. On Monday evening last, I observed him coming into the chapel with his brother. The brother came forward and found peace. The next evening the wife of this brother came forward, and was also blessed. The last person on one evening's list was a woman whose name was L____; she resided near the gas-works. The next evening I took the name of a man residing near the gas-works. I observed to a friend, 'This looks like husband and wife; when he told me that they had agreed at home that the wife should come the first night, and go to the communion-rail and seek mercy, and the husband should come the following evening. One evening this week I took the name of a woman named R____. Shortly after, as I took the name of a man who had sought mercy, I asked, 'Are you husband and wife?' They said, 'Yes.' Both professed to have found peace."

Dr. P____ informs me of a gentleman residing in another district, with whom he has been conversing, who has been much blessed in his domestic and social relations through the revival services. All his children, his servants, and the foreman also in his business establishment, are among the newly converted. Other items might be added of similar interest.

[From the "Penrith Chronicle," Eng. April 24]

During the week these services have been more numerously attended than ever; and last Sabbath they must have reached the culminating point, if that can be while any sinners remain unconverted to God. They have now continued for a month, and yet the interest excited, and the power of the Holy Ghost manifested, are not only unabated, but apparently more and more potent. The... of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, blended with that holy unction which comes from heaven, together with the untiring diligence of the ministers, office-bearers, and members of the society, have been combined to promote such glorious results as cannot be forgotten for many years. Every possessor of Christian holiness has, during this blessed month, done the best he could to help his neighbor to the enjoyment of the same blessing; and indeed, come the sinner from where he would, or belong to whatever other body of Christians he might, if he came to the service seeking salvation through the atonement of Christ, he was led to the altar of prayer with shouts of joy and triumph, and was not often left until he found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. The entire voice of God's people seemed to reiterate the language of inspiration, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isa. lv. 1). We have been surprised at the number of miles some have come to be present at these services, and deeply affected with their earnest entreaties to be allowed, if possible, to enter the crammed congregations, grounding their plea on the great distance they had traveled. We understand that the total number of individuals receiving good at these services reaches now to nearly seven hundred.

But will not this produce a good and healthy moral effect upon the town and neighborhood, beyond the immediate conversion of souls? If Christians are the "salt of the earth," and these young converts walk circumspectly, as we confidently hope they will, will they not diffuse a salutary and saving influence among those around them? May we not augur well for the future of our vicinity? Many of them are people of intellect and standing in the neighborhood; and most of them persons of that amount of respectability and mind, which, if well and religiously exerted, may produce immense effect in hastening the salvation of perishing sinners near them. Let every young convert try to save as many souls as possible, and as soon as possible, and then how the beauty of holiness will be seen to shine forth in every grade of society! And will not multitudes of our neighbors be eternally lost if this is not done immediately?

We understand that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are very grateful to Almighty God for the success of their labors in this town, and regret that they must terminate with the service tonight. It is to be hoped that those who have not heard them will try to do so at this last moment. What a happy month has this been! Hundreds who attended the Wesleyan Chapel last Sabbath will be sorrowful that they leave us so soon. Mr. Thomas' excellent sermon on "Heavenly Citizenship," in the morning, and the hallowed feeling pervading the congregations during the addresses of our beloved friends, in the afternoon and evening, made it a glorious day. While we very reluctantly part with them, we would devoutly commend them, and the youth their son, who is with them, to God, and pray that their success at Gateshead, to which they go next, may be a thousand-fold greater than in Penrith, and these revivals of religion now going on in different parts of the earth may continue and increase, --

"Till the whole world again shall rest,

And see its paradise restored,
Then every soul in Jesus blessed
Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finished holiness renewed,
Immeasurably filled with God."

[From the "Penrith Chronicle," May 1]

There was a large attendance at the Wesleyan Chapel, Penrith, on Tuesday evening last, for the purpose of taking an affectionate farewell of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. The usual devotional services were gone through, and many went up to the communion-rail, seeking the divine blessing. Towards the close of the service, the Rev. G. Greenwood addressed the audience. He said he had a resolution to propose, to which he had no doubt they would all heartily respond. He was sure they had all enjoyed the services held in the chapel during the month, which had been attended with great blessing to many. Whoever might be the instruments employed in promoting the salvation of souls, nothing could be done without the help of the great Head of the Church; and they must all remember the language of St. Paul to the Corinthian Church, "So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." While, however, every one must thankfully admit that the salvation of souls was the work of God alone, still there must be the hearty and honest co-operation of man, and he recognized with great pleasure and gratitude that this had been rendered with untiring zeal and liberality by ministers, office-bearers, and members of the society, from every part of the circuit, who had all deserved well of the Church of Christ. He could not allow this opportunity to pass without expressing his thanks he was sure they would all join with him to Mr. Pattinson and the members of his family for the very kind manner in which they had come forward to entertain Dr. and Mrs. Palmer: they were entitled to all praise. Still they would all readily admit that the principal instruments in this great revival of religion were their honored and beloved friends from America. He would, therefore, now move, and he did it with all his heart,

"That the cordial and unanimous thanks of this meeting be affectionately presented to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer for their very important and triumphant labors among us, in bringing sinners to Christ, during the last four weeks."

The Rev. John Wesley Thomas seconded the resolution in a very animated speech. He said he had never risen to perform a duty with greater pleasure: it might seem unusual that a resolution like the present should be moved and seconded in a religious assembly; but the occasion was extraordinary. They were not like the blind idolaters of old, who said, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men; "but he remembered that the same apostle Who rejected the sacrifice which the ignorant heathen Would have offered, said of his Christian brethren, when writing to a certain church, "They glorified God in me." He (Mr. Thomas) had witnessed several revivals of religion; but he had never seen one in which so much power was associated with so much order. He had seen little or nothing like confusion. What he had witnessed gave him a more vivid idea of what must have occurred in the primitive times of Christianity, and in the early days of Methodism. Indeed, he had seldom experienced any thing so much like heaven, as within the last month, during which these services had been in progress. He hoped they would all strive to meet their beloved friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in heaven. He

was sure that the sympathies of all present would follow them wherever they went; nor would they be severed from them in affection by interposing mountains or oceans.

The motion, having been cordially supported by Mr. Westmoreland, was put to the meeting, and carried by acclamation. The Rev. G. Greenwood then formally presented the thanks of the congregation to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, when the worthy doctor expressed, in behalf of Mrs. P____ and himself, their high sense of the kindness thus shown them, and said they had never felt more happy in any place than they had done in Penrith. He was truly thankful for this expression of their approval; but his greatest reward would be in meeting the whole of his beloved friends in heaven. He trusted he and his dear wife would be present at the heavenly coronation of many of them. Some now present might be in glory before they were; but they hoped to be there to welcome the rest, and to see them crowned "kings and priests unto God." Dr. and Mrs. Palmer then gave some valuable advice as to the future conduct of those who had recently become the servants of Christ, and concluded a series of the most successful religious services ever held in Penrith.

We cannot, however, allow these services to terminate without awarding our meed of praise to the Christian patriotism of our American friends. When we consider the number of persons professing to receive good, belonging to other sections of the Christian Church, the gratifying results, as seen last Sabbath in the greatly augmented congregations, and the large number of communicants at the sacrament, in the Wesleyan Chapel, together with the pleasing fact that the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have been entirely gratuitous, we would say, "The Lord bless them, and keep them; the Lord make his face shine upon them, and be gracious unto them; the Lord lift up his countenance upon them, and give them peace" (Num. vi. 24-26). And may England and America go on, hand in hand, in promoting the purposes of the Redeemer, until "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ: and he shall reign for ever and ever."

On Saturday noon these devoted servants of Christ left Penrith for Gateshead, where they are at present laboring. Several of the friends accompanied them to the railway station, and parted from them with regret. They conducted religious services in the large Wesleyan Chapel at Gateshead, on Sunday. and were favored with overflowing congregations.

* * * * *

13 -- CHAPTER

Gateshead, June 2, 1860

Gateshead lies on the bank of the River Tyne, opposite Newcastle. These towns were formerly Roman military stations. A stone bridge over the Tyne was erected about the year 120 by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. Early as 84 a chain of forts was erected across the island by Julius Agricola. In 207 the Emperor Severus erected a stone wall from Solway Frith to Tynemouth. The Romans and Britons built a new wall, eight feet thick and twelve feet high, to prevent inroads made by their northern neighbors, the Picts and Scots. Vestiges of this stupendous work are still visible in Newcastle.

In the year 1080, they built what was then called a New Castle which gave name to the place. It stands near the railroad bridge, and is one of the most noted antiquities of the place. It is considered one of the finest specimens of Norman castellated buildings in England. It was erected by William Cuthrow, eldest son of William I., styled the Conqueror. It is now held by the Antiquarian Society at a nominal rent of two shillings and sixpence per annum. The height of the castle to the top of the battlement of the center tower is one hundred and five feet. The exterior walls are fourteen feet thick at the top and seventeen feet at the bottom, with chambers within them.

The towns are connected by two bridges at the present time. The high level bridge is an astonishing work of art. It is a double bridge, similar to the Suspension Bridge at Niagara. The bridge for carriage and foot passengers is eighty-five feet above high-water mark, and is paved with square stones similar to "Russ" pavement. The stones are covered with asphaltum; and, while hot, gravel is thrown over it, which makes a very pleasant road, and prevents its being slippery for horses. Above this is the railroad bridge at a further height of twenty-two feet.

The Wesleyans have three commodious chapels in Newcastle, and one in Gateshead. In the last-mentioned place, a large, handsome chapel is now in course of erection. The orphan-house in Newcastle was built in 1743, and was used as a Methodist chapel, and was the second Wesleyan place of worship erected in England. Some account of this place, and of Mr. Wesley's study on the roof; has been given in a former communication.

Few perhaps have had more reason to speak well of the Old World than ourselves. We have found thousands of precious friends. Our works on the blessed theme of heart holiness having had an extensive circulation here, we found many who had us "in their hearts," before they saw us time to face. These sweet disinterested friendships -- ay, more, relationships, are the offspring of spiritualized affections, and there is a secret, preciousness about them of which worldlings cannot begin to apprehend.

Wherever we go we have pleasant homes. We often have occasion to remember the affecting sayings of the once incarnate King of glory: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man had not where to lay his head." When we think of Him who, wearied with lengthened journeying, sat at Jacob's well discoursing with the lone woman, who, as the result of that discourse, became the evangelist of her country, we learn lessons of humility, and see much to incite our gratitude. We ride out daily, whenever the weather is favorable. Our home is with Mr. and Mrs. S____, the daughter of Mayor B____. The family circle is delightful. They are lovely and devoted followers of the Saviour. The coachman experienced religion soon after we came to Gateshead, and it seems to be his pleasure to suggest beautiful rides, and invent reasons why they should be prolonged.

One day lately we rode a few miles out, and passed through the grounds of Lord Ravensworth. They are laid out in magnificent style, and kept in superior order. I should judge the grounds extend for three miles each way, and the castle, a beautiful structure, is in the center of the grounds. As we passed along I saw a large, neat, substantial building. Reading the tablet I observed it was a charity-house, erected to the memory of two beloved children who had

departed to the other world; and Lady Ravensworth had chosen this way of perpetuating the memory of her loved ones.

Now, trust this with the course that the relatives of Miss Candy took, who, as we are informed, expended her whole fortune in rearing that splendid monument which perpetuates her name at the Greenwood Cemetery. If those who are now beyond the praise or dispraise of men could speak, we can easily conceive which way they would prefer to have their name perpetuated.

In another direction, we drove through the grounds of the late Countess of Strathmore. The earl having died without children, she married again, but not of the nobility: the son of the last husband falls heir to the estates, but not the title. The countess died in London since we have been here, and was buried in her grounds at Gibside, a few days ago. Gibside is the name of her place here. She had a private funeral, only three persons being present beside the officiating clergyman.

Nature and art have combined to make the grounds exceedingly beautiful. Notwithstanding all their loveliness and splendor, the owner is seldom at the place; so it is left for the numerous servants to enjoy. The castle is very beautifully situated on the side of a slope which runs down to the small river Derwent. There are three castles with large estates that belonged to the Earl of Strathmore. The income from them is immense. England appears to be apportioned off in this way to her nobility. Nearly all the land in England is subject to a tithing for the support of the Established Church. The nobility have their establishments in London, and several castles or halls with large elegant grounds attached throughout the kingdom, and spend but a short time at either place, leaving them to be enjoyed by their dependents; but generally the grounds are open for the populace.

In coming from Penrith to Gateshead, it seemed much as a continuation of former labors. Our hearts have been refreshed by meeting with hundreds of those who were made recipients of saving grace during our former visit to these regions months since.

If we had reason to magnify the grace of God then, our more recent observations have furnished occasion for far more exalted praise. As we look upon many of the young converts, we exclaim, What miracles of grace! Several of them are already preaching the everlasting gospel. I said to one of these, a young man of remarkable promise, "We seem to be having a race of glorious laborers growing out of this blessed revival." He replied that he thought more than twenty that he knew, as fruits of the revival, were expecting to enter the ministry.

The young convert to whose observations I refer commenced to preach a few weeks after his conversion; and an intimate friend of his, converted about the same time, is doing the same. Both have been strongly urged to enter the ministry in a more popular church; but both have sought, and, we trust, obtained, the baptism which made the "one hundred and twenty" so mighty; and now, like those scattered ones, who, by the breath of persecution, were driven "everywhere," they seem impelled by the ardors of their new-born souls to go everywhere preaching the word.

Many conversions have occurred, and are continually occurring through the agency of these young converts. Young men have in various places, as fruits of the revival, united themselves into companies called vigilance bands. A few days ago we received a letter giving an account of the plan and workings of a band formed in Newcastle, which I will here give, believing, as the writer says, that it furnishes the embryo of a primitive state of Christianity which is designed to evangelize the world.

Newcastle-On-Tyne, May 22, 1860

Dear Mrs. Palmer, -- It gives me very great pleasure to comply with your request in giving you some account of the "Young Men's Vigilance Band," especially as God was pleased to make you and your beloved husband the honored instruments of saving the majority of the young men who compose this band.

Soon after you left Newcastle, we saw plainly, that, if permanent results were to be enjoyed from the glorious revival through which we were passing, every man who had consecrated himself to God must get to work; and I am glad to say that a desire to do something for Him who had done so much for us was soon manifest by many young men, some of whom came to me, saying, "Mr. A____, can we not assist you in your home mission work?" You may judge of my reply. At first I felt a little difficulty to employ them in an efficient and yet permanent way. Taking the matter to God, and conversing with some of them about it, we agreed to have a meeting for the purpose of drawing up some systematic plan of labor. About twenty young men met one evening in Mr. J's library, and we agreed to form ourselves into a vigilance band, the idea of which originated from you at Brunswick Chapel.

That evening about four pounds were raised for the purchase of suitable tracts, and the band immediately set to work. The following is the object and rules of the band:--

"This society shall be called 'The Wesleyan Methodist Young Men's Vigilance Band.'

"Its object shall be to make aggression upon the kingdom and power of Satan by the judicious distribution of religious tracts; by domiciliary visitation, at which time all opportunities for prayer and religious converse are to be cordially embraced; by cottage prayer-meetings whenever places can be obtained to hold them;

"By assisting the home missionary in out-door services; and, in short, by any work that will have a tendency to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"The officers of this society shall consist of a chairman, whose business it shall be to preside at all meetings;

"Of a secretary, who shall conduct all the correspondence of the society, in addition to necessary minutes of meetings;

"Of a treasurer, who shall keep and pay out all moneys connected with the society;

"Of a committee, who shall select and purchase suitable tracts for the society;

"Of two tract depositors, who shall supply every member with tracts.

"All officers shall hold office during the pleasure of the society. The society shall purchase its own tracts, as a rule, but be thankful for any donation.

"The society shall meet the first Sunday afternoon of every month for conference and prayer for a blessing on our work. No business shall be transacted at this meeting. Any young man who feels that he has a saving interest in the blood of Christ may become a member of this society by giving in his name and residence to the secretary.

"Each member shall visit his district once or more a week, if he can, and endeavor by all means to promote the object of the society."

Since its organization it has increased to about sixty members, has raised nearly twenty pounds, distributed twenty thousand tracts, and visited about six thousand families. The band conducts thirteen cottage prayermeetings weekly. They are held in some of the lowest parts of the town, and have proved a means of great spiritual good to many who have never frequented a place of worship for years.

At one of these meetings, a few weeks since, a solemn sense of God's presence induced the young men to invite all who felt anxious about their souls to remain at the close of the meeting. Fourteen remained behind, and five of these professed to find Jesus precious to their souls.

Accounts expressive of deep interest manifested by the people come in from almost all the other meetings. Indeed, they all bear the evidence that God is about to do great and glorious work, and that, too, by an instrumentality which has been too long overlooked.

We have also an out-door meeting every Sunday after. noon, on the quay-side. At this time the whole "Band" assemble, assist in singing, and, on two or three occasions, some of them have mounted a chair or beer-barrel, and, in a very affectionate manner, have told the people what Jesus has done for their souls. This has not been without a very good effect. The improved attendance at New-road Chapel is owing very much to the zealous efforts of the "Band."

I am happy also to state that four other societies of a similar character have grown out of this; and, as far as I can learn, all are doing well. The fire has been kindled, the coals are spreading, and I trust will continue to spread, till the whole of England is in a blaze.

The above is but an imperfect account of this movement; but from it you may gather what the Lord is doing, and what (if we continue faithful) he is likely to do. I cannot review the past, or look forward to the future, without feeling that in this movement we have the embryo of a primitive state of Christianity, which is designed to evangelize the world. May God grant it, for Christ's sake! I remain your brother in Jesus, -- J. A.

Since the formation of the "Vigilance Band," as set forth in this letter, the utility of the enterprise has been gloriously apparent, and similar "Bands" are being formed in almost every locality where the revival flame has spread. A "Band" has already been formed in Gateshead, where we are now laboring, another at Sunderland, another at Bell's Close and Blaydon, and also at North Shields.

I have just been looking over a printed "Plan of Appointments," containing the names of the noble band of sixty who first enlisted at Newcastle, designating their places of labor in doors and out of doors. With the plan of appointments, there are some important suggestions from the resident ministers in regard to punctuality, zeal, and fidelity in their holy calling.

Now, to look over this list of names, and see them thus regularly marshaled for successful warfare against the hosts of sin, and remember what the most of them were a few months since, and what they now seem destined to be and do, -- oh! the sight of my eyes does indeed affect my heart, and culls forth strains of lofty praise.

To the glory of grace I feel it my duty to say' that I do not doubt this state of things is owing to the fact that a large number of the converts in these, as in other regions where we have labored, did obey the admonitions which were continually being urged upon them, in accordance with the advices of the founder of Methodism; that is, they did at once aspire after the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was only common for them, after receiving the blessing of pardon, to come forward yet again and again as seekers of this gift of power.

We felt it our duty continually to remind young converts of the privilege of going on to perfection. It is now over twenty years since we have been settled in our convictions, that though it were cause of great thankfulness that we were permitted to see multitudes brought out of Egypt, yet our responsibilities were far from being at an end here.

For what were the Israelites brought out of Egypt but to go up into Canaan? When the hosts of Israel, six hundred thousand strong, failed of this, what did it avail them that they had been brought out of Egypt, but to increase their condemnation? Since they did not obey the command, "Go forward," the purpose for which they were brought out was frustrated. The scriptural teachings of Wesley on this subject, if everywhere adhered to, would furnish such a race of converts as has seldom been seen since the day of Pentecost.

Early in the year 1856, a copy of an original letter of Mr. Wesley, bearing on this subject, was sent me. The individual who copied this letter from the original, stating that it had never been published, was, at the time, a Wesleyan minister, stationed in London. He was then, and still is, a stranger to me. But the important doctrines of this so long unpublished letter has been and is now being gloriously exemplified in the sanctification of hundreds of the newly justified. Multitudes who have been brought out of Egypt with a high hand and outstretched arm are not now encompassing the mountain round and round, and their carcasses falling in the wilderness, but are walking in Christ as they have received him; that is, many of them "we going up by the most direct route into Canaan. Instead of expending all their force in fighting their inward foes, their enemies being cast out, they are now fighting the Lord's battles.

But I will give you an extract of the letter referred to, with a few words of explanation. It was written by Mr. Wesley to Mr. Thomas Rankin, one of the first missionaries sent over to America, and is dated

"Epworth, July 21, 1774

"Dear Tommy, -- In yours of May the 30th, you give me an agreeable account of your little conference in Philadelphia. I think C. Shadford and you desire no novelties, but love good old Methodist discipline and doctrine. I have been lately thinking a good deal on one point, wherein perhaps we have all been wanting. We have not made it a rule, as soon as ever persons were justified, to remind them of 'going on to perfection.' Whereas this is the very time preferable to all others. They have then the simplicity of little children; and they are fervent in spirit, ready to cut off the right hand, or to pluck out the right eye. But, if we once suffer this fervor to subside, we shall find it hard enough to bring them again ever to this point."

June 4

Just one year today since we left our native shores. How rapidly have the intervening days, weeks, and months rolled away since we took the last lingering look at the loved ones who had assembled to witness our departure! The recurrence of the day brings back the scene with freshness. That group on which we gazed as we receded from the shore are now coming up before the eye of my mind, one by one. My heart still embraces them all.

"And oceans rise and billows roll,
To sever us, in vain."

We were expecting to go to Yorkshire, but were prevented by the friends here taking strong ground, thinking the encouragement we had given that we would come if we could was a pledge that they might expect us. And some who did not mean to do wrong went so far as to intimate that there was danger that our "Yea" might not seem to be "Yea" in case we did not comply with their cherished wishes. We think, though we had not pledged ourselves to either place, that Yorkshire had the strongest claim, and the disappointment has been serious.

Wherever we go, we commence at once in making an onset on the kingdom of darkness, in the name of the Lord. Trusting in the Captain of Israel's hosts, we begin with the resolve that we will have the victory. Large bills are generally put up, headed "Revival Services," &c. Smaller bills are also got out for voluntary laborers, who go about from house to house, handing bills and inviting people to the services, and talking to them about their souls.

We were surprised to find that the letter to Brother Dykeman, headed "Revival Extraordinary," had been going the rounds, in tract form, long before we came to England. It seems somewhat singular, that, instead of sending to get it by the quantity where it was originally issued, they republish it at the different places where we go, publishing the special services in connection with it; and thus the flame, kindled when we were at Hamilton, is spreading in Europe. I do not doubt that the same principles carried out would result in a revival in any church in Europe or America where church-members may be found to work for God.

These principles, in connection with the formation of "Social Christian Vigilance Bands" such as was formed in New York about two years since, are indeed telling gloriously in the salvation of souls here.

We are feeling yet more deeply the magnitude of our work. Surely God has given us the hearts of the people to an extraordinary degree. Wherever we go, he permits us to witness energizing influences quickly and largely diffused. Zion does awake! At the call of her Lord, she is putting on her strength; and, clothed in beautiful garments, she is coming up out of the wilderness, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

We are now back again to the same region where we commenced our work last September. Our hearts have again been made glad in witnessing an outpouring of the Spirit. The names of between five and six hundred have been given in as gathered out of the world, besides hundreds of church-members who have come forward seeking the witness of purity of heart, and are now "living witnesses" that the "blood of Jesus cleanseth."

The "Watchman," of London, is before us, from which we copy the above statistics and quotation "living witnesses," because, in view of the circumstances, it is graciously significant. The superintendent minister here, who wrote the interesting account of the revival as it appears in the "Watchman," is himself a living witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Soon after we came, he told us he dreamed, that, while talking to a person who had come forward seeking the full baptism of the Spirit, the baptism of fire came down upon his own head. His dream was gloriously fulfilled.

We have had some seasons of extraordinary interest since we have been here. Special trains have repeatedly come from various places, particularly from Sunderland, bringing many of those precious converts born into the kingdom of grace a few months since.

A communication to the editor of the "Cumberland Advertiser," dated May 14, says:--

"May 14.

"The friends of Jesus, of all denominations, will rejoice to hear that the flame of revival which has been spreading over the north of England for several months past is still in progress. Special services have been held during the afternoon and evening of each day the past two weeks in Gateshead, attended, as in Newcastle and elsewhere, by people under various denominational influences. The Holy Spirit is energizing the hearts of 'the sacramental hosts of God's elect.' Prayer nightly, which opens heaven, is being offered, and the cloud of mercy which has recently visited Penrith is now pouring out plenteous showers here. Many who were at ease are now ridding themselves of the woe, and are doing valiant service by way of bringing their spiritually diseased friends to Jesus. not a few, we trust, are groaning

'To Him who reads the heart,
The unutterable prayer.'

"These implorings of faith are being made effectual. Alas! how often has prayer, seemingly sincere and fervent, been rendered ineffectual for want of corresponding action! Thank God that in this 'north of England revival' the doctrine of faith without works is being wholly repudiated: it is not a 'one-man work.' Truly it is not by human might or power: it is the might of the High and Holy One, energizing his redeemed people. And in this, her might, the Church, in obedience to the command of her redeeming Lord, is shaking herself from the dust. She is putting on her strength. She is clothing herself with the beautiful garments of salvation. In the might of her attractiveness, she is drawing men to Christ. How persuasive are the beauties of holiness! If the Church would 'arise and shine' in its alluring power, how soon would she attract this revolted world back to the world's Redeemer!

"Here, as at Penrith and various other localities where we have labored, the Church in her individual membership is being thus disposed to enter upon the work of winning souls to Christ. God is blessing these united endeavors. Of those who have been newly won over from the ranks of sin, the aggregate during the past week has been about twenty daily. And when we remember that one soul outweighs all the wealth of England, what a glorious achievement of grace is this!

'Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden bail,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
One soul outweighs them all.'

"To the eye of faith, the foundation is being laid for great work here. Yesterday about fifty penitent seekers were blessed with pardon. The names of forty-eight of those newly born into the kingdom of grace were taken. Other penitents were blessed who had previously been forward. To remedy the difficulty of the Sabbath evening previous, when so many were scattered away from the chapel, unable to get in, a commodious schoolroom in the rear of the chapel, eligible for the accommodation of about two hundred, was made ready, and services conducted by a local preacher, leading members, and young converts. These services were as divinely crowned by demonstrations of the presence of Jesus in the conversion of sinners as the services in the densely crowded chapel. The labors of some of the converts were most affectingly moving, and productive of good. The gracious maturity of many of those who were converted when we were in these regions a few months since is exceedingly cheering to our hearts.

"Last evening I was conversing with two from Sunderland who are in the habit of holding evening meetings in the houses of the 'common people.' Several very interesting conversions have occurred, resulting from the labors of these converts. Truly our hearts say, 'Now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord.' We have been looking at the result of this gracious revival, as it has occurred under our own eye, since we came to England, and of the names taken by the secretaries; and we find that over seven thousand stand recorded as having been translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son at the various places we have visited. The congregations, having been made up of persons under different sectarian influences, have generally, as at Penrith, united with the denomination under whose auspices they have been trained, so that it has been justly called 'The Evangelical Alliance Revival.' Surely from this time it shall be said, "What hath God wrought!"

In connection with our closing labors, an interesting tea-meeting was given in the vestry of the Gateshead Chapel. The circuit ministers resident here, with the local preachers and leaders attached to the charge, were invited. It was given in view of our anticipated departure for an affectionate and pious interchange of thought and feeling. Some pleasant speeches were made, to which we responded. It was a precious season.

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!"

After tea was over, we retired into the large schoolroom, when the "Vigilance Band" joined us, and the remainder of the evening was spent most profitably and pleasantly.

About two weeks ago, while afternoon and evening meetings were being held, we had a tea-meeting of a special character, at which about one hundred were present. A special train from Sunderland was engaged, and also, if I remember correctly, from South Shields. It was expected by many that we might close our labors that week, which brought numbers from abroad.

Both the afternoon and evening meetings were blessed with divine influences to an extraordinary degree, and many were saved. The addresses by the superintendent and some of the leading men, after tea, were grateful to our feelings.

The best of all is, God was with us, and many of us felt that it was a sweet foretaste of that day when the redeemed family shall meet at the marriage-supper in that world where partings are unknown.

The "Watchman," of London, June 7, 1860, in a communication from the superintendent minister, says, a "Dr. and Mrs. P____ closed their services in Gateshead Circuit on Sunday night. During the five weeks they have been laboring here, they have, by the constant manifestations of their deep and consistent piety, the kindness and affability of their manner, and their arduous and disinterested services, endeared themselves to Wesleyans, Churchmen, and Dissenters, who have listened to their plain, earnest, and heart-searching addresses, and no doubt will long live in their affections.

"The services throughout have been well attended; and, on some occasions, a separate service had to be conducted in the schoolroom, for the accommodation of these who could not find access to that in the chapel.

"Between five and six hundred persons, at the different services, professed to have receipted the blessing of pardon; perhaps one-half of whom belong to other circuits and other churches. Besides these, a large number of persons profess to have obtained the blessing of purity of heart, and have become living witnesses that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. The members of the church

greatly quickened and endowed with the power which accompanies the gift of the Holy Ghost, the baptism of fire -- are laying themselves out for greater usefulness; and it is confidently expected that the work so hopefully begun will spread and grow on every hand?"

The first Sabbath after closing our labors at Gateshead was spent at South Shields. The meetings, both afternoon and evening, were powerful on account of the manifested presence of the High and Holy One. Many were born into the kingdom of grace, and several obtained the deeper baptism of the Spirit.

A remarkable testimony for Jesus was given by a man who had been plucked as a brand from the burning during the revival at North Shields. He asked the privilege of telling what God had done for his soul before the assembled multitude. We listened with amazement, and felt that it were worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness such a miracle of grace.

The succeeding Sabbath we spent at Houghton-le-Springs. Rev. Mr. Rawlings preached in the morning. He is a man of power. His earnest manner and unyielding importunity in prayer seem to be ever saying, "Give me souls, or else I die." We took the afternoon and evening services. Great crowds attended, and an excellent spirit prevailed. Several, we have reason to believe were blessed. The evening congregation was overflowing to such a degree, that the services were simultaneously held in the chapel and in the large schoolroom in the rear.

Houghton-le-Springs is but a few miles distant from Sunderland, and several of the young men converted at the Sunderland revival were present, and took part in the services in the schoolroom. It is wonderful to look at these young converts, and witness their maturity in grace, and their zeal and ability in working for God. "I want to see a Pentecostal Christian Church; and, if it is not to be seen at this time on earth, I am willing to go and see this glorious wonder in heaven." So said the now sainted Fletcher in writing to Wesley. To my mind, these converts seem to be of the true Pentecostal stamp. They are flaming with zeal, and not a few of them so filled with the Holy Ghost, that they are mighty in deed and word as they go about ready to enter every open door of usefulness.

This is a mining region; and here we saw many of the miners who had been at the services in Newcastle, Sunderland, and North Shields. Some had come seeking pardon, and others the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. Nor had they sought in vain. Now we met them full of faith and power. The Spirit of the Lord was abroad in the congregation as a living flame.

Our home while at Houghton-le-Springs was with an interesting family by the name of C____, residing a little distance out of the town, whose mansion, with its beautiful surroundings of shady walks, fruits, and flowers, was all that one could wish.

We were shown the church in this place where the learned and pious Bernard Gilpin exercised his ministry when he was accused of heresy to the execrable Bishop Bonner, who sent down messengers to apprehend him. Although Mr. Gilpin was informed of this, he scorned to fly: he was therefore apprehended, and set out for London. His favorite maxim was, "All things are for the best." Upon this journey he broke his leg. "Is all for the best now?" said one of the attendants jeeringly. "I still believe so," replied the good man: and so it proved; for, before he

was sufficiently recovered to finish his journey, Queen Mary died, and, instead of coming to London to be burned, he returned home in triumph, to the joy of his parishioners.

Being very much worn with continuous labors, Dr. and Mrs. P____ remained a short time in retirement at Gateshead after closing their public labors. At this time, Dr. P____son and Messrs. B____ and S____ made a tour on the Continent, Mrs. P____ being left at Gateshead to rest. During this interval, Mrs. P____, writing to Dr. P____, says, --

"On Friday evening we had an interesting meeting in the large schoolroom, for the formation of a 'Female Vigilance Band.' I had been urging the expediency of forming such a band on several of the females, and was thankful to see about fifty present. Mrs. S____ was appointed secretary, and by common consent I took the chair. As Mrs. Chairman, I tried to do as well as I knew how. We had a profitable, pleasant time; and nearly all present gave in their names to join the band.

"Just before the meeting closed, Rev. Mr. Woodcock, who had been giving tickets to a class where many of the new converts were present, gave a recital, which will interest you. You will remember that you advised all the converts to get a Bible or pocket Testament that they might always carry with them, and thus, when assailed by the Tempter, always have the sword of the Spirit in hand by which they might defend themselves. A young convert, giving in his experience, spoke of the manner in which he had been cruelly assailed by a former companion for having come out on the Lord's side. He had taken the advice given, and provided himself with a little Testament; and now, when attacked, as a valiant soldier of the cross he quickly put his hand in his pocket, and, unsheathing the sword of the Spirit, began to read in the hearing of his assailant, 'But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!' Was not this way of handling the sword of the Spirit remarkably dexterous on the part of this little one in Christ? We can hardly conceive that a doctor of divinity could have managed more wisely. His assailant, mute with astonishment, turned away. Not long afterward, he returned: the sword of the Spirit as wielded by his newly enlisted friend had manifestly been doing its work, and in a subdued tone he exclaimed in his own homely way, ' You are right, my friend: stick to your religion.'"

Tynemouth

I seem to see you looking with astonishment at my address as you exclaim, "Where are you?" After you left, our dear Mrs. S____ exceeded herself in effort to make the time pass as most conducive to health and religious profit.

On Saturday mornings our dear Mr. and Mrs. K____ came from Tynemouth to take me to the sea-shore a few days. Trusting it might be the order of God, I yielded to their solicitation. Tynemouth is the outlet of the Tyne, where it empties into the German Ocean, and is a favorite resort for hundreds in the summer season. Thank the Lord, the work of revival began at once, or in fact had already commenced. Through the labors of our dear Mrs. K____, an interesting

young man had been deeply convicted, -- and was powerfully converted in our room about mid-day on Sabbath.

The friends were very urgent that I should be answerable to a service on Sabbath evening; to which I consented. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and it was manifest that the little town of Tynemouth was also to be favored with a visitation of the Son of God.

A meeting was appointed for the next evening, and again the next, each being favored with an increase of divine influence. The altar of prayer was nightly surrounded with seeking souls. Many were wounded by the sword of the Spirit, and quite a number were raised up to testify of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. The secretary informed me that about one hundred were blessed.

Many young converts from North Shields and Newcastle come up to our help, strong in the Spirit. One of these (now a candidate for the ministry in the Established Church) preached with gracious effect on the sea-shore on Sabbath" afternoon. How intense the satisfaction of witnessing the spiritual growth of these beloved converts! Scarcely is the bread of life broken to their own souls before they hasten to break it to others.

The young man converted Sabbath at mid-day, though previously unusually gay and volatile, erected a family altar on the evening of the day of his conversion. Immediately after his gracious change, I said to him, "Now the Lord will have a work for you to do, and you must live and work and speak for God." -- "But," said he amid tears and smiles, "you see I am not gifted." In reply, I said, "I do not want you to labor in your own strength, or speak your own words. 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill its' is God's promise; and you will not have tested the faithfulness of God until you actually open your mouth."

Mrs. K_____ was present as he made the attempt to rear the family altar at the house of his friend that evening: She told me with astonishment of his flow of words in prayer, and added, "I think he was surprised himself; for as he rose from his knees he looked astonished, and, striking his hand on his forehead, he exclaimed, "Why! I have got a new nature!"

He began at once to show unmistakably that he had been made a partaker of the divine nature. As the fruit of his labors of love, another interesting young man was converted the next evening. We have said, every one saved ought to be a guaranty for the salvation of another. The young man last saved brought his two sisters. Both found the Lord before leaving the chapel the next evening. One of these sisters, who with many others had pledged herself to bring another the next evening, was also blessed in her labors in the conversion of a young lady whom she had invited from Gateshead.

Here was spiritual paternity after paternity, so that, ere one short week had passed, the young man saved at midday on Sabbath had seen the fourth generation of spiritual children born into the kingdom. I have thought in this connection of the prophet's vision, who, as he looked down through the vista of time, said, "A child shall die a hundred years old." Surely kings and prophets waited for such days,

"How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight."

"Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire." It is to me cause of joyous amazement to witness the intensity of this revival flame, and to hear of persons and communities which have caught the flame before unknown to us. I have just received a note from Cullercoates, a little village a few miles distant. It reads thus: "At the time of the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. P_____ at North Shields, the primitive Methodist Society numbered ten members. The inhabitants hearing of the labors of these devoted Christians, many were induced to attend the services. God touched many hearts, and they were led to seek the Lord, and found peace in believing. About sixty remain firm in the faith, giving good evidence that they are on the Lord's side."

Last week we left Gateshead for London by the steamer "Life Guard." We came on board on Tuesday evening, and landed in London on Thursday. We might, of course, have come by railroad, but thought a little sea-voyage might be refreshing. The owner of the steamer and his lady are among the spiritual children given us in the north of England, and he had kindly urged our acceptance of a voyage in one of his steamers. The trip was delightful.

* * * * *

14 -- CHAPTER

London, July 1, 1860

A little over one year has passed away, and we are again in the world's metropolis. We are spending a short time at the house of Gen. Knapp. Last evening we had a gracious meeting in his drawing-room, Many lovers of heart-purity were present. Our friend, though a Congregationalist, is purely Wesleyan in his views in relation to the doctrine of the full baptism, and has gathered around him a large circle of beloved disciples of various evangelical sects; and truly did we feel the significance of the lines,

"Names and sects and parties fall;
Christ alone is all in all."

We listened to some precious testimonies of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost from the lips of some accustomed to minister in the sanctuary, and from others, who, though men of not higher polish than the fishermen of Galilee, were as truly mighty through the power of an indwelling Spirit.

But, of all the testimonies, I do not think of one more powerful than that of a Splint-baptized servant-maid. On hearing something of her history, I imagine it may be said of her, variously, "She hath cast in more than they all." Having had her feet established in the King's highway through reading "The Way of Holiness" and "Faith add Effects," she set apart ten

pounds (fifty dollars) -- a whole year's earnings -- for the purpose of purchasing copies of the volumes, to be put in the hands of the Wesleyan class-leaders in London; hoping, after they had read the volumes themselves, they might be kept passing from one class-member to another, till all had learned just how they might enter, by the new and living way, into the holiest.

Here we find many, who, though they have never before seen us, seem to love us with pure hearts fervently. Surely a fire has been kindled which must continue to burn and blaze. Faith sees it, and sings,

"More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail:
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell."

Our second evening in London was spent in hearing the noted Dr. Cummings lecture. We also went to look at the tabernacle built for Mr. Whitefield, near the old Foundry, the first Methodist preaching-place in London, and used prior to the building of the antiquated City-road Chapel. Of these things I may tell you more hereafter.

Our stay here with our dear friend must be short. We are but birds of passage. We are now on our way to the Isle of Wight. Sabbath we commence our labors there. My mind has been arrested in its thinkings by the magnitude of God's mercies and faithfulness. One year ago, as we were approaching London, fresh from the New World, we asked for a promise upon which we might stay our soul. The answer was given, "I will show thee great and mighty things." Has the promise been fulfilled? Let the hundreds of newly baptized disciples answer; ay, let the thousands of redeemed ones, newly brought up out of Egyptian bondage, join in hosannas of praise to our faithful promise-keeping Jehovah.

But has the work been abiding? Some, disposed to be skeptical in regard to the expediency of revival efforts, might assume the contrary. We leave such to answer for their reportings to the third person in the holy Trinity, whose work alone it is to convince of sin; and to Christ the Saviour of the world, but for whose sacred presence not one convicted sinner had been saved, and but for whose ever-speaking blood not one believer had been washed in the purifying fountain; and to God the Father, the Lord and Judge of all, who in fulfillment of his faithful word has made bare his arm, and permitted us to Witness "great and mighty things" in the presence of his people.

We have, in fact, testimony sufficient to form a volume, gathered from every place we have visited, and from various witnesses, setting forth the permanency of the work.

Rev. R. Young, Chairman of the Newcastle District, having received a letter from a lady who had participated in the revival during Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's visit, informing him that some anti-revival partisans were disposed to traduce and ignore the work, wrote in return as follows:--

"Newcastle-On-Tyne, May 9, 1860

"My Dear Mrs. ____: The Newcastle revival, whether viewed numerically, financially, or spiritually, must appear to the unprejudiced mind a great and glorious fact.

"First. -- Look at it numerically. In this circuit our increase of members is three hundred and forty-one, with two hundred and thirty-four on trial, besides a large number of children meeting in preparatory classes, and who give delightful evidence of a work of grace. The membership of other churches in the town has been greatly increased. One minister announced a few weeks ago, in a printed circular, that he has added one hundred and forty members as the result of our revival; and I know that large accessions have been made to other churches. Besides, the work has radiated from Newcastle to nearly every circuit in the district. The result is that we have an increase of fifteen hundred and ninety-three members, with eighteen hundred and fifty-one on trial, -- a state of prosperity exceeding any previous year in the history of Methodism in this district.

"Second -- Look at the work financially. Previous to the revival, the regular receipt of the circuit had to be supplemented by special subscriptions, to the amount of about fifteen pounds per quarter, to meet the expenditure: at the December quarterly meeting, the subscriptions were discontinued; and, at the March quarter, the regular receipt was thirty pounds more than the expenditure of the quarter, although that had been increased by increase of stipend to all our ministers. All our other funds have improved.

"Third -- Look at the revival spiritually. The Church has received the gift of power, and many of the members, old and young, are living sacrifices. Some sixty young men are visiting from house to house, talking and praying with the people, and are rendered a great blessing. But you know what the work is; for you have both seen and felt its power and glory. I have sent a detailed account of the work to Mr. Thornton, and hope it will be inserted in the magazine.* For persons to designate this work a mere excitement, 'a thing got up,' and 'the snare of the Devil,' fills me with grief and alarm, as it seems to me that such persons are placing themselves in a most dangerous position in thus doing despite to the Spirit. May the Lord in mercy interpose! Father, forgive them!"

[*This account here referred to appeared in full in the August number of the Wesleyan Magazine, 1860.]

We have before us the account of the anniversary of the Newcastle "Young Men's Vigilance Band," as published in the "Watchman" one year after its formation. It proves, to the glory of God, the abiding character of the work, and furnishes a precedent for Christian men and women of every church community to hasten to do likewise. The report says, "The 'Band' is at present conducting eleven cottage prayer-meetings weekly." Fifty-eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven tracts have been given away on the streets, and seventeen thousand have served the young men as an introduction to the houses of the poor which have been visited by them during the past year; and, by means of these visits, many persons have been induced to attend the house of God who had not been for years before.

It is inspiring to retrace the intervening months, and note the stability and usefulness of the converts. Many can sing not only, "He hath put a new song in my mouth," but, "He hath

established my goings." I wish you might have the perusal of some of the many letters we have received, illustrative of the sweetness and power of this establishing grace on young and old.

A convert aged about fifteen, relating his experience in a Band-meeting, said "his heart literally danced for joy, while going along the street, to think he had a home in heaven." Also "that he had such nearness to God in private prayer, that sometimes words were lost, and he could only hold back his face and receive the light as it came from heaven." The same youth, speaking of his experience at another meeting called the "Covenant Service," said "the knot that bound him to his Maker was on that day drawn a little tighter."

Another young convert, who, previous to his conversion, was one of the gayest young men in Sunderland, writes:--

"What a glorious thing it is that I can say to you I am on the way to heaven! Jesus Christ has forgiven all my sins. The Lord has taken away my heart of stone, and given me a heart of flesh. My name is written in the Lamb's book of life. The Almighty has given me all that my soul requires, -- every thing I have asked him for. He has made me dead to the world, and has commanded me to go into his vineyard. He says, 'Whatsoever is right I will give unto thee: I will reward thee according to thy works.' The Scriptures, the holy book, the Word of God, saith, 'Faith without works is dead.' May the Lord always keep me in the right path, and guide me in all his judgments! for all his ways are Holiness. I may also tell you that I am not the only one in the family that has found peace. I have three beloved sisters and a brother, together with father and mother, all glorifying our Saviour."

Another letter says, "Through the blood of my precious Saviour, my sins are all washed away. I cannot describe the calm happiness I now enjoy in close communion with God. Unto the Lord do I lift up my soul; for he is my shepherd, and I shall not want. I am enabled to shut out the world and all unbelief. My affections are set on things above. To live is Christ, and yet to die is greater gains -- to be ever in the presence of the Lord, my great Redeemer. It is my intention to do the will of God on earth as angels do in heaven, -- to be useful in saving souls. May God help me for Christ's sake! I know he will. I thought well to write you a few lines, to let you know the excitement, as the world calls it, still exists, and that through Jesus I am growing in grace and strength, and increasing in faith daily. In the presence of the Lord there is fulness of joy, and at God's right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

The dear young convert that wrote this letter told me that on the night of his conversion, as he retired to his chamber, he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Son, go work today in my vineyard." He said, though he knew it was not an audible voice speaking to his outward ear, it was clear to his spiritual ear as he ever heard any thing. We saw him a few months after, and his zeal for Jesus seemed to be on the increase. He, with a fellow-convert who had also received the full baptism of the Holy Spirit, was going about doing good, and holding two or three meetings weekly in the cottages of the laboring classes; and several conversions had occurred through their instrumentality.

One, referring to other converts, writes: "I am glad that I can give you a good account of many of your spiritual children in Sunderland. The young men continue truly zealous and active

in the Lord's service. I have had some long conversations with young H____. He is already on the plan as a local preacher, and tells me that for months together his soul has been bathing in a sea of glory. I rejoice over him, and also over the two young S____s, and many others."

A young man belonging to the Society of friends was converted at North Shields. Immediately after his conversion, he felt that the Lord had a work for him to do among his own people. He went to a yearly meeting in a neighboring town, feeling that he was urged by the Holy Spirit to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. He had sought the full baptism, and seemed filled with the Spirit to a remarkable degree. His faithful and burning utterances amazed many.

From the hour of his conversion, which was clear as noon-day, he seemed settled in purpose to travel all the length of the celestial road, and disposed to instant in season and out-of-season labors. A letter before us gives a thrilling account of an evening meeting for young persons, sustained by the Quaker convert and another young convert like-minded. He says, "Our little meeting in Farmer's schoolroom, North Shields, commenced Jan. 4, T. H. W____ and I taking it in turn to lead. The meetings have been held regularly every Wednesday night. Blessed they truly have been to those who have had the responsibility of them. I believe the short addresses I commenced with there have led to the more serious engagements I have since assumed. At first the meetings were attended by about sixteen or eighteen lads, all under nineteen, myself the only one over twenty. About April the attendance of the older lads fell off, and we had a larger attendance of girls and children.

"On the 9th of May, while T. H. W____ was addressing the meeting, one of the eldest girls sobbed aloud. The service was speedily concluded, and the awakened remained for prayer and conversation. All were kneeling and weeping when I entered. I never felt so powerless to work for God before. If I tried to speak to them, it made them weep the more. We could do little besides praying for them, and leaving them to the care of Jesus, the sinner's friend.

"Two nights after, we met them again, and a joyful meeting it was. Eleven of them were rejoicing in the Lord. It was truly delightful to see their happy faces, and hear them sing the praises of Him who had redeemed them. Whit-Monday being a holiday, we had a special meeting for the children. In concluding the meeting, I told them of Mr. Caughey's revival services in Huddersfield, when on an average sixty or seventy were converted every night. Some little girls prayed that one hundred and forty might be saved the next night. The prayer was granted. One hundred and thirty adults and ten children found peace with God the next evening.

"After telling them about the Huddersfield revival, I said, as we could not get one hundred and forty into the room, we must not ask for so many, but we would just ask for twelve; and if the Lord would give us more, we would be very thankful. The eleven converted before took it up joyfully, and came round me, and rather floored me by asking Mr. B____ which of them should be the twelve.

"As the evening of the next day approached I felt deeply for the children that their faith might be increased, as I earnestly desired that their prayer might be answered. The meeting was crowded, more were present than could be well accommodated, and many had to be huddled

about on the floor. While I was speaking from 'The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you,' a solemn influence came over us. Tears were seen on every side; but there was no loud sobbing, no excitement. I spoke very simply and quietly, and told them just how many others had been saved, and how Jesus was just by to Save them. About thirty remained for conversation. Those who were converted before assisted in talking and praying with the anxious ones. One who was weeping was asked why she wept: she replied, 'Oh, I feel Jesus within!' Much of interest remains to be told; but we must not proceed farther. Out of the mouths of babes God ordained strength. One of these youthful converts felt such carefulness to abide in Christ, that she told her friend that she was almost afraid to go among her young friends again, lest she might fall into temptation."

* * * * *

15 -- CHAPTER

Isle Of Wight

You will be interested to hear something from this beautiful island. Its attractions are far-famed; and, during the summer months, hundreds of visitors flock to see its beauties, and recreate. At present, the number of visitors is unusually large. Her Majesty has her marine residence here, and generally spends about six weeks of the year at Osborn House, four miles from the place where I now write. She is at present here: hence every thing is life and gaiety.

The Isle of Wight furnishes some of the most beautiful drives it has been ore" privilege to enjoy. It has been celebrated as the Garden of England, and is beautifully interspersed with hill and dale. Mr. Wesley calls it the "gem of beauty on the brow of the sea."

A few days ago we went to take a look at the Queen's residence. The situation is every way eligible for the summer residence of the sovereign of the British Isles. It commands an extensive prospect of naval stations, has a fine sea-beach with a private landing-place, and is sheltered by beautiful woods and plantations. The palace is in the Paladian style. Within the balustrade of its lofty roof is a charming promenade. The flag-tower is one hundred and seven feet in height, the clock-tower ninety, the first terrace-wall seventeen, and the second ten feet. Now that the Queen is here, the flag of State is ever gaily flying. The royal apartments command the most uninterrupted views of water and land scenery. The royal estate is enclosed by a park fence, and through the luxuriant woods and undulating grounds several miles of private carriage road has been constructed.

Prince Albert is fond of agricultural pursuits, his fine farm-house and large stacks of hay would do credit to any Western farmer. As we were returning from surveying the grounds around the palace, an outrider in the Queen's livery apprised us that we were in the presence of the royal family. We drew a little aside in due form, and stopped our carriage. Prince Albert and the Princess Alice were riding in an open barouche, and the two younger sons on ponies, -- a sweet, modest family, despite royalty. They seemed quite willing to see what we looked like, while we surely felt ourselves more than willing to enjoy such an unrestrained view of persons we had wished to see.

The Queen in riding out has repeatedly passed the house where I now write. She lives in the affectionate and prayerful regards of her subjects. Doubtless she is in most respects beautifully exemplary, not only as a sovereign, but in her social and domestic qualities; yet that she should be regarded as experimentally pious, as some suppose, cannot be admitted so long as she sails out in her yacht on Sabbath afternoon, as She does here, or attends the theater on Saturday evenings, as when in London.

Of the various places we have visited specially worthy of note is the village of Arreton, whose church stands at the foot of the town of that name. The church is of great antiquity. Some of the monumental tablets commemorative of the dead date hundreds of years back. Not a few of these are very unique. We took a copy of one in a Horizontal position, which will be a sample of the style of many others. With the exception of making the orthography more intelligible, it reads thus:--

"Here lies buried
Under this grave
Harry Hawks, his soul God save!
Long time steward of the Isle of Wight,
Have mercy on him, God, full of might!"

In the yard of this church lie the remains of one whose name, though not enrolled among earth's nobility, will be imperishable so long as time endures. The inscription on the tombstone reads thus:--

To
The Memory Of
Elizabeth Wallbridge,
The Dairyman's Daughter,
Who Died May 30, 1801, Aged 31 Years.

"She being dead yet speaketh."

Stranger, if e'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of his boundless love:
Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace that not hell's dark legions could destroy,
And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,

But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
O happy saint! may we like thee be blessed,
In life be faithful, and in death find rest!

Three green hillocks, side by side, mark the spot where lie entombed the remains of the humble cottagers whose names have been memorialized in the minds of tens of thousands by the devoted Leigh Richmond. Next to the tomb of Elizabeth lie the remains of her sister Hannah, who died a few months previous, with the account of whose burial the interesting tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," commences. Under a third hillock, closely adjoining, and unmarked by a stone, lie interred the venerable dairyman and his wife. The mother did not live long after the death of her daughter Elizabeth; but the good old dairyman survived till the year 1816, not being gathered to his fathers until between eighty and ninety years of age.

After leaving Arreton Church, we passed along the beautiful road described in Leigh Richmond's inimitable tract, by which the remains of the dairyman's daughter were followed, with singing, as they were being borne from the cottage to the grave. He says, "We went by several cottages: a respectful attention was universally observed as we passed, and the countenances of many proclaimed their regard for the departed young woman. The singing was regularly continued, with occasional intervals of about five minutes, during our whole progress."

Along this road we passed. It was beautiful. The air was redolent with sweetness from the many beautiful flowers and the new-mown grass. The Isle of Wight abounds with fine roads, often overarched with the graceful willow, or the massive, umbrageous forest-tree. The very birds seemed strangers to fear, and courted our stay as they lingered around us; and all nature seemed simple and loving, yet glorious and grand.

Is it not surprising that the fact should not have been mentioned in the tract, that the far-famed Dairyman's Daughter was a Wesleyan? Yet this, perhaps, was not necessary. She was a Christian, a Bible Christian, apprehending experimentally that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

It was this glorious doctrine, as apprehended by the early Christians and the early Methodists, that caused her to exclaim again and again, with her latest breath, "Thanks be to God! He giveth the victory. I, even I, am saved. Oh, grace, mercy, and wonder! Blessed Jesus! precious Saviour! His blood cleanseth from all sin. Lord, receive my spirit. Father, mother, friends, I'm going; but all is well, well, well!"

And thus died this humble believer in the doctrine of full salvation of over half a century since, triumphing over the last enemy, conscious that the sting of death had been taken away, and testifying with her latest breath that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

And now a humble band of her brethren and sisters in Jesus bear her to the grave with songs, as was the custom of the Methodists in the days of their simplicity.

Of this the writer of the tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter," says, "I cannot describe the state of my own mind as peculiarly connected with this solemn singing. I was reminded of olden times and ancient piety. I wished the practice more frequent."

But I must not linger too long on my way to the cottage. The distance from the church to the cottage is about one and a half miles. It is situated on Hall Common. The relatives of the dairyman's daughter still reside there, who love to talk of her virtues, and who evidently feel themselves honored by the relationship.

The cottage and its surroundings still present the air of neatness and rural sweetness as described by Leigh Richmond. We talked with a relative of the departed, who seemed to take melancholy pleasure in relating interesting incidents connected with her history. A Bible which bears her name, written with her own hand, one over which she loved to ponder and pray, was handed us. A book is kept in which visitors write their names. By this we saw, that, with ourselves, hundreds from various parts of Europe and America had visited the cottage of the dairyman's daughter. On the opposite side of the road stands a neat Wesleyan chapel.

The brother of Elizabeth died a few years since. He was a Wesleyan local preacher of forty years' standing. An original letter in the dairyman's daughter's own handwriting is before me. It was written to this brother, and by him given to Mrs. Pinhorn, a lady of influence in the Wesleyan Society in this place. Elizabeth Wallbridge was awakened and converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Crabb, a Wesleyan minister, who was the missionary referred to by Leigh Richmond. A note from the Wesleyan lady above referred to, received a day or two since, will give some idea of the manner of her awakening under the Rev. Mr. Crabb. It reads thus:

"My Dear Mrs. P____: While Dr. P____ and you were urging the duty of friends inviting their friends, I was reminded of the fact that the conversion of the dairyman's daughter resulted, by the divine blessing, on her fellow-servant inviting her one Sabbath to go and hear their missionary preach that morning. To this invitation Elizabeth gave the following characteristic reply: 'Well, I don't care if I do; for I have a new gown and bonnet, and it will be a good opportunity to show them.' Not a very encouraging answer, surely. Elizabeth accordingly went. The text that morning was, 'Be clothed with humility.' It was an arrow of conviction to Elizabeth's heart. On her return home she removed the bows from her bonnet, and from that time was plain and simple in her attire. Who can calculate the result of that single invitation from that humble fellow-servant? I thought this might serve as an illustration of the importance of saying to others, 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.'"

This lady has also placed at my disposal the letter of the dairyman's daughter to her brother, in which she gives some account of her conversion through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Crabb, who was stationed at Portsmouth, and included the Isle of Wight as missionary ground, which we will insert:--

Southampton, March 8, 1797.

My Dear Brother, -- I received your kind letter the 2d inst.; and you may think what transport of joy I felt to receive such an affectionate letter from a brother I had so little regarded since he had left the world and me" you may say what great joy it gave you to hear that I was converted to God.

But are you the only one? No, my dear brother: think what shouting and rejoicing there was with the angels of God in heaven that are around the throne, that continuously sing, "Worthy the Lamb of God that was slain, to receive glory, and honor, and praise;" and, "Blessed be God, who hath showed strength with his hand, and with his holy arm hath gotten himself the victory." Yes, and he hath scattered all the proud imaginations of my heart, the great enemies of my soul's salvation. Oh! how true are the words of my Redeemer, that "whosoever is in me is a new creature; for, beheld, old things are passed away, and all things are become new"!

Oh! how often would the Lamb have gathered me unto him, as a hen doth her chickens, and "I would not"! and how often hath he stretched out his arm, and I have not regarded it! But how shall I praise my God enough? To think how long he hath spared a wretch like me, who hath drank in iniquities like water, and followed after the vanity of my own deceitful heart, which was wicked above all things!

It was while I was sitting under that delightful man, Mr. Crabb, that the Lord opened my eyes. It was the second time that I heard him; and on Sunday last I was standing at the window, and he came past, and when I saw him my heart leaped within me for joy; for I believe him to be commissioned from the most high God to preach the gospel of salvation and peace to all that will hear it. My dear brother, I know it is not to be partial to any of God's creatures, but I liken him to St. Paul; for he seemed to labor more than all; yet not he, but the grace of God that is in him that it is extended to all that have the pleasure to hear him speak. It seemed as if I could say with David, when he is there, "Oh that I could dwell in the house of the Lord forever!" and I shall ever have the highest esteem for him as a minister of God in Christ. And now, my dear brother, as I have no money with me, I beg you will apply to my mother for six guineas of my money, and give it to Sir. Crabb, and tell him it is the free gift of a poor needy creature who has been to the Lamb Of God naked and destitute of every thing; and then, when he saw my wretched condition, with what tender compassion did he then look down on me, and sprinkle my heart with his blood, and gave me the whole armor of God, the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the breastplate of righteousness! And now his sweet voice whispers in my heart, "I counsel of thee, child, to buy of me gold tried in the fire." What, then, would the dominion of the whole world be to me? what, indeed, to the love of God that he has been pleased to shed abroad in my heart?

My dear brother, praise God for it. Buy Mr. Crabb a very large Bible, that when he looks in it he may bless his God, and think of what good he hath done for my soul through the gracious influence of the Spirit of God; and the rest he may dispose of' at his own pleasure to the glory of God and the good of poor souls. And what is between you and me think no more of; and pray, my dear brother, send your children to school, and I will pay for them as long as I am able. And do see that our dear brother is not in need of any thing I can do for him. I hope that God will be merciful to all my dear friends that are yet in darkness; and may they be filled with the Spirit of God, and may they feel the pardoning love of God shed abroad in their hearts i Do, my dear

brother, if possible, assemble them together, and prevail on that good man, Mr. Crabb, to be with them two or three times if possible (I know he is a dear lover of souls), that he may assist them in turning to God. I fear what you can say will be of no great use; for remember the words of our Saviour, that a prophet hath no honor in his own country. My dear brother, how can you rest, seeing any so near related to you so far from God? and when shall God cease to be merciful? Not so long as the tide shall ebb and flow. Never will God cease to be merciful. See them!

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas, they stand."

"O God, their inmost souls convert!"

Be sure do as I have desired, in the name of the Lord, and for the glory of his holy name; and my love to all that are in him, and are wanting to turn to him. Pray excuse this, and write as you conveniently can.

Adieu, dear brother,
Your affectionate sister,
E. Wallbridge

A writer in the "Christian News," Glasgow, says, --

"At the beautiful town of Ryde, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer of America have been for three weeks conducting a series of revival services in the Wesleyan Chapel, Nelson Street. The crowds drawn on the Sabbath day have been unable to find accommodation; and immense audiences have gathered together every week-night, Saturday excepted. A mid-day meeting for prayer for the copious effusion of the Spirit of God has also been encouragingly attended.

"Such an astonishing work of God has never been known in the Isle of Wight. For some years past, the membership of the church in Nelson Street has averaged about one hundred persons; but, in the short space of three weeks, no less than one hundred and ninety persons have sought and found 'redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins.'

"The service of Thursday, Aug. 3, was signalized by an extraordinary manifestation of the power of Christ to save. Before the commencement of the addresses, while Dr. Palmer was giving out the hymn, commencing with --

'Father, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,' --

two men came and knelt at the communion-rail. They continued kneeling for some time, evidently intent on the salvation of their souls; Mrs. Palmer, in her address this evening, spoke with more than ordinary urgency and explicitness on the nature and importance of present holiness, and the necessity of a minute and most careful attention, on the part of believers, to the inworking of" the Holy Spirit on this point, inasmuch as it was the will of God, even their

sanctification. How the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart of convicted persons might be ascertained and yielded to, both Dr. and Mrs. Palmer illustrated in a very striking manner. At the close of the addresses of these devoted servants of God -- the modern Priscilla and Aquila -- there was a wonderful and simultaneous yielding to the convictions of the Holy Spirit on the part of the congregation. Convicted persons came flocking to the communion-rail from every part of the chapel, which was in a few moments crowded; and they then began to kneel on the outer side. The two vestries were then opened, and both were soon filled. It seemed, also, as though there were convicted people all over the chapel.

"The two men who came forward during the early part of the service were among the first who afterwards hastened to kneel at the altar of prayer. Of those who came, about twenty were made partakers of pardoning mercy, and among the most happy of these were the two men just mentioned. The closing moments of the service were moments of holy triumph, as the congregation joined with Dr. Palmer in singing --

'Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar;
By faith they bring it nigh.'

"Among the interesting cases of conversion was a soldier from Portsmouth, who was so distressed because he had not come forward when an opportunity was given, that he went in great agony of mind, near midnight, to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer at their lodgings, and there and then, while prayer was offered on his behalf, entered into the possession of the liberty of the sons of God. His sister had been pleading for his conversion during the evening, and, knowing that he must leave in the morning, was distressed that her prayer had not been answered; but when told by him, the next morning before his departure, what the Lord had done for him after leaving the chapel, her joy was great indeed.

"The sister of this soldier, having been favored with such marked success in the case of her brother, was induced, the next day, to undertake another case. It was a young man, whose salvation she had much desired. In the arms of faith and prayer she brought him to the Saviour, as he sat among the hearers in the chapel. She was disappointed when she saw him leave the house of prayer without yielding to the claims of the Son of God. She then prayed that the arrow of conviction might so penetrate his heart, that he might have no sleep during the night. The next evening she had the happiness of seeing him among the seekers of salvation. She told him how she had prayed for him, and had even asked that he might not be able to close his eyes in sleep. 'Your prayer was answered,' said he; 'for I had no sleep during the night.' He was now an earnest, humble penitent, and, before the close of the service, found the pearl of great price."

Today I have been gazing on the ivied ruins of an ancient fortress. Carisbrooke Castle is renowned in history by many remarkable recollections.

Here Charles I., who has been called the "Martyr King," was imprisoned several months, and afterward taken to London, and beheaded in 1649. Here, also, the son and daughter of the "Martyr King," Princess Elizabeth in her fourteenth year, and her brother still younger, were held

prisoners. Though confined to the walls of the castle, they were permitted the use of the grounds and other comforts, and pastimes suited to their station and their years. But the youthful princess pined away under the rigors of her lot. The room where she died is regarded with great interest. Its walls are inscribed with the names of hundreds of visitors from near and remote parts of the world. We added ours to the list.

Her remains were interred in the church, within two minutes' walk from where I write. No stone marked the place of her burial, and the spot was unknown till within six or eight years past, when the ancient church of centuries became so dilapidated as to demand reconstruction. While the workmen were making upturnings for the new church edifice, near the altar, their spades struck on a lead coffin, from whose inscription a facsimile was taken, which now lies before me. It reads thus --

Underneath
In A Lead Coffin Rest The Remains Of
Elizabeth, Second Daughter
Of King Charles I.
Obiit Sept. 8, 1650, Aetat. 14.

King Charles was of the House of the Stuarts; and, after the distractions of Oliver Cromwell, the Stuarts still retained the right to the throne. Her Majesty, though of the house of Brunswick, recognizes in the once captive maiden one of the royal blood of England.

She has caused a monument of exceeding beauty and costliness to be raised to the memory of the princess. It is of snow-white marble, presenting the form of the youthful Elizabeth, large as life, lying with angel sweetness, her head reclining on a large copy of the Bible, which is said to have been the gift of her father, King Charles. I took the inscription when on a visit to the church, and will transcribe it:--

To The Memory Of The Princess Elizabeth,
Daughter Of King Charles I., Who Died At
Carisbrooke Castle On Sunday, Sept. 8, 1650,
And Is Interred Beneath The Chancel Of This Church,
This Monument Is Erected As A Token Of Respect
For Her Virtues, And Of Sympathy For Her Misfortunes,
By Victoria R. 1856.

After leaving the castle, we went to see another relic of the days of yore. In the town of Carisbrook, on grounds where a new vicarage has recently been built, while the workmen were excavating for a stable, they found a Roman villa. The roofing, of course, is gone; but here is a suite of rooms, the flooring of which is laid out in beautiful colored mosaic. In different rooms the pattern differs. Here is a bath-room, and flues leading to it to warm the bath, still stained with soot. Here are fireplaces and hearthstones. But where are the living forms by which they were once surrounded?

Coins have been found on the premises, which suggest beyond doubt that this Roman villa dates as far back as the reign of Claudius Caesar.

At an early hour we stayed in company with our friends Mrs. J. G____, and Mr. J. G____ Jr., for Ventnor, ten miles distant. The way lies along a beautiful country, more remarkable for quiet sweetness than magnificence or sublimity, till within three or four miles of the place, when it rises in amazing grandeur. The under-cliff begins near Luscombe Cove, and its more striking features terminate near Blackgang Chine.

Terraces are formed by masses of rock, chalk, and sandstone, attaining an elevation of from three hundred to a thousand feet. In many places on and along the dizzy heights, the ivy, so abundant all over England, and the stunted trees and wild flowers, commingle in richest verdure. The temperature of Ventnor, though on the sea, is so bland, that it is recommended by the medical faculty as a favorable resort for invalids, especially for pulmonary disease, being sheltered from easterly winds.

Thirty years ago, Ventnor was a very small village, with but one little inn; now it has three or four large hotels, and bids fair to be unrivaled in its attractions as a seaside resort. There are several religious edifices here; two commodious national churches. The Wesleyans have one small chapel, which is about to be superseded by a handsome and commodious one, eligibly situated. The Independents have a good chapel of Gothic architecture. "Bible Christians" and "Plymouth Brethren" have places of worship.

We also visited the old Church of St. Boniface, lying in a lovely rural vale overshadowed by massive elms. The person employed to show it to visitors represents it as having been built in the seventh century; but it is thought by antiquarians not to date farther back than the beginning of the fourteenth century. In the graveyard there are stones of great antiquity. Many of these are so worn, that the inscriptions are wholly illegible. A few are more recent. One which marks the spot where lie the remains of Rev. William Adams, author of the favorite allegories, "The Shadow of the Cross" and the "Old Man's Home," is peculiarly appropriate, and attracts the special attention of visitors.

We dined at the house of a Christian brother by the name of G____, whose heart was all athirst for the witness of purity. We endeavored to point the way, and while we were pleading with the Lord on his behalf the Spirit sealed the witness on his heart.

We returned by the inland route, and were scarcely less charmed than with the sea-view. Ere we had ascended the lofty cliff, we saw a living spring, whose picturesque surroundings and a cross suspended over the arch reminded us of some lines we penned in our early years:--

Stop, thirsty traveler, stranger, here,
And stay thy soul's intensity:
Oh, muse awhile, and drop a tear
For Him who tasted death for thee;
For thee flowed out a crimson tide,
For thee the Prince of glory died.

Our English friends abound in legends. As we rode through a village, and gazed oh its large antique church edifice, situated on a beautiful eminence, we asked, "And what is the name of this place?" -- "This is God's Hill, and that is God's-hill Church." On expressing our surprise at the name, we were told that several centuries ago, when preparations were commenced for the erection of the church edifice at the foot of the hill, the stones, being laid again and again, were taken by night from the base of the hill to the top where the church now stands. It was therefore called "God's Hill," from the belief that it was by God's hand that the stones had been removed, intimating his will where the church should be built.

We returned to Newport just as the curfew-bells were ringing. "And what do you mean by the curfew-bells?" In olden times perhaps there was scarcely a town in England whose inhabitants were not reminded by the curfew-bell, at an early hour every evening, that it was now time that fires and lights be extinguished, and all good townsfolk retired to their pillow; but, though the curfew-bells still continue their ancient monitions, the people mainly are strangely perverse, for many fashionables prefer dining at eight o'clock than seeking the rest of the pillow, as their forefathers.

Our health demanding a respite of two or three days, we have concluded to remain on this lovely island. Today we rode over the Downs in company with Rev C. R____ and our hostess Mrs. J. G____. The hills or downs rise to a majestic height. The ride from Newport to Arreton, Brading, Sandown, and Shanklin, furnishes some of the most magnificent scenery it has been our privilege to enjoy in this country. The vale between the chalk range and the southern hills is seen in its full extent. Looking toward the north, the Hampshire land rises in a succession of hills till lost in the distance and mingling with the clouds. To the eastward, the sea greets you in solemn grandeur.

The largest portion of our way lay over this succession of lofty downs, furnishing pasturage for thousands of sheep. We made a second visit to Arreton Church, and gathered some living mementos of leaves and little flowers from the grave of the "Dairyman's Daughter."

After leaving Arreton, we pursued our course along by Brading, being about four miles distant. It was at Brading Church that Leigh Richmond was laboring at the time he was called by the old dairyman to attend the funeral of the daughter that died a few months previous to Elizabeth.

Brading is a market-town, pleasantly located: It is said not to be as large now as formerly. As we were about entering the antique structure within whose walls Leigh Richmond first proclaimed the word of life, we were reminded of Paul and Silas, whose feet were put in stocks centuries ago. Here, in a little open hall used as a place of public correction years since, was an ancient fixture called stocks, where the feet and legs of offenders were confined by a process which I will not take time to describe, but which were doubtless in verity similar to those used in Paul's day. It is now out of use, but is still retained in its place, like a thousand other antique things in this old world.

The church is large, and different parts of it are in various styles of architecture. Its erection is dated as far back as the sixth century. In the graveyard there are many curious monuments and inscriptions commemorative of persons ages since passed away. On none did we look with so much interest as that of the humble young cottager, "Little Jane," whose touching narrative in tract form, like that of the "Dairyman's Daughter," has been blessed to thousands. It was in this graveyard, as recorded by Leigh Richmond, that the young cottager learned, from reading the inscription on a tombstone, her first experimental lessons in salvation.

Leigh Richmond as a faithful pastor was in the habit of having the children of the cottagers of the neighborhood gather, by his own invitation, to his house for instruction on Saturday afternoons. To vary his mode of teaching, he often took his little auditory out into this graveyard to commit to memory such epitaphs as he would direct their attention to. "Little Jane" one Saturday afternoon committed to memory a double lesson.

On returning from her appointed task, she repeated the one she had voluntarily learned, which seemed to have affected her much. Thus his "churchyard became a book of instruction, and every gravestone a leaf of edification, to his young disciples." The gravestone whose inscription was voluntarily learned, and made specially helpful toward the conversion of the little cottager, stands very near the spot that marks the grave of "Little Jane." It reads thus:--

"And disobedience brought this lot on all:
All die in him. But hopeless would we lie,
Blest revelation! were it not for thee.
Hail, glorious gospel, heavenly light! whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die,
And view beyond this gloomy scene -- the tomb --
A life of endless happiness to come."

Little could that poor young cottager have thought, as she was learning these lines, that her own gravestone was so soon to occupy a spot so near, and in after-years become an object of attraction to thousands. I will transcribe the inscription from a neat marble over her grave:--

Sacred
To the memory of
Little Jane,
who died 1799,
In the 13th year of her age.

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy the monuments of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore
The short and simple annals" of the poor,
A child reposes underneath this sod --
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear:

"Jane the young cottager" lies buried here.

From Brading we passed on towards Sandown, pausing in the meanwhile to look upon the little cottage in which Jane lived. It is not now occupied by any of the relatives of "Little Jane;" but it is amazing to witness how much attention Leigh Richmond's annals of the poor have excited. While the monumental inscriptions over many of earth's titled nobility scarcely attract the notice of the passer-by, the grave of the "Young Cottager" and the "Dairyman's Daughter" are inquired for by the numerous visitors coming to this island.

Years on years pass away, and still the interest does not wane. Surely heaven has its nobility. God would have it known that he has "chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."

We rode onward, with unceasing prospects of the grand and beautiful, till we reached Sandown, a few miles farther on. Among the first things that greeted our eyes on entering the town was a neat Wesleyan chapel, in the Grecian style, in the course of erection. Sandown contains many beautifully-situated private residences and lodging-houses. It stands on elevated ground, and commands a view of the sea in unbroken grandeur. Its number of visitors in quest of sea-side recreation is continually increasing. Here is a fort erected by Henry VIII., which has a neat military appearance. It is of a quadrangular form.

Leaving Sandown, we proceeded by a delightful route a few miles farther, to the village of Shanklin. This is another famed resort for the many, who, for a few days or weeks, leave their city homes for health and recreation. The village is beautifully rural. The fine elm and ash trees, shrubbery, and flowers adorn the dwellings, the most of which are well-nigh hid from one another.

But the object of greatest attraction here is the Chine. What the Chine was before I saw it, I could not conceive. The name seems to be a sort of provincialism, and does not convey to the stranger an idea of the scene. It is a cleft in the cliffs of the shore. The sides of this chasm, we are informed, is about two hundred feet in perpendicular height, and about three hundred wide at the top and near the beach, gradually diminishing towards the head of the waterfall, where the sides are perpendicular, and only a few yards asunder. It is entered, as you leave the seashore, by a wicket gate; and as you proceed, crossing and recrossing the stream at various points by the rustic bridges thrown over the chasm, the scene increases in sublimity and beauty. The steep sides of the cliff are covered with trees, wild flowers, and fern. And here and there a little cottage is planted, suspended, as it were, in half-way the mid-air. The cascade is not large, except occasionally after heavy rains.

The Isle of Wight is no more a missionary station. We are here by the special invitation of the Wesleyan societies. The island now sustains four Wesleyan ministers, and has a number of efficient local preachers. The special services which have been held since we came have been crowned with the blessing of the Head of the Church. Pentecostal blessings have descended on the disciples of Jesus, as with one accord they have waited for the baptismal flame.

You will be wishing to know how the battle goes. Last evening we had an unusually large congregation. The best of all, God was with us. His solemn presence pervaded the assembly. When the invitation was given for the seekers of either pardon or purity to present themselves, while Dr. P____ was yet speaking, a very aged couple came and knelt at the communion-rail.

I quickly went to them: the aged man especially presented such a venerable appearance, that every heart seemed moved. I asked, "What would you have Jesus do for you?" -- "Ah!" said he, "I have been going to 'the Church,' and partaken of the sacrament, but it seems not to have done me any good; and now I have come here hoping to get my heart right." I believe I give his exact words.

He knelt with head erect, and what he said was in outspoken, earnest tones, so that all within the immediate vicinity of the altar might have heard. Dr. P____ came to him, and said, "What you want, my brother, is a change of heart?" -- "That is it: that is just what I came for!" he exclaimed. In the mean time his wife was beside him, seemingly still more earnest than himself. Though I am inclined to think she had not been such an entire stranger to the operations of the Spirit as her husband, she did not remain unblessed; but, woman-like, she seemed well-nigh to forget her own solitudes in anxieties for her husband.

During the time, a pious daughter stood behind them, with her infant in her arms, exclaiming in a rhapsody of joy, "Oh, it is just what I have so long been praying for! Praise the Lord! Glory be to God!"

The aged man of over eighty years left the altar: of prayer with joy beaming in his face, feeling that the love of God had been shed abroad in his heart through the Holy Ghost given unto him. As the group turned to go away, his overjoyed wife, looking her husband full in the face, cried out, "Oh, his very countenance is changed!" then, coming up closer to him, said, "Why, you don't look as you did!" -- his daughter, in the fulness of her bliss, meanwhile exclaiming, "What a difference!" The altar of prayer was filled with earnest seekers, and ten new cases of conversion were reported by the secretaries.

All the meetings have been gloriously owned of the Lord. Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! and let all the people say, Amen!

The "Watchman " of Aug. 2 says, "Isle of Wight. The special religious services conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in the Wesleyan Chapel, Newport, have been continued. The interest excited has suffered no abatement, but has been intensified from day to day. On the week-evenings the chapel is usually well filled, while on the Sabbath hundreds have found it impossible to gain admission. The power of the Holy Ghost has been eminently felt by the assembled multitude, and there is an immense spread of divine influence among the inhabitants of the town.

"The number of members in society in this town has averaged for some years past from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty; and already more than one hundred and fifty names have been recorded as having obtained saving grace since the 8th of July, one hundred

and forty of whom had no membership previously in any Christian church. On the last Sabbath evening, four husbands with their wives were among the recipients of grace. Hundreds rejoice that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have visited the Isle of Wight, and that their labors are so eminently owned of God."

Ryde, Isle Of Wight

We are now at Ryde. This town ranks first on this island for the number of its elegant buildings. It is not quite so populous as the town of Newport, from which our last was dated, except it be in the summer, when hundreds of the gentry come from all parts of England. It occupies two sides of a lofty hill, falling with regular descent to the sea on the north, opposite Portsmouth, from which it is about five miles across. While I write, I have only to lift my eyes, and look out upon the beautiful expanse of waters by which this celebrated island is surrounded.

We occasionally see our American steamers gliding gracefully past our window, with their stripes and stars gaily streaming; and our hearts fly over the three thousand miles of fathomless ocean to the land of our nativity, and the many dear ones to whom by the ties of nature and grace we tenderly cling. Surely

"Oceans rise and billows roll
To sever us in vain."

We do not wonder, from its picturesque beauty, that thousands are attracted here. It abounds in variety. The scenery furnishes a beautiful combination of the grand and romantic, the sylvan and marine. Here are hills and! dales intersected by streams and rivers. Here may be found the quiet of rural life and the fashionable gaiety of a watering-place.

The work of God has been very glorious in this town. The solemn, searching presence of the High and Holy One appears to be apprehended in all the services. On one occasion, as we were passing out of the chapel, I said to one who had not come forward, but whose eyes were swollen with weeping, "Are you, my friend, one of God's: marked people?" Bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed, "Ah, no! once I had the mark; but I have lost it." In the evening we had, as usual, a very crowded house, and the work seemed at a higher point of interest than at any previous period: Before Dr. P____ had finished giving the invitation, persons began to rise from the midst of the congregation and come forward. In less than five minutes, the communion-rail was crowded; but the desire to get to it was so great, that the seekers began to press up to the rail, and kneel double-file. They afterwards began to go into the vestry, and several were blessed there.

The first to come forward q rising and pressing her way through the crowd before Dr. P____ had finished speaking -- was an interesting young lady from London. She seemed to have been suddenly wounded by the sword of the Spirit, and in such a frenzy of desire for salvation, that it was difficult to get her to look away from herself as a sinner to the Saviour of sinners.

She, with many others, was made triumphantly happy before the close of the service. Among others who seemed to come as with an impelling influence at the first of the

prayer-meeting was the lady who with such bitterness exclaimed, in the afternoon, "I have lost the mark," &c. Before the close of the service, she said, amid flowing tears of joy, "Oh, I have it now! Glory be to God!"

There was a venerable old gentleman from Southampton, who came seeking the Saviour. Dr. P_____ found him sitting in the midst of the congregation, affected. He told Dr. P_____ that he had come in view of seeking to have his peace made with God. I had the privilege of trying to lead him to the Saviour, and to witness his rejoicings in the God of his salvation. We have heard some interesting intelligence from the aged gentleman, he returned to his home in Southampton exceeding happy in the ardors of" his espousal to Jesus. He is between seventy and eighty years old, and very venerable-looking. How wonderful for a man at this time of life to be born into the kingdom! He seemed himself amazed at the wondrous grace that had saved him, and exclaimed, "Will they not be astonished when I go home and tell them what the Lord has done for me?"

As we were going to the service in the evening, we observed a lady, whose appearance was Somewhat elegant, walking before us. She passed on till she came to the chapel, and then she paused, but afterward went on. I said, "That lady, I imagine, is wanting to come to the services; but her heart is failing her. We had not been long in the chapel before I saw her coming in. When the invitation was given for seekers to make an open acknowledgment of their desire for salvation, this lady came forward for prayers. While pointing her to the Saviour of the world as her Saviour, she was enabled to apprehend experimentally her interest in his blood,

"And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God!"

I told her she now had a work to do as a member of the household of faith, and she must hasten and invite her friends to Jesus. Last evening she came into the vestry, bringing two other ladies with her who were inquiring the way to Jesus. I cannot forbear saying, it is this personal work that is to have largely to do with the evangelization of the world.

Among those who flocked to the altar of prayer was lady belonging to the Church of England. During fourteen long years, she had been seeking relief in the sacraments of the church and in good works, but all to no purpose. Only a few days previous to this, she had been on a visit to a neighboring town; and, her distress of mind being so great, she called on the clergyman, who told her the reason why she had not received pardon was because she had not confessed. "Confess to whom?" was her eager question. "Confess to me," was the reply. "When I do that, I shall go over to the Church of Rome," was her answer. She left the Puseyite priest, and returned home. That evening she found her way to the chapel, and while kneeling as a penitent, confessing her sins to God, she was enabled to trust in Jesus as her sin-atonng Saviour, and went away rejoicing.

West Cowes, Aug. 29

On Saturday, Aug. 18, we left the town of Ryde for this place. West Cowes is a picturesque, maritime town, numbering from six to seven thousand inhabitants. It stands on the bank of the Medina River, on a gradual eminence beautifully variegated by green woods. Its

pleasant promenade and streets rise one above another from the water's edge, like an amphitheater on the brow of the hill. The harbor is thronged with masts whose gay flags are ever streaming. The shore is adorned by a noble terrace, and the approach from the sea is remarkably picturesque.

On the opposite side of the island, several miles in the distance, we see the long line of the Hampshire coast. Southampton, the well-known starting-point for steamers for America and for many other parts of the world, lies within the range of our eye as we sit gazing across the blue wave.

Pleasure-yachts are in abundance, awaiting the command of hundreds of visitors, who, in the summer season, flock to the island for pleasure or health. Beautiful landscape of hill and valet and plain and wood, everywhere meets the eye and variegates the scene. We have occasionally gained time from the pressure of our work for some refreshing rambles on the seashore, for which the maritime towns of West and East Cowes furnish abundant and most inviting persuasives. We have gazed upon ancient and modern castles, several of which lie in sight. One, within three minutes' walk of where my letter is dated, was built by Henry the Eighth about 1540.

A few days ago, we heard the sound of martial music proceeding from some of the adjacent streets, and, looking out of our window, saw the people running from various directions. Dr. P____ must needs inquire what the wonder might be, and was told that it was doubtless a "Band of Hope." His inclinations led him to desire to know more of this Band of Hope; and so he followed the sight-seers till he came in full view of a gallant band of Sabbath school children, who, under the care of teachers and superintendents, were returning to a steamer, from which, but a short time previous, they had embarked from Southampton.

It proved to be a Wesleyan school; and our names not being unknown to them, when they saw Dr. P____ they would take no denial, but he should accompany them to the steamer, and make an excursion with them. And so the importunate captain delayed the vessel till Dr. P____ returned with one of the superintendents for the companion of his ways and walks. Capt. Cork, the generous captain of the beautiful steamer, is a Wesleyan, and has been in the habit of taking the children and all associated with the Wesleyan school on an excursion, devoting the service of his vessel for several hours wholly to them.

And now the captain assured us that it would be the pleasure of all his happy passengers to direct their course wherever we might desire. We of course left the choice to him, and enjoyed a sail on the beautiful Solent [Solent -- A narrow channel between the Isle of Wight and the southern mainland of England. The Solent provides access to the port of Southampton. -- American Heritage Dictionary] of two or three hours, which afforded a view of the island scenery quite beyond what we had before witnessed. The water view of the Osborne Palace, "Her Majesty's" summer retreat, with its private landing and beautiful walks, were all in full view; as also Norris Castle, about a mile below, all covered with the immortal ivy, where the Queen resided when Princess Victoria.

Our beautiful and unexpected excursion occupied about three hours. The time was most delightfully interspersed with spiritual songs, odes, and speeches. Dr. P____, in addressing the school, alluded to his having sallied out in quest of a "Band of Hope," and said, "Surely I have not been disappointed; for a Sabbath school as interesting as this must be a most promising 'Band of Hope.'" We landed amid the huzzahs of hundreds of youthful voices.

The force of the Wesleyan body in England has, in former years, been much broken by the agitations which have been sadly rife in various directions. As far as we have had opportunity to observe, it would seem as if the forces of Methodism had in many places been about half divided. We cannot but conclude that the strength of Methodism has thereby been much diminished. In union there is strength. West and East Cowes has suffered more than most places by agitations, from which the Church might doubtless have been saved had the prevailing question been, "Which shall be servant of all?" rather than "Which shall be the greatest?"

In pursuing our labors, we have asked the Lord of the harvest that we might have grace to adhere to Mr. Wesley's apostolic advice, and "go, not where most wanted, but where most needed." When we were told that the aggressions of our Zion in this town against the foe had numbered but thirteen during the past three years, we felt constrained to yield to the importunities of the official Board of the Wesleyan Society; and have now been several days engaged, as fellow-helpers with the friends of Jesus in this place, in efforts to rear the walls of Zion. At first, few seemed to bend their neck to the yoke: Satan had been so successful in keeping the community quiet, that his kingdom had been but little disturbed. But now that the Church began to rise, and shake herself from the bands that had bound her, resolved to put on her strength, then the cry, "Excitement!" began to pass from lip to lip. Thank God, we have already witnessed many saved, and still the work progresses.

Nature, in varied forms of simplicity, loveliness, and grandeur, is ever opening before us. But though Nature at the command of her Creator is attired in singular beauty, calling forth the admiration of our hearts, we see and hear much to assure us that man by nature is vile, and our attentions are chiefly occupied in the duties of our calling. Two meetings have been held daily since we came to the island, which have been most graciously owned of God in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. Since we commenced our labors on the island, very many of the disciples of the Saviour have been endued with power from on high, and about six hundred have been born into the kingdom Of Christ.

I might refer to many most pleasing and instructive incidents in connection with our work. I will hastily glance at a few. I will here say that several belonging to Her Majesty's troops quartered on the island have been among the newly saved.

One Sabbath evening, a fine, noble-looking soldier came forward, and asked if he might have the privilege of speaking a few words during the prayer-meeting which succeeded the addresses. It was granted. He said about thus: "Some of you look upon me with wonder. You look upon my red jacket, and say, 'What! a soldier pious? I thought soldiers were generally wicked.' Well, he who now stands before you as a soldier, ready to engage in battle for his country, was once a very wicked man. There is scarcely any sort of vice which might be named to which he was not addicted. Eighteen months ago, bowed down with guilt and misery, I

resolved I would leave the service of sin, and enlist in the service of Christ. The Lord had mercy upon me, pardoned and received me; and ever since, though I have had many sore trials and conflicts, having been called to endure the continual scoffs of wicked comrades, yet I have been happy in my Saviour. Through his grace I have been more than conqueror, and the Lord has given me some of my comrades to go to heaven with me. I have been drafted to go to India, and must leave within a few days. I ask your prayers, that I may be enabled to endure whatever may come. Some of you are gazing upon me because I wear a red jacket; but, if you could only look underneath this red jacket, you would there see a white, blood-washed robe." He sat down amid the tears and praises of a wondering multitude.

"Do you know any thing whiter than snow?" so asked a dear father in Israel, whose glowing countenance seemed to say that he had just been taking a deep plunge in the all-cleansing fountain. I could not but anticipate what he was about to say; when he exclaimed, "Does not David say, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow'?" A Christian gentleman, a leading man belonging to the "Independents," came from a town seven miles distant, all athirst for the baptism of fire. With many other male and female disciples of Jesus he came forward to the communion-rail, and there with "one accord" supplicated for the promised endowment of power. God poured out his Spirit, and showers of blessings fell on our brother belonging to the Independents, and also on many others.

A day or two after the reception of this baptism of the Spirit on the part of Mr. W____, the spirit-baptized brother just referred to, a scene occurred, illustrative of the excellency of being filled with the spirit in view of a readiness for every good work.

A band of white persons with blackened faces, calling themselves "Negro Minstrels," were engaged in all sorts of buffoonery near his place of residence. A crowd of two or three hundred had gathered. Mr. W. tells us he felt suddenly impressed that it was his duty to go out among them, and see if he might not do something for his Lord.

Taking a Bible in his hand, and opening it at the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, he went into their midst, and, approaching the ringleader, said,

"There, sir, if you will read that chapter to this company, I will give you the book."

Was not this wonderfully like setting Satan to reprove sin? The young man with sooty face, regarding it as a challenge, and not willing to be outdone, took the holy book, and with a serious air and with dignified tones, singularly at variance with his grotesque appearance, began to read, demanding at once the solemn attention of his astonished congregation

On coming to the point in the affecting recital of the prodigal's misery and return where he says, "I will arise and go," he pointed with singular gravity to one of his band, saying, "There, that means you! You have run away from your mother's house, and you know she is looking for your return: go back to your mother!" After this pointed appeal, under which his companion in sin quailed, the singular preacher again resumed reading until he had finished the chapter. Then, looking significantly at Mr. W____, he put the precious book snugly away in his pocket, to the no small satisfaction of his amazed auditory.

The evening of the same day brought the young man addressed as the prodigal to Mr. W. He was deeply convinced of sin; said he had left the parental home of an agonized mother, and was now resolved to amend his ways by seeking the Lord, and returning to the home of his childhood. He accompanied Mr. W. to the services that evening. The ringleader of the band also called on him, and seemed to be under solemn conviction for sin. He wished Mr. W. to give on the fly-leaves of that precious book an account of the manner in which it had so singularly come in his possession, accompanied with the revered name of the donor.

We are now about taking our farewell of this celebrated island. On Monday of this week we had what was called a farewell meeting. Friends in Jesus gathered from various towns and hamlets, more especially contiguous to the towns where we had labored.

Nearly four hundred persons sat down to tea, for which tickets had been issued. Our hearts were affectingly yet gratefully impressed as we looked upon young converts, and the many other faces upon which we expected to look no more till we should meet with the general assembly and church of the first-born at the marriage-supper. The place where tea was prepared was what is now a large school and lecture-room, built for a chapel in Wesley's time, and where he often preached,

After tea had been served, the company retired to the more commodious Wesleyan chapel in an adjoining street, where an overflowing congregation assembled; and resolutions were read by the superintendent of the circuit, recognizing the wonder-working power of the God of all grace in the remarkable ingathering of souls which had occurred during our visit. Many gracious and affecting things were said by the ministers and leading men from various parts of the circuit, pleasant, yet affecting to memory, from the thought that we were now looking upon many, dear to our hearts, whose faces we should see no more. Dr. P. responded to the remarks; while my own heart, yearning over the many still out of Christ, took this last opportunity to plead for a general surrender of sinners to the Saviour. The call was not unheeded. The altar of prayer and the vestry were again thronged, and several were brought over from the ranks of sin to Christ.

The interesting farewell services occupied five hours. After taking the parting hand with hundreds, many of whom had been born into the kingdom of Jesus during our visit, we went to our home. It was about midnight; but, ere we had retired to our pillow, parting songs greeted our ear from the street on which our chamber window opened.

We looked from our casement, and lo! scores of loved brethren and sisters in Jesus, many of whom were from three and four miles distant, were assembled, and in sweetly affecting tones they sang,

"We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one!
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

"Our souls are in his mighty hand,

And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill."

In Methodism the entire Isle of Wight comprises one circuit. The superintendent of the circuit, writing to the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," says, "Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's labors in the Isle of Wight will long be remembered. In the three principal towns, more than six hundred names were taken down, of persons of all ages and classes, as having obtained the blessing of justification. The number of members at Newport had previously stood for some years at an average of one hundred and fifty, the number at Ryde at one hundred, and the number at Cowes at sixty."

From this it will be seen that the number of conversions during the nine-weeks' revival services about doubled the membership. But, besides the large number of the newly saved, other benefits have largely accrued to the Church. Not a few of the old members were led to seek the blessing of entire sanctification; and the whole religious community has been moved and quickened. While, therefore, much precious fruit has already ripened, it is believed that very much more remains to be gathered.

* * * * *

16 -- CHAPTER

Poole, Dorsetshire, Sept. 22

Well, we have left the beautiful Isle of Wight, whither we had been called by the voice of the Church as humble helpers in sustaining the banner of the cross. Wherever we go, it is our desire to be recognized only as helpers. Zion has strength. It has long been a settled conviction with us, that there is dormant power in the Church sufficient to convert the world. It is only for Zion to arise, and at the call of her Lord put on her strength, clothing herself with the beautiful garments of salvation, and the hosts of sin will tremble, the fame of her conquests be glorious.

Leaving the island by the way of the ancient towns, Yarmouth and Lymington, we came to Poole, where we remained twenty-one days. Here also the hosts of Israel were constrained to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. A hindrance formidable as that which prevented Israel in the days Of Joshua had long retarded the aggressions of Zion in this place, and painful experiences were awarded to ourselves and others in preparing the way of the Lord; but, as soon as the way was made straight, sudden and powerful were the manifestations of convicting, converting, and sanctifying power. Instances of special interest crowd upon my mind, with which I might fill pages. I will glance at a few.

An intelligent gentleman who had been solicited to furnish items for a London anti-revival paper was taking notes in the gallery. A reputable lawyer, who experienced religion about four months since, and within the few preceding days had learned that the people who know their God shall do exploits, watched the gentleman reporter as we addressed the people, and soon saw him begin to falter and pause in his reportings. The lawyer subsequently addressed

him, and found that he had been deeply convicted during the progress of the services. The lawyer was not a man to let the wounded reporter go until the heavenly Healer had applied the balm of Gilead. He remained with him till near the midnight hour, and witnessed his powerful conversion. Many others have in like manner been converted in the gallery through this lawyer's influence.

He is a widower, and has his niece residing with him, a lady of marked influence, who has been the companion of her uncle in these labors abundant. Over forty have been won over to Jesus, through their united labors in the gallery, since the services commenced. They tell us that it has generally been two or three o'clock in the morning before they were able to retire to their pillows. Surely it is

"Worth living for this, to administer bliss."

One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. The reporter after his conversion said, "Now I shall write an article for the 'Revival Record.'"

This reporter, who came for the purpose of spreading abroad an evil report, so far from writing for an anti-revival paper, wrote an excellent article of two full columns for the "Poole Herald," in defense of revivals in general, and particularly in favor of this remarkable visitation at Poole.

A young collegian, but recently emerged from college halls with literary honors, was also among the more successful in bringing souls to Jesus. For some time he had been feeling his own way to Christ, seeing men as trees walking; and scarcely had he begun to see men clearly before he commenced to invite others to Jesus.

When one has a mind to work, it is indeed interesting to see by how many unselfish, loving devisings the unsaved may be allured and won over to Jesus. Where there is a will to obey the command, "Son, go work today in my vineyard," there will surely be a way by which something may daily be done. This young gentleman had accompanied us from the Isle of Wight, and the society with whom we went to labor was by their own acknowledgment in a seriously low state, and it would seem as if few stood ready to shut the doors of the Lord's house for nought.

Our special services brought an influx of strangers to the chapel. The young collegian, unasked, took his position in the lobby and at the door, as need might suggest, standing in readiness to lead strangers to seats in the gallery or below, thereby supplying a need that otherwise had not been met, and also acquainting himself with young men who were disposed to linger about the doors. And several of these young men did he bring to Jesus ere the close of our three-weeks' service at Poole. Though he endured many gainsayings, yet influences, however repelling, were generally mastered by the impellings of love.

Said tie to one, "Will you not set out to serve the Lord?"

"No!" was the defiant reply.

"Then it is all settled with you, as you have chosen the service of sin; you have taken Satan for your master?"

"No, I have not."

"Why do you say so? You certainly have chosen Satan for your master in refusing to serve God. You do choose to serve Satan, and tonight you have made your Choice; and I shall be a witness to the fact at the judgment-seat of Christ." The young man was startled at his position, and soon after was stricken down, crying aloud for mercy, and before leaving the chapel was made a joyful witness of saving mercy. Another gainsayer, on being addressed by our young friend, replied that he did not think it of any use to seek the Lord, as it was his belief that he was a reprobate, and fore-ordained in the eternal mind to be lost forever. He said his parents were pious, and the larger portion of his family. Our young collegian in a sympathizing tone asked, --

"And have you told your parents?"

"Yes."

"And what do they think of your having been foreordained a reprobate?"

"They say they do not know but it is true, but rather hope not."

"If you could save all your family, you would do so, would you not?"

"Oh, yes!"

"If you could save all this town, you would?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you could save all the world, would you not gladly do it?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, if such is your exceeding sympathy, you ought to have been the Saviour. The young man seemed confounded, and soon after found that by complying with the conditions of salvation he had been elected to eternal life. With a company of other young men he was won over, whose gainsayings our young laborer had so patiently and affectionately withstood, it was a beautiful sight to witness our young collegian, so recently enlisted himself, come forward one evening to the communion-rail, leading a company of over a dozen young men who had hitherto joined hands in sin, and all now at once with one heart yielding allegiance to the Captain of Israel's hosts. As the young man of letters saw these young resisters all penitently bowed at once at the foot of the cross, I seemed to see a lifetime of bliss condensed in one moment in his happy face. Oh the ineffable joy arising from seeing souls brought to Jesus through our instrumentality! It is indeed the joy of angels and glorified spirits: ay, more, it is the joy of Christ. "That this my

joy may be in them, and that their joy may be full." It was the joy of Christ to bring many sons to glory. And if Christians, young or old, would have the joy of Christ fulfilled in themselves, they must have a sympathy with Jesus in that love that moved him to die for the world, and be workers together with him in bringing a redeemed world back to God.

Surely there is wisdom in the highest sense in this work of soul-saving; and, if men of cultivated ability would more generally bend their necks to the work of upbuilding the walls of Zion, great would be their increase of joy, and the top-stone would soon be raised with shouts of "Grace, grace, unto it!" To the eternal disgrace of the nobles of Tekoa, it was said that "they put not their necks to the work of the Lord." It may have seemed a small matter to them, at the time of its occurrence, that they should refuse to come down to the self-sacrificing toil, when the general weal demanded a manifestation of sympathy in the interests of Zion on the part of the nobles; but how little did they imagine that a heavenly sympathizer was mingling amid those scenes of toil, and a looker-on, as they were refusing to put their necks to the work, noting down the ignoble, ungracious act in imperishable lines, to be read and known by tens of thousands down to the remotest period of time! And how solemn is the thought, that the book of lives is still being written up! and how many in aristocratic circles in this age is the divine sympathizer now beholding who do not put their neck to self-sacrificing work in upbuilding the walls of Zion! When the topmost stone is laid, and the laborers written up, as in the days of Nehemiah, then to their unending dismay will they see appended to their names in imperishable lines, "They put not their necks to the work of their Lord." If we may speak of our work, it seems to be largely in the direction of bringing out fellow-helpers: not to do all the work ourselves, but to hold up the lamp of divine truth, and cause the Church to apprehend and bring out her hidden and long-dormant resources. We need not again repeat, that, where there is a mind to work, opportunities are not wanting. Scores of invitations are being pressed upon us beyond our ability to meet. One excellent minister, though specially urgent, had been denied only because we found previous engagements utterly precluded the possibility of our accepting the invitation to labor with his people. We wrote in reply: "You may have a home revival without the aid of any one outside your church pale. Begin by getting each one in the society, male or female, man, woman, or child, to mark some one individual for Christ, bringing the individual to the special services which you may at once appoint. Let each member, official and private, resolve on doing this, and you will soon find your society in a flame of revival." Not long after, we received a letter from the minister who had addressed us in behalf of visiting his people, stating that he was already in the midst of a glorious revival. The commander of Israel's hosts had favored him with good success in rallying the sacramental hosts of God's elect under his supervision to action. He, as captain of the host, had set the example by marking not only one man, but three; and many others had each marked a person or persons for Christ, most of whom had been given to their faith and prayers. The whole of those he marked had been given, and still the work progresses.

What an important principle in holy warfare is here set forth! and how soon would every church community in our land be again in a flame of revival, if each man would mark his man, and each woman endeavor to bring her friend to Jesus!

Did I tell you of the circuit steward and Sabbath school superintendent, who was carrying on the largest business for his satanic majesty in this town? While revival meetings were held in

the Wesleyan chapel, this leading layman in the church was furnishing the intoxicating draught by which the hosts of sin were being incited to the commission of all sorts of uproarious iniquity.

We had already commenced our special services, when we were, in the most humiliating manner, made acquainted with this fact. Our first meetings were held on Sabbath; when on Monday morning a note was handed us, reading thus:--

"How can God revive his work in the Wesleyan chapel when the most noted maltster in the town, owning the largest number of liquor establishments in the region, is circuit steward and Sabbath-school superintendent? Will Dr. and Mrs. Palmer answer for the benefit of a

"Poor Sinner."

Confounded, we went to our pious, amiable hostess, and, reading the note, asked, "Is this true?" Her eyes filling with tears, she with emotion exclaimed, "Yes, I fear it is too true."

We felt deeply. To our minds it seemed a sin far more insulting to the God of heaven than that which prevented him from leading forth his hosts to victory in the days of Achan. We sent for the excellent superintendent of the circuit, who had bewailed what had long been the manifest want of religious power and prosperity among his people. We read him the note, and asked that he would consent to our leaving at the close of the week, thinking that we might leave at that time without exciting observation, not wishing to raise questionings or making the wherefore of our departure known. He entreated us with tears to remain, saying that the state of the cause in the place was deplorable; and his only hope was that the Lord might use us there, as in other places, in raising the standard. We told him we had no possible hope, in view of the circumstances, and could not, neither would we, insult the Captain of Israel's hosts by asking him to go out before the people with such an evil in their midst. And as we had not come to the Old World intending to assume the position of "reprovers general," we begged, as a favor, that he would allow us to depart noiselessly. He appeared to feel as deeply as ourselves, but wholly unwilling we should leave.

I will not attempt to describe what I felt under these circumstances. Two whole nights I scarcely closed my eyes, and I was really ill. I seemed to have an assured presage of coming evil. I saw that we had come to a point in the career of our labors in the Old World, where we, in regard to the great god Bacchus, would be required, not to turn aside, but to stand up openly and in defiant attitude, despite of opposing influences, whether in high or low places, and meet the consequences, however formidable. Over and over again did I express my convictions to Dr. P____ that in this occurrence I was beginning to hear the death-knell of our revival services in England.

I have hesitated much in revealing this matter to you; and if it were not for the hope that some good may result from the disclosure, I would not have consented. You have in this some idea of the Wherefore of those painful experiences to which we referred when we told you of the wealthy brewer in the north of England who came forward for prayers, and before two or three thousand people so solemnly pledged himself to wash his hands from the sin: you said in reply, "I hope that wealthy brewer was not a Methodist." I said nothing in return, knowing that, if I

should let you know he was an official member, it would require explanations that it would surprise you to hear. But as time has passed on, and I have witnessed the almost universal bowing down to the great god Bacchus in this enlightened country, my heart has been inexpressibly sad. Were the habit of partaking of the intoxicating beverage confined to the acknowledged servants of sin, or the lower order of the people, the difficulties in the way of reaching them were less formidable. But the habit prevails equally among church-members and ministers as with avowed worldlings. Thousands of the moderate drinkers of this year will be the immoderate tipplers of next year; and thus it is that tens of thousands from the ranks of professors and non-professors are being destroyed, soul and body. For a minister or church-member to sign the temperance pledge is decidedly unpopular. We, have not dared do otherwise than lift our voice in the most uncompromising manner against the sin at every place we have labored, before both ministers and people; yet seldom have we done so but the repelling countenance of more than one in high places has assured us that in "thus saying thou reproachest us." But now you see we have at last come to a formidable stand.

We refused to remain unless the accursed thing was removed. We paused in our work, feeling that our faith could not overleap such difficulties. The spirit-dealer was waited upon; but, prizing the gains of sin more than his membership or his love for souls, he preferred to resign his standing in the church to the renunciation of his traffic. On the evening of the day he withdrew from the church, twenty souls were born into the kingdom, besides several who received the sanctifying seal.

Ever since, the work has been rising and spreading. Multitudes come out. It is difficult to ascertain how many have been converted. Our altar accommodations are not as convenient as they were on our old battlegrounds, -- Brunswick Chapel, Newcastle, and Sans St. Sunderland: we have been constrained to divide our prayer-meeting forces, and each night the adjoining schoolroom, holding, I should think, about three hundred, has been quite largely filled. These are not all newly awakened persons, but many of them are. Last night was a season of great interest. I presume between twenty and thirty, at least, were saved. We were informed that ten received pardon after we had left.

We had been to Swanage by invitation, holding a service among our Church of England friends during the day; and were so weary that we hastened home soon after closing the public service at ten o'clock. Our interesting young friend and co-laborer, J. G____, who has generally been the companion of our homeward walk, we left surrounded by an interesting group of young men, all of whom, through his winning words and ways, seemed more than half inclined to come over from the dominion of sin to the service of Christ. We were careful not to apprise him of our going; but as we passed through the preacher's vestry, from the chapel to the schoolroom, where these young men had gathered around Joseph, we paused and sang, --

"We are a band of brethren dear:
Come and be in this band, Hallelujah!
We live as pilgrim strangers here:
Come and be in this band, Hallelujah!

"King David on his throne of state

Was in this band, Hallelujah!
And Lazarus at the rich man's gate
Was in this band, Hallelujah!"

Out of this group, and another group of similar character gathered about the pious lawyer and his niece in the gallery, ten were induced to enlist under the banner of the cross. Two of these, ere they finally yielded, were stricken down by the Spirit's sword, crying out in anguish as did those stricken down in Ireland. During the progress of the meeting at Peele, we received letters earnestly soliciting that we would hold a meeting at Swanage. After prayerful consideration, we wrote that we would come on Monday. The time for the meeting was arranged at one o'clock, in order to suit our convenience in going and returning by the steamer in time for the evening service in the Wesleyan chapel at Peele.

The large church-edifice in Swanage has just been rebuilding, during which time the church-service has been held in what was formerly the rectory barn, -- a large place, all nicely floored and seated, and sufficiently commodious, I presume, for the congregation formerly worshipping in the church. We dined at the rectory, and found the rector and his lady (who belong to titled families) exceeding pleasant and communicative on the subject of experimental piety.

Before the hour of commencing, our barn-church and the avenue leading to it were thronged, so that we had to press our way through a crowd to get in, the rector and his lady leading the way. All the ministers in Swanage and its immediate surroundings were present. We were, in fact, sustained by a good representation of Church of England clergy, a trio being present; so that I had almost wished that our friends of the "clergy," Drs. W____ and O____ had been there for the enjoyment of congenial society (Pardon this little stray thought.)

Besides the three clergymen of the Established Church, the Independent minister, and also the Wesleyan minister, took part in the exercises; so that we had a union meeting extraordinary. The rector called on the Independent minister to open with prayer; and truly he prayed in the power of the Spirit. The rector gave out the hymn commencing with --

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers."

Dr. P____ then read and made some remarks on the second chapter of Acts, where the descent of the Holy Spirit on the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty is so gloriously set forth. The rector then announced that we would speak to the assembled multitude.

In view of the congregation being quite as large without as within doors, we were solicited to stand midway. I never felt more divinely conscious of a gracious commission, and seldom had a more interesting, tearful auditory. Dr. P. talked about spreading the flame and breaking the bread with sweetness and power, Another hymn was then sung, commencing with --

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee; "

under whose inspirations we seemed to be newly enwrapped in the crimson vest. The Wesleyan minister was then called upon to pray, after which the rector made the closing prayer.

Much interest prevailed. I saw many weeping eyes and longing looks, especially on the part of some aged persons. We were told that one of the clergymen of a little town three or four miles distant took special pains to gather up the aged people belonging to his parish, securing a conveyance for those who were unable to walk. An old gentleman from that place told me that he thought their little town could not have had many left in it during the hours of service at Swanage.

We had a fine representation of the gentry. None were more manifestly with us than the grand-daughter of the Duke of Manchester, who said she had been deeply interested in our movement ever since we were laboring in Newcastle, and had longed to mingle with us in our " services, and witness the triumphs of the cross; begged to know if we would not go to London and labor there. The rector's lady and the grand-daughter of the Duke of Manchester seemed to be kindred spirits. The rector and his lady had been reading our works. Both were earnestly seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. The rector's lady I do not doubt received by faith this wondrous gift of power as she rode with us on our return to the steamer. A correspondent of the revival paper, published in London, says, --

"During the past twenty-one days, a remarkable work of God has been going on in Peele. Many professed followers of Christ have been awakened to see the need of greater devotedness to the service of their Master; and many, who have heretofore been strangers to the commonwealth of Israel, have professed faith in Christ. Not less than three hundred, it is believed, within the past two weeks, have been made joyful witnesses of God's saving mercy. The agency recognized in this great work is Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, from America, who were induced to visit the place. But no one in attendance on the services could feel otherwise than that the one great moving and impelling power was the Holy Spirit, energizing the people of God, and causing truth to be felt in its deep spirituality in the awakening of sinners and the sanctification of believers. Very little noise or confusion has prevailed, but one or two cases of prostration. The meetings have been conducted with great solemnity and power, while saints and sinners feel, 'Lo! God is in this place.'"

Last night we had our parting service. About five o'clock we went to the lecture-room adjoining the church, and beheld about two hundred people assembled, seated at well-spread tables. This was a farewell tea-meeting, and the company who had been awaiting our arrival cheered us with warmth as we entered. The English are more famous for greeting with hearty acclamations than Americans, and such demonstrations cease to be embarrassing.

It was a very pleasant interview. Many of those who had been newly received into the household of Faith were there. On these occasions, tables are supplied by various individuals gratuitously. We sat at the table of the lawyer and his niece to whom I have referred. Here also was the reporter two or three evenings since converted. The editor of the "Poole Herald," who

had been greatly blessed since the commencement of the special services, also sat near us. It is affecting to see the warmth of these newly kindled spiritual affections.

Tea over, farewell addresses were made by the Superintendent of the Poole Circuit, and also the Superintendent of the Isle-of-Wight Circuit, who had come to be present at the parting services. Dr. P_____ spoke sweetly; told the friends he could not ask them to visit his home in America, but would invite them to visit him in his mansion now going up in the eternal city; to which invitation they all joyously responded. I told them they must take Dr. P_____ 's invitation as my own, as we were one in the Lord, and one in each other.

The large ingatherings which have occurred at the various places we have visited would suggest the necessity of larger chapel accommodations. While I was taking tea, I had been asked, by one sitting near me, when we would be likely to return to the Isle of Wight; to which I replied, that we scarcely expected to return; when I was reminded that we had said, if the Isle of Wight friends would purchase a beautiful and commodious chapel which was on sale, we would return.

When called upon to speak, I referred to this, and said, in answer to the importunities that we would again visit Poole, they might hold us pledged to do so, if in England, in case they would build another chapel, or enlarge the present one, for the accommodation of the many who during the few past days had been brought in. The response was most earnest and unanimous: so we stand pledged to return in case the new chapel is built, or the present one enlarged. A subscription is already commenced. The newly converted reporter before referred to was the first to respond, and subscribed twenty-five dollars. This is the fourth new church project which seems to have owed its origin to our humble visitation to the Old World.

At seven o'clock, the services in the chapel commenced. It was a season of extraordinary power. How many were blessed, I cannot say. The altar was surrounded, and the lecture-room was full, a large portion of whom were seekers of pardon, others of purity. Many obtained.

After returning to our home about midnight, we listened to sweet farewell songs from at least a hundred voices, from our window, each taking their part in pathetic responses to the words, --

"What! never part again?
No! never part again:
Oh! there we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again."

We had before taken the parting hand with the multitude; but we could not forbear again saying farewell, as we were sure they had come in anticipation of another adieu. It was about one o'clock before we retired to our pillow.

* * * * *

Stroud, Oct. 7, 1860

Often are we a wonder to our friends in relation to the fields of labor we choose, as they see us turn aside from large influential places to those much smaller and apparently less promising. We have done this in coming to this place; and all I can say by way of apology is, that, in accordance with the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

Now let me give you a specimen of the sort of letters we receive; and be assured it is but a specimen of scores of others to which we are continually replying. Our invitations are official, as we do not accept any other. The superintendent of this circuit, to whose call we have been answerable in coming to Stroud, writes thus:--

"It has long been in my heart to invite you to this circuit; but believing you would have many more invitations than you could possibly accept, to much larger and better circuits than this, is among the chief causes of any not inviting you six or eight months since: but the impression that I ought to invite you has been so frequent and so strong, that I now begin to think that this oil-returning impression is from the Lord, and that, if I do not invite you, I shall fail in my duty, and grieve the Holy Spirit.

"If Mr. Wesley's maxim holds with regard to you, that is, 'that we are not only to go to those who want us, but to those who need us MOST,' then I feel that we have a very strong claim. If you should regard me in the light that Paul regarded the man of Macedonia, I shall greatly rejoice.

"We have long been praying and laboring for a revival in this circuit; and I have strong faith, if you will pay us a visit, God will honor you here in this town and circuit. I hope I shall not be troublesome; but deeply in earnest I really am. If you knew how my soul is bowed down and troubled night and day for Zion's sake, I am sure you would pity rather than reprove me for thus urging my case. For years past there has been a decrease in this circuit, year after year."

One can conceive how difficult it is to resist invitations bearing so much of the divine impress. After prayerful deliberation, we concluded to refuse solicitations from several larger and more influential towns, and come here.

Stroud is a little town of about 6,000 inhabitants: It is thirty miles from Bristol. The Wesleyan Chapel, built in the days of the founder of Methodism, still stands.

The City-road Chapel in London excepted, this is one of the best situated and most commodious of all the chapels we have seen, built under the supervision of Wesley. It is still in good condition, though erected in 1763. Its form is octangular, and stands on rising ground.

There is something inspiring in the thought of being engaged in holy warfare on the same battle-field occupied by one who was so valiant for the Lord of hosts. I have only to look out from the window of the house where I now sit penning these lines, and see, a little distance above, on the opposite side of the way, the house which Wesley used to make his home when

here. I have been reading some portions of his journal in which he alludes to his visits to this place. I have observed something which has not arrested my attention before. Though the world was his parish, he seems to have carried out his methodical views in time of visitation on the same principles that he required his preachers to be methodical in the time of their circuit visitations. The month of March was his time to visit Stroud. His journal records many visits to this place; excepting the first (when he came to break the ground and form a society) is dated about the middle of March.

Of his first visit, September, 1756, he says, "About fifty of us met. The rules of the society were read over, and carefully considered one by one. But we did not find one that could be spared. So we all agreed to abide by them all, and to recommend them with our might."

Of another visit, March 18, 1765, he observes, "I rode to Stroud, and in the evening preached in the new house. But a considerable part of the congregation were obliged to stand without. Toward the close of the sermon a young man dropped down, and vehemently cried to God. This occasioned a little hurry at first; but it was soon over, and all was quiet as before.

"After supper I was speaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, 'I am damned!' and fell to the ground. A second did so quickly after, and was much convulsed, and yet quite sensible. We joined in prayer, but, had not time (it growing late) to wrestle with God for their full deliverance."

Again, March 15, 1784:

"Leaving Bristol after preaching at five, in the evening I preached at Stroud, where to my surprise, I found the morning preaching was given up, as also in the neighboring places. If this be the case, while I am alive, what must it be when I am gone? Give up this, and Methodism too will degenerate into a mere sect only distinguished by some opinions and modes of worship."

His last visit stands recorded thus: "Monday, 16th, 1789. -- We set out early, and dined at Stroud, where I had proof that either people or preachers, or both, had left their first love. I strongly exhorted them to remember from whence they had fallen, and do the first works. God applied his word, and I suppose two hundred were present at five in the morning."

There is still one dear old lady living here, about ninety years of age, who met in class when Mr. Wesley used to visit this place. She is still living in the full enjoyment of perfect love. She is indeed a most lovable specimen of the transforming influence of love, -- perfect love; and I doubt not is as truly filled with faith and power as Mary was after the Holy Ghost fell upon her.

When scarcely twelve years of age, she experienced religion, and became a member of the society, though by so doing she had to leave her home. Before the age of sixteen she became a class-leader, and has filled that office until the last three years. On being introduced to Mr. Wesley

"As one of the lambs of the flock,"

Mr. Wesley came forward, took her hand in one of his, and, laying the other gently on her head, blessed her most fervently, and prayed the Lord would make her a blessing:

She loves to dwell upon the events of by-gone years, and appears to live over again the past when recalling the way the Lord hath led her. These blessed memories have become doubly precious since she has been cut off from the outward means of grace. It is wonderful how vividly she can remember the conversations that took place seventy years ago. Her whole heart yearns to be forever with the Lord. Sometimes she says, "All I love most dearly are safely landed in" our Father's house; and here I am: this generation are as strangers to me."

She has engravings hanging about her room of friends of her early days, famed in Methodistic history of the past generation, and with whom she still seems to be living in loving converse. I could not but see in her experience a verification of the precious words, "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant." And the words of the poet were a felt reality:--

"Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song: Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!"

We had not been here long before we had occasion to know that our outspoken course on the temperance question at our last scene of labor had preceded us. But we had looked to the Lord for wisdom in regard to coming, and, to be true to our principles, dared not believe otherwise than that we had obeyed the divine bidding.

Yet it was not without a struggle that I held on to the shield of faith; but it was the fight of faith. And as fighting implies conflict, I must say, to the glory of the Captain of my salvation, that I was more than conqueror. The conflict was at its height when I prayerfully took up the precious Bible, and opened on these words: "Hast thou seen all this great multitude? Behold, I will deliver it into thy hand." It was this portion of the word of God, applied to my heart, which, as the sword of the Spirit, was made subservient to the victory. This was on the evening of our arrival.

It is with deep humiliation we would say that in this place the Lord has commenced to work mightily. We had great congregations on the Sabbath: both afternoon and evening the crowd was dense. We pressed the question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" as we had reason to fear, in view of the spiritual dearth in this place, that many had not.

We surely may hope from the deep feeling manifest, and the scores who rose when Dr. P____ asked that all who were resolved to have the full baptism of the Spirit would signify it by standing, that permanent good was done. But from the crowd, the aisles being filled with forms

for seating the people, and the inside of the altar and all its surroundings also being filled, we could not make an estimate of results. There is much advantage in having a fair battle-ground, where you can get the people forward, and pray and talk with them about their souls.

Yesterday the meetings were excellent, and crowned with definite and glorious results. Many more were forward for prayers than could get around the communion-rail. But we thought it best not to divide our forces at the present by going into the vestry; and so the people not only crowded the altar, but many knelt on the outside, filling all its surroundings.

I presume there were not fewer than fifty earnest inquirers, some seeking for purity, others for pardon. Over twenty, we have reason to hope, received the pearl of forgiveness. Alleluiah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Between thirty and forty are forward nightly for prayers. Surely the spirits of the just made perfect must love to mingle amid such scenes.

The triumphs of the cross are amazing. The second Sabbath was one of the days of the Son of man to a very extraordinary degree. He who is the Lord of the Sabbath drew great multitudes together from near and remote regions, and wondrous were the manifestations of convincing, healing, and sanctifying power. Though the congregation was dense, and many went away for want of room, yet there was no confusion.

The solemnity of the felt presence of the High and Holy One seemed to be an outspoken realization depicted on every countenance.

Would that I could give you a conception of the solemn, stupendous, penetrating influences that pervaded the congregations of yesterday afternoon and evening, but more particularly the evening. Said a Christian lady about thus: "I opened my lips to sing, but I seemed so overawed with the solemnity of God's presence, that I paused."

Others expressed themselves in a similar manner. For my own part, I can say that an experimental apprehension of the divine presence so pervaded my whole being, that the veil separating the two worlds seemed well-nigh uplifted. My spirit looked out upon that vast concourse as standing upon the verge of eternity, many on slippery rocks, while fiery billows were rolling beneath, any moment to take the fearful plunge. Truth appeared to be invested with unwonted spirituality. I have never regarded the tones of the organ as peculiarly desirable in revival services; but as its majestic tones, intermingling with the voices of the people, went up as the sound of many waters, it only seemed to add to the solemn majesty of the occasion.

As Dr. P_____ gave out the hymn, commencing, --

"Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days," --

I presume there was not one in the house whose heart, if it had spoken out, would not have said in continuation of that solemn hymn, --

"A little point my life appears:

How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!"

Dr. P_____ then read the first forty verses of the 12th chapter of Luke, ending, "Be ye therefore ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He then talked about time as the dressing-room for eternity, and the importance of laying up treasure in heaven if we would not be hurried away, at an unlooked-for hour, from the shores of time, as the fool who said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

It is my belief that there was not an unconvicted sinner in the house; and Dr. P., desiring that not one might be permitted to leave without having an opportunity to strengthen their convictions by publicly acknowledging the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts, asked that all in the house who were resolved to seek the favor of God, and all who were enjoying his favor, would signify it by rising, when nearly all the people in the gallery and below rose simultaneously to their feet.

He then asked all those who were seeking pardon, and those only who desired to go and help those seeking ones to the cross, would accompany them. Immediately the vestry was crowded with seekers. Probably not more than three minutes had passed before a person went to Dr. P_____, imploring him to ask the prayers of the congregation for the multitude of penitents in the vestry, and stating that doubtless as many as a hundred were there seeking mercy, and no more could be admitted, the crowd and heat being so great. Dr. P_____ then invited the seekers to the communion-rail, which was quickly filled, and many standing on the outside, unable to find a place to kneel. Two seats were afterwards filled with persons seeking mercy, and others were taken to the upper vestry.

Before the meeting closed, we have reason to believe that the largest portion of those who sought obtained it. The work seemed to be only bounded by our want of room to meet the emergency, and laborers to point them to Christ, the crowd being so dense as to render it impossible to converse with all the seekers. We need scarcely tell you of the difficulty in bringing the services to a close; but many had come from miles distant, and we regarded it as inexpedient, our own health also considered, to protract the services beyond half-past ten. Since I have been writing, a lady who was present at the services from four miles distant has come in. Her agony in view of her sins was so great, that she was despairing of the mercy of God. She has now gone: Jesus spoke peace to her soul while here.

"What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away."

These are the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes. We are astounded at the magnitude of the work. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous works; and blessed be his glorious name forever and ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." Amen and amen.

Our stay at Stroud Was short. Engagements preciously made rendered it seemingly impossible that we should prolong our visit over two weeks. With each passing day the holy flame intensified, and spread yet more and more.

The work here, as in the north of England, took in alike Baptists, Independents, and Church of England. All shared in the divine influence, and, as we have reason to believe, partook largely in the spoil, particularly our Baptist friends; but our Wesleyan brethren were also gracious gainers. One of the excellent circuit ministers, after we left, writes: "I have now the names of two hundred and fifty persons who have obtained pardon or purity since you came to Stroud, and a few more keep being added to the list. What hath God wrought! Old and young, rich and poor, have been born again. Most of them are endeavoring to be useful in bringing their friends and neighbors to Jesus.

"Some very delightful cases of conversion have occurred since you left us. A butcher, a hearty, energetic man, was powerfully arrested by the Spirit on the second Sabbath of the services. He said ' he felt bound hand and foot,' and would have gone to the communion-rail if there had been room. While attending class he found peace in believing, and was made very happy in the Lord; and says, 'I am not going to mind the scoffs and frowns of the world, but will do what I can to bring my ungodly friends to Jesus.'

"He has much influence among men of his class: he was formerly very worldly and sinful, but has become as zealous for the Saviour as he was in the service of his old master, and has been the means of bringing three other men, not only to the house of God, but to the Saviour. They had been his companions in sin, usually spending the Lord's day in pleasure, as they called it, -- Sabbath breakers, swearers, and drunkards; But they have all four become a new creatures in Christ Jesus: old things have passed away. They have now erected an altar in their families, and are adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. I understand they have become total abstainers; and in order that we may use all our influence for. the good of such characters, and for the glory of our heavenly Father, my good wife and myself have become total abstainers also.

"The revival has brought, a new element into the Church, which was very much needed. We had previously scarcely any young men in our society at Stroud; and often have our friends wondered what would become of many of the country places which are chiefly supplied by local preachers, as many of our brethren are aged and infirm, and none were likely to fill their places; but this was a suggestion of unbelief. Truly, God has given us a noble band of young men likely to be valiant for the truth; and, if faithful, doubtless many of them will be called to fill important offices in the Church, as in several cases there is much intelligence coupled with true piety and ardent zeal.

"We have often sincerely regretted that you were compelled to leave us so early: it appeared as though a little longer stay would have overthrown Satan's kingdom in Stroud; it is mightily shaken, but such an increased interest was just then excited in the town, among a class of persons who seldom attend any place of worship, I am fully convinced, that, if you could have remained with us two or three weeks longer, many, many hundreds of precious souls would have been brought to Jesus. The great revival at the Wesleyan Chapel was becoming the subject of conversation in the mills, shops, and even in the market.

"We are already wondering if, in the good providence of God, you will be able to visit us again during your stay in England. The fields are now white unto harvest; our friends in the country have been greatly quickened, and in several places a number have begun to seek the Lord: last night, where I was laboring in the country, seven or eight were seeking."

* * * * *

18 -- CHAPTER

Lynn Regis, Oct. 25, 1860

Lynn is a pleasant town in the county of Norfolk. It is situate ninety-six miles north-east from the great metropolis. Its present population is about 15,000. It lies rather low. It is a neat, airy town, not being closely built, but would doubtless be more eligible for health if on higher ground. The market-place is a spacious and beautiful square, and here good John Wesley sometimes preached to great crowds. He says, "The people of Lynn are open, affable, and humane; and, added to this, are good-natured and courteous." The Wesleyans have now an excellent and commodious chapel here.

If we should refrain from giving God the glory due to his name, in view of the extraordinary work of the Holy Spirit we have witnessed in Lynn, we should grieve our Lord. It was indeed a successful battle, in view of the numbers won over to Jesus.

"Thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place." We have long found that new conflicts only furnish occasion for new conquests. So it was in Peele; so also at Stroud; and thus also, in the most emphatic sense, have we found it here.

We cannot believe that the Arch Fiend possesses the power of prescience; but I have generally found, proportionately as our entrance upon a field has been withstood by trying influences, our victories in the end have been proportionately glorious.

To wage a war against the powers of darkness will not suggest, to one accustomed to spiritual warfare, scenes restful to the flesh or spirit: we are being reminded that this is the Christian's battlefield.

"Angels our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel, --
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world."

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. Thus far I feel that we have been divinely directed in our movements, and I do not doubt that the Captain of the hosts of Israel will still continue to direct our steps.

The victories of the cross here have been remarkable. The report of the secretaries present over one hundred names as among the newly blessed from Sabbath afternoon to the close of the Thursday-evening service. The large Communion-rail for the accommodation of over thirty, and the vestry, are nightly crowded. The noonday prayer-meetings are greatly owned of God. The schoolroom is filled to overflowing, so that the next meeting will be held in the chapel. The evening congregations are only bounded by the size of the edifice. Every evening the crowd in the chapel increases: it was said that there were not less than eleven hundred there last night, the people filling the aisles and every part of the house.

I witnessed one evening a sight over which I am sure angels must have lingered and carried blissful reportings to the heavenly world. Among the newly converted was a lawyer's lady, and five children, from the blooming young lady to the boy of ten or twelve: herself, three daughters, and a son, with the family governess, were all forward at the communion-rail at one time, and were all made happy in the love of Jesus: another son experienced religion in the vestry the next evening.

Hopes are entertained that the lawyer is also about to bend his neck to the yoke of Christ. He is not only inviting people to the services, but we have heard of three different persons, poor and profligate, to whom he has pursued the novel course of giving each a piece of silver in case they would promise to attend the service.

Is not this indeed singular, in view of the fact that he is not himself a converted man? Delightful cases of conversion have occurred among the children. Some lovely little converts, one of whom was the son of the district chairman, went to the lady of the new minister; Mrs. B____, and asked if they might have the use of her large kitchen for a prayer-meeting, saying that they wanted to hold a meeting to pray for the conversion of the whole town of Lynn. The request was made in a written note, and presented by the one by whom it was written, on behalf of the others.

Since I have been writing, the lady of a physician belonging to the Established Church has been in, whose skeptical husband seems to have been arrested by the Spirit, and we are claiming him for Jesus.

Sabbath was a day of great grace. He whose right it is to reign knows how to overturn and overturn as shall best suit the purposes of his glory. Our afternoon meeting was a scene of wondrous power. After the missionary sermon and collection in the evening, the service was given into the hands of Dr. P____. We spoke as usual.

The congregation was dense. God the Father, Son, and Spirit was present to convict, convert, and sanctify. It was estimated that at least fifty were blessed yesterday with the witness of either justifying or sanctifying grace. To God alone be all the glory!

Missionary meetings are to be held this afternoon and evening, as it is the anniversary occasion, and speakers from abroad are here. Dr. P_____ has accepted an invitation to take the chair. It is hoped that the services may be of a character that will favor a blessed ingathering of souls before the close. This anniversary would not have been held in connection with these special revival services; hut the notice had been given beyond recall, and the whole matter will doubtless be overruled for good.

What a leveling system is our blessed Christianity! If access to the throne of grace were to be purchased with money, thousands would come who now remain away, and tens of thousands who have within the past year on two found their way to the mercy-seat would have been repelled. Here high and low, young and old, have knelt together, and in humble, tearful implorings supplicated the God of all grace for pardon or purity.

We are informed that about three hundred names were recorded by the secretaries as special recipients of grace during our two-weeks' visit. A correspondent of the "Wesleyan Times" says, --

"The Lord is working very mightily among us. Verily glorious things are already spoken of Zion, the city of our God. Our dear and valued friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, entered on their labors last Sabbath afternoon. At first, there was some reluctance on the part of the church members to come forward and publicly acknowledge their need of the full baptism of the Holy Spirit; but, after a few more words of faithful exhortation, many came earnestly seeking the blessing, 'rod a few realized it. In the evening many came freely, and both professors and nonprofessors were kneeling side by side, wrestling with God in mighty prayer, and many were blessed.

"On Monday evening we had a glorious manifestation of divine power in the schoolroom, at the noon prayer-meeting; but at night it was almost overwhelming. The power of God was indeed present to heal: many obtained pardoning mercy, some were restored from backsliding, and others realized the blessing of perfect love.

"On Tuesday a most hallowing influence pervaded the noon prayer-meeting, evidently a preparation for a mighty work at night: special requests for prayer on behalf of ungodly children and brothers and friends gave fresh or increased impetus to this glorious work. And last night was indeed a remarkable time: the communion-rail was speedily filled, also the large vestry: about seventy were forward for prayers, and about half that number found the blessing either of pardon or purity. To God alone be all the praise!"

We held a fellowship-meeting on Saturday evening, when great numbers rose to acknowledge the full baptism of the Spirit. Afterwards the communion-rail was again filled with earnest seekers for pardon or holiness, and many went away rejoicing in saving, sanctifying grace.

This afternoon we have had a special influence, and many have found acceptance in the Beloved.

"Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above:
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love."

Our hearts have spontaneously uttered, "This surely is the gate of heaven." Many Christian minds have rejoiced and do rejoice in the realization of that power, "That the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sin;" and many a sinner, who before was in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity, rejoices in the liberty of the children of God. The services were continued for two weeks. We are not alone in the good realized: many from the Established Church, Independents, and Baptists, indeed from every denomination, testify of God manifested, and his grace realized. May Heaven's best blessings attend and Follow these his devoted servants, Dr. and Mrs. P____, is the sincere prayer of many a heart in Lynn.

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19 -- CHAPTER

Leamington, Nov. 24, 1860

The Lord of the vineyard said to his disciples, "Rest a while;" and thus for a few days past has he been saying to us, as his humble disciples. Both Dr. P____ and myself having contracted a severe cold at our last place of labor, we were constrained by the force of circumstances to "turn aside." But is not the force of circumstances, in fact, an indication of the divine bidding, as was the voice of the incarnate Deity to his early laborers, when he said unto them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while"?

But God speaks by the voice of his providence and the lips of his servants. We are here at this healthful and beautiful town by the affectionate and urgent constrainings of our excellent friends Fir. and Mrs. Ball. To this was added the official invitation of the circuit to labor in the Leamington Wesleyan Chapel, as soon as our recruited health would allow.

This town is a resort for invalids from near and remote distances. It is far-famed for the virtue of its mineral springs and its salubrious temperature, particularly in winter. There are few more beautiful, or, in fact, more fashionable towns in England.

It is only within the last half-century that the virtue of its waters has become extensively appreciated. Its buildings are modern, and mostly of light cream-colored stone, giving an air of unusual neatness to the town. The aristocracy of England is largely represented here.

There is a striking difference between this and the ancient town of Warwick, two miles east of Learhington, to which we rode out a few days ago. It would be more of a curiosity to some of our friends from young America to look upon these old towns than they might imagine. Here are houses centuries old. The narrow streets and lanes, and the general appearance of the

place, all speak of by-gone generations. The town lies on the banks of" the Avon. We looked at the old castle, formerly the seat of the Earls of Warwick.

The lovers of tragedy make pilgrimages here to visit the place, near the town, where the Bard of Avon lived and wrote. The children of this world have their day, and their works do follow them. In the eyes of the world, there is a certain sort of glory that attaches to the name of Shakspeare. His was terrestrial glory.

"There are bodies terrestrial, and bodies celestial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." While Shakspeare is acknowledged by the lovers of the drama as a star of unusual brightness in the terrestrial hemisphere, there are stars of celestial brightness which attract but little attention from the children of this world or world-loving professors.

Yet how attractive is their light to the eye of God and angels, and of all who love to behold the reflections of the divine image I God looks and loves, because it is the brightness of his own glory that is upon them. He loves, because he sees them conformed to the image of his own beloved Son. Not only does God the Son look and love, but he confers divine dignities. Hear him speaking, to his Father: "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them."

And, thus robed with divine honor, they shine as lights in the world. But, though in the world, they are not of the world. They are "bodies celestial." And when Christ their life shall appear, then shall they also appear with him in his glory as stars of magnitude; or, in fact, shall then appear what in reality they are, that is, "bodies celestial." Enshrined as they are now in a terrestrial hemisphere, they may be little known or observed. But how truly there is One who looks and loves!

"He rests well pleased their toil to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their hearts and souls agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

"Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the peaceful answer down."

This train of thought has been induced from observing the course of dear Christian laborer here. Though not renowned as a chieftain in gigantic intellect calculated to dazzle the world, he is a man of excellent understanding and cultivated mental ability, -- noiseless, yet mighty in heavenly achievements.

His example furnishes an attractive illustration of what men of means and influence may accomplish, where there is a mind to work, as there ever will be with all true Christians. This beloved laborer, Dr. H____, has called upon us frequently since we have been here, and has made us fully acquainted with the modus operandi of his way of doing good.

He belongs to the Church of England, and is a man of means, being a physician of extensive practice in the aristocratic circles. One day, as his business called him out of town, he saw a number of "navvies" engaged in hard, unpleasant toil, connected with clearing out and straightening the bed of the River Learn.

With a heart and mind in sympathy with Him who went about doing good, he asked the person who was overseeing the men in their toil if he thought they would be pleased to receive a copy of the Scriptures. The employer replied, that, though they might be pleased with the gift, he thought that very few if any of them would be able to read it for themselves.

The good doctor's compassions were touched, and, pondering over their condition, thought, "Can nothing be done to meet the necessities of these poor spiritually famished sons of toil?"

In view of the fact that a portion of the bread of life had been broken to his own soul, the question was proposed, "Can you not do something toward dispensing it to these poor men?" It was a new idea; but he began to think, through grace, he could. The purpose was quickly formed; and the way proposed by which it might be done, though novel, was seemly and beautiful, reminding one of an occasion when the Lord of creation would have a famishing multitude fed. He told his disciples to command the people to sit down in companies. He had, by his own hand, spread a velvet-like carpet of lovely green. The accommodations were ample; "for there was much grass in the place."

Well, the doctor had ample accommodations. He had a large arboretum, covering about thirty acres, where there was much grass, and a great variety of beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers, such as had oft won the admiration of the refined and rich. But now the thought occurred that these lovely grounds might be thrown open to the poor "navvies," and there, amid the fragrance of sweet flowers, they might sit and be made acquainted with the attractions of the cross.

An invitation was given to the "navvies," and the news spread abroad of what the doctor was about to do. Is it a wonder that his auditory was composed of many more, and of a different class, than the poor "navvies"? The "navvies" to whom the special invitation had been given were indeed present; but there was also a large company of the doctor's more influential friends of the Established Church, and others, and there was also the reporter of the town paper. Had the doctor been a professed or acknowledged local or lay preacher, the effort might have seemed less formidable; but he had undertaken the matter in the name of the Lord, and he was not the man to flinch. It is a fact that does not admit of a question, "The people who do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

The glory of the gospel is its simplicity; and the doctor proclaimed the gospel in faithfulness and great plainness, suited to the comprehension of his many hearers, and in a most marked manner suited to the necessities of the gentry; for, of all people on the face of the earth, who can need faithful and plain dealing more than they? It were surely quite as intolerable to go down to perdition from a palace as from a hovel.

The next day, a long, faithful report of the doctor's doings and sayings appeared in the Leamington paper; and thus he broke the bread to the multitude, and surely nothing was more needed than this. Sabbath after Sabbath passed away, the doctor growing yet more joyously confident in his work, and feeling that the bread of life was being yet more largely multiplied to his own soul. The summer months having thus passed away, the doctor was about to retire, more richly laden than the disciples with the twelve baskets full.

"The groves were God's first temples,
Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems -- in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

But though the rich pine and cedar canopy still furnished a beautiful shade, and the grass was still green, yet the climate of England is not quite Eden-like, and the damp, chilling winds of autumn forbade the gathering of an out-door assembly.

The doctor had about concluded that his happy toil was finished, when it was suggested that one of his large green-houses, nicely warmed with steam for the growth of his rare plants, might be devoted to the nurture of trees of righteousness of the Lord's own right-hand planting. The thought conceived, the thing was accomplished. Fragrant plants were removed, and indoor meetings were substituted in place of the open-air service.

Now the material is already being gathered, and the foundation laid in the midst of the doctor's fine grounds for a large, neat edifice for lay or clerical evangelistic labors. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." The doctor tells us that the names and varieties of his roses are legion. These, with his many other choice flowers, are, in their season, to be sold in bouquets, and thus by their fragrance contribute their mite toward spreading the fragrance of saving grace.

After resting a little less than one week, Dr. and Mrs. P's health improved to a degree that permitted them again to enter upon their gracious toil.

The first account we have of date and success of their labors is from a note in the "Wesleyan Times," which reads thus:--

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are now laboring in the Wesleyan Chapel, Leamington; and the Lord is blessing their work. They only commenced Wednesday, Nov. 14; and about thirty have found peace in believing. Several have been perfected in love, and many greatly quickened. We have the promise of a shower. The meetings are held every day, at half-past twelve and at seven in the evening, for addresses and prayer."

In less than a week after, a correspondent from Leamington to a revival paper in London says, "In your blessed revival paper, the prayerful interest of those who plead for the prosperity of Zion was asked for Leamington. God has answered prayer. At mid-day the school-room is filled With earnest worshippers. Every evening at seven o'clock there are large congregations, and the numbers coming are daily increasing.

"Not only those accustomed to worship with the Wesleyans, but members of the Established Church, and Dissenters of every name also from the adjacent villages, as well as from Coventry, Birmingham, Banbury, Northampton, and even from Wiltshire and from Scotland, have taken apartments for two or three days or a week, for the purpose of getting and doing good. Some have been justified freely, others sanctified throughout body, soul, and spirit. Not a few who have a name to live, and were dead, have been quickened into spiritual life, and are now become workers together with God. Night after night the communion-rail is crowded with persons of all ages, seeking salvation. Many are asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Dr. and Mrs. P_____ have consented to remain another week. We are looking and expecting much greater things than these."

Surely you will say it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," when I tell you that the work of revival has commenced, and is gloriously progressing in this place. Within the last nine days, since we began our labors here, about one hundred and fifty names have been recorded among the special recipients of saving mercy.

Said I last evening to one of the converts, "I know you are trying to bring your young friends to Jesus, and the one you brought forward last night was very sweetly blessed. I want you to resolve, in the strength of Jesus, to bring at least one more daily." -- "That," said he, "is what I am trying to do, and I brought another young man to the chapel with me tonight." The young man he brought was not sufficiently broken down to yield last night; but the arrow piercing his soul we trust may bring him low at the feet of Jesus before the week is over.

Last Sabbath evening, a lady who had been following her Saviour afar off, and not living in sufficient 'nearness to Jesus to hear his voice calling her to holy activities, became convinced of the necessity of putting on the whole armor, and coming up at once to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The communication of her desire seemed to enkindle a kindred flame in the heart of her husband; and ere they retired that night, both husband and wife were enabled to rejoice in the conscious reception of the baptism of fire.

Early the next morning a message came from this newly-baptized man, saying that it might be needful that the school-room where the noonday meeting is held be prepared for an extra attendance, as he intended to bring all his men, forty in number, to the mid-day prayer-meeting. We had a glorious meeting that day, as we have every day since. Several of the men seemed to be affected; and, when it was asked that all who desired an interest in the prayers of God's people would signify it by raising the right hand, I presume as many as two dozen of these workmen raised their right hands to signify their desire for salvation. At the evening service, one of the men, who, as we were informed, had been notorious for sin, was converted. Last evening, another was converted. The wife of the employer is as earnest as himself, going

about among her neighbors and friends endeavoring to bring them to Jesus. The next morning after she had received the baptism of pure love, she went to a woman who keeps her store open on Sabbath, and induced her to close it, and entreated her to attend the services, assuring her that if she were a loser by the experiment, after one month's trial, she would from her own purse make up the deficiency.

Our season of service at Leamington has been accompanied with much of heavenly power. I have just received a letter from an interesting lady, who came from the town of Birmingham, in a perplexed state of mind. She repeatedly presented herself among the seekers, and called to-see me for private converse, till I was tempted with the idea that she might be one who would be ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. She came for the sole purpose of seeking establishing grace, and, ere she left, was enabled to lay hold by faith on Jesus as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost.

By the rich avails of her labors since, we are being more than repaid for our wearying endeavors in bringing her over the bar of unbelief. On the morning of the day she left, while walking the streets of Leamington, she invited a young woman to the service, and talked earnestly with the stranger about the sinner's need of a Saviour, assuring her that it was a time of the passing-by of the Son of God. Its results proved it to be the Spirit's invitation. All that was human about it was that it passed through human lips. And thus it is that the King sends out his servants. The messenger that bears the invitation is human; but the message is divine. The stranger accepted the message, and that day sought and found an interest in Christ. Our interesting friend, on returning home to Birmingham, began to work over against her own house. She keeps a reputable boarding-school for young ladies. A portion of the letter just received reads thus:--

"If I never believed before for a full salvation, I am doing so now in spite of feelings. Since my return from Leamington, God has begun a work in our school which will never end. Glory be to Jesus! I dare believe it will last long as eternity endures. I said a few words to our nine boarders on the evening I came home. I talked to them on the subject of the revival. Their hearts melted, and they began one after another to weep, or show signs of anxiety. Half the evening was spent in praying, weeping, and singing. Those who had once known the pardoning love of God, but had become careless, felt the most deeply. Their clues were heart-rending. "I wish you could have been in our midst. Daily the power of convincing and heart-searching grace is felt; and some are gaining confidence in the Saviour, and beginning to ask about the 'way of holiness.'"

Leamington, though larger, I believe, is in some respects about answerable to our Saratoga in America. We have labored here between two and three weeks, since which about three hundred have given in their names, who have presented themselves as subjects of prayer, and been made special recipients of God's saving mercy.

A number of persons belonging to the Established Church, and the Independents, who had been resting short of the knowledge of sins forgiven, have come forward as seekers, and been enabled to testify that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.

The minister of the Independent Chapel could scarcely have shown himself more favorable to the work had the services been held in his own chapel. Large bills announcing the revival-services were posted on boards placed on each side of his chapel-doors, and not a few of the converts will he gather into his church-fold.

One of the Church clergymen has also openly encouraged his people in coming to the services. On being asked why he did not come himself, he more than hinted that his bishop might call him to account in case he should venture to come:

Since we closed our services, one of the converts has called, and informs us that printed notices have been handed about the town, and placed in the shop-windows, requesting that those who have received good at the revival services, and not intending to unite with the Wesleyan Society, were invited to meet at the Town Hall for a special purpose. The young man that gives this intelligence himself attended. He tells us about fifty of the converts came, and were met by the curate of the Established Church, who proposed to form them into a band which might meet weekly, after the fashion of a Methodist class-meeting. Need I tell you that we are delighted with this, and with any and every plan that proposes proper care of the lambs newly born into the fold?

A tea-meeting has also been held, to which all the converts were invited. The usual price for tickets of admission to tea-meetings is one shilling; but this was free of charge. About three hundred were present. Was not the plan beautiful? Here were spiritual children, newly born into the household of faith; and how seemly that they should, by this pleasant social expedient, be more fully introduced to the fellowship of loving hearts!

You will smile when I tell you how the tea, though free, was more than paid for. Duplicates had been copied of our photographs, taken in Edinburgh; and a sufficient number had been sold to overbalance the expenses of the tea-meeting, and all the other expenses connected with the special services.

One among the more memorable meetings we have had here was a midnight service, at which the Magdalenes of the town were invited to partake of a supper, and hear of Jesus, who came to seek and to save the lost. A number of the most reputable gentlemen and ladies of the town were present. Between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, we sat down to a well-spread table.

You may conceive my feelings, but I cannot describe them, as we sat down to take tea with a number of these outcasts. To me it appeared most seemly, and the spirit that devised this winning expedient to save the fallen eminently Christ-like. "Who maketh thee to differ?" was among the uppermost thoughts and questions with ourselves, and doubtless with others. After tea, we talked with them tenderly as sisters, though fallen; and were encouraged to see some of them particularly affected, and receive the promise, that, through almighty strength, they would forsake the path of the destroyer, and strive to seek an interest in the Saviour of sinners.

Our fellowship with "the common people," such as heard the Saviour gladly, and also with a number of the more influential Christians of various denominations, will ever be grateful.

Here we have also witnessed what in the truest sense of the term may be called an Evangelical Alliance Revival.

There is no tie that can bind hearts so enduringly together as the love of Jesus, and no power so potent in bringing out the characteristics of that love as the fact of being laborers together with God and with one another in saving precious souls. In this work, irrespective of denominational bias, many Christians have united with us here.

A little before leaving, we received a beautiful Polyglot Bible as a parting gift from the ladies of Leamington. Its own untold value will ever make the memento precious; added to which will be the satisfaction of regarding it as a token of the unsectarian spirit of the beloved Christians of Leamington, as it bears on its inscription the names of several ladies of various denominations.

"This precious book I'd rather own
Than all the golden gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone, --
Than all their diadems."

* * * * *

20 -- CHAPTER

Banbury, Dec. 21, 1860

Banbury is a town which was once "by walls and bars confined," some traces of which still remain. Some historians claim that Christianity in this region dates as far back as the days of the apostles. However this may be, the reign of the King of kings, for many centuries after the Christian era commenced, was but slightly recognized. Here papacy and its crosses have abounded. The "White Cross," the "Market Cross," the "Weeping Cross," and the far-famed "Banbury Cross" of nursery notoriety, were all here or in the region round about. But the Puritanic piety which led to the demolition of images in the churches, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, led to the destruction of these crosses. The noted "Banbury Cross," around which the deluded victims of popery used to travel on hands and knees by way of performing prescribed penances, was also demolished.

Banbury was for a long time without a cross; but, though demolished, it was not forgotten. On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Frederic William of Prussia, says a recent playful writer, it was resolved that the memorial of the event should be the restoration of a structure so useful in the nursery. "To think of 'Banbury' without a 'cross,' runs counter to all the reminiscences of childhood, and sets at defiance all the records of legendary lore." The "Banbury Cross" of the present day is an elegant structure of the hexagonal form. It is forty-nine feet in height, of Lath stone, and is divided into three stories or compartments. The panels of the center compartment are richly ornamented, and graced with the arms of Queen Mary and Victoria.

Banbury is not particularly famous for any thing at present but its brisk trade, and as the town of cakes called "Banbury cakes," which are sold by the thousand weekly, some of which, we are told, have gone to Australia, India, and America. It is surrounded by a fine farming country, and was noted of yore for Banbury cheese, as now for its far-famed cakes; but, among the more intelligent, few things have made a more unenviable record for Banbury than the ancient sanguinary battles fought here, and its religious intolerance, Its immediate neighborhood was the scene where secret consultations were carried on among the chief of the English malcontents. Open resistance to the court was the result.

A rebellion broke out in 1642; and until 1646 the town of Banbury and its surroundings continued to be the scene of frequent, furious, bloody conflict. Some remnants of the castle still remain where the secret consultations among the malcontents, which ended in open sanguinary strife, were concocted.

The hostility which led to the commencement of this civil war has been attributed largely to the influence of the Puritan preachers, who went about lecturing in this and the surrounding towns and hamlets. The Vicar of Banbury, and the Vicar of the neighboring town, Adderbury, were among the early Puritan divines. The Banbury Puritans, with others of their day, refused to pay the required assessment for his majesty Charles I.; but to say that the Puritans were the occasion of the civil war, was perhaps, in part, a specimen of the persecuting spirit which in that semi-Christian age everywhere abounded.

Since writing the above, a curious piece of information has come to hand, setting forth the identity of relationship between the Puritans of this ancient town, Banbury, and a certain town in New England scarcely less renowned for rigidity of religious doctrines. Banbury Castle, which was founded about the year 1125 by the Bishop of Lincoln, subsequently fell into the hands of Lord Saye, an influential nobleman, who was one of the first agitators and leaders in carrying out a set of opinions resulting in the civil wars of 1642-1646. Lord Saye, says good authority, was not only the keeper of Banbury Castle, but also the chosen leader of almost the entire population of the district around Banbury. In the adjacent counties -- Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, and Northamptonshire -- was Lord Brooke who was the chosen leader of a population holding to Puritan principles, and opposed to the measures of the court. Lords Saye and Brook, at a time when the hopes of their party were low, formed the purpose of a settlement in New England; and by them a town, now uniting their lordships' names, called Saybrook, was founded. Here we see the origin of the town in Connecticut where the famous Saybrook Platform was laid, whose unbending Calvinistic rigidities still proclaim war with all who differ in opinion.

Referring to Lords Saye and Brook in connection with the Saybrook affair, says Lord Nugent, "To this wild and distant settlement these two peers of England had at that time determined to retreat in case of failure of their efforts for justice and peace at home; and there they were jointly to become the founders of a patriarchal community. Of this new settlement, liberty of conscience was to be the first law; and it was afterward to be governed according to their darling scheme of a free commonwealth." Says a Banbury historian, "How free the new commonwealth might have proved, we cannot judge; but Lord Saye, who, only a short time after, appears as the prominent persecutor of the Quakers, can hardly be supposed likely to have long secured liberty of conscience within his commonwealth."

First among the dissenting meeting-houses built here was the Quaker meeting-house. The founder of the sect was Anne Audland. Signs and wonders of grace followed her ministrations, similar to those that were witnessed a century later through the ministrations of the early Methodists, and as seen recently in Ireland. This was in 1654. Lord Saye, the main projector of Saybrook Commonwealth, was the main persecutor in and about Banbury, ejecting them from his estates, and stirring up the community by publishing pamphlets against them. One of these is entitled "Folly and Madness made Manifest; or, Some Things written to show how contrary to the Word of God and the Practice of the Saints in the Old and New Testament the Doctrines and Practices of the Quakers are." Says his lordship, "Consider, after that prating woman, Audland, came to Banbury, what was done and practiced, not only upon men and women, but upon children; falling down, foaming at the mouth, quaking, and using unnatural gestures." The Quakers replied, in a pamphlet addressed to lord Saye, to these statements; and say of Anne Audland, that many, from her preaching at Banbury, "knew the power of God made manifest, which caused trembling and quaking, of which we are not ashamed, though thou revile it." The pamphlet concludes with an address to his lordship, which reads thus: "Consider, William, what will all the glory and dignity of the world do for thee, if thou go with thy gray head laden with sin into the grave."

Consequent on these persecutions, good Anne Audland and many of her hearers were barbarously abused. On one occasion a party of soldiers entered the meeting-house, beating and bruising many, and wounding one with a sword. Anne and several others were brought up before the court, and sentenced to several months' imprisonment. One man was imprisoned for two years and seven months, whose only cause of commitment was that he had built a meeting-house for the Friends, and caused their burial ground to be walled around.

Banbury has a large parish church, capable of accommodating a congregation of two thousand three hundred persons. The tower rises to the height of one hundred and thirty-three feet, and contains a quarterclock, with chimes, and a peal of eight bells. The chancel contains two notable monuments: one, to a young lady who died in her twenty-first year, is beautiful. On a large block of granite, bearing an inscription, is a figure of Faith carved in white marble. The figure of Faith is represented with a book, on which is inscribed, "God is love. Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

Wesley's visits to Banbury seem to have been but few. The first we see noted in his Journal is Nov. 22, 1784. He says, "My servant drove us over to Banbury, where I met with a hearty welcome from Mr. George, formerly a member of the London Society. The Presbyterian minister offering me the use of his meeting-house, I willingly accepted the offer. It was, I believe, capable of containing near as many people as the chapel at West Street; but it would not contain the congregation; and God uttered his voice, yea, and that a mighty voice: neither the sorrow nor the joy felt that night will quickly be forgotten." The next day he preached again with similar success, and says, "Never did I see a people who appeared more ready prepared of the Lord."

Within forty years a good Wesleyan Chapel has been erected, capable of seating about seven hundred people. The place is now becoming too strait for them, and measures are already

being adopted for the enlargement of their borders. Either a new church is shortly to be built, or the present one is to be much enlarged.

Truly an amazing work of the Spirit is going on here. Skeptics and cold-hearted professors look on with wonder. One infidel has become so enraged in seeing the multitudes pressing their way to Jesus, that his pitiful revilings in embryo are to be issued in a tract, which we are told is now being published in London, because he could find no one willing to publish it here.

High and low, rich and poor, young and old, are subjects of the work. Rev. Mr. C____, superintendent, announced to the audience last night, that during the past eleven days, since the commencement of the revival services (Sabbath, Dec. 2), over five hundred had been brought to Christ. Added to this, the secretary's report shows scores of disciples whose names are recorded among those who have sought and obtained the baptism of fire, and are now mighty through the Spirit in bringing others to Jesus.

People are coming in from many miles distant to participate in the work, and many are bringing their unconverted friends from near and remote distances, and great crowds are attending; yet the best order prevails. Yes, the best of order; for "the best of all is, God is with us" in his Spirit's power, and the army of Israel is daily being clothed with an increase of strength and wisdom, and, as a well-trained host, is daily making yet more surprising aggressions against the hosts of sin.

If some of your London Methodists, acquainted with the archives of early Methodism, should chance to spend a day with the Banbury Wesleyans now, they would find themselves brought back to scenes of power such as were witnessed in primitive days, -- such scenes as when Wesley and his heroic coadjutors, mighty in the freshness of the Spirit's baptism, gloried in the reproach of Christ, and proved to the world that "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." Few of the devotedly pious of any sect but now recognize, in the self-sacrificing principles and earnest manifestations of early Methodism, a revival of primitive Christianity; but not more truly, according to our perceptions, might a revival of Pentecostal order have been witnessed in Dec., 1760, than is now being witnessed in Banbury, Oxfordshire, Dec., 1860.

Do you want to see five-o'clock morning meetings, attended by persons whose hearts are burning with all-consuming fire, encompassing the sleeping world around in the arms of mighty prayer, look into Church-lane Wesleyan Chapel, any or every week-day morning, between the hours of five and seven o'clock; then again at the same place from half-past twelve till half-past one o'clock, when you will find a crowded assembly. Here is the lowly man of toil, the man of comparative ease and position; here the busy tradesman casting aside his noon-day cares, and the praying Hannahs and Marys, -- all with one accord in supplication and prayer.

"And heaven comes down their souls to greet
Around the blood-bought mercy-seat."

Many written and verbal petitions are presented as special subjects for united prayer. Not less than from fifteen to twenty-five written requests are generally read daily. Some of the written as also verbal requests are of touching interest. One at hand reads thus:

"A young man, anxious to give his heart to God and unite himself with God's people, desires the prayers of this congregation for wisdom, courage, and strength; for in so doing he will have to leave home, and go into the wide world. Therefore he also asks for the conversion of his wicked father, whom he hopes to bring to the house of God with him before the close of the week."

A little deformed girl stepped up tremblingly to Dr. Palmer as he was in charge of the meeting, and with tearful eyes requested that the prayers of the congregation might be asked for her father. The father of that crippled child was a confirmed drunkard, and in an evil hour had thrown that little daughter down stairs, and deformed her for life; and now she comes, and entreats the prayers of the pious in his behalf.

Another note reads thus: "The prayers of this assembly are requested for a master who will not let me attend the meetings; says it is all excitement. I pray, therefore, that you will in faith ask that the Lord will give him some of this excitement, that he may be brought to Christ."

A woman who had been a Roman Catholic stepped up to Dr. Palmer at the noon-day service, and said, "I have come fore" miles to this meeting, and must now return. I hoped to receive pardon before I went; but I must go this afternoon, and I want you to pray for me this evening" He labored with her some time after the close of the service, endeavoring to point her to Him whose prerogative alone it is to pardon sin; and she went away looking to Jesus.

In very many cases, these special requests for prayer have met with speedy and remarkable returns. The notes of thanksgiving and the verbal returns from lips filled with praises at our noon meeting today were so many, that time fails to specify; and we could only say, "Praise waiteth for thee, O God! in Zion." I will only refer to a few of these written and verbal thanksgivings as a specimen of many others. One gentleman returned thanks that his wife and three of his servants had been converted.

Another returned thanks that his aged father, for whom prayers had been asked, had been saved. A minister from a neighboring circuit desired public thanksgiving that he had been enabled, within the past few hours, to prove the power of that blood which cleanseth from all sin. Would that you had listened to his sublime, glorious testimony to the infinite efficacy of the atoning blood!

Another returned thanks for conversions in his family. Another (the superintendent-minister) returned thanks for the conversion of his two sons. Another said that a few days ago he sent in a written request for the conversion of all in his establishment; and four of his young men had been forward seeking mercy, and three were already happily converted: his two porters were trembling under the power of conviction, and three of his household servants also were among the newly converted. But I must not multiply after this sort, or I shall have to omit many other interesting features of the work.

Two morning meetings are being held, one at five o'clock and the other at six, both of which have been well attended, and signally owned of God. It is thus that the Church in her individual membership has, in humble waiting and earnest pleadings before the Lord, clothed herself with power from on high; and the manner in which some of the taller sons of Anak have been brought over from the ranks of sin to Christ reminds one of an ancient battle, when every man was after his man.

One accustomed to this personal mode of attack told us of an effort he had made to win over a man who had become hardy in the service of sin. He returned evil for good. An insulting reply was his reward. It was received in silence, and a prayer unheard by other than the divine Hearer was darted to heaven for the immediate arrest of that servant of sin. Among the first penitents that came to the vestry that evening was that man, with his heart all broken for sin. Before the close of the service, he was raised up to testify of the power of Jesus to save. This champion for sin had been distinguished as a noted prizefighter. He now seems likely to become valiant in the service of his Saviour. He was met a day or two ago by the one who was instrumental in his conversion, to whom he said, "I am after my 'pals' (meaning his companions). I don't intend to wait till they shall attack me; but they are running from me like rats when a ferret is after them." He also said, "This is my wedding-day, and I am going to spend it in the house of God. For the last twenty years since I have been married, I have always been drunk on this day;" and then he said to the gentleman, who was about turning away from him, "Stop! my children have got plum-pudding today, and they have not had it before for years."

The week previous to his conversion, he went to the bedside of his wife, intending to take her life, and then thought he would let her live another day, but had fully purposed she should not live beyond Thursday evening; but he was induced to attend the Wesleyan chapel, and was that evening converted to God, and went home and told his wife what he had purposed to do, and what God had done for him. "Was not this a brand plucked from the burning?" He shortly after brought his wife, and she also was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God.

A lady approached the altar with tearful eyes, bringing her husband with her, and, addressing Dr. Palmer, said, "Do you think Jesus will have me?" He answered, "Surely he will; for Jesus has invited you." In a few moments she was rejoicing in the pardoning love of God. Before the close of the service, her husband was also made a partaker of like precious grace.

For several evenings past, the chapel and the vestry being so crowded, the penitents have been invited to the adjoining schoolroom, where many have been converted. Last night, after the meeting in the schoolroom had closed, I was pressing my way out, when I was asked to speak to an old gentleman, who, I was told, had been seeking the Lord several years. "Are you a sinner?" I asked. With trembling emotion, he replied, "I am." -- "Is Jesus the Saviour of sinners?" -- "He is." -- "Then he is your Saviour; is he not?" "Yes?" -- "Then why not call him your Saviour? Why not say just now, "Jesus, thou art my Saviour?" Presently he began to say, "Jesus, thou art my Saviour. I thank thee that thou hast died for me. Thou hast borne all my sins in thine own body on the tree; thou wast wounded for my transgressions, thou wast bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon thee, and with thy stripes I am healed."

Jesus the crucified now revealed himself, and joyously he said, "O Lord! I will praise thee; for, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." The seeking sinner and the seeking Saviour had now met; and blissful was the recognition. "Oh, this is a most happy evening for me!" exclaimed the man with whitened locks, as we unitedly joined in the joy of his new-born spirit, and sang the chorus,

"Oh, he's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And he's set them on the Rock of Ages!"

I crowded my way from this scene of triumph to the door, where the friends were awaiting me; but, ere I reached it, was again delayed by hearing one say in an imploring tone, "O Mrs. Palmer, do speak just one word to this dear young woman! She has come from about four miles' distance, seeking Jesus, and is now about returning without finding him. I turned to the young seeker, and assured her that the idea of her returning to her distant home without finding Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write was all wrong. Jesus was seeking her before she began to seek him; and she must now receive Jesus into her heart by casting all her sins on him as the atoning Lamb, and listening to his voice. "I will receive you." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." In less than five minutes, her eye of faith was fixed on Jesus, and she joyously magnified his name and went on her way rejoicing.

A few evenings since, amid a multitude of seekers, knelt a reputable physician of the town: two students of medicine were also kneeling at the communion-rail at the same time. The physician, who had long been secretly seeking his way to Jesus, came out openly, and knelt at the altar of prayer. Before leaving, he by faith saw his way to the cross, and was enabled to say in spirit,

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God."

An evening or two after this, a young physician, with whom the doctor was deeply interested, was converted; and again, the next evening, the medical assistant" of the physician first mentioned. This is only a sample of the manner in which the salvation of one seems to have been the guaranty for the salvation of another and yet another in the same circle. Said a lovely Christian lady, who during the services sought and obtained the witness of purity, "I asked the Lord that he would set his seal to the work by giving me my husband, whose salvation I had so long desired." It was only two or three evenings after that the seal was set, and her husband rejoicing in the witness of adoption.

We have had some remarkable seasons of Pentecostal power during the process of these services. One of these occasions I shall ever remember. We had opened our lips before a densely crowded house, and were trusting for the ability to speak as the Spirit gave utterance. We had been talking about the necessity, and also the fulness and freeness, of the great salvation, telling how it had been purchased, and how it might be obtained by an act of faith just now, and ever retained by virtue of a momentary act of reliance on Jesus, as an indwelling, ever-present, almighty deliverer.

As I sat down, Dr. P____ rose, and was about to speak, when the excellent superintendent minister said, "Doctor, may I speak?" From an overflowing heart he then gave in a most noble testimony of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. He had scarcely finished before

the superintendent minister of the Primitive Methodist Church asked the like privilege, and testified that he had also been made a joyful witness to the full baptism of the Spirit. Surely the windows of heaven were opened, and God poured out such a blessing that there was not room to receive it; and many an overflowing heart felt like saying,

"A rill, a stream, a torrent, flows;
But pour a mighty flood."

Six traveling ministers at least, and a far larger number of local preachers, have within the past few days been enabled to believe unto full salvation, and "witnessed a good profession before many witnesses. The Church in her individual capacity, with every passing day, armed herself with an increase of power from on high, and, in sympathy with her Lord, came up to the evening services, prepared to labor for souls. The results have been glorious. Besides a greatly quickened Church, five hundred and forty-seven names have been recorded by the secretaries as newly gathered from the world, and born into the kingdom of Christ; and the names of one hundred and twelve, who presented themselves as earnest seekers of purity, were enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. What a blessed work in nineteen days I Surely it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Though we were favored with signal triumphs at B____, our labors came to a solemn and most instructive issue. Scarcely more marked for solemnity and admonitory teachings could have been the point of time in the career of Joshua, when he would have marshaled his exulting hosts, and gone forward to the conquest of Ai, than was the eventful period with us, connected with our closing labors at Banbury. It is not without conflicting and painful emotions that I consent to speak of the particulars; but, believing that the trial was intended by the Captain of Israel's hosts to be most admonitory, I dare not withhold the lesson, though so painful.

One evening, as I entered the vestry Where scores of penitents were kneeling, a person who had been laboring with a seeker at the head of the room came to me and said, "Mrs. P____, will you come and converse with a man over yonder?" I promised to go; but while on my way, being accosted by several with a similar request, it was nearly time to close the service before I could fulfill my promise.

The seeker was just rising from his knees; when the person who had been laboring to bring him to Jesus said, "He feels better now." Addressing the seeker, I asked, "Do you feel that you have found the Saviour?" He faintly said, "Yes." As he spoke I caught the flames of his breath, which told too plainly that he was addicted to the intoxicating cup. I feared the man might imagine he had been saved without giving up his sins, and said, "Jesus is not a Saviour to save you in your sins, but from your sins. Would you be willing to say, 'Lord, in thy strength, I call heaven and earth to witness that I will neither touch, taste, nor handle the intoxicating cup'?" He would not say, "Yes." I plainly saw his sins had not been renounced. I succeeded in getting

him again to kneel before the Lord, and seek for grace to give up his sins, but was not able to induce him to promise to give up his idol, strong drink.

My heart grew exceeding sad with the thought of how many of those converts might fall away unless the stumbling-block of their iniquity was removed; but, while I was telling the man that his right-hand sin would probably sink his deathless spirit into everlasting burnings, Satan, as a living, present power, withstood me at every point with the suggestion, " Why do you belabor this poor man, who may have been altogether born in sin, as though it were impossible for him to be saved while partaking of the intoxicating cup, when there are so many ministers and church-members who profess to be living in the enjoyment of salvation, and imagine that they cannot live without it?"

Though we had witnessed great victories that evening in the salvation of from sixty to seventy souls, my heart grew sad and sick, and my countenance told such a tale of sorrow, that I fain would have stolen away from chapel alone, and under the cover of darkness. It was in vain for the sake of others that I tried to rally. Had one offered me thousands of pounds, I could not have shaken it off. I went to my chamber to have a sad and sleepless night; and I rose in the morning so ill, that it seemed dubious whether I should be able to engage any more, in this place, in the blessed toil of bringing souls to Jesus. The sadness of my heart continued thus to weigh down my frame till a few hours before the time for evening service, when suddenly the weight, and also the recollection of what had caused my deep sorrow, all passed away as a shadow, and my usual buoyancy of mind and spirit returned.

That evening we had a densely crowded house. People were there from miles distant, and ministers from different denominations; and at no time since the commencement of the special services had there been an array of circumstances better calculated to inspire faith. And what seemed still more calculated to increase our own faith was that we had not on any occasion felt more liberty in addressing the people on the subject of yielding themselves up to Jesus, the once crucified but now exalted Saviour. As usual, the invitation was given for seekers to encompass the altar of prayer; but instead of scores rushing forward to the altar and vestry, as at all the previous meetings, it was some time before even one came. The change was strange and confounding. I think Joshua could not have been more deeply and painfully bowed in spirit before God, when Israel was driven back before their enemies, than was I at that ever-memorable hour. Neither could he have been more fully assured that there was an accursed thing somewhere when God said, "Israel hath sinned," than I was now assured that there was a reason why the Captain of Israel's host would no more go out before his people in this place unless the evil was removed. I presume I was not less than half an hour struggling and pleading for light in regard to what the hindrance might be. Strange that I did not at once think of what had so much distressed me but a few hours previous. The fact was, that the change was so astounding, that it was well-nigh bewildering to my faith. Satan said I had come to a point where it would be impossible to get light; but, knowing that all things are possible to him that believeth, my faith at last prevailed, and I was enabled to claim in conscious faith the answer: when suddenly the accursed thing, which had caused me so many hem's Of sorrow and a sleepless night, again came up before me as an evil so fearful in magnitude, that my heart could not have been more fully assured had I heard a voice saying, "Neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed thing from among you?" Again! returned to my pilgrim home with a heart too sadly

wrung with anguish to be able to sleep. My strength was scarcely sufficient to get out to the next mid-day service, when by the aid of the Holy Spirit I was divinely assisted to vindicate the ways of God in regard to the inability of Israel to go out before their enemies the evening previous, and what I apprehended would be their failure in the future, unless the evil was at once removed. Never was I more conscious of divine aid in the delivery of a message; and well do I know that the message will tell on the eternity of being of some who were present that hour. There stood the class-leader and the class-members, who had long been accustomed to the daily use of spirituous liquors. There stood the wealthy brewer, who was the owner of several establishments where the liquid poison which yearly carries thousands to perdition is ever being dealt out by wholesale and retail rations; this brewer, one of the most prominent men in the official board of that church community, being a class-leader and Sabbath school superintendent. But we said we had not come to find fault with the brewers. If it was needful that professing Christians should have spirituous liquors as a daily beverage, it was necessary that some one should furnish them. We also fearlessly expressed our awful convictions that the work had been thus suddenly checked in order that their sin in this regard might be fully discovered. Some few believed, and took the warning, and dared to risk their reputation by afterward taking the temperance-pledge. But other of the more prominent members of the society did not, and the brewer, of course, remained untouched in his official position. And thus ended this revival, to our own perceptions as tragically as did the battle which succeeded the taking of Jericho.

Solemn indeed is it to think of where the blood of those unsaved ones may be found who might have been gathered from the dominion of sin, had this battle not been checked by the accursed thing; and still more solemn is the recollection, that if but one of those little ones, gathered to Christ during that wondrous visitation, perish, or in other words be offended, by the example of professors who partake or sell the intoxicating draught, it were better that a millstone were tied about his neck, and he cast into the depth of the sea. If God has pronounced a woe on the drunkards of Ephraim, he has also upon those who put the bottle to their neighbors' lips.

The brewer, which is only another name for a wholesale dealer in spirituous liquors, may say, "I do not put the bottle to my neighbors' lips." Nay, but you go farther in crime. Your coffers would not be so largely filled with the price of souls; retail business would not suffice you. Yours is the fountain-head, from which the streams inundating the country with the blood of the slain emanate. Statistics of a fearful character are ever before the gaze of the public, confirming what we say of this awful traffic. Those who do not carefully turn away from the light cannot help seeing that this evil in the Church and the world is the stumbling-block of iniquity over which thousands of professors are falling away from God, and tens of thousands of the masses are being plunged into endless perdition.

A newspaper item is at this moment casually before me. Under the heading I read, "Drunkards Of Happy England! In the year ending Michaelmas last, 94,908 persons -- two hundred and sixty a day -- were proceeded against before justices in England for drunkenness, or for being drunk and disorderly; and 63,255 of them were committed. The great majority were fined, but about 7,000 were committed to prison. The returns show a great increase over the previous year; for only 82,286 were then charged with drunkenness, and only 54,123 convicted. Of the persons thus charged in the last year, 22,560 were females, and more than 10,000 women were convicted for being drunk. Coroners' inquests in the year 1862 found two hundred and

eleven verdicts of death from excessive drinking; one hundred and forty-five men and sixty-six women thus ending their days."

"But," says one of the Church official spirit-dealers, "I send the choicest of my liquors to our minister." That is true; but do you not also seek to secure the ministrations of such men as take their daily beverage of wine or other strong drink, and of course favor your traffic? When a man that was well known as among the most successful in promoting the interests of the Church, in things that appertain to its true glory, was mentioned in your official board to be the successor to your departing minister, and it was whispered, "Do you know that he is a temperance man?" what is the reason that you and your anti-temperance friends turned so quickly away from him? Not because your conscience did not whisper the truth, and tell you that temperance principles would best promote the interest of souls, but because you preferred the ministrations of those who, "walking in the spirit of falsehood, do lie, saying, I will prophesy unto thee of wine and strong drink: he shall even be the prophet of this people" (see Micah ii. 11).

"But," says another, "some of the most liberal supporters of our Church enterprises are among those who are engaged in the liquor-traffic." This is true; but is it not insulting to God that the price of blood should be thrown into his treasury? Would that it were not lawful now as in the days of the betrayer of our Saviour! Were the founder of Methodism now among us to renew his enactments, he would spurn the subscriptions coming from such a source as a desecration of the Wesleyan Church treasury.

You think me too hasty and contracted in my opinions on this subject. Well, since we are Wesleyans, let us turn to Wesley's sermon on the right use of money. Wesley, being dead, shall yet speak for himself:--

"But all who sell this 'liquid-fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous-liquors,' in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them: the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood, is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen and farest sumptuously every day,' -- canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so: for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

Just before leaving a certain town, a superintendent on whose circuit we had been laboring, naming a professional gentleman largely known in the community, expressed a wish that we would converse with him in regard to joining the Wesleyan society. "If he does not unite with us before you leave, I question whether he will do it "at all," said our good friend the minister.

We took a favorable opportunity to speak with the physician, and were met with an equivocal yet kind answer. The doctor gave an incident which occurred while on a tour a few months previous. An interesting fellow-companion, who was a wealthy spirit-dealer, spoke of some misgivings which had occasionally given him uneasiness in relation to his business. "I thought you Wesleyans had rules in regard to the sale of spirituous liquors," said the doctor. "Yes, we have; but those rules are obsolete now," said the brewer. "Now," said the doctor, "I have been thinking, that if the Wesleyans can set aside this rule as obsolete, because it stands in their way, I cannot see why they may not set aside any other rule on the same principle." The doctor, though he continued to give most pleasing evidence of true conversion, did not join the Wesleyan society; and, though not before his conversion a total abstainer in principle, he afterward became so. Now, let us imagine that the doctor had complied with our wishes, and, on becoming a member of the Wesleyan society, had been appointed to the class of which his friend, the spirit-dealer, was the leader, what might have been the result?

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21 -- CHAPTER

Oxford, Dec. 29, 1860

As we left Banbury for Oxford, several dear friends were at the railroad station, among whom were the two resident Wesleyan ministers, several local preachers, and other brethren and sisters in Christ, with whom, as fellow-helpers, we had labored in the blessed revival with which Banbury has just been visited. Here were some who had but newly commenced their career of discipleship, and others whose loving hearts and spirit-touched lips were all aglow with the freshness of the baptism of fire. We had met, and had felt that "the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above;" and now, after three weeks of blessed toil, we exchanged the last, long, wishful gaze, expecting to meet no more till the labors of life were ended.

It was amid the parting scenes that we said, "If we were to invite you to visit our home in America, few if any present could accept the invitation; but we ask you to visit us in our Home In Heaven. We have a mansion going up there, and to this we invite you all." I need not say that the invitation was accepted. It was in allusion to an anticipated visit of this sort to the mansion of our friends in heaven, that we repeated, amid these parting scenes, the accompanying original lines, a copy of which we will give you:--

A Visit To My Friend's Mansion In The Early Ages Of Eternity

Earth's travelers have all gone o'er
The boundaries of time;
Not one but what has reached the shore
Of that peculiar clime
Where all is real: what had been
But dim when on life's page,
In living substance here is seen,
Grown mightier still with age.

The beauteous city of my God,
Jerusalem so bright!
Well, I its glittering paths have trod,
A happy child of light;
And as I walk each' gold-paved street,
Counting each towering spire,
How many a much-loved friend I meet,
And strike anew my lyre!

But whose this mansion? 'Tis so fair,
I venture in; and, lo!
I find the blessed inmate there
One I well knew below.
And shall I wonder? Jesus said,
"Your mansions I prepare:
This is my friend's; 'twas for him made;
Why wonder that he's there?"

We reached Oxford, the renowned ancient seat of literature, about twelve o'clock, and proceeded to the house of Rev Rowley. Mrs. R____, our friend, is the daughter of the late commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke. In personal appearance, and traits of character, she is said to resemble her illustrious sire; and in case the doctor had loved to carry out his wishes in visiting America, his daughter, Mrs. R____ was expected to accompany him. Her youngest son, who is preparing for the ministry in the Church of England, and her devoted and talented daughter, "E. R____," the interesting correspondent of the "Guide to Holiness," were our kind guides through the town of Oxford.

Among the more prominent scenes calculated to recall the history of the past was Lincoln College. We entered the grounds by a tower gateway with a groined roof, into a quadrangle eighty feet square, having the library rooms on the north, the hall on the east, and the rector's lodgings on the south side. The college was founded in 1427, and we were informed that there had been but little external alteration since 1436. On the south side is the chapel built by the Bishop of Lincoln in 1631. The time seemed hallowed to sacred memories as we walked over the ground, and surveyed the scenes which had been so often trodden by and so familiar to those great and good men, John and Charles Wesley.

We were not able to gain access to the rooms occupied by John Wesley when Fellow of this college; the professor occupying the suite of rooms having died within the past day or two, and his body now awaiting burial from the same spot. But as we gazed into the windows of that room, which is still designated as Wesley's room, we thought of the mighty blaze now spreading over the earth through the power of that form of Christianity here first developed, and in derision called Methodism, and exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!" A running vine, bearing the name of Wesley's vine, creeps up by the window of his room.

Oxford City has been renowned from time immemorial for its academic halls. From the time of King Alfred, who founded a large hall of learning here, to the thirteenth century, talented and learned men were in the habit of associating themselves together at Oxford, in order, by united efforts, to learn from each other how to advance more rapidly in the arts and sciences. Books being a rare curiosity in those days, it was only at some seat of learning that such luxuries could be enjoyed.

We cannot speak with certainty of the number of colleges, but, having some curiosity on the subject, counted nineteen, the most of which are centuries old.

Christ Church University is among the oldest and most renowned. Here the sons of the nobility have generally accomplished their collegiate course. The son of England's reigning sovereign has recently left this university for Cambridge, where he expects to finish his collegiate course. Christ Church is entered by a great gate called Tom's Gate. It derives its name from the cupola containing the large bell so named. The weight of this bell is 17,000 pounds; nearly double the weight of the great bell in St. Paul's, London.

The ambitious Cardinal Wolsey obtained letters-patent for the foundation of this college from Henry VIII. in 1525, but, before his design was completed, lost the favor of his sovereign, and was not long after banished to comparative solitude, and on his deathbed exclaimed, "Oh! if I had been but as careful to please God as I have been to serve my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

Christ Church Hall is adorned with over a hundred original portraits taken from life by eminent artists. Here are the likenesses of kings and queens, bishops, dukes, and lords, most of whom have long since passed away. The most memorable object of curiosity to ourselves was the cathedral. The building is said to be of the twelfth century. The church is cruciform. Its structure, images, and all the indices of every sort, are such as to make it difficult for us to feel that we are not in a cathedral in the Pope's dominions, rather than within five minutes' walk of where martyrs were burned for their adherence to the Protestant faith.

I might mention particulars; but time will not admit. One of the more marked is this: After having passed up and down through various aisles of this singularly constructed church, reading the inscriptions on the tombs of canonized saints, and looking at a new gorgeous stained-glass window whose panes presented various passages in the life of a saint long since canonized in the annals of Popery, we came to a place where stood a throne. We had passed pulpits in several places as we had been threading our way from one part of the church to another. But here, a little removed from a magnificent altar whose surroundings were hung in scarlet, and where were large wax candles such as are usual in Romish churches, was a throne. A throne?

"A throne!" I exclaimed with some surprise. "Yes, a throne," was the answer from our guide. A throne with gorgeous canopy and scarlet hangings in a church was such a rare sight, that, in our ignorance, our first impulses were only to think of a throne in connection with the sovereignty of England or the Church of Rome.

"The throne is for the Bishop of Oxford; that is his seat," said our guide.

"Does he preach there?" I asked.

"Oh, no! it is his throne, where he performs his official acts, and where he sits, with the exception of when he occasionally preaches; then he occupies a pulpit."

After witnessing such sights, and listening to such recitals, one can imagine that but a short step is to be taken to get back again to such scenes as were witnessed in olden times. Oxford is the birthplace of Puseyism; and the throne I had looked upon was that occupied by the pontiff of the Puseyite party, the Bishop of Oxford. It may surprise some to hear that this Church of England bishop, who is thus joining hands with the Church of Rome, is the degenerate son of the venerated philanthropist, Wilberforce.

Leaving Christ Church, we desired our friends to take us to the place where the martyr-spirits, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, ascended to heaven amid burning fagots. The spot is within a few moments' drive of the semi-Popish cathedral we had just visited. The driver alighted, announcing that we were now on the ground, which, as he affirmed, was marked by a recumbent iron cross.

The cross was deeply hidden by the encrustations of ice from the drizzling rains and the cold snows of winter. But our driver, by the aid of another with sturdy, nailed boots, succeeded in clearing away the ice and snow; and after a few moments we beheld the fitting emblem of the cross marking the place where, by the authority of the Church of Rome, Bishops Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer laid down their lives for their adherence to truth. And what a scene was this to witness within but a few moments' walk of where we had beheld such palpable manifestations, of a return to the practice and principles of Romanism!

After taking our leave of the place where the martyrs were burned, we proceeded a short distance in the midst of the town to a pleasant, large square, where stands the Martyrs' Memorial. And here we looked upon a large, beautiful monument: erected to the memory of the martyred bishops, -- the imposing structure at the northern extremity of the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene. The north aisle of this church has been entirely rebuilt as a part sacred to the memory of the three chief martyrs of the Reformation, and is called the Martyrs' Aisle. The monument was reared in 1841. It is built of a light stone called magnesian limestone. It is in the decorated style, and is about one hundred and fifty feet high; has three stories, or divisions, in the center of which are the figures of the martyr-bishops.

In the lower story, facing the north, is the inscription giving the particulars for which the monument was erected. Over this, facing the St. Giles Church, is the figure of Cranmer; the other side, facing towards Baliol, is Ridley; and that facing the Corn Market is Latimer. My feelings would lead me to pause here, and analyze the emotions inspired by these spirit-stirring scenes. Here I am traveling over ground trodden by the feet and watered by the tears of those champions of the truth who assisted in preparing the way for the glorious Reformation. Here are churches all around me, still standing as centuries since, within whose walls these martyr spirits, when on earth, worshipped, and at whose altars they ministered. What scenes the town of Oxford must

have witnessed, and how many weepers between the porch and the altars, at the time when bloody Rome held undisguised sway, and by the command of her pontificates lighted the funeral pile, while lingering angels from the heavenly world, with chariots of fire, waited near to witness amid crackling flame the silver cord loosened, and convey these, of whom the world was not worthy, to their home in paradise!

And now, could spirits sigh and weep, we might imagine them again sighing and weeping over the rapid return of Romanism in disguise through the sophistries of Puseyism; and if the Lamb does not give increase of power to the Beast, and help forward the healing of the deadly wound, it will not be the fault of the Bishop of Oxford or Dr. Pusey.

There are a few dissenting chapels in Oxford. Of the more commodious of these is the Wesleyan chapel. It was built several years after the death of the founder of Methodism, and dedicated to the service of Almighty God by the eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, whose interesting grandson and daughter were now accompanying us. Other interesting items crowd upon my mind; but I must pause.

* * * * *

22 -- CHAPTER

Maidenhead, Jan. 8, 1863

We have been spending some time on the Windsor circuit. We were waited upon at Banbury by one of the stewards, J. Higgs. He had previously written to us, urging our acceptance of an official invitation to visit the circuit; but, our reply not being encouraging, he came in person. When he told us of the desolations of Zion, particularly at the royal town of Windsor, a meeting having been held at which the president of the conference had been called from London to consider whether the Wesleyan chapel would not have to be given up in view of its financial embarrassments and the lowness of the cause, we were constrained to decide in favor of poor "Wicked Windsor," as it is called.

The principle that moved us to resolve on going to Windsor, instead of going to larger and more promising fields of labor, was the same as we have endeavored to carry out ever since we came to the Old World; that is, "to go where most needed." Here was a church well known to the president of the conference, and to all concerned, to have come so near its end, that there seemed no alternative but that the cause must sink, unless some power was brought to bear speedily upon it by which it might be raised.

We most conscientiously believe that Holiness possesses an almightiness of power that will raise any sinking church. Holiness is an attribute of the Deity; and there is a divinity about it that lifts the fallen, and brings the dead to life, as sure as Lazarus was raised by the Almighty after being dead four days.

It is good to be zealously affected in a good thing, and we felt a zeal for the Lord of hosts that truth on this subject should be demonstrated by the rise of this dead church. The Wesleyan

circuits in England take in several churches in the adjoining towns and villages. Before going to Windsor, we labored several days at Maidenhead, a little town about seven miles from Windsor.

Our home was beautifully situated on Castle Hill, with the good circuit steward before named. We began our labors on Saturday evening. To the glory of Infinite Grace be it ascribed, that, at the first service after our arrival, he was enabled to enter upon his long-sought rest, --

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

With him it was verified as a gift of power from on high. The family consists of a precious trio, -- his estimable lady, and his sister Mrs. Trefrye, widow of Rev. Trefrye, author of a volume of excellent sermons (and one of a list of presidents of the Wesleyan Conference, passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant).

The venerable widow reminds us of the good Mrs. Bethune, to whom a friend of our said, "Mrs. B____, you have come to that time of life when the grasshopper becomes a burden." -- "I do not let them get time to alight: when I see them coming, I brush them away," said the energetic Mrs. B____. So with our dear friend Mrs. T____: though past her threescore and ten, she is still mighty in achievement for God; and this precious trio, with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W____, are doing more for the cause of God in this place than many others united.

Sabbath was a very cold and stormy day; sleet, snow, and rain alternate. An idea has largely obtained in this country that the winters in America are far more intensely cold than in England; but we have seldom felt the severity of the weather more than during a few weeks of this winter, particularly the last few days.

Still there must be less intense cold, as the grass, which through the frosts of winter loses its greenness with us, retains almost a spring-like freshness in this country. But there is more dark, damp, chilly weather here than in America. Frequently, for many days together, the sun is obscured by heavy fogs. In Young America, though we may for three or four days in succession have severely cold weather, yet our bright-blue skies and unveiled sun is bracing to the system, and clothes Nature with a cheerful aspect.

On Sabbath evening, Dec. 31, we commenced our labors. We felt while addressing the people an entire sinking out of self, and a divine, conscious reliance on Him who increaseth strength to them who have no might. The people seemed at first to manifest no inclination to prepare themselves for an onset against the hosts of sin. We had entreated them in the name of the Lord to set themselves apart for the work of soul-saving, and seek to be endued with the mind that was in Christ; but it is possible for individuals and communities to be dead without knowing it.

Instead of gathering around the altar of prayer, and with one accord seeking the baptism of the Spirit, as at other places where we have labored, a large portion of the church-members rose to go out. Of the few that remained, it seemed at first as if no one would have presented

themselves as seekers of the full baptism. I left the sent I occupied within the communion-rail, and knelt outside, prayerfully trusting that others needing the gift of the Holy Ghost might follow me. I continued to kneel some moments before any one joined me. Though thus discouraging at first, several came to the altar afterwards, and were saved from the guilt and power of sin, and were enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth; and others received pardon.

Over a week has passed since we came to M____. Through grace we can still say, "The Lord is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." The altar of prayer has been nightly surrounded, and at every service the power of the Lord has been present to convict, convert, and sanctify.

The society has been but small, numbering from fifty to sixty members; but they have a beautiful Gothic chapel, and some of Zion's champions, being newly clothed with power from on high, will, I doubt not, be mighty through God in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. The people have come from various parts; and we are strong in faith that the work begun will spread over the circuit.

On the 11th of January we close our labors at M____, expecting to leave on the morrow for Windsor. Though it has not been a work of such overwhelming interest as at some other places, there is much cause for adoring gratitude.

* * * * *

23 -- CHAPTER

Windsor, Jan. 28, 1861

We are now at the royal town of Windsor. This is the second time within the half-year, that, in the regular course of labor, we have been thrown within a short distance of her royal majesty, the sovereign of England. I have been conversing with an old soldier, who has served under four sovereigns of England, and is now one of her majesty's private guards, He is deeply pious; and I said, "You doubtless pray for your queen." -- "Pray for her?" he exclaimed: "yes, indeed, I do. I have been in the habit of going into nearly all the rooms in the castle every night, and there is not a room in which I have not prayed for her majesty; and I have often gone up to the throne-room, and prayed for her majesty at the foot of the throne."

This soldier is an old veteran of the cross; and I was thankful that one who is oft permitted to enter into the audience-chamber of the King of kings, and knows how to move the arm that rules the universe, is so faithful and affectionately earnest in pleading for the blessing of the King immortal, eternal, invisible, on the sovereign of England.

Windsor is situated twenty-two and a half miles west by south from London. Its population is about eight thousand. The chief ornament of the town is its castle, originally built by William the Conqueror. The castle is finely situated on the summit of a hill which rises by a gentle ascent. We were delighted with the remarkable and extensive beauty of the prospect as we gazed east, west, and north. The south view is bounded by a forest several miles in extent.

The castle is divided into two courts, with a large round tower between them. The whole occupies about twelve acres of land, having several towers and batteries for its defense. The royal apartments are on the north side of the court, in what is designated the Star Building, from having the star and garter in gold on the outside: The queen is now here. We were told that there are at least a thousand furnished rooms in the castle; and all are at present occupied, and will be likely to remain so during the stay of her majesty.

If I were to mention some items of expenditure connected with recent events at Windsor Castle, and only properly suggestive of the way that things go on in these courtly palaces, and have continued from time immemorial, it would quite convince some fault-finding republicans that the expenses of our "White House" are less exacting on the purse, if nothing else, than monarchical demands. I must not particularize; but the reader will forgive the recital of a little that comes from a source wholly reliable. The Queen has at least four splendid establishments, one in London, another on the Isle of Wight, another in Scotland, and the last and most venerable here; all of which have their many costly surroundings, with live stock, consisting of liveried servants, horses, and hounds. By the by, her majesty is reputed to be proverbially kind to her servants. We could give well-known instances that would do her credit. Each of the establishments is surrounded at various points with porters' lodges, and other comfortable dwellings for servants of various orders.

A writer for an American paper has recently given an account of her majesty's stables. He might also have given an account, quite as interesting, of Prince Albert's dog-houses, which form a separate establishment, with the houses for his hound-keepers. We might tell you of the large and beautiful pack of "spotted and speckled hounds," belonging to the prince, we saw a few moments since, each of which it costs more to keep than it might require to preserve in good condition many a half-famished child who seldom gets a piece of meat from one month's end to another.

At each of these palaces the Queen leaves the needful of silver plate; but, besides this, she has such a quantity of gold plate subject to removal as she migrates from one palace to another, that it required six horses as it was recently drawn from the train to Windsor Castle. "What can it all be?" exclaims one. And so said we; when we were told, by way of a beginning at specification, that what formed only a part of this costly load was six hundred gold soup-plates. The cost of meat for four days during the recent races -- the butcher's bill -- was 175 Pounds (over \$800). The dining-table is three hundred feet long. Do we wonder that an ancient king, whose mind had become enlightened in relation to the follies connected with his position, should have exclaimed, "Vanity of vanities"?

St. George's Hall and the Chapel Royal are on the north. We were particularly interested with our visit to the Chapel of St. George. In a vault underneath its checkered marble pavement, and entered by a subterraneous passage under the altar, lie entombed the remains of kings and queens of past generations. Monuments of surpassing costliness, bespeaking to our own minds perfection of artistic skill beyond any thing we have before witnessed, telling the mournful history of departed greatness, abound in various parts of the chapel enclosure. The chapel was erected several centuries since by Edward III., and has subsequently been enlarged and repaired by his successors, especially by George III., who expended 20,000 Pounds in embellishments

and repairs. A monument of recent erection, to the memory of Princess Charlotte, her majesty's cousin, -- comprising several figures on a tablet, all wrought in Italian marble of the purest white, -- is singularly beautiful. It is difficult to resist the inclination that would induce one to pause over scenes so prolific and admonitory.

A little beyond us, over the altar, was a "throne seat," in which the sovereigns of past generations had listened to the teachings of God's sanctuary, and joined in prayers and responses. Some, we will hope, worshipped the God of nations in spirit and in truth; but, alas! how many, -- judging from the works which follow them, did not! Beneath our feet was the dust of these kings and queens and princes, whose doings had made thousands alternately hope and fear, tremble or triumph. As we looked upon all that remains of earthly greatness, the words of Watts were invested with solemn significance:--

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers:
The tail, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

The altar of the chapel is embellished with a painting of "The Last Supper," by West, which is regarded as the masterpiece of the eminent painter. But, of all that added to the interest of our visit to the Chapel Royal, nothing made more impression on our own mind than that of an open Bible chained to a post, and bearing date 1614. We prayerfully turned the time-worn pages, and thought we would see what He who anciently spoke through the Urim and Thummim would say to us; and our eye casually rested on these words: "And the Lord spake to Manasseh and to his people, but they would not hearken: wherefore the Lord brought upon them the captains of the hosts of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon." It brought vividly before us what had been the disciplinary government of the God of nations down through the ages of swift-footed time, and added weight to the conviction that England might not be left untouched amid the scourge which the Lord of hosts has stirred up. If God has declared that he will "lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," we can scarcely believe, unless we believe, against hope, that England can escape the overflowing scourge by which the nations are now being visited. We, of course, are only responsible for our own convictions. They sit before God as his people, and hear his words, but do them not. Unlike the Romanists, they have the Bible, and profess to love it; but their heart goeth after covetousness to a degree that in our favored America can scarcely be imagined.

Church and State being united, we cannot separate their acts, as in America. Never would I have conceived, with the Bible in hand, in the midst of so many church services, and so much professed adherence to righteous principles, that there could be so much specious and vital wrong, I say vital, because we are daily seeing multitudes of deathless spirits around us blinded by the god of this world; and these blind are being led by the blind, and how can it be otherwise than that they both fall into the ditch? Clergymen who are experimentally pious are surely the exception rather than the rule.

We have now been in England over a year and a half, and have visited north and south, and have some right to form an opinion from our daily observations, and are prepared to say that

it is not unusual for clergymen of the Established Church to go to races and balls, and make free use of intoxicating liquors. And how can it be expected otherwise, in view of the fact that men in secular business, and wholly worldly, own livings, and sell them to such clergymen as will pay the highest price, too Often irrespective of religious character? Lord Palmerston, the noted statesman, we are told, is a rector, and owns several livings; that is, he receives the tithe-money from several church parishes, and he engages clergymen to serve these parish churches on the same principle that he would do business in any other line. And many other of the horse-racing, fox-hunting, theater-going men have livings at their command, and do the same; and how could much piety be expected in the clergy under such circumstances?

Reputable families, where there are sons, frequently select one for a clergyman, not in view of his piety, but the one who has least capacity for a secular calling is too often chosen." So said an interesting minister yesterday; and his opinion was only in accordance with oft-expressed sentiment. Think of tens of thousands of precious souls under the care of such a clergy, whose most earnest ministrations are most generally called forth when apostolic succession is the theme! Some may imagine my picture too highly colored; but I could present facts which would more than justify all I have written. The effects of a clergyman deceased, in this neighborhood, were recently sold, and among the commodities were fifty packs of cards!

Occasionally a clergyman is awakened and converted the same as any other poor sinner. An interesting case of this kind came under our notice lately. A truly converted lady, belonging to the Established Church, whose husband, now deceased, was a missionary in India, came to participate in our revival services.

A short time previous to our meeting her, she fell in with a worldly clergyman, to whom she said, "Will you permit me to ask you a question?" He assented. "Then you, will not be offended?" -- "No." After speaking of the necessity of the new birth, without which no man can enter the kingdom, she asked him if he had ever been born of the Spirit. He frankly acknowledged that he was an utter stranger to such an experience. But the question, with the accompanying remarks of the lady, were made the means of the powerful awakening of the clergyman. Day and night he sought the Lord; and his agony of mind was so great, that he was unable to occupy his pulpit the ensuing two or three Sabbaths.

But the night of sorrow passed away, and the joy of his spirit newly born was unspeakable, and full of glory. And now, from the fullness of his soul, he began to preach the gospel to his people. His congregation witnessed the change with astonishment, and concluded that they had a new minister. News came to the rector's ears; and he was summoned before him, and asked what new doctrines he was preaching. The curate related what great things the Lord had done for his soul. The result was, that he was dismissed from his living, upon which his family was wholly dependent for sustenance.

And now, his character for orthodoxy being destroyed, week after week is passing away without any hope, humanly speaking, of redress. The laws of England are such, though not always enforced, that a clergyman of the Established Church is prevented from going over to any other church, and his people, however much in favor of him as their minister, are prevented from building a church edifice for him.

A case fully establishing what I write came up in this immediate neighborhood within the past year or two. A clergyman, having become spiritually enlightened, set forth in his ministrations the earnest and unadulterated doctrines of the cross. A train of influences was set at work by the Bishop of Exeter to dispossess him of his living. He was a favorite with his people, a portion of whom were wealthy; and a commodious church edifice was built by his congregation, where he would again have dispensed the bread of life to his hungry flock. But again the bishop interfered.

I cannot occupy space to narrate particulars; but a law process was the result, and the clergyman was heavily fined. In default of payment, he was thrust into prison, and there continued two or three months, being locked up nightly with some of the worst felons. This is a bird's-eye view of things going on in England under ecclesiastical and national authority, which are, in fact, one. The church has a large appropriation ever available, by which the bishops prosecute ecclesiastical trials without touching their own large salary; while the poor prosecuted clergyman, if he seeks for redress, must do it from his own resources.

We did not come to Windsor because the state of religion favored the prospect of a revival, but because of the "valley of dry bones." We knew that the bones were exceeding dry; and the question urged upon our minds from a review of the ground was, "Can these dry bones live?" Satan, whose seat is here, said, "No." But a gentle whisper from Him who walketh amid the golden candlesticks seemed to say, "Yes." Wickedness abounds here, and the desolations of Zion are indeed sad to behold. Among the Church of England people, Puseyism is the prevailing order; so that one might almost imagine from things coming to our ears that we were either at Rorae or its vicinity. Puseyism, or, as it is in truth generally reputed, Jesuitism, is far more open-faced in its indices than in America. The candles, images, and crucifixes, as far as we have means of observing, are not unusual in the churches.

The minister of the Independent Chapel, on hearing it announced, at a meeting in the Town Hall, that we were expected to come in view of promoting a revival, openly opposed, suggesting that no such exciting influences were wanted at Windsor. The town missionary of the Established Church, and under Puseyite influence, goes about among the people telling them it is all excitement, and warning the poor that their supplies from public benefactions will be cut off if they go to the Wesleyan Chapel.

In the mean time, Wesleyanism is very low. The excellent minister tells us that his congregations are so small, that he often preaches to not over thirty persons on Sabbath mornings. The whole society in Windsor numbers but little over fifty. They have but one man possessed of sufficient means to do much for the society financially.

In one sense, our coming here is an experiment. At most places we go to, the Lord works through us by our working through the church-members. But here the church-membership is so small, the large proportion of the few being the poor of this world and in the service of others, and therefore unable to command their time, it requires that faith that

"Laughs at impossibilities,

And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

to believe that we shall see great and mighty things here. But still we are saying, in the strength of Almighty grace, "We can, we will, we DO believe!" Notwithstanding all the discouragements suggested by these settings-forth, we are strong in faith, giving glory to God, believing in hope against hope that the God of battles will do great and mighty things for Windsor. These dry bones can live. If the breath of the Lord blow upon them, then shall we yet see them stand up an exceeding great army.

I have noticed, that, when a church community is unable to go out before their enemies, there is always a cause for it. When the army under the command of Joshua were unable to stand before their enemies, and the accursed thing was found in the midst, it was demanded, for the glory of God, that confession should be made.

The God of the armies of Israel had promised to lead them forth to victory; and, if his promise was not fulfilled, his name who is Faithful and True was dishonored, and therefore the demand that the sin should be most carefully searched out and acknowledged was imperative.

In view of what had been the inability of God's Israel in this place to go out before their foes, my heart was solemnly impressed with the conviction that something was wrong. Day and night I sought unto the Lord for light. On Sabbath afternoon, as we were passing around into the rear of the chapel, I saw that a large portion of the basement seemed to be in use for some secret purpose; and I feared the purpose for which it was used might be other than sacred. I can hardly say why; but a fearful foreboding came over me that it might be occupied for purposes similar to that for which the basement of a Scotch Presbyterian church was used in the days of my girlhood in my own country, and on which a parody was written,

"There's a spirit below, and a spirit above, --
The spirit of hate, and the spirit of love:
The spirit above is the spirit divine;
The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

"I do wonder what is in that basement," said I eagerly to my friend, as I lingered gazing at the suspicious premises. Oh, never mind what is in the basement! it is time we were hastening homeward," was the answer. It was well that the vividness of the impression passed away, or the wings of my faith had drooped sadly in regard to the Sabbath-evening service.

On Monday evening, we had an unusually large congregation. A number of friends had come by train from London and the surrounding towns. We were endeavoring to address the people in the name of the Lord, and a solemn awe rested upon the assembly, when suddenly the attention of the congregation was arrested by the fall of some ponderous body, which seemed to shake the chapel to its foundations. What could it be? The superintendent minister who had been sitting within the altar-rail hastened out; and what shall I say? The fall of that ponderous weight was but the report of a new arrival of spirituous liquors, which I imagine had come by the evening train. The drayman had ill performed his duty, and what might have been done at another time and with befitting secrecy was now being published to hundreds. The poor

drayman, who, it was said, was intoxicated, instead of rolling the hogsheads down quietly, had hurled one from the top of the vault to the depths below; and hence the crash.

Do you ask what we said or did under circumstances so disturbing to faith? We held on to our shield, believing that the Captain of Israel's host had not sent us there to suffer a defeat. Of course we did not believe that God would go out before his enemies while the accursed thing remained. The fact of the basement of the chapel having been desecrated to such a purpose seemed not to have been done under the administration of the majority of persons now in power, but had been permitted to pass on without due consideration.

But the disclosure, though grievous and astounding, was a relief. To our minds, God's ways were vindicated. We did not wonder that this portion of God's sacramental host had suffered a defeat: we should have wondered had it been otherwise. We told the dear friends that we could not, neither would we, insult the God of the armies of Israel by asking him to go out before his people in that place until the accursed thing was taken away; and I am sure that they were about as anxious as ourselves for its speedy removal.

The next morning, at an early hour, the excellent superintendent minister went to see the enterprising circuit steward seven miles distant, in order to secure his immediate co-operation in clearing the chapel premises of the worse than golden wedge, or Babylonish garment. We thanked God, and took courage. This victory, and the subsequent conquests we witnessed while at Windsor, was well worth a voyage over the Atlantic; and herein do we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. That the enemy raged was only as might have been anticipated; for when did Zion conquer without previous conflict? Where no war wages, no victories await her; so said good Bishop Hamline. A brewer of the town, belonging to the Independents, who had attended the revival services, and had expressed himself as very favorable, afterward proclaimed sadly against us, saying it was all works instead of faith with us; while we continued to proclaim steadily that "faith without works is dead, being alone."

Among the trophies gathered for the crown of our glorious Redeemer here was a number of the musicians of the Queen's band, and also of her soldiers. It was inspiring to see these noble-looking men, in her majesty's uniform, come bowing as humble penitents at the foot of the cross. It was not unusual to see several during an evening thus openly acknowledging their allegiance to the King of kings, and others, who had already enlisted in the service of Jesus, pleading for the whole armor of righteousness.

We had reason to believe, that, in those large, mixed assemblies, many who serve at the royal household were there. Several of those who so nobly confessed Christ. before men were of the musical band who performed daily in her majesty's presence at dinner, the holy Sabbath not excepted.

Seldom have I seen stronger converts than these soldiers. It was only usual, after they had found pardoning mercy, to see them forward again, after an evening or two, earnestly seeking the full baptism of the Spirit. And can we doubt that they obtained, "seeing one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, with God"? It was just what these newly enlisted soldiers needed to make them fearless for God.

Some of the musicians who had received this gift of power wished to speak with us privately. My heart was inexpressibly pained when they opened their minds to us in regard to a certain case of conscience. It is usual for the royal band to be required to perform, not only every day at dinner, but on the royal grounds on the Sabbath. The Queen is more surely known to make her appearance on the grounds on Sabbath than on ordinary days. This being a well-known fact, many of the pleasure-seekers come out from London by train. This of itself is a fruited source of Sabbath-breaking in Windsor, and has helped to give the well-known appellation, "Wicked Windsor." And here were these newly saved soldiers, who would be required to break the Lord's day by ministering to the gratification of those thus profaning the Sabbath, and this by the command of their sovereign.

You wish to know what course we took in this dilemma. If I should say, you would exclaim, "What temerity!" Yet there is but one blessed and only Potentate; and if we had not learned to sanctify him in our hearts, making him alone our fear and our dread, it were better we had not been born. Think as you please of it, we wrote a letter to her majesty, giving, in the fear of the Lord, our views of the requirements of the King of kings, and Lord of lords, of a people who had been the most highly flavored under heaven with religious light. Specially did we give our views in relation to the responsibility of one whom God, in the order of his gracious providence, had placed at the head of the nation to set such examples as might be safely followed.

"Did you get an answer?"

Not in traces of the pen from her majesty's hand; this would not be allowed: but a respectful note from the Queen's secretary assured us our letter had been received; and this, of course, was all I could ask.

The Queen is expecting to go to London soon. In anticipation of this, one of these newly blessed men said exultingly, "Never mind; we shall be in London shortly: and there we shall not have to play on the grounds on Sabbath; for the Bishop of London has forbidden it. So the Queen of England, though acknowledged to be at the head of Church and State, sometimes yields her preference to ecclesiastical authority.

The Duchess of Kent, the mother of her royal majesty, has a Castle at Frogmore, within two or three miles of Windsor Castle. She has been in feeble health several months; and has suddenly become so seriously ill, that she is thought to be in a very critical state: her physicians say she can live but a short time.* [*The Duchess of Kent died in a few weeks after.] The Queen is said to be a very affectionate, dutiful daughter; and under these circumstances, surely, the band will not be in requisition on Sabbath. While we regret the illness of her royal highness, we cannot but be impressed with the thought that the Lord has a thousand ways in bringing about answers to prayer where mortals cannot see one. Surely the Queen's band will not be required to perform under such circumstances.

We have here, as at the last place we labored, a few in sympathy with the work of soul-saving; but, though the number was smaller at first than at M____, we have some noble

helpers who are coming over to our aid of those who there received a renewed commission for their work. It is grateful to see how ready these Spirit-baptized disciples are to sacrifice that which costs them something in ease, money, or reputation, or any thing else that may be conducive to the work; and worse than vain are the assumptions of those, who, professing to have the mind that was in Christ, are unwilling to sacrifice that which costs something in reputation, ease, and wealth, in the specific work of soul-saving.

Seldom have I witnessed the constraining love of Christ more manifest than in the case of our beloved hostess, the lady of the superintendent minister. She is one of those who came to M_____ when we were laboring there several days ago, and, after having sought earnestly and specifically the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth, was enabled cleverly to testify of the promise fulfilled. Would that the thousands of inactive church members clogging the chariot wheels of Zion might behold some of the exemplifications of the truth that holiness is indeed power, passing before our mind's eye, in the case of some of our newly baptized Maidenhead and Windsor friends!

Said our hostess, as we sat down to dine one day, "I am sure I have invited as many as forty this morning for this evening's service, and I am surprised at the gratitude with which the people receive the invitation. Some said they did not so much as know where the Wesleyan Chapel was, nor of the revival meetings going on in the town?"

On inquiring into the circumstances, I found that, though in feeble health, she had been spending a large portion of the morning in-going into the highways and hedges," talking to the people about their souls, and inviting them to the meetings; and this she has made an every-day business since we began our work for Jesus here.

At another time, she told us she had given the gospel invitation to fifty or sixty that day. She would go and stand in one of the town thoroughfares ; and, as the people were going to their homes from their business at the dinner-hour, she gave the invitation. And many did she see at the chapel in the evening, who had accepted, who had not, but for her instant in-season and out-of-season labors, been seen in the house of God. God works by means, and his way is in the sanctuary.

When she saw them at the chapel in the evening, she would often go and speak to them, and affectionately urge them to seek a present interest in Jesus. We doubt not that many will be the stars in the crown of her rejoicing in that day, thus brought to the Lamb of God.

Among those saved through her instrumentality was an aged soldier. He was tall and erect; and his snow-white hair and flowing beard took our attention as he sat, night after night, in the congregation. We soon found that our venerable and attentive listener was one in whom our hostess had taken a special interest. When he at last yielded to the claims of his Redeemer, we saw joy depicted on many a face, as though more than an ordinary trophy had been won over from the hosts of sin. When on our return home that evening our hostess told us the particulars of this man's case, we saw that no ordinary champion from the ranks of the enemy had been gained.

The man, though once in active service as a soldier, had for years past been released on account of age, and was a pensioner. He had never been in the habit of attending any place of worship, was often intoxicated, and was so abusive as to be spoken of by many as the most wicked man in Windsor. No wonder that he was now looked upon as a miracle of mercy; but the greatest wonder of all is that infinite compassion should have stooped so low to save him when so near the flames of perdition.

At the moment Mrs. J____, our dear hostess, met him, and, though an utter stranger, affectionately invited him to the house of God, he was on his way to the river to put an end to his existence. By his reckless life, he had become involved; and to the credit of the Old World we will say, that people cannot as easily sport on the means of their honest neighbors, without incurring the just penalty of the law, as in the New World.

The old soldier, seeing himself on the verge of serious trouble, resolved on replenishing his purse by joining Garibaldi's army. He went to Bristol, intending to leave England by a vessel sailing from that port. He found that the vessel had sailed just one hour previous. His chagrin gained the preponderance over his fear of death. He returned to Windsor; and it was while on his way to commit the fearful act of self-murder that our hostess, as an angel of mercy, arrested his steps, and turned them to the house of God; and now he has gained a title to a crown of life.

Surely this is a work worthy a whole lifetime. What an illustration is this of the text, "Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins"!

Many interesting particulars might be stated of the work here; but I must briefly say that the Lord permitted the people to see that holiness specifically is just the power needed to raise low churches. Score's of professed disciples, such as of whom Paul would have asked the question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" were Spirit-baptized.

Many of these went about manifesting that it was indeed a gift of power they had received. They brought their friends to Jesus from all parts of the circuit; and many also came from London seeking the full baptism of the Spirit, and others seeking pardon. The number that came forward and professed to obtain was about two hundred. We have not heard the exact number of those blessed during this season of visitation, as the people came from every part of the circuit, but are sure the above computation is below the number of those who professed to receive pardon. We have received very encouraging letters from the superintendent minister and circuit steward since we left Windsor, announcing the work of revival as still spreading in various parts of the circuit. Praise the Lord!

The superintendent, a few weeks subsequent to the visit of Dr. and Hrs. Palmer, writes, --

"All our new converts, excepting one or two are doing well. Our congregations are very good. There is an excellent work going on in the Sabbath school. About twenty children are in attendance at the boys' meeting held in our house. It is really doing much good. Our son, T. B____, rejoices more and more every day. He is indeed zealous for the Lord. He led a soldier the other night to the altar; and the poor fellow found peace with God, and, after many tears, rejoiced

exceedingly. The society at Slough will be nearly doubled. I gave twenty-two notes of admission last Sabbath. Never will you be forgotten by very many in the royal town of Windsor. Your visit was made a blessing to many."

After the quarterly meeting succeeding the visit of Dr. and Mrs. P____ J. Higgs, a steward of Windsor circuit, writing in regard to the improved state of finances, says, --

"I am happy to tell you that our circuit is rising. I think every place brought in an addition of money to the funds, giving us for once for many years an addition of three or four pounds above the expenses."

Other letters of subsequent date speak of a new chapel being built in the district as the result of the revival, and old chapels enlarged. What a demonstration that holiness is in truth the power that can raise sinking churches!

* * * * *

24 -- CHAPTER

Rochdale, Feb. 11, 1860

Rochdale is in Lancashire County, on the river Roche, at the foot of the Blackstone Edge Hills. These high hills are called the backbone of England. At the close of the wars with Napoleon, a beautiful peace monument was erected on the highest point of these hills, which stood until the declaration of war with Russia, when, strange to record, without any known cause, it fell. It has since been rebuilt.

This is an important manufacturing town eleven miles north by east from Manchester. We came here in the midst of one of the most tremendous storms I have witnessed in the Old or New World. Our heavy train of railroad carriages flew tremulously over the track, and sometimes seemed almost lifted from the ground by the terrific gales. But He who maketh the whirlwind his chariot brought us safely to our destination.

But before telling about this good old town, and the better people, and the still more delightful work which has been going on, I must give you a glimpse of our circuitous route in coming here, and its interesting incidents. Our triumph over the god Bacchus while at Poole, though it provoked opposition from some in high places, as a crime not to be forgiven, was regarded as a signal conquest by the friends of temperance. The result of the revival was not only the immediate enlargement of the Wesleyan Chapel for the accommodation of three hundred more people, but the friends of temperance gathered courage, and resolved on having a commodious temperance hall which might do honor to the town.

It was with them a matter of urgent importunity that we should return to Poole on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone. We consented. This took us again to our former scene of labor. Would that those who have secretly endeavored to make our course there in regard to the

liquor-dealing circuit steward the death-knell to revival-services in the Wesleyan Church in England might witness the change for the better in that town!

About four months have since passed, and the renovation for the better is so marked, that, to enter the chapel, it scarcely seems the same place. Every thing has been rejuvenated as though Omnipotence had said, "Behold, I make all things new!" They have recently had a re-opening. Rev. R____ was brought from London for the purpose.

We may have already said, that, during Our former visit, the old Parish Church, which had not been blessed with a soul-converting ministry, was almost emptied. Many had come to the Wesleyan Chapel during the revival-services, and penitently bowed at the foot of the cross, and found renewing grace; and still they continued to come after our departure.

We were told that one Sabbath, three weeks after we left, the clergyman, observing thirteen empty seats directly before him, exclaimed, in a grieved tone, that he did not see why his people should leave him for a neighboring chapel, when he had been preaching the gospel to them seven years! But, had he in truth preached the gospel to them, they would not have gone elsewhere.

But does it not do something toward proving that Wesleyans, if they would remove the stumbling-block of their iniquity, and be true to the principles of their founder in spreading the revival-flame, might either renovate many of these lifeless churches, or gather within their own church-fold many living members? But, instead of this, are not many of these church establishments gaining more from the Wesleyan churches than they take? How many children go over to the Established Church whose parents are or have been Methodists? The question is suggestive; but I must not linger over it.

On our return from Poole, we passed through a charming region of country. The towns of Bath and Clifton are beautiful. We paused at Bristol, and took a survey of the old town. It was raining fast; but we concluded that we must ride out to Ashley Down to see that man of faith and works, -- good Mr. Muhler. We found him at home. He appears to be about fifty years of age. His look and manner are deeply devotional. But I presume he sees so much company, that he does not find time to be communicative as he might wish to strangers. His scheme is stupendous; and it is certainly wonderful to see how the Lord honors the faith of his servant in supplying means for such a large establishment. I doubt not he will have a bright crown to cast at the feet of the world's Redeemer.

A little ailer dark, we arrived at Birmingham. We stopped at the house of J. Soutter. The friends had anticipated our coming, and about eight o'clock the drawing-room was crowded with visitors. We had a most delightful interview while waiting together in prayer and social converse.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

The hours flew by as moments during this precious profitable interview. We lingered in gracious prayerful converse until a little before ten o'clock, when we were all invited to the

supper-room. Before separating, Dr. M_____ proposed that this blessed gathering should be memorialized by a stated weekly meeting being appointed, which might date its origin from the meeting which had now been held. A number of the leading gentlemen from the different churches, with a due proportion of ladies, were present, who gladly hailed the proposition, and pledged their presence (D. V.) on Wednesday afternoon. Many who attended this meeting were of those, who, from time to time, came to Leamington to mingle in our services.

The next morning we visited the grave of Hester Ann Rogers. The head-stone having become defaced by age, the clergyman of the church, the Rev. J. Cannon Barrett, M.A., incumbent of St. Mary's, has had it restored: it now looks as good as though it were newly erected. It reads, "Hester Ann, wife of James Rogers, preacher of the gospel, sleepeth here in Jesus, waiting her final call. She exchanged mortality for life Oct. 10, 1794, aged 38 years.

"'She, being dead, yet speaketh.'
What says the happy dead?
She bids me bear my load,
With silent steps proceed,
And follow her to God,
Till life's uneasy dream
In rapture shall depart;
She bids me give, like her,
To Christ my bleeding heart."

The stone contains also this inscription:

"Martha, second daughter of James and Hester Rogers, died March 23, 1793, aged 4 years.

"Angels, rejoice! a child is born
Into a happy world above:
Let poor short-sighted mortals mourn
While on the wings of heavenly love
An everlasting spirit flies
To claim her kindred in the skies."

We left Birmingham at ten minutes past one p.m., and arrived in Rochdale by way of Manchester about seven o'clock.

Our long-contemplated visit is all that we could have anticipated. Our home is at the pleasant residence of W. Booth, who, with his lady and intelligent family circle, are among those we shall lovingly remember as precious laborers together with us in our efforts to win souls to the Saviour. The names of other loved helpers will also ever be dear to our hearts, particularly the staff of zealous circuit ministers. But we would specially magnify the grace of God in the aid received by the earnest and affectionate co-operation of Rev. J. Coulson, the excellent superintendent of the circuit, and his devoted lady.

During our visit here, the Lord has wrought in power. We entered upon our labors on Sabbath. The chapel in which we labor is very large, with a deep gallery capable of accommodating hundreds. The pulpit, I imagine, is at least fifteen feet high. The house, particularly on Sabbath, has been crowded. It is estimated that from eighteen hundred to two thousand persons were present on Sabbath afternoon and evening.

Our message, particularly in the afternoon, was to the Church. Many came forward seeking the full baptism. Ere the close of the evening service, several seeking ones found. One of the leading brethren particularly was so unutterably filled with love, that we could not but think of the occasion, when, in an upper room in the temple, some of Jesus,' disciples were so filled, that skeptical observers said, "These men are filled with new wine." This brother was so baptized into the spirit of love and power, that a cold-hearted professor might have thought he was beside himself. It was indeed a precious beginning.

What would our American friends think of a walk of thirty-two miles to attend a Sabbath service! The English people are greater pedestrians than we. It is not uncommon for persons to walk from three to ten miles, and make but little ado about it; while not a few of our Young Americans might think it necessary to take an omnibus, or call a carriage, for a journey of half a mile or less.

Said a gentleman recently to Dr. P____, "Do you know I have walked three hundred miles to attend these services?" Dr. P____ looked surprised; and, by way of explanation, the gentleman added, "I live five miles distant, and I have each evening walked to and from the chapel. You have had thirty services; and I have attended all of them, and, as you will see, walked three hundred miles."

On Sabbath evening, I saw several earnest Christian friends who had come in a company from a town sixteen miles distant, thus making a journey of thirty-two miles, for the purpose of participating in a revival-service. Surely they were not sacrificing that which cost them nothing. They seemed to have been so richly blessed, that they were loath to leave the place, and lingered some time after the close of the service. Their road home led them to pass the house where we were staying. We heard them singing most inspiringly, as they passed, --

"Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world."

I was about to say, If "angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth," how much joy there must have been in the regions far beyond the sun over the many repenting sinners in this place during the past thirty-five days! But I must not say if on a subject which the Faithful and True has placed beyond a question. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; and blissful visitants from the upper sanctuary do mingle amid these hallowing scenes, where many are plunging into the cleansing fountain, and many repenting rebels are finding pardon and acceptance.

"Angels now are hovering round us;
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowns us,

Glad to join the holy song, -- Alleluia!
Love and praise to Christ belong."

I have been reviewing the work here this morning, and on the wings of faith my spirit has been soaring, and mingling with the angels the Revelator saw standing round about the throne, and the elders. And now let us together with them unite in ascribing blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might unto our God forever and ever.

I would love to lay before you in detail a narration of the gracious work witnessed here; but circumstances will not allow. The secretary's report gives a total of five hundred and forty-one of those who presented themselves at the altar of prayer as seekers, and professed to obtain clearly the blessing of either justification or entire sanctification. I say clearly; for, though many others were forward as seekers, the names only of those were taken who were enabled to testify that they were clear in the witness of the blessing sought.

Of these, three hundred and seventy-four received pardon, and a hundred and sixty-seven obtained the blessing of purity. Sixty-two of this number were attendants on the Wesleyan ministry in Rochdale; and eighty-two, attendants on the Wesleyan ministry from other towns. Two hundred and thirty of the converts were gathered wholly out of the world, and, with very few exceptions, gave in their names to attend class. So says the official report.

On the morning of the day we finished our work for Jesus at Rochdale, Richard Weaver, the converted collier, called on us. He has been remarkably owned Of God in the salvation of souls, and we were rejoiced to see him. Poor and rich, learned and unlearned, have been brought to the Lord through his agency. He seems to be a man of prayer and deep humility. Few rougher stones have been taken from the quarry. He was a noted pugilist and a desperate drunkard; and he loves to magnify the grace of God in telling his immense auditories how great a sinner Christ can save.

Though as unlearned as Peter and John when brought before the learned Sanhedrin, many have marveled as they have witnessed the extraordinary effect of his labors on the masses, he told us an incident that occurred not long after his own conversion. It is singularly characteristic of the man. He was at that time engaged in the employ of the Bible Society as colporter, with authority to recommend, sell, or give his precious ware as opportunity furnished.

He was standing on a platform in a public place in this town, recommending the holy book to a number of by-standers, when a man, who, from his exterior might have been called a gentleman, began to assail him roughly, saying that there was nothing good in the Bible, nor one word of truth in it. Richard replied kindly, and asked his antagonist to come up on the platform, and repeat his declaration, so that all might hear.

The gentleman stepped up in a most pompous manner, and began to harangue the people, declaring his infidelity, and again repeated, "that there was nothing good in the Bible, nor one word of truth in it."

Richard then said, "This book says, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Is not that good?"

The gentleman had to admit that it was good. Richard then asked, --

"Is your grandfather living?"

"No."

"Is your father living?"

"No."

"Perhaps your grandmother is living?"

"No."

"You say there is not one word of truth in this book?"

Richard then opened, and read, "'It is appointed unto men once to die,'" and asked, "Is that true?"

The assembly burst into a roar of laughter. The infidel looked confounded. Though Richard endeavored to detain him, he quickly hurried off the platform.

Richard, being on one occasion on a preaching tour in London, called before evening, at a barber's shop. Seeing a picture of the pugilist, Tom Sayers, over the mantle, piece, and the barber standing strapping his razor, he inquired who that was. The man said in reply, --

"That is the prince of England."

"No, he is not," said Richard: "my brother is the prince of England."

The man insisted that Richard was mistaken, and Weaver as resolutely maintained that his brother was the prince.

The man, seeing his earnestness, inquired, "Who is your brother? and what is his name?" When Richard replied exultingly,

"'Jesus, the name high over all
In hell or earth or sky:
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.'"

The barber was so affected with the reply, that he began to tremble from head to foot, and was unable to finish strapping his razor; and, ascertaining that Richard was to preach at the

theater that night, he attended the meeting, and was converted, and his wife also shortly after found mercy.

Richard recently received a letter from a countess, who a few months ago, with her sister, was converted through his humble ministry. Her ladyship's letter is expressive of the deepest gratitude to God, and the instrumentality used in her salvation, and also suggests, that, if any temporal aid is at any time needed, her purse is at his command. But Richard's wants are few.

His labors have been so much sought after by the multitude, irrespective of sect, that we had often wondered in what church community this Boanerges had been cradled. We were indeed surprised to learn that it was, under God, to Methodism that he owed his early training; and, though his labors have been but slightly recognized by the Wesleyans in comparison to the attention received from other denominations, we were delighted to see, that, though still young in religious experience, he had not been spoiled by the caresses of the multitude.

How much he still prized his membership among the people through whose instrumentality he had been plucked as a brand from the burning, I thought was touchingly manifest, as he incidentally observed that his wife and himself had many a crying-spell between themselves because his society-ticket had been withheld on account of his labors abroad, rendering it impossible for him to attend class-meeting regularly.

Is it not passing strange, in view of the ever-pressing necessities of the cause, that church communities do not hasten to bring into requisition all the aids that her divine Head has placed at her disposal? Unto every one of her members is given grace according to the gift of Christ. When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And, if he gave these gifts, is it not because the necessities of the Church demand that these precious God-given bestowments be brought into use in all Christian communities? Has he not given some "apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers"? And the purpose for which this diversity of gifts has been given is distinctly stated by the divine Giver; that is, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

But suppose the Church replies against her Lord, and says, "All we want is our regularly ordained pastors: we want no Richard Weavers; pastors are enough for us. We want no apostles or teachers or evangelists. Our order is not to recognize such; and, however much poor Richard or any other evangelist in our midst may weep to see their membership jeopardized, we have no such custom."

But though a church may thus ungraciously repudiate the gift, instead of receiving it with thankfulness at the hand of her Lord, it is not because she does not need it. Why are not evangelists as truly needful for the best interests of the Church as pastors and teachers? Is not equal prominence given to this office as to that of pastor or teacher? In view of the Pact that the inspired writer, in enumerating these diversified gifts, first says evangelists, then pastors and teachers, may we not thereby infer that evangelists are at least of equal importance for the good of the Church? And who are they that object to the use of these Heaven-ordained agencies in bringing the world to the foot of the cross?

The objection to evangelistic labor does not emanate from the church-membership. Too deeply do they feel the want of such efforts. Thousands of living church members, through the length and breadth of the land, are longing and pleading for evangelistic laborers, not to supersede the regular pastorate, but to aid it.

This is God's order, and the people know and feel it; and, if the order is not obeyed, who is resisted? If souls are lost that might have been saved had some soul-stirring evangelist visited a community, of whom may the blood of those souls be required? Of the people, or of that pastor who resisted the entreaties of his people for an evangelist who might have aided him in pulling souls out of the fire? It would seem as if some people would never be saved but by the use of extraordinary means. The Apostle Jude had an earnest appreciation of this, and says, "Of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

Since leaving Rochdale, we have had some precious letters from the esteemed superintendent of the circuit. The work there, as in all other places where we labor, extended to various church communities; but we are indeed most thankful to learn that the Wesleyan society has shared so largely. The superintendent writes:--

"I expect, when we have all the names of the parties saved, we shall have at least three hundred on trial. I was at Heywood on Sabbath last; preached morning and evening, and held a love-feast in the afternoon. I found that the visits of the people to Roehdale during your labors here have been peculiarly refreshing. Many expressed their resolves in regard to personal holiness. My own circuit is like a garden after a shower when the sun shines. Praise the Lord, and let all the people bow before him!"

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25 -- CHAPTER

Great Grimsby, March 26, 1861

On our way to this place, we passed through an interesting region. The country, though so early, begins to look charming. We paused for a few hours at the ancient town of Lincoln, and surveyed the time-worn castle, centuries old. This is the town where the father of the immortal Wesleys was imprisoned for debts which were unavoidably contracted in rebuilding the Epworth Rectory, in consequence of its having been twice destroyed by fire. To our mind, the history of Lincolnshire furnishes many interesting reminiscences.

The town of Great Grimsby lies at the mouth of the Humber, and numbers several thousand inhabitants. Our home is about three miles distant from the town, at the beautiful country residence of W. Coates, on the outskirts of Laceby. Every thing from without and within calls forth strains of adoring praise. In my own heart, I feel the power of an indwelling Lord. Truly can I say, --

"Thy presence makes my paradise,

And where thou art is heaven,"

And then I have only to lift my eyes, and a paradise opens before me, -- a fine, extensive lawn, of living green, laid out with artistic beauty, and variegated by diversity of sweet flowers, and trees of various kinds clothed in richest verdure. A little beyond, and the eye stretches over a park of several acres, with majestic shade-trees scattered here and there. The land belonging to our host covers some hundreds of acres; and he tells us that he yearly pays a hundred pounds tithe-money, which goes toward the support of the Established Church and clergy, while himself and lady are deeply devoted and large-hearted Methodists.

As we were walking over this beautiful estate one day, in conversation with our interesting friend Mr. C____, he told us of an interview he had with a former proprietor of these extensive grounds. The gentleman was one who, in the truest sense, might be termed a man of the world. Mr. C____ living in the neighborhood, and believing it to be his duty as a Christian to make an effort toward the salvation of his neighbor, spoke to him about a preparation for eternity.

The godless man replied, that there was time enough for that. "Ten minutes," said he, "is as much time as I want to prepare for another world. God is merciful." What a pity he did not remember that God is just and true, and will not say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," to that man who has spent all his days in the service of self and sin! This was probably his last faithful warning.

It was not long after this that the gentleman was at a public meeting at the Town Hall. He was standing among his fellow-townsmen, about to open his lips by way of addressing the assembly, when suddenly he was arrested by the king of terrors, and fell down dead in the presence of the people. It is amazing that men of the world do not oftener, as they look at their large possessions, ask, "Whose shall these things be?"

Our beloved hostess, who is not less earnest than her husband in endeavors to be a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God, told us of an effort in soul-saving which was crowned with greater success than the one I have just named. It had been her habit, on going to Sabbath services, to distribute tracts. Sometimes, as she passed down a lane with hedges and trees on either side, she hung tracts on the branches. One morning, as she was thus scattering broadcast the seed of the kingdom, she thought, "How inspiring to my faith would it be might I only once hear of the result of these prayerful efforts!" It was not long after this, that a friend, hearing of the remarkable conversion of two young men as related in a social meeting, came and told Mrs. C____ what she had heard.

It was about as follows: One Sabbath, these young men, who were volatile and irreligious, were walking together down the hedge lane, and, seeing the tracts hanging to the branches, took them down, not knowing but the reading might be something to furnish sport. On observing they were religious tracts, they would not read them, but folded and lout them in their pockets. The young men were in the habit of amusing themselves in singing songs, and the tracts were deposited with the songs. They might have been wholly forgotten; but as the young men were intending to make merry one evening, one of them thrust his hand in his pocket to get a

song he wished to sing, and in place of it brought out a tract. He concluded to read it. It was an arrow from the quiver of truth to his soul. The result was the awakening and conversion of both of the young men.

We ride into town daily, after an early dinner, to be present at the three-o'clock meeting, and do not reach our home again till about midnight. The gentleman with whom we are guests has a town-house, where we take our tea and supper. It is a fortnight yesterday since we commenced our labors in this place. A large concourse is in attendance every evening. Last night the crowd was dense. Rev. Mr. R____, district chairman, estimated that over eighteen hundred were present. The altar and all its surroundings were filled with seekers. Seventy persons at least were forward, some pleading for the blessing of pardon, and others purity. Many found the blessing sought. The work here from the first day has been honorable and glorious. You will unite with us in ascribing "salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

Our afternoon meetings have been specially crowned with the presence of the Sanctifier. The communion-rail, which holds about forty persons, is generally filled each afternoon with seekers of purity. Many of these earnest seekers come from towns several miles distant. About twenty testified that they had received the witness of purity at one meeting two or three days ago. Oh, what a glorious outpouring of the Spirit we had, while with one accord we were pleading the promised gift! In the evening, not only were the altar surroundings filled with the many convicted ones, but several classrooms. So large is the number of seekers, that they are now having resort to the schoolroom. The prayer-meetings go on simultaneously, and many each evening are blessed in both places. The secretaries have received the names of about four hundred of those who, during the present blessed visitation, have, we trust, sought and found either justifying or sanctifying grace. To God alone be all the glory!

Before closing our labors on the Grimsby Circuit, we divided a week's labor, giving three days' service at the Victoria Chapel at the far end of the town, and three days at the chapel at Laceby. The power of the Lord was eminently present at all the services in both places, and many were saved. The last meeting at Laceby was specially marked for manifestations of heavenly power. The vestry and altar were crowded with seekers, and many felt that it was only to look and live. Mrs. C____ and others who were in the vestry, pointing sinners to the Lamb of God, told us it seemed wonderfully easy to be made whole. As one after another received salvation, they returned to the audience-room, making way for others. Surely --

"Grace makes no hard conditions,
'Tis only look, and live."

There was one man at the altar with whom several others with ourselves labored some time after the congregation had been dismissed. He thought it so difficult to believe, that we were about to leave him at the altar unsaved; when, as a last effort, I said, "Are you a man of family?"

"Yes."

"Have you a family altar established?"

"No."

"God has said that he will pour out his fury upon those families of the earth that call not upon his name. Of course you cannot expect the blessing of the Lord upon yourself or family until you resolve that the worship of God shall be established in your own house. Joshua said, 'I and my house will serve the Lord.' I do not ask you to do this in your own strength; but I do ask you to say in the strength of the Lord, 'I WILL, on my return home this night, set up a family altar.'"

Scarcely a moment intervened ere the solemn resolve was made. Immediately his countenance brightened. Nothing could be more evident than that this was the cause of the controversy going on in his mind; and, as soon as he was willing to do the will of God, his difficulty about faith vanished. We remained later than usual at the service, as the penitents kept coming up to the time we came away. We met two seekers, one a male and the other a female, crowding their way to the altar of prayer as we were retiring from the chapel, and it was nearly eleven o'clock. I presume the people did not leave before midnight, The meetings continued at the Victoria Chapel after our three-days' service, and they intend to do the same at Lacey.

On the day we left Grimsby, a letter received from Rev. Mr. Martin, one of the excellent circuit ministers, says,

"I shall long look back on our blessed meetings here with feelings of peculiar delight. The happy hours will recede rapidly from us on the current of time; but their joys will never be forgotten. And how should they? for they were joys which thrilled not only our poor hearts, but the hearts of the ever-watchful angels. You cannot conceive, and I cannot tell you, the pleasure which I have had in watching the case of some who have now come to the Great Shepherd. There are many precious young men who I hope are to be valiant in the holy war.

"While you were speaking last evening, I began to plead for one I saw in the gallery. I made my way to him as the prayer-meeting went on. I went in faith; but one had been there before me, the omnipotent Convincer, sent by the redeeming Jesus. He is the son of a local preacher, and says that till last evening he never felt strong concern. I believe he will soon be numbered with the children of the kingdom.

"May all heavenly blessings in Jesus be upon you! I wish you had felt at liberty to take something beyond the pittance for fare which Mr. Coates gave you."

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26 -- CHAPTER

Loughborough, April 18, 1861

Our home is at the lovely villa of E. Wragg, a little distance out of town; and we are surrounded by pleasant scenery, and often enjoy delightful excursions to the surrounding little town and hamlets. Loughborough is chiefly noted for its stocking manufactories. A portion of the town is very old; but the country around it is beautiful. We came here by the way of Boston and Nottingham. We had been waited on by a delegation from Boston inviting us to visit that place before leaving Grimsby, and on our arrival there, met the superintendent minister and others at the station as we passed through Boston on Saturday morning.

The work here is encouraging. We had a meeting of extraordinary power last Sabbath. About a hundred rose to express their determination not to rest without the full baptism of the Holy Ghost: many have received. This alone is the true heaven-laid basis for a revivals on the same principle that the baptism of fire prepared the one hundred and twenty for aggressive movements against the hosts of sin. Had it not been for the permanent results of this penetrating baptism, there would not have been added daily to the Lord such as shall be saved. And this we are most grateful to know has been the character of our labors both in America and England. With much careful circumspection before the Lord, I seem constrained to say that we feel we are the Lord's servants, and have not been called to reckon without our host in urging upon the churches the fact that holiness is a gift of abiding power.

In the beloved ministers, and many of the people, we have blessed helpers; and much is being done by continuous "in-season and out-of-season" labors. God's servants are going out into the highways and hedges, and compelling the people to come in. Many who have never been in the habit of attending the means of grace have been made subjects of special prayer, and brought to Jesus. Noon-day meetings are held, and a number of those who have been thus singled out to pray for have been made subjects of saving mercy. I will give you a specimen of some of the many notes read:--

"The prayers of this meeting are desired by one present in behalf of her beloved mother, whose sorrows for more than twenty years have been great through her husband's rebellion against God, -- that, though in her second marriage she disobeyed the command, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' the Lord may alleviate her sorrows, and cause her husband to come to the knowledge of the truth speedily." What a touching lesson is taught by this appeal!

"A father desires this congregation to unite with him in giving thanks to Almighty God that his only son, for Whom the prayers of this meeting were asked two or three days since, was last evening led to yield his heart to Jesus, and went home happy in God."

"A converted Jew who is present requests that God's ancient people may be remembered in prayer.. His heart's desire and prayer to God is that all Israel maybe saved."

"A man, who for years past had not been in a place of worship, accepted an invitation to the chapel last evening. He came, and brought his wife with him. They both gave their hearts to God, and returned home happy in a Saviour's love. The friend who brought them desires that this assembly should unite with her in giving thanks to God for their conversion."

The report of the secretary, which is kept with much care, shows two hundred and twenty-five names of those who have been forward as seekers of pardon, and professed to find; and the names of between sixty and seventy are recorded as having received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth.

The "Loughborough Monitor" of April 18, 1861, says, --

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of whose religious labors some account was given last week, continue to attract as large congregations as ever to Leicester-road Chapel. On Sunday last, the chapel was so densely crowded that forms had to be placed along the aisles for the accommodation of those who thronged to hear. Every night the places set apart for inquirers, called by Dr. Palmer 'the altar of prayer,' were crowded; and between two and three hundred persons have given in their names already. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are evidently very happy Christians; and they profess and proclaim, as the privilege of all believers, 'a full salvation.' The two peculiar doctrines of Methodism, the preaching of which were the chief cause of its persecutions and the men, as of its success, are the witness of the Spirit and entire sanctification. These blessings are prominently set forth in their addresses, and all are encouraged to expect them. Some have thought that these doctrines of early Methodism were on the decline, and were being allowed quietly to sink into the grave of silence, like the decrees of hyper-Calvinism and the Thirty-nine Articles, with some being only occasionally referred to, except at a ministerial synod or an ordination service. These doctrines, however, can hardly fail into neglect while every ministerial candidate is required to state that he is living in the enjoyment of the former blessing, and that he is seeking after the latter. Comparatively few, however, of ministers or people, profess to enjoy the high state of holiness laid down in their standard theological writings. The clearness and confidence with which Dr. and Mrs. Palmer speak of this high and happy religious state, the anecdotes related of persons who have attained it, and their tender and winning style of address, induce many to seek the same blessing. Every night, substantially the same invitation is given; and the sinner is invited to repent, the backslider to return home, and the believer to enter on the path of a higher spiritual life. Soon after this, many are seen bowed at the altar of prayer. There is evidently no respect of persons there, -- the man of gray hairs kneels beside the very young in years; those who have hurried from the factory mingle with those who have come from the drawing-room. The same sense of inward spiritual need draws them all around the same Saviour for spiritual health and peace. Meetings for prayer are held at mid-day, from one to two o'clock, instead of those at three o'clock. This time is found to be more convenient, and many attend. Many written requests have been sent forward, and read by Dr. Palmer at these meetings, asking the prayers of the congregation for: an aged parent, an intemperate husband, a dissolute son, &c.; and in some instances the congregation is desired to unite in thanksgiving for the conversion of some one for other, who a few days before had been made the subject of united prayer. Persons are encouraged to single out some friend or acquaintance to be made the object of special prayer and urgent invitation. One interesting case of this sort was that of a man who had not attended a place of worship for years, but who, on being made the subject of prayer and invitation, was brought the same evening to the chapel, and professed to find peace with God. On Tuesday evening, the ministers of the chapel held a short open-air service on the Nottingham Road. On Sunday, collections were made for the framework-knitters of Loughborough, and for the famine in India. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are expected to continue over next Sunday."

* * * * *

27 -- CHAPTER

Macclesfield, May 12, 1861

We are in the town where the devoted Hester Ann Rogers was born, and in the midst of an outpouring of the Spirit which she and her excellent cousin Robert Roe would have greatly enjoyed had it occurred in 1781 instead of 1861.

It is a fact that I love to contemplate, and which for many years has seemed an experimental realization with me, that we "are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." And, if angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, what joy must there be in the ranks of the blood-washed who have passed through the veil of outward things, as they mingle amid such scenes as we are now witnessing!

Over a week since we commenced our labors. I have not heard the secretary's report of the number who have been enabled during the past ten days to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth; but I am confident that over one hundred have, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, entered within the veil, and are now proclaiming that Christ is a Saviour, able to save unto the uttermost. In England, as in our own country, there has been for too little definiteness in the ministry and membership of our church on this subject. "This," says Mr. Wesley, "is the Methodist Testimony, -- this is the Peculiar doctrine committed to our trust."

We began our work here on Sabbath afternoon, 5th instant. Talked about holiness as the promised endowment of power, and the absolute necessity of all Christ's disciples, if we would see multitudes pricked to the heart. Many wept, and appeared to feel deeply; but they were not willing to come out, and with one accord acknowledge their need of the blessing. We had immense congregations both afternoon and evening, and it was said that hundreds went away for want of standing-room; but, though much interest was manifested, few were saved. Monday passed as Sabbath, and little fruit appeared. We began to fear that the Church would not move; and, if so, we had little hope of seeing a move among sinners.

On Tuesday evening, we told the church-membership very fully and pointedly our views on the subject, assuring them that God's order must at once be obeyed, or their prayers and efforts for a revival would be comparatively in vain. The Holy Spirit made truth sharper than a two-edged sword, as we repeated again and again, "For the time has come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it begin at us, what shall be the end of those who obey not the gospel?" Local preachers, class leaders and members, came rushing forward; and I do not doubt but over a score received such a baptism that evening as they had not before apprehended. Since that time, the Lord has been working in great power.

One of the secretaries told Dr. P_____ last night, that over one hundred had been converted during the past three evenings. The work is daily rising in power. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Since writing the above, the secretary's report has been handed us, presenting a total of four hundred and six who have been made special recipients of Saving grace, -- three hundred and twenty-one receiving pardon, and eighty-five the witness of purity; but we have reason to know that scores from different parts of the circuit received the blessing of entire sanctification, whose names were not recorded.

May 15. -- I have been today to visit the house built by Robert Roe, and of which Hester Ann Rogers says: "After his father's death, my cousin Robert determined to fix in Macclesfield, and for that purpose built a good house conveniently near the New Church. A lovely situation and good air. At his earnest request, my mother undertook to keep the house. She rented the whole house, and he boarded with her. I mention this because it appears a peculiar providence that placed me there to be with this child and servant of God in his last moments.... My mother also had many opportunities she never would before partake of, both in prayer and Christian conversation; for my cousin had prayer-meetings, and bands, &c., under his roof, and endeavored to devote his time, talents, and substance to God."

But, in a few short months, Robert Roe closed his earthly career triumphantly, as recorded in the "Memoirs of Hester A. Rogers." From childhood I have perused and reperused the "Memoirs of Hester A. Rogers;" and having, with thousands of others, communed with her through her writings in the narration of her early and later trials and triumphs, it was no small satisfaction to pass from room to room through the house sanctified by such gracious memories.

There is a lawyer here, a venerable old gentleman, who is well acquainted with the history of the Roe Family, and used to hear Mr. Simpson preach. He tells us that in this house Mr. Rogers paid his addresses to Miss H. A. Roe, previous to their marriage. We stood in the backdoor, and looked at the New Church, which Mrs. Rogers refers to as "conveniently near." You may smile when I tell you it is called the New Church still. This is by way of distinction from the old Parish Church, a venerable pile centuries old. Hester Ann's father was the officiating minister in this old Parish Church; and so you will imagine that I looked upon it with no small degree of interest. It was in this old church that Mr. Simpson succeeded the father of H. A. Rogers, and preached on the new birth, when, as she says, "I felt, as I never before have done, that I must experience that divine change, or perish."

It was here again, April, 1774, on the Sabbath before Easter, Mr. Simpson preached from John vi. 44, "No man can come unto me except the Father draw him;" and when, in the application of the sermon, he asked, "Now, what think you of your souls before God?" she says, "I felt myself indeed a lost, perishing, undone sinner, a rebel against repeated convictions and drawings of the Spirit... I wept aloud, so that all around me were amazed; nor was I any longer ashamed to own the cause. I went home, ran up stairs, and fell on my knees, and made a solemn vow to renounce all my sinful pleasures and trifling companions. I slept none that night, but arose early the next morning, and, without telling my mother, took all my finery, high-dressed caps, &c., and ripped them all up, so that I could wear them no more. I then cut my hair short, that it might not be in my power to have it dressed; and in the most solemn manner vowed never to dance again."

How her vows were fulfilled, and the persecutions which followed, are known to thousands in both hemispheres. Being dead, she yet speaketh, and will continue to speak long as time endures. Her worldly position was beyond what I had anticipated from reading her memoir. The Roe Family was one of the most wealthy and aristocratic in all these regions.

The uncle to whom she particularly refers, the father of Robert, and several other cousins occasionally named in her journal, was a man of great wealth. The venerable lawyer before mentioned has the manuscript journal of Robert Roe, which contains many interesting allusions in regard to himself and his cousin Hester Ann, which I have not seen in print, and which I would transcribe would time permit. Mr. Simpson was not permitted to remain long at the Old Church. His evangelical sermons, as we may infer from Robert Roe's journal, were too arousing for the endurance of the formalists in that church.

A few lines from the manuscript before me read thus: "Sunday, Oct. 22, 1775. As Mr. Simpson was reading the church-service and a sermon in my father's dining-room (for he was at this time hindered from preaching in the Old Church), my love to God increased, and kindled into a flame. I longed for all present to experience the same, and indeed they were all much wrought upon. It was a solemn season: my cup ran over. I was filled with joy unspeakable, and exhorted all around me without fear of offending.

"I told my father at night, 'I am sure the Lord was with us this morning.' He said, 'I hope so.' I replied, 'I am sure of it; for I felt his presence: I never was so happy in my life.' He seemed struck with surprise at my freedom of speech, but gave me no answer. I talked with my mother and Miss Jane without reserve, and thought I should soon be the means of converting all I conversed with, forgetting the strong prejudices I once had myself. While I remained at Macesfield, I was much comforted and helped forward by the advice of Mr. Simpson, cousin H. A. Roe, and my brother, and by attending class-meetings."

Soon after this, a large, beautiful church, named Christ Church, but oftener called "New Church," was built and endowed solely at the expense of Mr. Roe, the father of Robert Roe. One of the old inhabitants of this town informs us that he had offers of help in its erection, one wealthy person wishing to furnish all the oak required for the building; but Mr. Roe utterly refused all aid, wishing to build it wholly at his own expense, by way of fulfilling a vow he had made in view of his having been specially prospered in secular affairs. It stands within an enclosure, rather more than equal in size to one of our city squares; and it is to this church that Hester A. Rogers most frequently alludes in her journal.

We were told that this church has undergone but few alterations, as it was built by Mr. Roe in the most durable manner, and in a style still deemed modern. The pulpit and altar, and every thing of the sort, have remained as built by Mr. Roe. I asked the sexton which was the pew occupied by the Roe Family. He took me immediately to it, saying that the family by whom the church was built and endowed always had occupied the same sittings. The seat was an extra false pew, fronting the gallery, near the pulpit, equal in size to two thrown into one, and capable of seating a family of about a dozen.

It is occupied now by one lone remnant of the family, a Mrs. Roe, who is in fact the present owner of the church, being the widow of one of the Mr. Roes to whom the property descended. She lives in aristocratic style a short distance from the church. It was a sort of satisfaction to sit in the seat which was doubtless often occupied by one with whose spirit I had so often communed in a far-off land; but this was of small moment in comparison to what I felt as I knelt at the altar at which the sainted Hester A. Rogers had so often bowed, and of which she says, "There, in partaking of the blessed sacrament, I had such union and intercourse with the Holy Trinity as is unspeakable. Blessed foretaste of drinking the wine new in my Father's kingdom! Yes: these are the streams, but that is the fountain."

Memorials of the Roe Family abound throughout the church in various forms. An elegant and spacious stained-glass window, commemorative of the various branches of the Roe Family, has recently been contributed by the inhabitants of the town. May 8, 1781, Hester A. Rogers records thus: "In the dusk of the evening, my uncle's remains were carried in great pomp, by his own carriage and horses, to the New Church, and accompanied by coaches, torches, and a vast concourse of people; but the horses, unaccustomed to be adorned with such trappings as black cloth, escutcheons, &c., would hardly proceed. He was interred by Mr. Simpson in the vault he had so lately prepared. Yes, this much-feared and much loved man is now committed to corruption and worms." And here, within the altar enclosure, is the costly marble monument that both tells the tale of his earthly greatness, and marks the spot where his remains were interred. In the graveyard, very near the church, is also a large marble monument dedicated to the memory of H. A. Rogers's excellent cousin Robert, and other cousins whose names are incidentally mentioned in her memoir.

In another part of the graveyard surrounding the New Church is a tablet marking the spot where the first Mrs. Rogers was interred. It reads thus:--

Martha,
Wife Of
James Rogers, Preacher Of The Gospel,
Died February 15th, 1784,
Aged 29 Years
A loving wife, a tender mother, a faithful friend,
One of the best of mistresses and of the most faithful
Christians, sleepeth here in Jesus, waiting for her final
Call. Ruth iii. 11: "All the city of my people doth know
That she was a virtuous woman."

The above is the Mrs. Rogers whose place Hester A. Roe was called to fill. And very near the spot where lie the remains of Mrs. Rogers there is another tablet, whose inscription will be read by many devoted Christians with interest, which I will here transcribe:--

Underneath Are The Remains Of
Ann Cutler,
Whose simple manners, solid piety, and extraordinary
Power in prayer, distinguished and rendered her eminently

Useful in promoting religious revivals wherever she went.
She was born near Preston, in Lancashire: and died here
December 29th,
1794, aged 35 years.

Scarcely did I imagine in my youthful days, when I used to read with so much avidity and prayerful interest the Memoirs of Hester Ann Rogers, and the tract written by the holy Bramwell, giving an account of Nanny Cutler, or, as she was generally called, "Praying Nanny," that I should be brought to labor on the soil watered by their prayers and tears.

We are very pleasantly situated here. As I write, I look out on a beautiful lawn, majestic trees, and sweet flowers. Just at the foot of the lawn, within a minute's walk, glistening beyond the trees, is a beautiful natural lake. Beyond it are

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green."

I enjoy nature exceedingly. I look upon these beautiful lawns, so richly spread with living green, as carpeted by my heavenly Father's hand; and as I watch the trees putting on their foliage, and the fruit-blossoms and flowers now putting forth everywhere around me, I see, in all, the workings of a Father's hand, and my heart from its inmost recesses pours forth ceaseless ascriptions of praise. God, even our God, has most graciously provided pleasant homes for us since we have been in England.

You will observe the place where we now are is called Park House, from the fact that it is situated in the midst of a large park. It is the birthplace of Rev. Ryle, the distinguished Church of England minister, and author of many religious tracts extensively known and read by people of various creeds. His father was a rich banker, and formerly resided here. His grandfather, who built this house over half a century ago, was a devoted Wesleyan, and helped forward the cause of Methodism by his prayers and money. I have within a few hours been to see the Sunderland-street Chapel, built in Mr. Wesley's time. Mr. Ryle, the grandfather of the present earnest writer of religious tracts, was a special friend of Mr. Wesley; and a handsome tablet set in the chapel-wall, inscribed to his memory, states that he gave largely toward the erection of the building, contributing at one donation one thousand pounds.

Since we have been in this country we have received several highly-prized mementos, which I am sure our friends with ourselves will love to look upon, should we again reach our beloved, distracted country. Within the past week we have received from J. Higgs, Castle Hill, Maidenhead, a highly interesting and well-preserved letter, written by the Rev. John Wesley to a lady in High Wycomb, dated Bristol, Oct. 4, 1787.

We have also received, as a present from Mrs. Heeley of Birmingham, an original letter of Mrs. Mary Fletcher. It was written to Miss Colley, the mother of Mrs. Heeley, previous to her marriage.

Saturday, 24th. -- Last evening we held our parting services. Between the hours of five and seven o'clock, a farewell tea-meeting was held in the commodious centenary school-room,

when about four hundred sat down to tea. A large and valuable copy of the Scriptures, printed in 1698, to which is appended the Book of Psalms in meter, several of the Psalms set to notes over two hundred years old, was presented to us by David Holland. This is indeed a most valuable gift, which money, I presume, could scarcely have purchased. It has just been rebound in a very superb and exceedingly antiquated style.

The parting services at the chapel were sweetly affecting and profitable. After the address, the communion-rail was surrounded with seekers, the most of whom, we trust, found the Saviour. Hundreds promised to meet us in heaven, though we might meet no more on earth.

* * * * *

28 -- CHAPTER

Sheffield, May 26 1861

At Sheffield we paused a little over one day at the house of our excellent friends Skelton Cole, and his esteemed lady. While here, we accomplished what had been a cherished object since our arrival on the shores of England.

At a little town within eight miles of Sheffield, our loved and venerated father was born. We rode out to the place, on the brow of a huge hill, overlooking a landscape of exceeding beauty; saw the venerable mansion still standing where centuries past my ancestors had lived. We also went to the old Bradford Church, where my father worshipped the God of his fathers when a boy, within whose ancient walls my ancestors lie buried. My heart would incline me to dwell longer amid these scenes; but expediency bids me hasten.

Returning to Sheffield, we remained over night, and, in the morning, went abroad with our obliging friends to see various scenes of interest abounding in Sheffield and its environs, all of which, though worthy of note, I must omit, with the exception of "The Mount." This was, for many years, the residence of the poet Montgomery. Perhaps the poet may have called this, his pleasant residence, "The Mount," from the fact that it stands on rising ground, and is surrounded by pleasant villas. In the environs of Sheffield, the good Montgomery spent the evening of his life, honored and beloved; and here, on the 30th of April, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age, his spirit returned to God.

It was indeed with great satisfaction that we gazed upon the spot called "The Mount," and remembered it was from this place that

"He took his last triumphal flight
From Calvary to Zion's height."

I should have said that our host was well acquainted with the poet Montgomery; and among the last lines he wrote were some beautiful verses in the album of our hostess, which, I presume, have never been published, and which I will here transcribe. They were written just twenty-nine days before he went to enjoy the felicities of heaven, and read thus:--

Which Is The Happiest Place In Heaven?

Which is the happiest? If you ask,
To answer seems no easy task;
And yet methinks 'tis not too hard,
Where all is grace, although reward,
That must to each the happiest be
Which each has gained through mercy free;
Nor need the lowliest lost in love
Envy the highest saint above.
The dew-drop is as full of light
As the great sun that lends its light:
Where self must into nothing fall,
There God in each is all in all.
Reader! whoe'er thou art, to thee be given
The bliss to find that happiest place in heaven!

-- J. Montgovery

Are not these, among the last tones that fell from the lyre of the honored poet, too sweet to remain circumscribed within the lids of a lady's album? So I thought, and so I give them a wider range by sending them over the ocean, that they may salute the ears of the lovers of sacred verse everywhere.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. As I walked over the ground so oft trodden by the Sheffield poet of world-wide fame, I thought of the tens of thousands whose lips had been attuned to the precious words,

"Forever with the Lord,"

who would rejoicingly hail the sweet composer among the glorified in heaven.

The family of that burning and shining light, Rev. John Smith, whose living ministry was blessed to thousands, and who, being dead, is still speaking to many through his excellent memoir, resides here. I would have gone to see his widow; but the rain, falling in torrents, prevented.

Leaving Sheffield, we went to fill a long-standing engagement at Epworth.

* * * * *

29 -- CHAPTER

Epworth, Rose Villa, May 29, 1861

We are now at the well-known birthplace of the founder of Methodism. The call to which we have responded in coming here is somewhat different from those we have generally entertained. The Wesleyans have a good church edifice. The little chapel built in the days of Wesley, 1758, and of which he writes, "I preached in the shell of the new house, March 13," has been succeeded by a more commodious edifice, rebuilt on the old site in 1821. In the rear of the pulpit is a beautiful marble tablet inscribed to the memory of John Wesley, and his father and mother, Samuel and Susannah Wesley.

The design is gratefully commemorative of the fact that this is the town honored of God as the birthplace of one of world-wide notoriety, who was instrumental in one of the greatest revivals the earth has witnessed since the days of the apostles. A recess has recently been added for the reception of a new large organ, and other alterations, demanding extra effort on the part of the trustees. We have accepted an invitation to be answerable to a week of special services. We came three or four days since, and, besides extra services on the Sabbath, have held meetings each evening. Souls have been blessed, some with pardon, others with the witness of purity; and many have been quickened in the divine life. But the work has not been as general thus far as we are accustomed to witness when not blended with secular matters.

Yesterday we had a tea-meeting, when nearly five hundred persons sat down to a well-spread table. A large tent was pitched in a green field. The tent was filled with tables, all neatly spread with snow-white cloths; and beautiful bouquets, everywhere profusely interspersed over the Will:filled tables, added to the sweetness of the scene. Tea-meetings, on special occasions, are much appreciated in England, and, by way of raising money for special purposes, are frequently resorted to. The avails of this for tickets alone were about one hundred dollars.

Epworth has seldom witnessed such gatherings as we had at both afternoon and evening services yesterday. The best of all was God was with us, and the communion-rail was filled with persons seeking salvation.

Epworth is a small market-town, pleasantly situated. It is the capital of the Isle of Axholm, and is about three and a half miles from the navigable Trent. Its nearest railway station is Crowle, six miles distant. It has a neat market-place, and several good dwellings and shops. It is approached by four streets, of which that from the west is about two miles in length, consisting of one long line of houses, chiefly detached.

At the point from which these four streets diverge stands an ancient stone monument, doubtless centuries old, called the Market Cross. It was at this cross that Mr. Wesley preached frequently, and gathered well-nigh all the inhabitants of Epworth again and again, as recorded in his journals. On one of these occasions, he says, "Sabbath, 14th, I preached at four in the afternoon in Epworth Market-place, where God struck with the hammer of his word, and broke the hearts of stone. We had" afterward a love-feast, at which a flame was soon kindled which was greatly increased, while Mr. Cundy related the manner how God perfected him in love; a testimony which is always attended with a peculiar blessing."

And here in the midst of the town, and within sight of the cross, stands, as we are informed, the veritable old inn of which Mr. Wesley says, "I went to an inn in the middle of the

town, not knowing whether there were any left in the town now who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance; but an old servant of my father soon found me out, and two or three poor women. I asked one of these, 'Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?' She answered, 'I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith; and many here can say the same thing.'"

Among the first objects of interest we hastened to see on coming to the town was the Church of St. Andrew, where Wesley's father was the officiating rector nearly forty years. It is a large, ancient structure, so old that it is said no one can tell its age. Probably it has stood at least three or four centuries. It is a stone building, in the Gothic style of architecture, consisting of nave, aisle, and chancel; and has a fine tower at the western portion, containing a musical peal of bells. The approach to the church is by a broad flagged causeway: on each side is a row of trees, the most of which are ancient, forming "t beautiful arch. The church is situated on an eminence, commanding a fine view of all the adjacent country. But, before entering the church, we hastened to the memorable gravestone marking the place where lie the remains of the father of Wesley. We soon found it, and read the inscription:--

"Here lieth all that was mortal of Samuel Wesley, A.M. He was rector of Epworth thirty-nine years, and departed this life April 25, 1785, aged seventy-two. 'As he lived, so he died, in the true catholic faith of the Holy Trinity in Unity, and that Jesus Christ is God incarnate and the only Saviour of mankind.' -- Acts iv. 12. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.' -- Rev. xiv. 13."

It seems to have been a cherished desire with the rector of Epworth that he should be succeeded by his son, John Wesley; and earnest and well-nigh imperative were the exhortations and pleadings of the father that his son should follow him in his ministry at Epworth: but he whose expansive soul encompassed the world as his parish could not bring his mind to believe that it was the order of God. Little did he then conceive that so soon after the departure of his father from earth he would be not only excluded from the pulpit occupied by his father, but be pronounced unworthy to partake of the Lord's Supper at the altar where from childhood he had knelt to partake of the sacred emblems of the Saviour's broken body and blood.

On a visit to Epworth in June, 1742, he says,

"A little before service began, I went to Mr. Romley, the curate, and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers; but he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a rumor being spread that I would preach; but the sermon on 'Quench not the Spirit' was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. The curate told them one of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm, and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon, John Taylor stood in the churchyard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, 'Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock.' I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'"

April, 1745, Mr. Wesley again visited Epworth; but the poor curate's sermon, from beginning to end, was another "railing accusation." But Mr. Wesley's only exclamation was, "Father, forgive him; for he knoweth not what he doeth." Again and ever after he was forced to preach out of doors, either on his father's tombstone or at the market-cross, until a chapel was erected by the Wesleyan society in 1758; and even then he was seldom able to preach within doors, the crowd being so great.

But, though subject to such dishonorable and cruel treatment from the clergy who succeeded his venerated father, he never lost his love for his native town. He frequently visited it; and toward the close of his eventful life, July, 1779. he makes the following record in his journal:--

"Friday, 9th, went to Epworth. How true is the trite remark,

'The natal soil, to all how strangely sweet!
The place where first he breathed who can forget?'

"In the evening I took my usual stand in the marketplace, but had far more than the usual congregation.

"Saturday, 10th, taking a solitary walk in the church. yard, I felt the truth of 'one generation goeth, and another cometh.' See how the earth drops its inhabitants as the tree drops its leaves!"

Under date of the succeeding day, preaching at the market-cross, he says, --

"So general an outpouring of God's Spirit we had seldom known as we had on Sabbath in the afternoon.

'Like mighty winds, and torrents fierce,
He did opposers all o'er-run.'"

After visiting the church, our next object of special interest was the rectory. The present resident and rector of Epworth is Rev. Charles Dundas, M.A. The living now is worth nine hundred and fifty-two pounds yearly, exclusive of the use of the rectory and thirty-four acres of land. This makes a salary of about four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in American currency, and must largely exceed the income received when Mr. Wesley, senior, was the incumbent. We had a long friendly talk with the rector while looking at the rectory and walking over the beautiful grounds. We referred to" what were the pecuniary difficulties of Rev. Samuel Wesley when occupying the rectory for such a long term of years. He could see no cause for Mr. Wesley's pecuniary difficulties and troubles of various sorts, but from some unquiet, exacting tendencies on the part of the man.*

[*As to the value of the living in Samuel Wesley's day, he himself says that it was of the nominal value of two hundred pounds; but that he seldom realized from it more than one hundred and sixty pounds, which is not one-fifth its present value.]

From subsequent inquiries I found that these clerical apportionments are subject to inspection and revision once in twenty years; and we were told that the clerical rates were probably, at that comparatively early date, not half what they are at present. When we inquired of the rector whether he could give us any clue in regard to the time when the church was "built, and some other parish statistics, he said, "No: unfortunately the parish registers and many important church statistics were lost, being burned with the rectory-house in 1709." As he said this, I thought, "Ah! how little does he know of the deep interest and gratitude pervading the minds of thousands, in near and remote portions of the world, in remembrance of the rescue of a little boy, who, amid that conflagration, was taken from an upper window of that rectory on the shoulders of sturdy men, and lived to be instrumental in the hand of the Almighty in rescuing thousands of lost men from the flames of perdition!"

The rectory, of course, was mostly rebuilt; but we were told that a large portion of the rear part of the building is probably the same as in Wesley's boyhood days: and the window was pointed out to us from which it is said Wesley was taken; but this must be mainly conjecture. The rear part of the building looks very old; and as it is not unusual for houses and also churches to be centuries old, I scarcely doubt that the part of the rectory designated did survive the conflagration. I trust my friends will not deem me superstitious, yet I cannot but feel the deepest interest and veneration in walking over grounds hallowed by so many pious associations.

Here I survey the scenes, and tread the walks, which, over a century since, were familiar to the eye and sacred to the meditations of the sainted Susannah Wesley, a woman the like of whom the world has seldom if ever seen equaled. Here she passed through her maternal and mental solitudes and triumphs, as she saw her gifted, well-trained children rising up around her to call her blessed. Here, as the wife of a pastor, during the absence of her husband, she sought to feed the flock by Sabbathevening services, reading sermons and prayers, and giving Christian advices.

Here one of the sweetest songsters in Israel the religious world ever knew first drew the vital air. Thousands of voices in near and remote portions of the world are being attuned to melodies, whose inspirations, through grace, emanated from this spot; and tens of thousands of redeemed, blood-washed spirits will, to all eternity, praise the God of all grace in more exalted strains for the burning and shining lights the luminous commencement of whose career may be traced back to Epworth's lowly, lovely vale.

The Wesleys -- Scene:-- The tomb of Rev. Samuel Wesley, A.M., Epworth.

From Epworth's lowly, pleasant vale,
Where beauteous fields and flowers abound,
And singing birds my ears regale,
And peace wafts smiles on all around,
Here o'er a peaceful grave I stand,

The grave of one whose noble sons,
Though dead, shall speak to many a land
Long as old Time his circle runs.

Hail! noble sons of sire revered,
Whose dust lies resting 'neath this stone,
Who when on earth ye loved and feared,
And now have met around the throne.
And what your mission? 'Twas to raise
In every place where man hath trod
A people showing forth God's praise,
A people fearless for their God;

A holy people, valiant, true;
A people filled with heavenly might;
Who one a thousand shall pursue,
And two ten thousand put to flight.
Myriads of this and every clime,
Long as a race on earth is known,
Shall prove your mission all divine,
And give the praise to God alone.

A correspondent of the "Wesleyan Times" of June 8 says, --

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer spent the last week in the small town of Epworth, the birth-place of the immortal Wesley. The friends at Epworth had two objects in view in inviting Dr. and Mrs. Palmer; viz., to raise funds to defray the expenses of a larger organ, and the salvation of sinners. Both are in a great measure accomplished. To God be all the praise! While lifting the standard of the cross, and exhibiting Christ as the only Saviour, many have believed and found peace, and others the blessing of 'perfect love.' One young, intelligent, married lady found the blessing of pardon one night; and on the third night she went to the altar of prayer for holiness, and then and there presented her body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ; and at once cried out, 'O blessed Jesus! thy blood cleanses me from all sin; and now, in her spirit, manner, and heavenly glow on her countenance, proves the work to be of God. Surely, if all the ministers and people were thus in earnest, revivals would be realized and welcomed, not wondered at."

Crowle, June 5, 1861

Leaving Epworth, our excellent host, J. Hays, kindly took us in his carriage to Crowle, a small neat town a few miles distant, to which we have been most urgently invited. Our home is with Mr. Robert Brush, a truly devoted and acceptable local preacher, who, with his highly esteemed and useful lady, seems to be walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

Since we have been here, we have had much to encourage us. The place of Zion's tent has been enlarged, and her stakes strengthened. Many have been endued with power from on high. Powerfully has the convincing, converting, and sanctifying Spirit been abroad in all our assemblies. There are not a few gracious souls here. How different the tone of piety now, than in the days of one of whom Mr. Wesley speaks, and whose gravestone may be seen in the churchyard a few minutes' walk from where I write!

A note in Mr. Wesley's journal, under date of Wednesday, 18, 1770, reads thus: "About noon, I preached at Crowle. This is the place, the former rector of which, contemporarily with my father, ordered these words to be inscribed upon his tombstone:--

Here lies the body of
Solomon Ashburn,
Forty years rector of this parish.

"All the day long have I stretched out my hands Unto a disobedient and gainsaying people; So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust, And let them follow their own imaginations."

"They did follow them for many years; but at length God hath visited them."

* * * * *

30 -- CHAPTER

Boston, June 18, 1861

From Crowle we passed through several notable towns, -- Doncaster, Retford, and Lincoln; arriving at Boston toward evening. It is an ancient town in Lincolnshire. Boston of this Old World is waning. It formerly numbered several thousand more inhabitants than at present. The population is about eighteen thousand. We have been spending the last fourteen days here.

Boston of New England derived its name through the intervention of the Rev. Mr. Cotton a noted non-conformist clergyman, who for twenty years exercised his ministry in this place, and, for his refusal to conform to rights bordering on Popery, was forced to resign his vicarage. To save himself from imprisonment, he left these regions stealthily. Changing his ministerial garb, and traveling in disguise, he took passage at the Downs on the 13th of July, 1633, in the ship "Griffin," for America, being closely pursued by his enemies. After a passage of nearly seven weeks (during which time he was greeted with an addition to his family, and named the son Seaborn), he landed safely in his adopted home, New England, Sept. 4; and here he is reputed to have done more in settling the civil and ecclesiastical policy of the colonists than any other person.

The church in which Mr. Cotton commenced his ministry July, 1612, still stands, the pride of the town, and doubtless is in far better condition than when the worthy Cotton left it. The foundation-stone was laid in 1309, having been rejuvenated at the cost of several thousand

pounds within the past twenty years. This church is regarded as a curiosity by visitors, being one of the most beautiful in England. Rev. John Wesley occasionally visited Boston, and, writing in his journal of this church, says, "From the top of the steeple, which I suppose is by far the highest tower in the kingdom, we had a view not only of all the town, but of all the adjacent country." But neither Mr. John Cotton the nonconformist, nor John Wesley, who had so much to do in turning the world upside down, could hope to be tolerated in such a church edifice or a church community as this, during their day. Times, perhaps, have somewhat changed for the better.

It is certainly quite to the credit of the Bostonians that they should have so far forgotten the wrong in their fraternal affections for Old Boston as to have reared an abiding memorial of their regard in the form of a chapel, at the cost of about four thousand pounds. It makes a part of the church, which is only separated from it by a baize screen. This new and beautiful addition by the Bostonians of New England to the antiquated Boston Church of Old England is, in becoming taste, called the "Cotton Memorial," and furnishes a sort of union between the Old and New World, pleasant to contemplate.

On the wall of the Cotton Memorial chapel is a tablet bearing an inscription in memory of Mr. Cotton. The inscription is in Latin, from the pen of the Hon. Edward Everett of Boston, Mass. But though the far-famed St. Botolph's Church, with its immense tower and proportionate dimensions, outvies most of the Established churches in these regions, it is far from being the only attraction of Boston. There are several dissenting chapels here, the most of which are neat, commodious, and well sustained. There are some phrases which an American has to take some pains to unlearn in coming to England. Here no place of worship is acknowledged as a church, or is called such; but those strictly of the Establishment: hence all dissenting churches are called chapels.

Our Wesleyan friends have a spacious: and beautiful chapel here. The building is by public consent admitted to be one of the most commodious chapels in the country, and has not many rivals in the kingdom. The front presents an Ionic colonnade of four massive pillars, winged by two square towers, which stand several feet forward, and screen the body of the chapel. Within these towers are the principal stair-ways to the gallery; and above them several class-rooms. The interior combines neatness with beauty and becoming gravity. The gallery is very capacious. The organ is placed at the east end of the gallery, behind the pulpit, and is one of the largest in the kingdom, combining great power with fine tone and sweetness. The chapel ground is more than an acre in extent, and is very tastefully laid out in flower-beds and beautiful lawns. In the rear of the chapel is the Wesleyan day-school, with a detached house for the master.

The Wesleyan schools, either on the chapel premises or elsewhere, are common all over the land. They are doing much toward the future of Methodism in England, and the present welfare of the children, intellectually and spiritually. The Wesleyan school here is for the education of children of parents of all religious denominations, and is subject to government inspection.

The Methodists are first mentioned in the records of Boston in 1768; but Mr. Wesley's journals show that he began to break up the fallow ground, and plant the seed of the kingdom, nearly ten years before this. Under date of April, 1759, he says, "I preached at Boston. A rude multitude quickly ran together to a paddock adjoining the town. A more unawakened congregation I have not seen for some years." Again, the succeeding day, he says, "I was constrained to stand in the street. Abundance of people assembled together, whom I exhorted to 'repent, and believe the gospel.' The word fell heavy upon them, and I trust broke some of the stony hearts."

The trust so humbly expressed by the laborious founder of Methodism was honored by the Head of the Church. The ground was broken, stony hearts received the word, and hundreds of ripe sheaves have already been garnered in heaven; and hundreds at this hour in good old Boston have reason to thank God: and will to all eternity praise him, for the form of Christianity denominated Methodism.

Within the past two weeks, showers of blessings have been falling on Boston. The capacious altar, capable of accommodating about sixty persons, has been filled with earnest seekers, some seeking pardon, others pleading for the full baptism of the Spirit. Since we commenced our special services, between two and three hundred names have been recorded by the secretaries as having been made the special recipients of grace. Our hearts are ever attuned to praise in view of the victories of grace we are continually witnessing.

Here as elsewhere the Lord gave us the hearts of his people, and we parted from them amid tears and blessings. Our home was with the excellent circuit-steward, G. Small, who, with his esteemed lady, we shall long love to remember. Previous to the evening service, we had, as usual, a farewell tea-meeting, where about three hundred sat down to tea with us.

Amid those pleasant yet painful parting scenes, I often think of that world where farewells are no more uttered; where all the redeemed, from righteous Abel down to the last one washed in the atoning blood, shall meet in our Father's kingdom, and together sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

We feel that we have but one work; and if one passion above another prevails, it is love for souls, and a desire to see this revolted world brought back to the world's Redeemer. Of how little avail are churches or church communities, if it may not be said of them "that this man and that man were born there"! Our minds are habitually and yet more divinely impressed with the conviction that the glory of this world passeth away as a flower, and every thing not having a bearing on the interests of the soul seems trivial.

One of the most terrific conflagrations with which England has been visited since 1666 is now progressing. Property to the amount of millions is being destroyed. The raging element is defying the art of men. Water is powerless in quenching it. The River Thames itself has the appearance of being on fire; and vessels are set on fire, and lives are being lost, by the consuming flame. The explanation of this phenomenon is this. In many of the large warehouses now on fire, situated near and on the banks of the river, were stored hundreds of barrels of oil, and grease of various kinds, and tar, which, on taking fire, have discharged their contents in the

streets, and, as a liquid flame running ankle-deep, has found its way to the river, setting every thing on fire with which it comes in contact.

And all this not the work of an incendiary, or scarcely to be thought of as the work of man. Some hemp, having been thrown together in a large fire-proof building, so new that the builders had scarcely completed their work, took fire by spontaneous combustion. Surely Omnipotence is teaching man his utter impotency, and showing the rich of this world how "riches may take unto themselves wings, and fly away."

A few weeks after leaving Boston, the superintendent writes, "I greatly rejoice at the general state of our people. There is a rising desire and confidence in our own people; and the effect of the good work in the Church is to spread the influence of the truth and the work of the Spirit beyond the boundaries of the Church; and the attraction is felt on the hearts of sinners, and Christ's kingdom goes on to be enlarged. I believe this will be the continued effect in Boston.

We have been going carefully through the names of the different persons entered, and feel delighted to find that they are confessing in their classes as old members the possession of perfect love, and the young converts are getting among our people, and joining class; so that we still have a delightful movement going on in the society. It is a quiet movement; but we still have penitents praying for and finding mercy, and these appear anxious to be instrumental in doing good to others.

The result of this delightful work is to call out energy. The dumb have indeed begun to speak; and some of those who attended class-meeting, and felt afraid to speak, are now saying from a full heart, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name." They can now without fear speak of the Lord's loving-kindness.

I was speaking to a young lady whom I felt anxious about some time since. I feared she might leave the society. She expressed her inability to speak in class. She says, "I could now even stop the people in the street to tell them what I enjoy, and that Christ is love." She is a specimen of others who are now trying to look out spheres of usefulness.

* * * * *

31 -- CHAPTER

Darlington, July 21, 1861

The first railroad in the world was commenced here, running from Darlington to Stockton; and the first locomotive engine ever run on a railroad now stands as an object of curiosity at the Darlington Depot. It is different in its construction from those in present use, having two walling beams and upright cylinders. It is kept in fine order, and stands on a large elevated platform built purposely for its accommodation. The date of the year, 1825, is engraved on the slab upon which it stands. That it is regarded as an object of much interest, who can doubt? Strangers come from a distance to see it, and photographers lend their aid to those, not otherwise able to command the sight.

Darlington has more of a Quaker population than perhaps any other town in England of its size. It sent the first Quaker representative to Parliament that was ever in the house, and his beautiful house and ample grounds are directly opposite where I am now writing.

A few hours ago, several large conveyances passed our window, closely stowed with scores of joyous children. We ask the wherefore, and are informed that these are children belonging to the "Friends Sabbath school" in this place, who are being taken out to some distant playground to recreate. The first Quaker Sabbath school that has come under our observation, say we.

We are again in the north of England, witnessing glorious triumphs of the cross. Since we commenced special services, from ten to forty have been saved daily, besides scores who have sought and obtained the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Seldom have I seen the fact that holiness is power, more fully demonstrated. We found here, as in many other places, that definite interest in the theme of holiness has been the exception. It is a fact that I presume no one would be disposed to question, that explicit testimony has not been greatly encouraged in England. We cannot doubt the peculiarity of the work the Head of the Church has given us to do. In our endeavors to speak of heart-holiness as the standard of Bible religion, and our peculiar responsibilities as a people to maintain this standard, we have indeed been most graciously owned.

Yesterday was a most precious day. Four meetings were held, -- two early morning prayer-meetings, one at five o'clock, another at six, -- and another for prayer from twelve to one; then again at three o'clock and at seven P.M., both of which were largely attended. Special trains were engaged for the accommodation of those who wished to be at the afternoon and evening services. Refreshments were furnished in the large vestry: over one hundred persons sat down to tea. I have seldom felt so much of the power of God resting upon my own soul as when addressing the people during the afternoon and evening services. In soul and body, I felt divinely energized. Several ministers were present.

Darlington is on the London road, leading to the seat of the conference which is now on the eve of being held at Newcastle; and some of the ministers on their way stopped, and attended the meeting. We talked of the Bible standard of piety and of the old landmarks of Methodism, and of our peculiar responsibilities as a people and as individuals to maintain this standard definitely and specially if we would be answerable to the design for which God raised us up. The number of those who received purity during the afternoon and evening meetings I did not ascertain. The Lord owned the effort in the sanctification of several. About forty were newly brought out of Egyptian bondage into the liberty of God's dear children.

A Baptist gentleman and his lady from Scotland, who, by way of summer recreation, were on a visit to the mineral springs at a village four miles distant, hearing of these revival services, came in. The gentleman, though holding an official relation in the Baptist Church, by the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit became convinced that his gold was dross. His lady, also as deeply convinced as himself, went so far as to write back to the church authorities of the town where she had resided, and held her church membership, that she desired that her

name should be withdrawn from the church record, believing that she had never experimentally known what it was to be born of the Spirit, and therefore felt that she had been deceiving herself and others by her religious professions. She came forward as a seeker of justifying grace, and her husband also; and both were blessed with the witness of adoption. They afterwards apprehended that it was the duty and privilege of all Christ's disciples of every name to receive the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. With many others who sought the Pentecostal flame, they bowed at the altar of prayer. One evening, as we were addressing the congregation on the subject of faith by which the blessing is appropriated, the gentleman was enabled suddenly to apprehend that faith was only the act of taking God at his word; the act of reliance his own, aided by grace; and the gift a divine bestowment as the result of faith. The moment he believed, he felt the Holy Spirit, as an electric flame, energizing soul and body; and, turning to his wife, he grasped her hand, exclaiming, "I have got it!" His lady also received this gift of power the same evening, I believe, at the communion-rail.

That holiness is power was from this hour gloriously manifest in the case of this lady and gentleman. The people from that little watering-town were now urged to attend the services, and sometimes as many as a score have been brought through their influence to the meetings; and not a few of these, we trust, will scatter to their near and remote homes the flame here enkindled in their hearts. The Baptist lady and gentleman returned to their home, about one hundred miles distant, yesterday morning.

An earnest letter of invitation has this morning been received, asking if we will not come and labor in the Baptist Church of the town, as it will accommodate several hundred persons, being larger than the Wesleyan chapel; or, if we would prefer not to do this, that the town assembly-room, which will hold a still greater number, shall be engaged for the purpose.

An intelligent Catholic lady has several days since been seeking her way to the Saviour of sinners, unaided by the Virgin Mary. The priest has been after her, endeavoring to intimidate; but she seems settled in her views and purposes, and the language of her heart is, --

"None but Christ to me be given;
None but Christ, in earth or heaven."

Since we commenced to write, our attention has been called away by one who was formerly in church membership, and whose father was trustee of the Wesleyan chapel. This father, long since in the other world, left several sons. "Four of my brothers," says this man, "have hurried themselves to the grave with strong drink." And now this, the remaining son, having nearly destroyed himself, soul and body, seeing the evil of his way, is deeply penitent, and comes to seek our prayerful sympathy and advices.

The day of eternity will reveal which has done the most toward multiplying victims for eternal burnings, -- American slavery, or England's traffic in spirituous liquors.

A duly authorized statement has recently been laid before the British public, showing that, while twelve of the largest and most influential religious and philanthropic societies

combined are unable to raise one million Pounds a year to prosecute their praiseworthy objects, upwards of seventy millions are annually squandered on a hurtful, crime-producing drink.

I have just returned from our Saturday-evening service, which has been conducted like our New York Saturday-evening meetings. This was at our wish, not feeling quite able, after the exertions of the week, to have one of our ordinary services, and also believing it would serve the cause better that we should hear the testimonies of those who had been recently blessed. It was a blessed season. The Lord hearkened and heard. One testimony, which has been special cause of thanksgiving, I must relate. Three ministers were present. One of those who all the week had been on the threshold of the blessing was much on my mind: When I rose to speak, I asked that the Lord would not only give me a word in season for all, but especially for this beloved minister. How wonderful are the condescensions of our God! Among the words I said were these: "The enemy sometimes tells some who have been long in the way, that, should they speak, they would only have the old story to repeat; but this is all a mistake. The story of our salvation is always new, inasmuch as we are always being saved. If we are not sinning now, is it not because Jesus is now saving us? Could we save ourselves one moment from sin? And, if we are this moment saved from sinning, is it not the duty of the present moment to give God the glory due unto his name, and say, --

"Thou from sin dost save me now,
My Redeemer from all sin: I will praise thee"?

I then mentioned an item of experience our good Dr. Bangs told me several years ago, which stood in connection with his being brought out as an unflinching witness of present salvation.

He received the blessing when a young man, not long after his conversion, and joyfully testified to the witness of it; but after a while, though he did not cease to preach and talk of the subject occasionally in common with many other Methodist ministers, he ceased to be definite in his own experience and testimony. Without being scarcely aware of it, he had become general in his habit, of feeling and speaking on the subject; disposed, like hundreds of others in like position, to deal in the generals rather than in the particulars of experience. And this might have continued to be the case, had it not been that one day, when in the social circle, holiness became the theme of earnest converse. The clear-minded theologian had not been at a loss in defining the nature of the blessing; but when the lady to whom his conversation was addressed said, "Doctor, do you enjoy this blessing?" the good doctor was startled with her unexpected question. He observed to me about this dilemma thus: "I scarcely dared to say no, neither did I at the moment feel free to say yes; when, suddenly recollecting, I threw myself on the sin-atonement sacrifice, and, with the eye of faith steadfastly fixed on the blood that cleanseth, said in reply, "Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I can say I do." This was believing with the heart, and confessing with the mouth; and, the moment he made the confession, he felt the consuming influences of the Spirit in an extraordinary manner; and the flame that then burst forth has not since been quenched, as those who have since heard the confession of his lips testify. I then repeated, "One act of faith will do more for us than fifty years' groaning and pleading without it. Who will make the venture? or rather the venture is in not doing it; who will make the plunge, and just now.

'Sink into the purple flood,
Rise in all the life of God '?"

As I sat down, I felt sure that the Lord had given me the word specially for the minister who sat nearest me. I turned to him, and said, "Dear brother, you must do as Dr. B____ did, and you must do it now: all the week it has been on my mind to tell you so." Another minister, the town missionary, had already begun to speak; but this dear minister had the eye of his faith too intensely fixed on the blessing he had endeavored to grasp to think for a moment of any thing else. He rose quickly, and retired alone into the preachers' vestry, and after a few moments, returning to the chapel, stood up before the people, and gave in a glorious and most unequivocal testimony of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Just the act of faith, so sudden and simple, as referred to in the case of Dr. Bangs, he declared was what the Spirit had sealed upon his heart; and now he had alike been enabled to

"Plunge in the Godhead's deepest sea,
Lost in love's immensity."

Since this work began, nearly four weeks ago, between three and four hundred names have been recorded of those who have sought, and we trust have obtained, pardon; and scores of believers have sought and obtained the full baptism of the Holy Ghost.

In a few days we expect to leave for Barnard Castle. We are pressed to go to Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

We are most pleasantly situated here at Grange House, a short walk from the town. Salubrious air, surrounded with rich verdure and all the advantages of town and country, and blessed with the delightful society of our pious and intellectual hostesses, the Misses W____s, we have much to call forth adoring praise. Let me give you a glance at the instant in season and out of season labor of our beloved hostess, Miss E. W____. She is secretary of the "Female Darlington Christian Vigilance Band." The narrative given is only an ordinary specimen of the specific effort this lady and many others are making to save souls:--

"I was returning from Redcar* one evening, and, on entering the railway carriage at R____, was powerfully drawn out in prayer, that on my way home an opportunity might be afforded me of speaking to some sinner of Christ and his salvation. My sister and I occupied the compartment (a first-class); and, as we were both tired, she took one end, and I the other. I do not know that a word was spoken till we arrived at Stockton; but I know that my soul was feasting on things divine: my converse with Jesus was peculiarly sweet and hallowing.

[*Redcar is a noted place for sea-bathing.]

"At Stockton, a gentleman joined us; but, as he was intent on reading a newspaper he had with him, we passed on in silence till we came to Preston Junction, where the train stopped, and the porter announced, as usual, the name of the station. Upon this I was led to remark to my sister upon the pronunciation of the vowels, as the man sounded them double, thus: Pre-estion Ju-unchon. Our companion was attracted by these remarks, laid down his paper, and began to

speak of the diversity of dialects spoken in England; then of the English scenery; then of Continental customs; and next graphically described the Italian and Swiss lakes, with their surrounding scenery. I was much interested in the conversation, but remembered what must be my great business. So I said, very deliberately, Yes, "the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." I looked earnestly on the stranger's countenance as I spoke, and noticed some emotion. After a short pause, he began to speak of France; and, in reply, I remarked upon the sad spiritual darkness of that country. I said, 'How do you spend your Sabbaths when in Paris?' -- 'Well,' said he, 'you must do like the rest: you can't stay in the hotel all day.' I said, 'But you dare not do like others, if your heart were right with God: that is the all-important thing.'

"How amazed my friend appeared I but he had become interested; and he asked my opinion respecting the observance of the Sabbath, etc. To all his interrogations I replied, and then addressed several to him. As I expected, he was destitute of vital godliness; said he knew all these things in theory, but had never experienced religion. He asked me to explain what I meant by being born again (I had repeated the passage, 'Except a man be born again'). I then explained, as the Spirit helped me, what it was to have the heart changed, and, in a few words, related my own conversion to God; at the same time urging him to an immediate surrender of himself to his Saviour. I said, 'You know that the Holy Spirit has often visited you, and given you desires, which, if you had improved them, would have resulted in your salvation.' Said he, 'I am sure you are right; and I have sometimes prayed, but never felt any better for it.' I said, 'Then you did not ask in faith; you did not go to God believing that he could and would fulfill your petitions. "Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray" -- 'Oh!' he cried, 'you have just touched the right point! I see now what I have been doing; but,' said he, 'have you no doubts upon these subjects?' How thankful was I to be able to say, 'I have not a single doubt: I know in whom I have believed, and am sure that what He hath promised He is both able and willing to perform'!

"Much more was said than I can just now remember; but, in the midst of our conversation, as it seemed, the train reached Darlington, and we had to part. The gentleman rose, grasped my hand, and thanked me with great earnestness and warmth for having taken the trouble to talk thus with him: upon which I said, 'There is one thing I want to know, -- whether I shall meet you on the right hand in the great day.' Said he, with a firmness that delighted me, 'I will endeavor to do as you have been telling me, and to meet you there.'

"With what feelings I reached home, and approached the throne of grace, may be understood by those who are privileged to share in their Saviour's joy, -- the joy of seeing souls brought unto glory. Oh, how weak the instruments, but how mighty the power of the indwelling Spirit!

"A week or two later, having met with a female in a shop at Redcar, and remembering my special half-hour, I at once spoke to her on the subject of religion. Whilst so doing, her countenance gradually grew sad; and she burst into tears, told me she was a great sinner, and would be glad to be made happy. I told her the way to the cross, and urged her to an immediate surrender. I obtained a promise from her that she would not rest upon her pillow till she had in penitence and faith sought mercy of God; at the same time promising that I would plead specially for her. During that evening, I did so. Two days after, it was again my turn to go to

Redcar. My first care was to find this person, whom I met -- with such a happy countenance! On the evening referred to, the Lord had spoken peace to her soul. Glory forever to the Lamb!"

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32 -- CHAPTER

Barnard Castle: Aug. 9, 1861

At the banks of the Tees stands the old castle built by Barnard Baliol between the years 1112 and 1132. It is from this castle that the town derives its name. It covers an area of several acres, and still looks majestic, though in ruins. It is founded on a magnificent pile of rock rising out of the Tees, whose rapid current is ever sweeping its base. These ruins stand as a monument of those times when it was unsafe for persons to live far away from such fortified places.

This was peculiarly the case with the northern shires of this kingdom. Their contiguity to Scotland rendered them subject to frequent incursions from the borderers, who, at that period, were regarded as uncivilized marauders, bent on destruction and plunder, so that the repeated animosities and conflicts into which they were plunged had the tendency of brutalizing the mind and retarding the progress of civilization.

Barnard Castle has long since ceased to be inhabited, with the exception of an old soldier, who has a portion of the castle-grounds for cultivation, and has a room fitted up amid the old ruins for his own accommodation. He told us that he was on the field at the time Napoleon the First was defeated, at the battle of Waterloo; but, though he manifested enthusiasm in talking of the triumphs achieved for his country, he was exceedingly more so in speaking of the time when he enlisted under Christ as the Captain of his salvation, and the conquests he had achieved in the service of the King of glory.

Wyckliffe, the great reformer, was born near a little village called Wyckliffe, a few miles from Barnard Castle. We lingered some time in the church at Wyckliffe, now centuries old, where Wyckliffe and his fathers worshipped, and where his ancestors have been for ages entombed. The dust of the reformer does not lie here. We also looked at the ruins of Egliston Abbey, about one mile from Barnard Castle, where Wyckliffe obtained his education.

History also records that the stern John Knox occasionally preached at Barnard Castle. Knox married the daughter of Sir Richard Bowes, whose residence was at Streatham Castle, only two miles distant from this town, and was known to spend much time at the residence of Sir Richard Bowes after his return from Frankfort and Geneva. Lady Isabella Bowes was a well-known patroness of Puritan ministers. She expended one thousand pounds per year in the support of those who were doomed to suffer because of their nonconformity. The remains of Sir Richard Bowes, the husband of this estimable lady, are entombed in the Barnard-castle Churchyard. The minister who officiated at his funeral was requested to take the oversight of the parish by the widow; but he declared "he durst not venture among so surly a people."

One of the intrepid ministers maintained by Lady Bowes was the noted Richard Rothwell, at that time called the "rough-hewer." On her ladyship expressing her fears that he might be cruelly molested in case of his coming to Barnard Castle, he replied, "Madam, if I thought I should not meet the Devil there, I would not come. He and I have been at odds in other places, and I hope we shall not agree here," Though his life was often jeopardized, he continued to labor for years, not only in this place, but in all the regions round about, with so much intrepidity and zeal, that he stands recorded to the present day as the "Apostle of the North."

England abounds with dilapidated castles and churches, so many centuries old, that history fails to give their Origin; and, oh, what lessons Of mortality, and tales of interest, do their old time-worn monuments of the departed teach!. Within and without the church-walls are the names of those whose bodies have long since returned to dust. Among those who formerly ministered to the people of Barnard-castle Church, and now lie sepulchered here, is Mr. Rogers, the nonconformist, an incident in whose history is given in the "Nonconformist Memorial."

A grand-daughter of Sir Richard Bowes, a child of seven years, seeing Mr. Rogers sitting in the waiting-room, inquired the cause. On hearing he was about to be committed to jail, She determinately persisted that it should not be done. Finding her plea unavailing, she at last declared, in case it was done, that she would drown herself in a neighboring pond. She was a spoiled child; and her relatives, fearing she might execute her threat, released good Mr. Rogers. Befbre leaving, he pronounced a prophetic benediction on the dear child, which was most graciously verified. She subsequently became an eminently devoted follower of the Lamb.

In this churchyard also lie the remains of Mrs. Boardman. Mr. Boardman's last field of labor, before offering himself for America, was at Barnard Castle; and here Mrs. Boardman died only a few months previous to his leaving for America. The eminent revivalist, Rev. John Smith, spent one year in the Barnard-castle Circuit. Our host knew him well, and loved to talk of Ms burning zeal and mighty power in prayer.

Barnard Castle abounds in beautiful walks and drives. Among our many pleasant rides was one to High Force, about ten miles from the town. Here the River Tees falls eighty-two feet perpendicular into a basin of water sixty feet deep. The scenery is very romantic and wild; and tourists come from a distance to see it. Mr. Wesley, in his journal, speaks of High Force as one of the wonders of Nature.

Methodism was first introduced into Barnard Castle by a shoemaker, who, by conversing with his fellow-shopmates, succeeded in getting two others to join him. Afterwards they sent to Darlington, and obtained the help of a woman by the name of Catharine Graves, who exhorted publicly, and formed a class; but so great was the opposition, superstition, and ignorance of the people, that they would run after her in the street, and prick her with pins in order to draw blood, thinking thereby to elude the power of her supposed witchcraft.

The river Tees separates the county of Durham from Yorkshire. It is crossed by a fine stone bridge: but, at the foot of the street where we are most courteously entertained, large stepping-stones are laid in the bottom of the stream; and, if you desire, you can cross into Yorkshire by this way.

Since writing the above in regard to the River Tees, a heavy rain has fallen, and the river is altogether a different-looking stream. It is now swollen, and I suppose some eight or ten feet deep, and running rapidly and roaring furiously over its rocky bed. Persons of all ages -- men, women, and children are standing on its banks, securing the driftwood and twigs of trees as they come floating down the stream.

We are the guests of J. Steele, who, with his intelligent lady and daughter, are lovers of heart-purity, and promoters of every good work. Few hail the monthly visits of the "Guide to Holiness" with greater interest than this devoted household of faith. Our kind host is quite an antiquarian. I have original letters now before me which were handed me to read, which, I am sure, would feast your eyes and heart. One from Dr. Adam Clarke; another from Joseph Benson, the great commentator; also from Henry Moore, and others noted in Wesleyan literature.

It is now Saturday. We expect to close our labors here on Monday evening. A farewell tea-meeting will be given in the afternoon, at five o'clock, at which it is expected the converts, with scores of others, will be present. These gatherings are very interesting.

The importance of taking the names of the newly converted, in order that they may at once be given to the watch-care of the Church, cannot be over-estimated. How emphatic the declaration, "Even so it is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish"! If not intrusted to the care of nursing Fathers and mothers, is there not danger that they will perish? And, if so, where may their blood be found? Will it not be on the skirts of that Church to whom that babe in Zion was intrusted? I have sometimes feared that much blood may be found on some church communities, who have failed on account of not entertaining right views of responsibilities in relation to this matter.

That many children should be born to Zion, brings solemn and weighty responsibilities on the church community to which they are given. Doubtless God in mercy withholds a revival from some church communities because there are not a sufficient number of nursing fathers and mothers to meet the emergency.

Here the cloud of divine mercy has followed, and poured out showers of blessings. During our visit of about thirty days, besides between thirty and forty children under fourteen years who have flocked as doves to the windows, the names of three hundred and three who had presented themselves as seekers were recorded by the secretary as having sought and obtained.

These, of course, were not all from within the bounds of the small town of Barnard Castle; but people came, bringing their friends, from various parts of the circuit. Special trains were occasionally run for the accommodation of those from more remote distances who wished to attend the services. The farewell tea-meeting was one of exceeding interest, and the closing services of the evening very delightful. Many were blessed. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous works!

Letters received since we left Barnard Castle tell us that the refreshing from the recent plenteous shower still remains. Several new classes have been formed, and a continuance of the work anticipated.

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33 -- CHAPTER

Berwick On Tweed, Sept. 10, 1861

Berwick On Tweed is a very old town, situated on the borders of Scotland. In the days of sanguinary strife, when England and Seothmd were rival kingdoms, the town of Berwick was the scene of many a desperate battle. It was for centuries most strongly fortified. A part of its castle and walls still remains. Scarcely any thing we have seen in England reminds us of days of yore as these ancient walls. They consist of a rampart of earth, faced with stone, and riveted with iron. The circumference is a mile and three quarters.

These walls are the principal walks in summer, and overlook on the eastern rampart the German Ocean, and on the western a fine view of the river Tweed and the surrounding country. There are five gates to the walls, -- the English Gate, Scotch Gate, Cowport Gate, Shore Gate, and Pier Gate. The population is from ten to twelve thousand.

Our home is in Spittall, at the pleasant villa of G. Black, on the banks of the beautiful German Ocean, about two miles distant from our scene of labor; but our ride to and from the town daily furnishes a pleasant respite, and only serves to fit us better for our delightful toil. The drawing-room windows of the house where I now write look out upon the expansive sea, whose ever-dashing waves remind us of the beautiful lines we used to sing:--

"Shout to His praise, ye surging waves,
In your eternal roar:
Let wave to wave resound His praise,
And shore reply to shore."

We often go and walk by the seashore, and muse on the wondrous wisdom and power of Him who hath set bounds to the ocean by a girdle of sand, so that its mighty billows, though ever foaming, dashing, and roaring, cannot overleap the boundaries. Who but Omnipotence could conceive of bounding the ever-restless, mighty ocean, with a girdle of sand? And as our eye looks over the vast expanse of ocean, and we see ocean and sky blending in the interminable distance, we think of our loved ones over three thousand miles distant, and we seem to see time and eternity blending; and we think of that land where there is no more sea, and think of the home

"Where death will all be done away,
And bodies part no more."

Open-air meetings have for the last year or two attracted much attention in this country, and have been productive of much good. Through a Presbyterian minister of this place, who has just returned from a meeting held on the beautiful grounds of the Duchess of Gordon, we are informed that hundreds of anxious souls manifested their desire for instruction. This meeting, under the auspices of the deeply pious duchess, presented more of the appearance of a Methodist camp-meeting in America than anything that has assumed that name here.

One large tent, capable of containing two or three thousand, was erected for the accommodation of the congregation, where the people from near and remote regions were addressed by a number of clerical and lay speakers. At a convenient distance, and circling around this large tent, were several smaller tents, to which those who were anxious about their souls were invited to repair. These were not sufficient for the accommodation of the many who wished to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?"

Our English friends, however much they might wish to have camp-meetings after the American fashion, could not command the accommodations. They have not miles of forest land to which they may at pleasure resort. There are many majestic parks, shaded by giant trees, whose beautifully trained branches form a shady shelter which would seem to invite to grateful worship; and as we have looked upon these fair portions of God's dominion, and remembered that

"The groves were God's first temples,"

we have thought, if the millennium were soon to dawn upon us, here might be a glorious site for an English "Millennial Grove," or "Sing-Sing Camp-meeting."

But these beautiful grounds are all owned by the nobility or the aristocracy; and for these to open their grounds, like the good Duchess of Gordon, would be regarded as one of the world's "seven wonders," as it now appears in the case we have cited.

The Queen of England is now at her home in Scotland, Balmoral, after having made her visit to Ireland, where she was graciously welcomed by her subjects. Several days since, the younger branches of the royal family passed through this place, pausing at the railroad station, -- within a short distance from where my letter is addressed, -- where they remained to take tea, to the great satisfaction of the people, who are never lacking in manifestations of loyalty and gratitude to their Queen.

An incident has just occurred, from which we may infer that the royal household ate not in a likely way of becoming Papists quite so soon as the "Freeman's Journal" Of America would intimate. An open-air revival service has been held on grounds near the royal castle, at which several from Balmoral Castle were present. The notice has created quite a sensation, and reads thus:--

"A Distinguished Audience At A Revival Meeting. -- A meeting was held in the open air, near the Suspension Bridge of Crathie, on the evening of Sabbath last, at which addresses were delivered by Revs. Ireland of Skene, and Cobban of Braemar. The attendance was large. Earl

Russell, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord: Stanley of Alderley, General Grey, and others from Balmoral Castle, were present."

Our work here has differed in some respects from that in which we have usually been engaged.

The Wesleyan cause is small; the church membership, twenty-seven. The chapel, capable of seating about four hundred, was soon found insufficient to accommodate the congregation. As people of various denominations were in attendance, it was proposed that the Exchange should be taken. This is a commodious building, somewhat similar to our New York Exchange, but not so large. Business-rooms, which might be used as vestries, at each corner of the building, suggested it as a good battleground for an ingathering from the hosts of sin on evangelical-alliance principles.

We have reason to believe there has been a great amount of conviction. One evening, when Dr. P_____ asked that all the anxious inquirers would stay after the congregation was dismissed, between two and three hundred remained.

But the people having been wholly untrained to the habit of making any manifestations of their feelings, -- and some were even taught to think it wrong to do so, -- it has been difficult to bring them out largely to an open acknowledgment, but we have reason to know that many are feeling deeply. Last evening, it was estimated that fifteen hundred were present. The four rooms set apart for seekers were all occupied, and many convicted of sin found mercy.

The fact is, that it is only common for persons to be communicants in the Established Church without knowing experimentally what it is to be born of the Spirit. I imagine few would be disposed to dispute the point, were I to say that those who profess to know that they have passed from death unto life are the exception rather than the rule. That it is the privilege of the believer to say, --

"Now I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies," --

is still thought by many to be presumptuous; but we trust this error has fallen in the minds of many during our two-weeks' labor here, and sinners have been plucked as brands from the burning.

An evening or two ago, Rev. R_____ asked me if I would go and see a lady in the inquiry-room. She was anxious to see me. On inquiring into her case, I found she was a Church of England communicant, but had known nothing of the bliss of conscious adoption. She was very earnest, lovely, and intelligent; but she thought the doctrine of faith exceedingly difficult to understand. She was trying to explain her difficulties; when I interrupted her by saying, "You have been redeemed unto God at an infinite price; and how can it be otherwise than that God is infinitely willing to receive you, when you come to him as a sinner trusting in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners?"

"You say you cannot believe; but there is one thing you know. It is this: 'Ye are not your own.' Why are you not your own? Because you are bought with a price. You believe this; do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" she earnestly responded, "I believe that." "Well, then, if you are not your own, to whom do you belong?" -- "To Jesus." -- "You really do believe that, of course; and, oh, what a happy thought it is to know that you belong to Jesus, and that he is your Saviour, and is now remembering you at the right hand of the Majesty on high! Oh! is it not, indeed, enough to make an angel happy? and will you not praise him for it?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed; and with joyful lips she began to magnify the God of her salvation.

Thus she became a happy believer before she was scarcely aware that she was believing; and so sweetly was the love of God shed abroad in her heart through the Holy Ghost given to her, that she at once wanted to show the ardor of her love by doing something for Jesus.

Looking me lovingly in the eyes, she exclaimed, "Can you tell me what I can do for Jesus?" Was this not indeed beautiful?

Bonnington, Near Edinburgh, Sept. 21, 1861

While at Berwick on Tweed, Dr. P____'s health flailed to such a degree as to unfit him wholly to labor. He has seldom been free from a cold; and it has been much the same with myself, particularly in the winter. But we have been careful, generally riding in a close carriage to and from meetings, and, trusting that we were immortal till our work was done, have thus far been enabled to endure; seldom desisting one day from labor till within the past few days.

It is one week since Dr. P____ has been laid aside, disabled from his heavenly toil; and I have felt as if we should have to forego all future labor in this country, and leave either for America or the Continent. But today the cloud begins to clear away, and he is decidedly better.

We are now near Edinburgh. A dear Christian lady residing here was so unyielding in her persuasions that we should come for the benefit of Dr. P____'s health, and by way of turning aside wholly from labor, that we consented. But, when one has a mind to work, how work will come pressing upon him! Today, though Dr. P____ is unable to leave the house, I have been answerable to two services.

I have just returned from a meeting of ladies, appointed expressly in view of my meeting with them, and talking of the great salvation. It was largely attended, and mostly made up of Scotch Presbyterians. After singing and prayer, I read the third chapter of Malachi. A more interested company I have not often witnessed. I talked particularly about the refining processes, and the necessity of bringing all the tithes into the Lord's storehouse; assuring them that the tithes were only to be brought in, and God would use them in the promotion of his glory, and pour into their own souls a blessing above all that they could conceive, so that their families,

neighbors, and friends would be benefited by the overflowing. Many, I think, resolved that they would bring all the tithes into the Lord's storehouse.

After the service closed, the ladies crowded around, and seemed truly thankful for my coming. Said one, with tearful eyes (referring to the chapter that had been read), "Many times, of course, have I read that chapter; but never did it appear to me in the light that it does now." We have aimed not to let our Wesleyan friends either of Edinburgh or Glasgow know that we are here, as we are engaged elsewhere just so soon as we are able to labor, and it is far better for Dr. P____ not to see visitors; and yet, strange as it may seem, special service has been appointed almost every night (by persons irrespective of sect), which, I have not dared doubt, was the order of God, and have been blessed in attending.

But we have not been able to gather fruit, as we might otherwise have done, on account of the promiscuous crowd. These Scotch Presbyterians seem to have no idea of either bringing persons forward to a penitent-form or an altar. It is now Saturday afternoon. Tonight we have a meeting only for seekers, when I hope some of the fruit of the week's labor may be more fully gathered.

We are pleasantly entertained at the house of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, about three miles out of the city of Edinburgh. Mr. T____, though a Baptist, is a lover of free salvation, and a whole-hearted believer in the full baptism of the Holy Spirit; and so also is his beloved and intelligent Christian lady.

Sabbath, 22d. -- I had very much wished to hear Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh preach this morning: but I saw no way by which it could be accomplished but by taking a conveyance; and, not willing to encourage carriage-hiring on Sabbath, I, of course, gave it up.

I presume I did not lose any thing. I went to the nearest church, and heard one of Scotland's most earnest Free Church ministers, -- Rev. McDonald. His text was Isa. ix. 6: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." The text, and also the manner of its elucidation, were much blessed to my soul. It brought vividly to my remembrance a dream of my childhood, which has been gloriously verified in subsequent experience. It was this:--

I thought I stood alone, gazing up into the heavens. I seemed to be in an open field, and it was a most beautiful night. As I stood thus gazing, one star above all others attracted my attention by its peculiar luster. I continued to gaze, when, to my amazement, it seemed to brighten yet more and more, extending its rays wider and wider. Then to my wondering vision the form of the infant Saviour appeared; and still the star brightened, and its rays extended, till the heavens were one blaze of ineffable glory. And it was while my eye was thus fixed on this amazing sight that the words were spoken, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

The vivid recollection of this rendered this morning's service remarkably precious, as the mode of illustration was similar to the views I have ever since entertained of this blessed portion of the Word. The beginnings of grace may be but small, -- small as that twinkling star upon which the shepherds gazed on the morning when angels sung a Saviour born.

Jesus says, "I am the bright and morning star;" and it is only for the eye of faith to be fixed steadily on Jesus, the "Alpha and Omega," the "Author and Finisher" of faith, and the horizon of the soul will begin to brighten gloriously, and brighten yet more and more, till the heavens become one blaze of glory. Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I trust I can say that this has been my experience.

For many years past, this dream of my childhood has been and still is being verified. Many years ago, I fixed the eye of faith on Jesus. The Tempter said, "Never did any one so utterly unprepared and totally unworthy take such a bold stand." But my heart said, "I see no other way but to look to Jesus, just as I am. And now, though the guilt of the world were laid upon me, I must, I will, look to Jesus, and never will I cease to keep my gaze steadfastly fixed on the bright and morning star. Let my feelings be what they may, I will sooner die than doubt; but Jesus saves me while I trust in him, inasmuch as he is ever lovingly saying to me, "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

Never have I seen an hour since this memorable resolve was made but I have felt that I needed salvation; and, while I have looked and trusted, Jesus has ever been saying to me, "Lo! I AM thy salvation." "Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God forever and ever. Amen."

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34 -- CHAPTER

Liverpool, Oct, 12, 1861

To say that England is in a state of breathless suspense would be incorrect. At the moment I write, she is awaiting, in bewildering, angry excitement, the arrival of the steamer, which may furnish an occasion for the commencement of war with America. "The British flag has been outraged," is the one exciting idea of the outer world; and that the offense should be speedily punished, seems to be the prevailing sentiment of the populace. Newsboys, by way of insuring a more ready sale for their papers, cry, "War with America! war with America!" The question may arise, "And how do Americans resident in England feel amid such surroundings?"

We can only speak for ourselves, and say that we feel perhaps more security on this point than those around us may apprehend. We cannot believe that our country would be willing to plunge herself into a war at present, and would prefer to make the amende honorable rather than to gratify the war spirit of England, or to give the advantage to the Southern States which would ensue in case England should join them in hostilities.

Warlike preparations on a gigantic scale are going on. The Cunard steamships "Persia" and "Australasian" have been taken up by the government for conveying troops and stores to Canada, and are to sail this week. Each will carry eleven hundred men, five thousand stand of arms, and a large quantity of ammunition, besides a field-battery of artillery. A large steamer "similarly freighted with men and means to commence the war started in all haste a day or two ago. Three more large steamers are being chartered, which are to proceed under steam to their destination with the utmost expedition.

One may imagine that our nation is to be frightened in all haste into an apology, which, without doubt, would have been forthcoming with all due decorum, despite the belligerent attitude of our neighbor John Bull. It really seems odd, in view of the fact that Capt. Wilkes, in capturing the prisoners Mason and Slidell from off the "Trent," did it on his own responsibility, and that an apology might be expected in case the seizure should be found illegal, that all this wonderful ado should be deemed expedient. Perhaps the "London Times" may furnish a little clue to the wherefore by paragraphs of this sort: "We can only hope, that, when the dispatch of the British Government is received, the conviction that England is thoroughly in earnest will induce the President and the more sober members of his Cabinet to yield, in spite of any pledges they may have given to the contrary in the hour of fancied security."

Yet in all this we cannot wonder greatly. Human nature is the same the world over; and when we think of the thousands here who are out of employ, and thousands more who are on half-pay, and scarcely kept above a starving condition, and the thousands of business-men who are feeling the pressure occasioned by the dreadful civil conflict in America, can we wonder that they are willing to throw in an ingredient, which, though it may sharpen the conflict, may shorten it?

They say England has been grossly outraged; and why not hasten to take advantage of the insult to show the boasting North our superior and ready might by blowing away her little blockader and thus give bread, by way of giving employment, to our suffering working-classes? Now, who can say that this is not a well-circumstanced temptation to the masses, who are consulting self-interest, and are looking at present results? Scarcely more can the American war, with its horrors and probable results, have been an ever-present idea in the American mind than with the masses in England during the long months of the year now closing upon us.

If it might be confidently affirmed that the results of this war would in fact be the ultimate and absolute extirpation of slavery, then the manifest want of English sympathy were more inexcusable; but what are we doing, or have we hitherto done, which may be regarded as a guaranty to England, or any other nation, that the end of the war will be the wiping-away of the foul blot of slavery from the American nation?

If, amid this noisy tempest, we would not feel too ill-natured with our English neighbors, let us remember that the English nation, not with wordy warfare, or clangor of arms, but by an enormous expenditure, purchased the freedom of her slaves, and by this has shown her abhorrence of the system. And when we as a nation humble ourselves before the God of nations for this sin, and, though at the cost of great national sacrifices resolve that the accursed thing shall be removed, then may we be enabled to lift up holy hands without wrath or doubting, and

shall not need to say, "Wherefore have we fasted, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?" -- but will call, and the Lord will answer, "Here am I, if thou take from the midst of thee the yoke."

And it is for this glorious consummation that many prayers are daily being presented here as in America. I was rejoiced to see, in the week of prayer to be observed the first week of the new year, among the most prominent objects is that of pleading for peace in behalf of poor distracted America. In the requests for prayer, published in the "Revival" of last week, is one item that reads thus:--

"Sir, -- At this moment, when a war with America is imminent, will you not request all the Lord's remembrancers throughout the land, at every meeting for prayer, to beseech him yet to avert from us the curse of war? -- a double curse, when it falls between kindred nations of kindred faith."

Since writing the preceding, a most sincere and grateful manifestation of the abhorrence with which the cry for "War with America" is looked upon on the part of the Christians here has occurred. Tomorrow being the day when the embassy from the court of England is expected to reach Washington, the day has been set apart for special and united prayer. Meetings for this purpose will be held in several of the large cities and towns; one at Exeter Hall, London. In this town a meeting will be held at mid-day, in Hope Hall, where the friends of Jesus, irrespective of sect, will unite in earnest pleading that the mercy of God may be extended toward poor afflicted America, and peace on pure principles be speedily obtained, and the contemplated war between England and America averted.

A correspondent also, writing from our own country, gives us the following agreeable incident: A Western member of Congress, a few days since, had an interview with President Lincoln on the subject of Fremont's removal; when the President admitted that the Administration was at first much displeased with the proclamation issued by the general. But said the member of Congress, "Do you not believe that you will soon have to adopt the principles of the proclamation, or something like it?" "We are drifting in that direction," said the President. God grant that the war-ship may quickly find her moorings by the adoption of right principles, and no longer be Compelled to drift through a sea of the life-blood of some Of America's bravest sons, and the briny tears of new-made widows and fatherless children, and broken-hearted mothers, sisters, brothers, and friends; and to this every true Christian and loyal-hearted American will haste to respond "Amen, Amen!"

Pardon me for writing so long on this subject; but, of course, my heart is so occupied with the tremendous blow contemplated against our beloved country, that my only relief is in looking to the God of nations, and pleading that he will not forsake us in our hour of trial, but give our senators wisdom, and, in ease of war with England, turn the counsel of our adversaries to foolishness. It is nothing with God to save, whether with many or few. Surely our help cometh from God alone.

We did not come here with the intention of entering upon our usual labors. However much we might have desired it, Dr. P_____'s health rendered it wholly impossible; and

engagements long since made are pressing upon us just so soon as his health will permit us to be answerable. But, surely the harvest is great, and the laborers so few, that, before scarcely being aware of it, we are again in the midst of the harvest-field, gathering sheaves for the Master.

By a long-standing invitation, we are now at the house of G. Pennell, a local preacher belonging to the old Wesleyan body. The Lord having blessed him with large means and proportionate largeness of heart, he is devoting all to the immediate up-building of Christ's kingdom.

Chapels being greatly needed for the common people, and also for the poorer class of society in Liverpool, Mr. Pennell has taken it upon himself to meet the necessity as far as possible. He has recently expended several thousand pounds, wholly unaided by others, in building new places of worship, and fitting up old ones. He has six well-filled chapels under his care at present, and five missionaries, besides over one thousand children gathered into his day-schools; and gives several widows homes, rent free.

With such a field of labor before us, we have indeed found it difficult to refrain. Last week, Dr. P____ being unable to go out, a series of special services were commenced at one of these new chapels by Mr. Pennell and myself. The Spirit of the Lord began to breathe upon the dry bones. When we first began to labor, nothing seemed more appropriate than the word of the Lord to Ezekel, "Can these dry bones live?" but presently there began to be a moving among the spiritually dead, and, evening after evening, several were raised up to newness of life, and joined to the army of the living God.

A work also broke out among the children of one of, Mr. Pennell's day-schools, some of whom had attended the services. Several of the larger children, having been converted, carried the flame of revival into the school; and one morning the female teacher found herself, at the hour of prayer, surrounded by a number of youthful penitents crying out, "O teacher! pray for us: we do want to come to Jesus." Several were converted that morning; and the work has been going on, till now twenty-five give satisfactory evidence that they have been truly born of God.

This week the work has been going on with still greater power. The services have been held in the great Richmond-street Hall. This was formerly a fashionable assembly-room, where many of the merchants of Liverpool learned to dance. Mr. P____ has recently purchased it at the cost of three thousand pounds; and, through his liberality, our good Wesleyan friends now occupy it as a home-missionary station.

Here, every night during the past week, the Lord has wrought gloriously in the salvation of souls. Between twenty and thirty are coming forward every evening as weeping suppliants, bowing themselves at the penitent form. Seldom do any leave without finding pardon. Constantly the work is on the increase. During the past week, Dr. P____'s health has so far improved as to enable him to take lead of the meetings; and I need not tell you how his aid exemplifies the truth of the blessed word, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

Two hundred at least have, within the past few days, been brought to Jesus. Many, of Christ's disciples have been endued with power from on high, and are going forth in this their

might to work for God. Some of the cases have been particularly interesting. One who has been quickened into new spiritual life, opening his lips in prayer, thanked the Lord that he had made Dr. P____ sick and sent him here. This was, I presume, in view of Dr. P____ having observed the evening previous that it was in consequence of his being taken ill that he had been prevented from fulfilling an engagement, and, as a consequence, brought to Liverpool.

A youth about seventeen years of age rose among several others who had been blessed, the most of whom were men. Addressing himself to the youth, Dr. P____ said, "And what has Jesus done for you?" With much emotion he replied, "I was a stray sheep, and Jesus, the Good Shepherd, sought me out tonight, and put me on his shoulders, and has brought me back to the fold."

A young physician said about thus: "I came here last evening, and was convinced that I was a sinner, but was ashamed to acknowledge my need of a Saviour: but I came tonight resolved that I would seek the Lord with all my heart; and, oh, I have found Jesus!" This was said amid tears and praises. What added interest to this case was, that this young physician was expecting to leave Liverpool the following day to establish himself in business in a remote town. I congratulated him on having obeyed the divine order, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," assuring him "that all things else would be added." Seldom have I witnessed one more deeply convicted or more happily converted than this young man.

Among the score or more who have been forward nightly for prayers, the name of a lady was taken who was rejoicing in the ardors of her first love. The secretary passed onward, taking, in rapid succession, one name after another of the newly blessed, till he came to a man bearing the same name as the lady just referred to. "Have you any relatives here?" asked the secretary. "Only a few minutes ago, I took the name of a female of the same name." The dear man replied, "I don't know that there is any of my family here." The secretary mentioning the name and address, he replied, "That is my wife." It was soon found that both man and wife had been converted; she having, unknown to him, also come seeking mercy. You can anticipate their joy as they met, new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Poor and rich, young and old, have alike been made partakers of saving grace. A lovely young lady, who had scarcely arrived at the years of womanhood, sought, with sighs and tears, the pardoning mercy of God. The enemy had succeeded in his efforts to make her believe that the faith by which alone she could be saved was exceedingly difficult to apprehend; but subsequently she saw its simplicity, and was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. This was early in the week: two or three days after, she was arrested by the three of the fact, that it is the privilege of young converts to be holy. Again she was seen forward among the seeker's, and, ere she retired from the place of prayer, was enabled to testify of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Would that you could have looked upon her happy, heaven-illuminated countenance!

A few hours ago, our host was telling us how he was delighted and instructed as he was kneeling, unobserved, beside this young lady, and listening to her precious instructions to a seeking soul. When she lifted her head, and saw that there was one who had long been a teacher

in Israel near her, she grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "Oh! I do so love to talk to others about Jesus; for it so strengthens my own faith!"

The revival services continue to increase in power. Surely the Lord of hosts is with us; and in deep humiliation, ay, from the depths of nothingness, before the Captain of the armies of Israel, we exclaim, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord! but to thy name, be glory, for thy name and thy truth's sake."

On Sabbath evening, we witnessed a most blessed work of the Spirit. Oh, if you could have been present, how you would have exulted in the presence of the Triune Deity! The Holy Spirit was among us as a living flame, intensifying truth, and taking of the things of the Father and the Son, and revealing them to his waiting ones. Convictions were deep. Many penitents with flowing tears sought mercy, time was near that justifieth. It was so easy to find Jesus! Glory to the Lamb! The first So kneel at the penitent-form, after the invitation to seekers was given, was a good-looking man, little past the meridian of life. In less than ten minutes, several able-bodied men, young and middle-aged, were alike bowed in penitence at the mercy-seat.

One man, who had himself found Jesus, came forward, bringing his wife and little son. An inspector of police came, bringing two police officers. They looked as if they might have been champions in the ranks of sin; and, as I looked at the tears of godly sorrow streaming from the eyes of these tall sons of Anak as they bowed low at the feet of the world's Conqueror, I thought, "What but the might of the Spirit could have wrought thus wondrously?"

An intelligent looking lady came to me with deepest anxiety depicted on her countenance, and said, "Oh! do go and converse with my son." I asked his whereabouts, and she pointed him out amid the crowded group of seekers. I saw it would be difficult to get to him; but I encouraged the anxious mother to expect me to go soon. I had scarcely turned ere another anxious mother accosted me, and, pointing me to a dear young lady kneeling at the penitent-form, exclaimed, "Will you not go to my daughter?" Six forms had been placed for the penitents, which were all crowded; and it was with difficulty I pressed my way to the young lady to whom my attention had been directed. I found her weeping for her sins, and more than willing to renounce the world, with all its pomps and vanities. This settled, I asked, "Are you a sinner?" "Yes!" she exclaimed in most emphatic tones. "Is Christ the Saviour of sinners?" "Yes!"

"Well, then, if you are a sinner, and Christ is the Saviour of sinners, when are you going to accept him as your Saviour?" "Just Now."

"Then do you indeed take Christ as your Saviour just now?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied.

"Well, then, if so, why not say, MY Saviour?" She quickly began to claim Christ as her Saviour, and exclaimed, --

"My Saviour, I will praise thee! I thank thee that thou hast died for me. Thou wast wounded for my transgressions, thou wast bruised for MY iniquities; the chastisement of my

peace was upon thee, and with thy stripes I am healed. Praise the Lord! O Lord! I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me."

I looked up, and saw her longing mother near me, waiting the issue. Quickly was she at the Side of her happy daughter, and I left them rejoicing. Scarcely had I turned from this scene, before the eye of the mother who had asked me to speak to her dear son met my gaze. Her appealing look reminded me of my promise, and I pressed my way to him. The secretary of the meeting was bending over the kneeling one, and, addressing me in an exultant tone, said, "The Lord has already blessed him; and now he is writing his own name." I looked down, and beheld a sight unlike I had before witnessed.

The young man was adding his own name to the secretary's list. "The recording angel has just been writing your name in the Lamb's book of life, and now you are writing it there in order that it may stand recorded among God's saved people on earth," said I. With a countenance beaming with heavenly delight, reminding me of the glow we had witnessed on the face of the newly saved during the Irish revival, the young man replied, "Yes."

The work is deep, powerful, and extensive; the people often coming many miles distant. It would be impossible to say how many have been saved, as we are continually hearing of persons, who, through the direct and indirect influence of the Richmond-hall meetings, have been brought to God, whose names have never been taken. The number of those, who, as deeply convicted sinners, have come forward to the penitent-form seeking mercy, is over six hundred.

Surely you will unite with us in glorifying God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. To the praise and glory of Almighty Grace I rejoicingly make the record, "that, through the thanksgiving of many, praise may redound to God." Truly "the works of the Lord are honorable and glorious, sought out of all that have pleasure therein." Knowing that you have pleasure therein, I would fain make a record of some of the many extraordinary cases which have occurred.

A singular instance of conviction and conversion comes up with freshness before me this moment. The hymn we so often sing, set to the chorus, "Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world," being much called for; was printed in hand-bill form, and accompanied by an invitation to the Richmond-hall services.

These were circulated gratuitously and extensively in the community. A night or two ago, a man, whose athletic form and earnest countenance suggested that he was destined to be a valiant soldier of the cross, stepped up to Dr. P____, saying about thus: "I must tell you what the Lord has done for me. The other evening, my wife came in after attending one of the meetings at the hall, and put in my hand the hymn, 'Am I a soldier of the cross?' set to the chorus, 'Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world.' As I began to read it, my heart was melted: I could not help weeping. I felt so much, that I thought I would immediately go up stairs and pray; but something seemed to say, 'Why not kneel right down and pray here?'

I did so; and, while crying to God for mercy there in the kitchen, he saved me. Praise the Lord!"

On Sabbath, our host going to a chapel in a part of the town remote from Richmond Hall, he saw a man who had formerly been a notorious inebriate, but is now a man of prayer. With brimming eyes he said, "O Mr. P____! the revival has come to my own house. Last night, as I was praying with my family, the Holy Spirit came down, and my children began to cry for mercy. Three of them are now happy in the Lord; and I had to go out and tell my neighbors that the revival had come to my own house."

The proprietor of some public gardens, while walking over his grounds, was surprised to hear the voice of prayer. He paused and listened; and what should he hear, but pleadings with the God of heaven in his own behalf! He afterwards ascertained that the hidden ones, pleading among the trees of his garden, were two men in his employ, who had been blessed in attending the revival services.

This gentleman had given about the same time, on the occasion of his marriage, a barrel of beer, which had been rolled in among those in his employ, and the free and full use urged upon all. These converted men refused to take a drop, believing that they could better serve the interests of their employer by their prayers than by taking his beer, and thereby proving themselves lights in a dark place. On Saturday evening, eight young men rose in immediate succession, saying that they had been brought to the Lord. during the services.

A gay young lady, who has long resisted the calls of the Holy Spirit, was converted one evening this week: Her pious mother, who had been in attendance on the meetings at the hall, missing her daughter from home, took a carriage, and, accompanied by a servant, drove to the hall, hoping that she might have been drawn secretly, by a divine influence, to seek the salvation of her soul. Arriving at the place of prayer, there she found her dear daughter, with another young lady of like position, kneeling at the penitent-form, seeking mercy. God, who is rich in mercy, blessed not only the young lady and her friend, but also the servant-maid who had accompanied the lady in the carriage. Five young ladies of the same circle have been brought to Jesus, and these are bringing others. It was beautiful to see the young lady first referred to, only two or three evenings after her own conversion, approaching the penitent-form, bringing another weary and heavy-laden one to be introduced to the Saviour.

An intelligent-looking man, who has long been a professed skeptic, and is well known to the infidel community, has presented himself among the many earnest, tearful seekers of salvation. This Was several days ago. A few nights since he said to our host, Mr. P____, "Oh, we are all wrong!" This was in allusion to the class of skeptics to which he had belonged. "We have been saying, 'Give us Barabbas,' instead of saying, 'Give us Jesus!' We have said they did right to crucify him; but, oh, his mercy, his mercy to me! Forty years have I been in this school of infidels." In alluding to the laborers engaged, he said, "How long will these dear people stay? I come night after night, that I may become stronger and stronger in Jesus." This was said with tearful emotion.

A little child between five and six years old, who was one among the youngest of the many children who have recently come to Jesus, manifested her love to the Saviour by trying to lead others to him. Hearing of an old man who was on the confines of the eternal world with the small-pox, and unprepared to meet God, she went to him, and asked, "Do you love Jesus?" and

added, "I love Jesus, and I know Jesus loves me." All in the room were affected to tears, and could not but feel, that, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God had ordained strength," as the little child endeavored to bring this aged sinner to the Lamb of God.

After she had tried to assist his faith by repeating and singing the words, --

"I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free," --

she told him, when he said, "Jesus died for me," he must put his finger so (pointing to her own little heart), and say, "For me, -- Jesus 'died for me." The old man soon after died, with a smile on his countenance; and it was fondly hoped that, through the instructions thus received, he had been able to claim Christ as his Saviour.

Another of the converted children went home to her parents, and, addressing her mother, said, "Mother, have you a new heart?" The mother frankly acknowledged she had not. The child imploringly asked, "Mother, will you not pray to Jesus for a new heart?" The mother was affected, and, in reply, said she could not pray. The father, who stood within hearing of the conversation, burst into tears, and, falling on his knees, began to pray. The mother quickly followed; and both father and mother continued to plead for salvation, and are now, we trust, rejoicing in the pardoning mercy of God.

One of the town missionaries told us last night of a young man who had been carrying on a small business for his widowed mother. One night, his mother, on returning from the revival-services, found her son sitting alone by the fire, weeping. "Will you forgive me, mother?" he exclaimed. His mother, imagining that he had, in an evil hour, yielded to a temptation, and appropriated to himself money that was not his own, said, "Why, my son, what have you done?" -- "O mother! I have often grieved you by not obeying you." She caught the blessed idea, and said, "O my son! do you love Jesus?" -- "Oh, yes, mother! he has forgiven all my sins," was the subdued reply of her newly-saved boy. She found that he had also been at the Richmond-hall services, and was now numbered among the many who had found redemption in Jesus.

One man, who looked as though he might have been valiant in the ranks of sin, sought earnestly and penitently for forgiveness. Just so soon as he obtained mercy, he rose from the penitent-form, and sought out a man of similar position in life, and, extending his hand, asked forgiveness. The facts in the ease were, that this was a fellow-workman; and this now forgiven man, having been greatly incensed, only a day or two previous, at his fellow, had sworn against him bitterly; and now, probably knowing he was in the hall, he sought him out, and asked his forgiveness.

Since I have been writing the last few lines, an influential friend, extensively acquainted in and about the town, has been conversing with us. He tells us the extent of this revival interest is far greater than the number whose names have been taken suggests. He says, wherever he

goes, he is hearing of new cases, and some are of exceeding interest. He has just been relating the particulars of the conversion of two persons in a Quaker family, as they were related to him by a Quaker gentleman this morning, well worthy a record to the praise of grace.

It is now Friday morning; and, since Sabbath evening, the secretary reports the names of about one hundred and fifty brought to Jesus. Oh! is it not indeed glorious, amid all the surrounding din in Satan's camp, to witness such victories for the Captain of our salvation? The secretaries have taken the names of over one thousand who have been born into the kingdom of grace at Richmond Hall since we began to labor here. The flame of revival enkindled here has also spread to many other places, so that we have heard of many saved in various parts of Liverpool and its environs, who first caught the fire by coming to Richmond Hall.

It seems to be now regarded as a sort of Bethesda, so that, from all parts of the town, people are bringing or sending their friends in expectation that they may meet Jesus there, and be made whole; and I need not tell you, that, according to their faith, it is being done unto them.

I was informed of a singular case of this kind yesterday. An attendant on the St. Martin's Church, being distressed on account of his sins, went to the clergyman, and wanted to know how to find Jesus. Said the clergyman, who is a Puseyite, "Go to Richmond Hall!" Was not this remarkable? Well, the seeker, who did not even know where Richmond Hall was, came, inquiring his way to the place, night before last, and, at the very first meeting he attended, found the Lord.

But I must not be minute. It seems wondrous condescension, that God, even our God, should permit us to see such a glorious ingathering here under such disadvantageous circumstances. Here is the place where we first landed on coming to England, where our covenant keeping Jehovah first gave us the promise, on the day of our arrival, that he would show us "great and mighty things." How wondrously has the promise been verified!

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35 -- CHAPTER

Madely, Jan. 16, 1862

The populous and thriving village of Madely, though not particularly notable for its extent or the beauty of its surroundings, is known to thousands in both hemispheres.

Who could pass within twenty miles of its locality, without feeling an irresistible desire to tread the ground, and survey the scenes, where the sainted Fletcher exercised his ministry of about twenty-five years, wrote his inimitable "Checks," and in so many memorable ways glorified God?

Our arrangements to be in Wales in the evening would have taken us many miles beyond; but, the train pausing in Shrewsbury, we concluded to leave our luggage at the station, and avail ourselves of the train which was about leaving for Madely. And here we have remained several

days, have been constrained by our Wesleyan friends to abide and hold ourselves answerable for a few days' service.

Of course we did not come expecting to enter upon any duty, but only paused on our way to Wales, where we had a long-standing engagement. Madely being but fifteen miles out of our route, we were unwilling to forego the privilege of turning aside to witness the ground where the eminent Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher so long labored. We had sent word to the superintendent of the Madely Circuit that we might pause one night; but finding it would be more convenient to remain near the railroad station than to go some distance farther to the residence of the superintendent, and having already had an opportunity of seeing the Madely church and vicarage, and the monument erected over the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, we would have left the place without going to see the excellent superintendent, but for our letter informing him that we might call. I state this because of the importance of the lesson involved. He who hath said, "Let your yea be yea," gently whispered, "Did you not pray for divine direction when you wrote to say that you might be expected to remain in Madely over night? and, if you pass through without being answerable to the expectation you have raised, will your yea seem to be yea?"

Now, what will you think when I tell you that we have reason to believe that the salvation of over a thousand souls seems to have resulted from this seemingly small occurrence? The superintendent, with whom we were acquainted, had expected us by a later train, or he would have had a conveyance at the station in time; and, as there were no carriages on hire, we went nearly a mile out of the village, up hill, to the house of the Rev. W. Coates, all by way of being answerable to the note we had written to him the evening previous. We found that a number of dear Wesleyan friends had been most prayerfully desiring that we might visit Madely, it being much urged upon our minds that it might be the order of God, we concluded, in case our South-Wales friends would release us from our engagement with them, we would remain a few days.

A gracious work has already commenced.. During the two past nights, about forty who presented themselves at the altar of prayer have found the Lord. Our motto, as ever, is, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Our last evening was spent at Madely Wood, and the evening previous at Madely.

It is pleasant to gather fruit on ground watered by the tears, and prepared by the self-sacrificing labors, of the eminent Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and others of the devoted circle these honored servants of Christ drew around them, -- such as Sally Lawrence and Miss Tooth, and others of kindred spirit.

There are those still living who sat under the ministry of the Rev. J. Fletcher. I have been conversing with an aged woman who tells me that her husband, now eighty-six years old, was present at the last affecting service so graphically described by Mrs. Fletcher. He well remembers seeing the nosegay thrown into the desk by the kind parishioner, who would fain have revived the fainting pastor in this his last effort. He also mentions other eases of interest, illustrative of the humility and zeal of the excellent Fletcher, of which I have not before heard or seen in print. Two or three of these I cannot forbear giving, as I am sure they will be read in

admiration of the grace of God. At the time Mr. Fletcher was Vicar of Madely, this aged man was a servant at a farm-house not far from the vicarage.

It was Mr. Fletcher's habit to go on Sabbath mornings to this farm-house, when the servants and farm laborers were brought together for prayers. Among the servants, there was a youth who could not be prevailed upon either to be present at the church service, or to assemble with the other servants for Sabbath-morning prayers at the house.

One Sabbath morning, the faithful pastor, desiring to know if all were present, was informed of the missing one. On expressing his earnest wish that he were present, the pastor was told that an unavailing search had been made for the recreant boy; but, if it were his desire, another should go in search of him. Mr. Fletcher said he would prefer going himself, which he did; and away in an outhouse he found the object of his search, evidently secreting himself. In soothing and winning tones, he besought the wayward servant, and soon succeeded in inducing him to come to the house, where, with the assembled household, he bowed in worship. From that hour the mind of this servant seemed turned to the Lord, and was in no common degree turned toward Mr. Fletcher, and not only prized the vicar's prayers at the farm-house, but also the church service, from which no ordinary hindrance could induce him to absent himself. How many wayward ones might be won over to the fold if every pastor were alike condescending and zealous!

This old parishioner of Mr. Fletcher also tells us of an occasion when Mr. Fletcher went to a place a few miles distant called the Slip, on the banks of the river Severn. "Well do I remember," says he, "the black pony on which the vicar used to ride. One day, as he was riding along by the Slip, this being included in his parish, his heart was made sad by hearing the imprecations of several boatmen. The river being shallow, it was not very unusual for boats to be impeded; when sometimes horses were used, and, at other times, the boatmen harnessed themselves to the work by throwing straps over their shoulders. Mr. Fletcher was passing by while several boatmen were thus harnessed to the work; and, their labor proving ineffectual, they were venting their impatience in oaths and curses. Mr. Fletcher dismounted; and, with a look that bespoke how deeply his heart was pained, he went to the foremost man, and, with an expression of sympathy, removed the strap from the boatman's shoulder, and threw it over his own. What completed the astonishment of the boatman was, that the moment he threw it over him, ere he seemed to have applied himself to the effort, the boat began to move, and all difficulty was over. The poor wicked boatmen were affectingly reprov'd, and regarded the moving of the boat as supernatural, and even after looked with veneration on Mr. Fletcher, as though he was in some superhuman way linked to the skies.

The present Vicar of Madely has called upon us. He is a clergyman of evangelical, fervent piety; and we have met with few in any region of more manifest zeal, or more in love with the spirit of his eminent predecessor of a century since.

Said we to our excellent hostess, who is a Wesleyan, "Had Fletcher himself been here, scarcely could we hope to have seen a man of a more humble, devout spirit. It would seem as if the mantle of Fletcher had fallen on him." The reply was about thus: "We think he regards Fletcher as the model Christian, pastor, and minister, and is endeavoring to follow him as he

followed Christ." And so we have thought, as our knowledge of his self-sacrificing labors has increased.

I scarcely need say that the Established Church and the Wesleyan body are now distinct; but, for more than thirty years after Mr. Fletcher's death, this was not the case. Good Mrs. Fletcher held the hearts of the people after her husband's death. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher lived and died members of the Church of England. Yet they were also Wesleyans.

A large barn on the vicarage-grounds, capable of holding about three hundred persons, was neatly fitted up, where Mrs. Fletcher used to hold her services, and where class and other meetings peculiar to Methodism were held. This barn was occupied during the period of twenty-eight years of Mrs. Fletcher's widowhood. A few months after her decease, which occurred in 1815, it was taken down, Madely having been favored with a succession of ministers, some of whom, though not wholly in favor of the Methodistic shapings of Madely Parish, were too conscientious to disturb, especially during Mrs. Fletcher's lifetime, what she calls the "dove-like" harmony of the people, to insist on any material change from that which had obtained through the agency of the heavenly-minded Fletcher, and, we may add, his equally devoted wife.

It was not till after the barn was taken down and the Wesleyans ceased to have a place where the distinctive peculiarities of Methodism might be recognized, that they became a separate body. Now the Wesleyans are distinct as in other parts of England. Never have we been at a place where the Established Church and the Methodists seemed to be so lovingly united. Ephraim does not envy Judah, and Judah does not vex Ephraim.

The fact is that Madely Parish has been remarkably blessed with a succession of evangelical clergymen, and the recognition between the clergymen and the Wesleyan ministers has generally been affectionate and grateful. Particularly has it been so during the past few years. We were told by an eye-witness of the affecting scene, that, when the superintendent Wesleyan minister was taking his leave the past conference year with the present vicar, they held each other in tearful embrace. Madely is being favored with an extraordinary visitation of the Spirit. We are in amazement at the wondrous grace.

Last night, over one hundred were brought to God. The work seemed to be only bounded by the ability to meet its claims, by way of finding room for the penitents. It did seem as if every sinner in the house was convicted. One could not but think of the words of Jesus to his disciples, "I will make you fishers of men," as these convicted men, women, youths, and even children, came forward, as it were, in shoals, while we, in amazement at the wondrous mercy, looked on, scarcely knowing how we might find accommodations for them. Communion-rail, front seats, and vestry were filled with penitents.

The Spirit's sword had wounded deeply, and He who justifieth was near; and so rapidly were the wounded in spirit healed, that the altar and vestry were filled again and again during the progress of the prayer-meeting. The work is taking in all classes, rich and poor, young and old. Among the recipients of saving mercy are two sons of the superintendent minister. The meetings

have been held during the present week at the Madely-wood Wesleyan Chapel, a place that will be invested with interest to those who are familiar with the biographies of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

Nearly opposite the present commodious Madely-wood Chapel stands a smaller chapel, almost a century old, now occupied for the Wesleyan Sabbath school. This was built by Mr. Fletcher, and paid for mostly with his own means and the little he could get from others. Our hostess is a venerable lady, who was converted in the vicarage barn, and often sat under the ministry of Mrs. Fletcher. She says the architect who built this chapel told her that Mr. Fletcher, in giving his instructions for building, said, "Mr. Smith, I want you to build me a house for the Lord, and every brick and every tarmac must be laid with prayer." I need not say that it was with peculiar satisfaction we passed through a place hallowed by such interesting memories.

Madely parish Church was rebuilt a few years after the death of Mr. Fletcher; but there are still several much valued relics of the sainted Fletcher, which the present excellent vicar took as much pains to point out as he could have done had it been the memory of a much-loved and honored father he was wishing to perpetuate. The pulpit steps are the same; and you will not wonder when we say we took some satisfaction in ascending the steps by which one of such blessed memory had so often ascend to deliver messages from God to his people. A large picture, on canvas, representing Moses giving the law to the people, which, the vicar told us, was an adornment of the church before it was rebuilt, and was the gift of Mr. Fletcher, hangs within the communion-rail.

In the vestry there is a likeness of Mr. Fletcher, and, from an old iron vault alongside the mantel-piece in the vestry, containing the archives of the church since olden times, the vicar took a large book, whose leaves were of parchment; and, turning over leaf after leaf he pointed us to the eventful period where the devoted Fletcher, when comparatively a young man, became Vicar of Madely Parish. Then follows leaf after leaf of church statistics, in Fletcher's own handwriting, covering the period of his ministry of twenty-five years, giving all the baptisms and marriages, &c., occurring in the parish during his ministry. These records were made in a style so remarkably neat as to form a contrast with some recordings which preceded and followed; and we could not but look upon them with admiration, as forming a part of a beautiful career, in which he served his generation so eminently in the beauty of holiness.

St. Michael's Church is handsomely situated on a rising hill, surrounded by a sloping, largely filled graveyard. Of the more prominent monuments, and among the first to attract observation as you enter the churchyard, is the large square monument which covers the vault where lie the remains of John de la Flechere, who departed this life Aug. 14, 1785. Then follows the long and beautiful inscription, which I can scarcely forbear transcribing, but which, I think, may be found in the edition of Benson's "Life Of Fletcher."

Mrs. Mary Fletcher, whose name here is scarcely less venerated than that of her honored consort, did not follow her husband to the house appointed for all living till the year 1815; leaving a long space of true heart-widowhood of thirty years, during which she exercised herself in godliness, and was a pattern of good works in no common degree. Her remains lie entombed with her husband; and the space on the expansive horizontal tablet covering the remains of her long-mourned earthly love, being left, is now filled with an inscription to Mrs. Fletcher's

memory It interested us much; and, as we do not remember to have seen it elsewhere, we will transcribe it:--

"Here lieth the body of Mary de la Flechere, daughter of Samuel Bosanquet, of Forest House, Essex. She was born Sept. 1, 1739; and died Sept. 9, 1815, aged seventy-six. During the long period in which she survived her husband, she continued to tread in the path in which he left her, and ministered with ardent zeal and self-denying beneficence to the spiritual and temporal wants of his flock. By the influence of her example and instruction, dissensions were healed, and schism in the Church of Christ prevented; and it was her constant and earnest endeavor to induce all around her to dwell in unity and godly love."

The base of the four-square monument is of marble (which has recently been rejuvenated), surmounted by a massive iron tablet, on which, in raised letters, are the inscriptions to the inimitable pair. On the base of the monument, on the right-hand side as you leave the church, is an inscription to the affectionate and zealous Sally Lawrence. She is here designated as the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Her death occurred Dec. 3, 1800.

On the left side of the base of the tomb is an inscription to the memory of the maiden lady, Miss Tooth, the long devoted and attached friend of Mrs. Fletcher, whose remains lie entombed with her much-loved friends. Her death occurred Nov. 15, 1843.

But our most interesting visit was to the vicarage. Here many things remain much as they were in days of yore. The vicarage has not been rebuilt for a century past, and probably may not be for a century to come. A small addition has been made to the rear of the house, and the grounds surrounding have been improved; but the same yew-trees that enlivened the winter of 1762, though old, are still living, and, in smiling green foliage, enliven the winter of 1862.

The good vicar pointed out to us the same old horse-block of which Mr. Fletcher says, in writing to Mr. Whitefield, "Captain Scott preached to my congregation a sermon which was more blessed, though preached only on my horse-block, than a hundred of those I preach in the pulpit. I invited him to come and treat her ladyship (Lady Huntingdon was then on a visit to Madely) next Sunday with another, now the place is consecrated. If you should ever favor Shropshire with your presence, you shall have the captain's or the parson's pulpit, at your option."

The vicar also showed us the place on the grounds where the large barn used by the Wesleyans, and where Mrs. Fletcher so long exercised her ministry, stood. But, though this has been removed, there was another building near the spot that was not uninteresting to us Wesleyans. It is a neat little building, not half the dimensions of the barn, where stands the pulpit taken out of the old church in which Mr. Fletcher used to preach; and here also is the same communion-table at which he knelt, and from which he ministered the sacred emblems to the people, and in relation to which Mrs. Fletcher, referring to the last Sabbath he ministered, says, "After sermon, he went up the aisle to the communion-table, saying, 'I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy-seat.'" And here the present vicar holds weekly what are called revival prayer-meetings and class-meetings, quite after Methodist

fashion. We do not speak from hearsay, but certain knowledge; and who can but feel that the inspiration of former years still lingers around the hallowed scenes?

I imagine you think I am taking a circuitous journey to the vicarage; but it seems difficult not to linger over scenes so oft pictured to our minds years gone by, when three thousand miles distant. Yet our imaginings had not sketched a truthful picture. The vicarage is more commodious in its appearance than I anticipated, and the good vicar of a century since and his wife were less circumscribed, in their earthly domain than we supposed. It is three stories high, with a suite of rooms on each floor; stands several feet back from the main road, surrounded by high walls and handsome grounds, in somewhat aristocratic style. Almost the entire front is covered with ancient ivy, whose sturdy growth reminds one of bygone ages.

One feature of this ancient vicarage cannot but strike the observer. Only one window, and that in the topmost story, is to be seen in all the expansive front of the building. Speaking of this, the present vicar told us that there were front windows in each story, as usual in such buildings, till after Mr. Fletcher took possession of it -- but, just after the tax on windows was imposed, Mr. Fletcher, conceiving that the parish poor needed the money more than he needed the light, caused all the front windows to be closed with brick; and, with the exception of one recently opened in the attic-story, they had remained thus ever since. What an ever-speaking characteristic of the man!

The kind vicar took us into the various rooms of the house invested with interest, such as the study, where those world-renowned "Checks" were written, and the veritable desk on which they were penned; lingering by which, we gratified our wishes by writing a few lines about the way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. The vicar pointed out the spot on the wall, where, Mr. Fletcher's biographer tells us, the very wall, was stained with the ascending breath of the pleading pastor.

He showed us also, in Mr. Fletcher's handwriting, several short manuscript sermons, and took us to the chamber from whence those gusts of praise were wafted which have since been going over the earth; also leading us through the corridor through which the poor weeping parishioners passed us they caught the last glimpse of their dying pastor.

My heart seemed to enter afresh into the sympathies of the sad new-made widow of 1785, as I looked out of the chamber window from which she saw the new grave being made which was to receive the body of her loved one. There was the grave in full view, now having closed over all that was earthly of that entire family circle. How blessed must have been the reunion of those sainted ones in that world where separations are unknown,

"Where, day without night, they feast in His sight,
And eternity seems as a day"!

Had Dr. P_____ and myself been the vicar's own brother and sister from America, he could scarcely have manifested more affectionate assiduity in pointing out every thing with which he thought we might be interested in and about the church and vicarage. We were surprised to find he had read "Way of Holiness," "Faith and its Effects," "Promise of the Father,"

&c. I imagine, that, could the vicar of a century since again have been with us, he could hardly have poured out more earnest and fervent benedictions on us and our labors.

If ever there was a minister married to his work, Fletcher was. That he was affectionate, intensely affectionate, who that has communed with him in his letters and other writings can doubt? We cannot question but he married the amiable and devoted Miss Bosanquet because she was in every regard admirable; but it was her mature piety that particularly induced him to win her heart and hand. "I am going to marry a wife as a mother to my people," said he to a friend.

During the lifetime of her eminently devoted and affectionate husband, how safely and lovingly his heart trusted in her! Surely he received her from the Lord; and she did him good, and not evil, all the days of his life. And how affectingly did he, amid the dissolvings of nature, surrender her to the keeping of Him from whom he had received her, as he cried out, "Head of the Church, be head of my wife!" During the many year, she succeeded him, she continued to be a mother to his people in a twofold degree, if such were possible.

Who has not read the touching particulars that Mrs. Fletcher gives of the funeral obsequies of her lamented husband? But the circumstances of her own death and burial were no less affecting, and seem to have attracted, at Madely, quite as much, if not more, public attention. Our venerable hostess and others have given us some description of the scene.

During the week she lay unburied, thousands came from many parts to take a last look at her dear remains; and many, while gazing with streaming tears, mentioned many words which had been spoken by her. Says one, "Her usefulness was far beyond any calculation. How great a number, under God, owe their conversion to her, can never be known till the day of eternity." She was buried from the Madely parish Church.

We have received several much-valued relics of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher since we have been here, -- such as a book from Mr. Fletcher's library, with his own handwriting on the fly-leaf; a cap and band worn by Mrs. Fletcher; also a cloak, with hood, as worn by her, such as you see in her picture; a lock of her hair, and an original letter.

And now, last, though far from least, I must tell a little more of our work for Jesus in this place. Very remarkable, indeed, have been the manifestations of God's saving power.

Said a local preacher, while pouring out his soul in the prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening, "Lord, we have long been praying" for a revival in Madely; but we have not thought of such a revival as this. Thou hast given us above all we could ask or think." You will wonder at the stupendous mercy of God, and will, I am sure, give all the glory to the Captain of Israel's hosts, when I tell you, that, during the past two weeks since we commenced our labors in the Madely and Madely-wood Chapels, hundreds have sought and obtained salvation. We have heard the prayer again and again presented, that every house and every heart in Madely and the regions round about may receive a special visitation. The prayer has been presented in faith, and doubtless stands recorded in the name of Jesus. We dare not doubt that it is being answered: the results seem to warrant the conclusion. Every night the chapel is densely filled, and many are unable to get in, as it is crowded before the time of service.

We know, and the secretaries also tell us, that they have not been able to get all the names of those, who, as seekers, have crowded the altar of prayer night after night. Surely God is fulfilling his promise yet more and more gloriously, given to us when we first landed on these shores. People are coming to the services from many miles around. Some are here from Banbury; others have been here from Birmingham. Last evening I was conversing with a lady, who, with tears and sighs, was pleading for mercy: while pointing her to the Lamb of God, she was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I was much interested in her; and, as she left, I asked where she lived, saying I would like to have your name and residence, that I may bear you on my heart as a precious memorial Before God, when far away in my native land. She gave me those items, and I found she had come seven miles. It is common for persons to come in companies from two to three and five miles.

We held a week's service in three different parts of the circuit, and many also came from adjoining circuits; and not a few who were attendants on the Established and other Churches were enabled to claim a personal interest in Christ. The places at which we labored were Madely Village; the Wesleyan Chapel being within three minutes' walk of the Madely Church, where Fletcher exercised his ministry. One week was spent at Madely Wood, about a mile and a half distant; and the last week at Dawley. Each week, the work continued to rise in power. The names of nine hundred were recorded by the secretaries as among the newly saved. To God be all the glory!

Since we left Madely, we have been in the reception of intelligence assuring us of the continuance and permanency of this glorious revival. A letter from Madely, received yesterday, says, --

"You will be glad to learn that the cheering accounts you have heard from this circuit are quite correct; and yet all has not been told: Upwards of nine hundred have been added to Madely Circuit. This I had from our esteemed superintendent last week. In Dawley, the work still continues, and hundreds are turning to the Lord. Is it not glorious?... The church has given me the charge of a class. I entered upon the duty with fear and trembling, but with a divine assurance, that in obeying the command, 'Feed my sheep,' my Father would not send me a warfare at my own charge. He has condescended to own the effort with his blessing. I have twenty-nine members, and twenty-six give clear testimony of a change of heart through the instrumentality of your revival labors when here. Oh, how it, would rejoice you to hear one after another relate their glorious experiences, and, to use their own expressions, bless the day that you came to Madely! These young converts are all groaning for perfect love, and you would be amazed to hear them all engage in prayer: they pray more like mature Christians than young converts."

Another letter informs us, that, on the Madely and adjoining circuits, fruit of the extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit is still being" gathered. Many came from the Wellington Circuit to Madely and Madely-wood Chapels, and four hundred have been received on trial on the adjoining circuit (Wellington). This added to the nine hundred on the Madely Circuit, what a gracious ingathering does it present as the result of nineteen days' labor!

Surely from this time it shall be said, "What hath God wrought!" Most cheering testimony has from time to time been received, setting forth the enduring character of this remarkable revival. It was after the testings and consolidations of many months had intervened, that one friend, in writing to another, says, --

"Under God, I believe Dr. and Mrs. P_____ to have been the honored instruments of the most glorious revival that ever occurred in this circuit. I have just returned from a prayer-meeting which would have done their hearts good. Nine of the individuals who engaged in prayer, previous to their visit, were in the world a year ago: now, I trust, they are all in Christ, and seeking to be fully conformed to his divine will; and all of them are engaged more or less in the vineyard. This circuit, which, previous to their visit, seemed rather to be declining, has had hundreds added to the Lord and to the Church; and many have begun to call sinners to repentance: furthermore, seals are more frequently added to the regular ministry of the word. In the place where I reside, many who heard Dr. and Mrs. P_____ belonged to the Established Church; and, after meeting with us for a time, they took their places in the Establishment again. Of such I can speak hopefully.

"Very many were converted in those parts of this circuit which were not visited by them. Such was the case at Coalbrookdale, Horsehay, Lawley Bank, and Little Dawley, and in places adjoining the circuit, and also in the circuit. At Dosely and Little Wenlock, the Church of England ministers opened their school-rooms for prayer-meetings, and attended the meetings themselves; and many were added to them, and, I believe, added to Christ. I consider the indirect result of their visit more beneficial than the immediate effects: this may be explained in several ways. One of these I give; namely, the revival, in its sympathetic influence and divine visitation, led the people to the special means of grace in each locality, where, perhaps, there was less excitement, but where seekers of salvation found ready assistants in the leaders and local preachers, who exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, and, pointing them to Jesus, rejoiced in their joy. Such established a bond, or, shall I not rather say, God bound them together? and the influence of that bond again and again brought them together, and led them to seek in each other's fellowship the enjoyment of religious sympathy and instruction. The religious element thus cherished is now forming character, and giving stability to the children of God, and babes are being nourished in the ways of piety. There is a double and glorious beneficial influence thus exerted on the whole Church. All classes have been visited. Suffice it to say, hundreds have been saved; and I believe the Spirit's convictions are still deep in many hearts."

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36 -- CHAPTER

Bridgend, South Wales, Feb. 10, 1882

South Wales abounds in the beautiful. Green hills and dales and fast-flowing rivers everywhere variegate the scene. Yesterday we went to Sandown, and rode a few miles along the beautiful banks of the expansive Bristol Channel. Wales has been compared to the charming Isle

of Wight, only far more extensive. There are several old castles, built centuries ago, in this and the region round about, to whose hoary remains the ivy tenaciously clings.

Our mother country has, in its agricultural portions, some arts in beautifying the waysides and fields, which America cannot so freely boast. The green-clad slopes on either side, as you pass along by the railroad, and the refreshing flower-gardens, and mimic grotto work at the stations, and the evergreen hawthorn-hedges, dividing the fields into patchwork, remind one of May in the midst of winter, though February is not half over. But England has many more cloudy days than her youthful daughter America; and England now is exceedingly graver ay, more than grave, -- she is sorrowful. In tore aspects than one, it may be said our mother country is in sackcloth. Though many weeks have passed since the Queen of England became a widow, she is still feeling her widowhood as though it were but yesterday.

The churches and chapels throughout the land are still hung in mourning. The ladies of England are clothed in sable, in sympathy with their Queen. The gentlemen are wearing wide crape-bands on their hats, such as betoken widowed hearts with us. There can be no mistake in regard to the true heart-sympathy of the people of England with their beloved Queen in this bereavement; neither can there be a doubt whether her Royal Majesty does not suffer, in this sudden bereavement, pangs of sorrow similar to those that any other sensitive, heart-stricken widow might feel. The widow and the fatherless feel alike, whether in court or cottage. Said Newman Hall, in his sermon on the death of the Prince, "Who could picture to himself the lonely Queen, going forth the other day from Windsor Palace, which she refused to quit till the coffin-lid was finally closed over his remains, -- who could see her, with no State attendants, in widow's weeds, weeping as she went across the slopes of Windsor Park by a secluded path to the railway-station, -- the only journey during twenty years she had taken without his Royal Highness, -- oh! who could picture to himself such a sight, and not mourn that death has entered our palaces?"

Prince Albert was unquestionably a man of sterling virtues; and, during the last few months of his life, he seems to have been manifestly preparing for his change. He was born Aug. 26, 1819; and was three months younger than the Queen. The Queen and the Prince were first cousins. His father was brother to the late Duchess of Kent. October, 1839, was his first eventful visit to England; and on Feb. 10 Of the next year, in the Chapel Royal of St. James, Queen Victoria repeated the words, "I Victoria take thee Albert to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and obey, till death us do part."

Said Newman Hall, "With scarcely a cloud, the sun of prosperity shone upon the royal pair. During nearly twenty-two years, the dark day seemed not to approach. Sons and daughters in goodly array sprang up around them. Sickness was a stranger at court: until the beginning of the present year, no serious bereavement befell the royal circle. Children's children began to appear."

On several public occasions, the departed Prince avowed his reverence for God; and though it is to be feared that he was not experimentally pious till within the few last months of his life, yet in his public speeches he repeatedly and clearly testified his belief in divine

revelation, and his wish for the spread of Christian principles. In front of the Royal Exchange, London, there is an inscription, which has doubtless been read by thousands, without a thought of the one through whose instigation it was placed there. Observing in the plan of the architect a bare slab, the Prince asked what use was to be made of it. Being informed it was not designed for any thing special, he proposed that it should bear the inscription, "The Earth Is The Lord's, And The Fullness Thereof." Thus traders coming in from all parts of the world are reminded that the goods in which they traffic are all the product of an almighty hand, and read a lesson calculated to inspire "hem with humility and gratitude.

In our travels, we have twice met with Prince Albert and other members of the royal family. The Prince was tall and good-looking; a man of middle age, with an intellectual, benevolent countenance. From what we read of former sovereigns, we have scarcely reason to think that England has, for many centuries, been blessed with a sovereign whose surroundings, personal character, and well-ordered household, have been as unexceptionable as that of the present sovereign. The sudden bereavement that has befallen the royal family, and in which the whole British nation now participates, has made developments which show the conjoint letters V. and A., so familiar to the eye of most people here, betokened a union of loving hearts united in purpose to set a praiseworthy example to the people of England, if not in earnest heart-piety, of high morality and worldly rectitude.

On the landing of the staircase leading to the private apartments of the royal family in Windsor Castle stands a beautifully sculptured marble statue. Aa eminent artist at the head of the Protestant party in France executed it by the command and according to the instructions of Prince Albert. It represents the youthful and pious King Edward VI. In one hand he holds an open Bible, while the scepter in the other points to this text on the open page: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." This statue was placed on those stairs, that the royal children, especially the Prince of Wales, might ever be reminded, by the example of two good and youthful kings, of the importance of doing what is right, not only in the eyes of courtiers and of the people, but in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart.

It is affirmed, and from a reliable source, that the last time the Prince made an attempt to use his pen was to soften the threatening dispatch sent to Lord Lyons in relation to the "Trent" affair. This was after his illness had commenced, and was by the desire of the Queen, and was a joint matter between the royal pair. It was not long after the return of the royal family from their Scottish home, Balmoral, that the Prince was taken ill, While there, he heard a sermon from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God:" The circumstances were peculiar. The Officiating minister, having forgotten his sermon, suddenly selected this text, he having preached from it recently; and the subject, on that account being familiar, was chosen. Her Royal Majesty and the Prince listened with solemn attention, and afterward sent to the minister for the manuscript, which was returned with thanks, and a desire expressed that it might be published. This, it is said, was the last sermon the Prince ever heard.

On one occasion, after the Prince had spoken of his recovery as doubtful, one of his physicians, endeavoring to rally his spirits, spoke quite confidently of a favorable issue; to which the Prince replied about thus: "No; I shall not recover: but I am not taken by surprise. If I had

nothing but my earthly honors, I should be poor indeed. I trust I am prepared." One among the most favorite hymns of Prince Albert, on his dying bed, was,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

The hymn throughout was often repeated by him and in his hearing by those who affectionately waited around his dying pillow. Princess Alice is said to be pious. It is reported that she repeated not only consoling words of Scripture and precious portions of hymns, but that she also knelt by her dying father's bedside, and poured out her soul to God in affecting prayer without the aid of a book.

An interesting incident has just come to my knowledge, which, I am sure, will cause a thrill of joy to Christian hearts of every country. Who would not love to think of the sovereign of one of the most mighty nations of the earth as really God-fearing and at heart pious?

At a meeting of the army Scripture readers, Rev. H. Huleatt narrated the following incident, which he received from one of the actors in the scene. The clergyman of Osborn, Isle of Wight, -- where the Queen of England has spent the most of her time since the death of the Prince, -- had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. As he entered the room where the invalid was, he saw by the bedside a lady in deep mourning, reading the word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady exclaimed, "Pray, remain: I would not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford."

The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick; and he found, that, out of that book, portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England.

I love to trace the hand of the Lord in what some might call little things. But, in fact, I believe there are no little things. Doubtless the day of eternity will reveal that every thing, however seemingly trivial, is of momentous importance when viewed amid the summing up of eternity. Shortly after we came to this country, we were affectionately and most urgently invited to visit South Wales by the Rev. E. Russell, a Wesleyan minister, Superintendent of the Bridgend Circuit. We were then laboring in the north of England, and our time so fully occupied as to give but little encouragement that we might be able to visit Wales. During the many intervening months, the invitation had been several times repeated; so that, while we could not but appreciate the earnest solicitude manifested, we really wondered at the forbearance and perseverance of the good minister in so long pressing his suit. We at last wrote what to ourselves seemed a final answer, repeating in the most emphatic manner our utter inability to come. The excellent minister wrote in reply, "We cannot give you up. Ever since you have come to this country, we have been watching your course, and asking in prayer, believing that God would send you here. We have had faith to believe God would send you; and now, if you do not come, what will become of our faith?" One may say that it is quite enough to be true to the inspirations of our own faith, without being answerable to the faith of others. But we remembered the faithfulness of One who hath said, "Ye shall not be tempted above that ye are able to bear," and reasoned thus: The prayer and the faith in regard to our visiting Wales was either of divine inspiration, or

it was not. If it was, then our refusal to go is not a matter of less importance than a refusal on the part of Philip would have been, had he been unwilling to go and join himself to the chariot of the Ethiopian. We dared not trifle with the faith of our fellow-disciple; and, as we could see no absolute prohibition, we dared not refuse.

The result has proved that this dear minister's faith was eminently of God. We would not have gone to Madely only as we were led there en route to Wales in answer to his solicitations. The salvation of hundreds" of souls having occurred through our detention in that region shows that the matter is far from being of less moment than that of Philip's joining himself to the chariot.

In making what we call the Apostles' Creed our own, we say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Add, if so, why is it regarded as fanatical that one should say, "I feel impressed by the Spirit to do thus and so," as did this Christian minister in writing to us? Is not the one great mode of the Spirit's teaching by making impressions on the heart? Neither is it a light matter not to be most careful in following the impressions thus made. If Philip had been as fearful of following impressions as some Christians of later days have been, he would not have joined himself to the chariot, and an opportunity for usefulness would forever have vanished. And well was it for over a thousand newly saved persons that the minister had simplicity enough to say, "If you do not come, what will become of my faith?"

And not only in connection with our journeyings to this place has God honored that faith that would take no denial, but also, since we have commenced our work for Jesus here, most gracious have been the outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Bridgend is a very thriving, neat town, of a few thousand inhabitants. The buildings are mostly of light stone. The Wesleyans have a pleasant, commodious church, "beautiful for situation," on the outskirts of the town. To this, we, with hundreds of this and the surrounding community, have repaired every evening, and also at the noon hour, during the past fourteen days. The size of the place, and other circumstances, the number of the newly saved, and of those sanctified wholly, demand renewed and more exalted strains of praise. Several new classes are about being formed; and the newly baptized membership are scattering themselves abroad, inviting their unconverted friends and neighbors to Jesus. Such a work, I presume, has not before been witnessed here. The secretary of the meeting has handed us his report, containing the names of one hundred and nine persons, who, having identified themselves as seekers, have found the blessing sought. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Our homes have been with our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and P_____ Price, with whom we enjoyed precious heart-fellowship, which we shall love to renew "when life with its labors is over." At present we are at Calcourt Villa, which stands on a rise of about twenty feet above the fast-flowing Ogmore, which is ever laving its shady, grass-covered banks. This river is tributary to the Bristol Channel, a few miles distant; and, as I look from my window on its rapid flow, it seems as ever hastening to do the will of the Great Ruler of the universe.

Cowbridge, South Wales, Feb. 12, 1862

Have you ever noticed particularly what Paul says of his devoted friend Timotheus? The good, affectionate Paul was himself a whole burnt-sacrifice. Often have I thought that this means much more than many who love holiness apprehend. But Paul knew; for he was not only willing, but could joy in being offered up a sacrifice on the service of the faith of others.

But he could find no other like-minded as was Timotheus, whose nature had been so purified by the refining processes of grace as to care naturally for the things of God, so as to have no separate interests. It was therefore that the heavenly-minded Paul was in danger of sorrowing overmuch at the thought of parting with his twin-spirit Timotheus.

But this is a sort of digression; yet I must say, to the praise of Infinite Grace, that I am proving more fully the blessedness of being saved from unrenewed self in all its forms, and in living only and specially for Him who lived and died for me. When I first entered by the new and living way into the holiest, I experimentally apprehended it as a state of entire and absolute identification with the interests of Christ's kingdom; and I have ever since been confirmed in my views on this subject, and feel that I can contemplate no interests apart from the Redeemer's kingdom, and its establishment in the hearts of the redeemed family.

We are now endeavoring to hasten homeward by way of making our visit shorter at each place than heretofore; and this makes us feel in a more emphatic sense that we are but pilgrims and sojourners. Cowbridge, where we now are, is a small town on the Bridgend Circuit, where we remain but one week, and then go to Cardiff; about thirteen miles distant.

We have been in this little town two evenings: between twenty and thirty have been forward as seekers at each service, and the chapel is densely crowded. English Wesleyanism has not been as much prospered in Wales as in many parts of England. The Calvinistic Methodists form the most numerous body in the principality.

The Wesleyans and the Methodists are wholly distinct, and do not affiliate, seemingly, more than Wesleyans and Presbyterians. The services of the Calvinistic Methodists are conducted in the Welsh language; while those in the Wesleyan chapels, with but few exceptions, are conducted in English. This will account for the fact, that we, though in Wales, and surrounded by many who speak the Welsh language, do not find difficulty in being understood, as the largest portion of the people understand both Welsh and English.

* * * * *

37 -- CHAPTER

Cardiff, March 22, 1862

The history of Cardiff may be traced back from a period anterior to the Christian era. In former times, the town was encompassed by a stone wall having five gates. A small portion of the wall still stands, remarkable for its thickness and substantial masonry. The moat near the ancient wall is now a navigable canal. Within the past few years, the town has vastly improved, and more than trebled its inhabitants. It combines much that is agreeably venerable with

unmistakable marks of commercial prosperity and modern refinement. In the new parts of the town, the streets are generally well paved, and more regular than most English or Welsh towns, and are well lighted with gas. In the midst of the town, on rising ground, are the ruins of Cardiff Castle, said to have been erected about the year 1080. These ancient ruins tell many a tale of victory, defeat, and wrong. A large portion of the massive walls, piled by hands centuries since crumbled to dust, still stand. A castellated mansion rises within a short distance of the castle, built by the late Marquis of Bute. A terrace walk leads round within the walls, which commands extensive views of the surrounding country. The rampart surrounding the castle is planted with beautiful shrubs. The grounds are entered by an imposing gateway, which, though guarded, is always accessible to the inhabitants of the town and to reputable strangers.

Cardiff is the most important town in South Wales. Its prosperity is attributable to its geological site and position, being surrounded by a district with an inexhaustible supply of minerals. Its coal and iron are of a superior quality. Its iron-works are giving support to thousands; and populous towns and villages have within the past half-century sprung up in every direction. In the center of the principal street stands the monument of the late Marquis of Bute, to whose enterprise the town of Cardiff owes much. He died suddenly in 1848. At a cost of 300,000 Pounds the "Bute Docks" were built on land belonging to the marquis, and at his own expense; the proceeds of which accrue to his only son, who is still a minor. It is said that the yearly revenue from the docks is over 60,000 Pounds. The amount which will accrue to the young Marquis on coming of age will be enormous. These "docks" present forests of masts, and flags of different nations.

It has helped to promote a home-like feeling, as we have walked again and again by these beautiful docks, and have witnessed the stars and stripes proudly floating over vessels from our own beloved country; but it has added still more largely to our pleasure to see so many shipmasters from America, who, with their crews, have been attendant on the religious services, which, over thirty days past, have been gloriously progressing in this place. One evening, four captains of American vessels then in port all came forward at once to grasp our hands, only because we were Americans; and from the interest taken in the services, we could not doubt but all were earnestly pious.

We are laboring in one of the largest and most beautiful chapels in the principality. Our people have few more imposing churches in America than the Wesleyans have here: We began on Sabbaths and, as usual, took the afternoon and evening services. Hundreds were present in the afternoon, when we spoke to believers of Jesus as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost; after which the communion-rail was crowded with those who earnestly sought and found the great salvation. In the evening, the crowd was so dense as to preclude the possibility of getting persons forward to the altar, and recourse was had to a large vestry capable of holding about three hundred. So Dr. P____ and I separated, -- he taking charge of the meeting in the chapels and I assisting the penitents in the vestry. Many were saved; some received the witness of purity, and between twenty and thirty the blessing of pardon. It is estimated that there were about fifteen hundred in the chapel. We regard this as a most blessed beginning, and anticipate seeing hundreds saved as at Madely and elsewhere.

Oh that the awakening Spirit might go throughout the worlds and wake the slumbering virgins, so that sinners in Zion may, indeed, be afraid! How many professors, who have been raised to the zenith of Christian privilege, will be doomed to be thrust down to the lowest depths of perdition with those professors of Capernaum who have Abraham for their father! It has been said that death is an honest hour; but there is nothing awakening or enlightening or purifying in death. All that death does for the soul is to untie the cord that binds it to earth.

People, doubtless, die in the same light in which they live. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. Holiness, specific holiness, is not only an absolute necessity if we would die right, but it is equally needful if we would live right: otherwise we cannot be answerable to the duties of our high and holy calling, and be found at last prepared to take our appointed place in that world where we are to live forever; where there are thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers.

Few thoughts in connection with the work the Lord has given us to do here in this Old World occupy my mind more than the disappointment to which so many will be doomed on awaking in the light of eternity. I make it a point never to leave a place without "relieving my mind on this subject. Were I not to do this, I fear the blood of souls would be found on my skirts. While I do not lose sight of the fact that God is love, I also remember that his name is Faithful and True.

We came here over four weeks ago, by the solicitation of the Wesleyan ministers and people of Cardiff, to hold special services. In answer to the prayer of faith, it has indeed been made an occasion of the passing-by of the Son of God. Surely nothing can be more to the glory of God, who alone doeth wonders, than to "declare his doings among the people, and make mention that his name is exalted." Such a work, it is said, has never before been witnessed in this town by the oldest inhabitants. The divine influence is acknowledged and felt throughout the town, affecting the public morals, and bringing hundreds to the house of prayer who have been hitherto neglecters of salvation.

A town councilman, who is himself a member of the Established Church, rose "in one of our recent mid-day meetings, and said, "I desire to return thanks to Alafighty God for great improvement in the state of the people during the past week. The police cases have been unusually few; and, in the last report published, not a single case was brought before the magistrates. I walked last night to the meeting with the detective officer; and he told me that the improvement in the town was so great, that it was not like the same place." On the evening of the day that the magistrate returned his thanksgiving, one of the oldest and most reputable townsmen of Cardiff rose in the meeting, and, expressing a humble desire to glorify God, and not the creature, said, "I may not be the oldest man in the house: but of one thing I am quite certain -- that is, that I am the oldest inhabitant of Cardiff in the house; and I wish to say, to the glory of God, that Cardiff has never witnessed such a visitation of the Spirit as this." Glory be to God in the highest! Young and old, rich and poor, are the subjects of the work; but a far larger proportion are men and their wives.

Our meetings were held the first twenty-one days at the large and beautiful chapel in Charles Street, capable of accommodating about fifteen hundred persons, which has been

crowded to excess. On Sabbath evenings, a simultaneous meeting has been held in the adjoining vestry, for the accommodation of hundreds who could not gain access to the chapel. At one of these services, about thirty found the Lord one evening.

The noonday meetings have been wonderfully owned of God. Seldom has a day passed but from five to ten have been forward for prayers, and found mercy. These meetings, which have been held in the large very capable of holding four or five hundred, are also being crowded; and most thrilling have been the scenes of saving power there displayed. Many requests for prayers, varying from ten to twenty, have been sent in daily. To many of these, most marked answers have been received. I will subjoin two or three as a specimen of many other written and verbal thanksgivings which have been sent in: "A mother, who has had three daughters and a son made happy in the pardoning love of God, and also this morning a nephew, while pleading with God in the stable-loft, received such a sense of pardon, that, when he came to breakfast, his countenance was beaming with joy, desires the united thanksgivings of God's people for these manifestations of his infinite love."

The ministers are delightfully in heart with us in helping forward the interests of the revival. One of these said he desired to give in his testimony to the glory of God in favor of the glorious work now going on in the town. Not only had his own soul been watered, but the showers of grace had fallen particularly on his own family. Two of his children had been converted. His wife and family governess had received such a baptism of the Spirit as never before. His coachman had been converted; and two of his house-servants had been so blessed, that their daily toil seemed nothing, and they were running up and down stairs, singing, --

"Oh! He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And set them on the rock of ages."

Another note of thanks reads thus: "One of the oldest leading members in the Wesleyan Methodist society at Cardiff desires to present his thanks to Almighty God for the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the town and neighborhood during the past five weeks; the results of which have been the awakening and conversion of hundreds of immortal souls, the quickening of the Church of God in the full salvation of many believers, and the greatest revival of religion that has taken place in the town for the last fifty years; and, while acknowledging the instrumentalities... gives all the glory to God." I might add many more thanksgivings of a similar character.

We have heard of a number who have been convicted at the revival services, and have returned to their homes too much distressed to sleep, and have found Jesus before the break of day. At the mid-day meeting, the captain of a vessel now in this port came forward to the desk, so deeply affected, that he was for some time scarcely able to speak; said he had made a vow to God, and asked the privilege to speak. Though he had been a professor of religion for fifteen years, he had not known the power of saving grace. He had attended the last evening's meeting, and was so deeply and painfully convinced of this, that he felt it his duty to confess it, and seek an interest in the prayers and sympathies of God's people. Refusing to obey these convictions of the Holy Spirit, he had returned to his vessel greatly distressed, but resolved he would seek the Lord with all his heart, and never rest till he knew he had salvation. He lamented his resistance in

not acknowledging his convictions; promised the Lord, if he would have mercy, that he would hasten to confess to the glory of God; and, after wrestling till about one o'clock in the morning, the Sun of Righteousness broke in upon his soul, and he was so happy as to be unable to close his eyes in sleep since. He had now brought four of his crew with him, who all came forward seeking an interest in Jesus. The four sailors were happily converted before leaving the meeting; and the captain and his men went away rejoicing. What a change in that ship's company in less than twenty-four hours!

Two or three evenings ago, as the altar of prayer was surrounded with penitents, I was arrested by the appearance of a hardy, brave-looking man, who seemed to eye me as though he was waiting for a word. I went to him, and found that he had been enabled, during the progress of the meeting, to cast the burden of his sins on Jesus; and the consolations of the Spirit with him were neither few nor small.

"Do you know who sent me here?" he eagerly inquired. Imagining that he came in answer to some one of the thousands of printed invitations which have been distributed in the town and its environs, I answered, "No: but I suppose, of course, some one invited you; but I don't know who." -- "I know who invited me. God told me, as I was down by the docks, that I must come here tonight, and come to this altar. I will tell you just how it was. I am a Norwegian. I used to go to the chapel sometimes, and feel my heart soft; but it has been a long time since. I came to the chapel at noon; and my heart seemed so stiff and hard, I got on my knees, and thought, 'Oh that my heart might be softened a bit!' when I thought I saw Jesus. His blood was streaming; and then my heart began to burst, and then it burst again and again. After the meeting was over, I went to the docks; and as I walked there, and kept thinking, my heart kept bursting out. It was while there that the Lord told me I must come here tonight." -- "And now, since you have been here, you believe the Lord has blotted out all your transgressions, and you feel that your name has been written in the book of life?" -- "I know it!" he exclaimed.

Kneeling near this Norwegian, at the altar of prayer, were three young men. I found, on inquiring of each, that they were sailors belonging to one ship's company: they were all enabled to rejoice in sins forgiven before leaving the altar of prayer. Many have come in from miles around seeking the Lord, and have returned to their homes happy in Jesus.

The services were held in the two commodious Wesleyan chapels alternately. The influence was scarcely more confined to Wesleyans than to other denominations. Ministers and people of other denominations attended all the services, and took part in the exercises. Among those who attended the most largely, aside from our own people, were the Baptists. Most delightfully did the excellent minister whose scene of labor was in the neighborhood of the Charles-street Wesleyan Chapel participate in our views in regard to the command of the Head of the Church, -- "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high." I do not doubt but he obtained the gift of power himself, and a number of his members also became deeply interested in the theme. He was urgent that we should hold a series of services at his chapel; but, as we were unable to do so, he commenced special services with the aid of some of his newly Spirit, baptized members, and in a few days about a hundred found mercy.

Hundreds, who were known to be utter neglecters of salvation, were drawn, by the solemn influences pervading the town, to come to the place of prayer, which proved to be a Bethesda to their souls. Seven hundred and fifty names were handed in to the secretaries, of those who sought and found pardon, besides a number of young persons, who nightly thronged the vestry, not added to the secretaries' list. We also heard of some striking cases of persons who were made subjects of special prayer at the mid-day meetings, convicted at their homes, who were brought to Jesus. A baker, who had sometimes attended the Wesleyan chapel, and whose wife was under deep convictions from having attended the services, declared that he would never enter the chapel so long as we were there. Hoping to dissipate her convictions, he took her out for a drive. While on the road, he was mysteriously seized as though death had arrested him. His wife called for assistance, and he was taken home apparently in a dying state. As soon as he was able to speak, he declared it was the hand of God in judgment, and cried for mercy. One of the ministers was called on in the midst of the services.

The poor man had called for Dr. Palmer; but Dr. P_____ was addressing a large audience, and one of the ministers obeyed the summons. It resulted in the salvation of the man; and, soon as he was able to leave his bed, he most gladly came to the house of God. A lady came to a service. We spoke that evening of the brevity and uncertainty of human life, and of heaven as a prepared place for a prepared people, and urged all to an immediate preparation for the world to come. The lady felt that she was a sinner. The Holy Spirit re-echoed the voice of the speaker, "Prepare to meet thy God." She felt an urging to go forward at once to the altar of prayer; but she resisted, and it proved to be the last call. She went home, and was shortly, taken dangerously ill. The minister who informed us of the occurrence was sent for; but he said he left her in a dying state, unable to trust or hope in the mercy of God, and feeling that she had resisted the last efforts of grace to save her. A few weeks ago, a person came forward as a helpless sinner, and found pardon and acceptance in Jesus. The next day, before twelve o'clock, he was, without a moment's warning, ushered into eternity. A few days ago, Dr. P_____ spoke of this as an admonition to be "also ready." Before noon the next day, one present, who, it is to be feared, was a neglecter of salvation, was alike suddenly called to eternity. How Solemn the responsibility of being called to be workers together with God in entreating dying mortals to prepare for that world where the deathless spirit must live on and on for untold millions of ages! Daily are we feeling more deeply the worth of souls, and are disposed to esteem yet more lightly any service of life, lip, or pen, whose ultimate bearing may not have a direct tendency towards the salvation of deathless, blood-bought spirits. Often do we say, and deeply do we feel, that if there was one soul at the farthest verge of the universe unsaved, and it would require all the wealth of the world to reach that one, and every man, woman, and child throughout the world to go to the rescue, it were an expedition well worthy the enterprise, in view of the price paid for the redemption of that soul, and the estimate placed upon it by the Redeemer. We have been hastening to get through with our work in these regions, as we have many calls homeward; and it is love for souls alone that detains us.

A note in the "Watchman" (London) of Feb. 26, 1862, says,

Cardiff. -- Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are now laboring here with great success. Multitudes are being brought to Jesus; young and old are experiencing a present salvation through faith in Christ. The Church is quickened, and rejoices over many who knew not the Lord before. A holy

influence rests on the services of these devoted servants of our God. Wesley Chapel, capable of holding about thirteen hundred persons, was filled to overflowing last Sunday evening; multitudes being unable to gain access to the chapel. A service was commenced in the adjoining vestry, which was also filled with between three and four hundred hearers. So gracious was the influence, felt during the latter part of the evening service, that penitents were found crying for pardon in the chapel, in the large vestry, and in the smaller vestry among the children, most of whom found peace through believing, and were enabled to go home rejoicing. Our circuit ministers, local preachers, and class leaders, are all helping in the good work. We are looking and praying for further and larger manifestations of God's power and presence among us.

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38 -- CHAPTER

Merthyr Tydvil, April 15, 1862

Having spent about ten weeks in Wales, and witnessed the salvation of over one thousand souls, and the quickening of hundreds of believers into new spiritual life, we are now about taking our departure for Abergavenny, a town situated a little beyond the line separating Wales from England.

Dr. Johnson, when asked to write an account of his visit to Wales, excused himself by saying that it was so much like England, that he had nothing particular to state. Had we finished our visit to Wales on leaving Cardiff, our opinion might not have been much at variance with Dr. Johnson; but it is only to look out at my window for a few moments, and see some of the ancient costumes still in vogue among the old settlers, or to walk the streets of Merthyr, or go into more than half the chapels and hear a dialect so strangely diverse from the Anglo-Saxon, for one to feel as though he were in some far-off land. What would some of our American fashionables think to see a grave-looking dame, a little over middle age, and of the middle class of society, walking Broadway, wearing a circular blue cloth cloak, with a neat little mantle, such as so gracefully enveloped the dignified form of our excellent Dr. B____, surmounted by a beaver hat with a broad brim, and the crown tapering up about one foot and a half high?

Just such a figure I observed only a short time since as I came in from a little walk. Yet, though I have seen many ancient dames coming in from the surrounding mountainous country with hats differing only from the men by the dimensions of the brim and the height of the sugar-loaf crown, I must not intimate that the appearance described furnishes a fair specimen of a modern Welsh lady, which does not differ from an English lady of the same class.

The English language is gradually, though slowly, gaining the ascendancy over the Welsh; though the old Welsh population are, with their wonted tenacity, chiding the march of English encroachments. A recent writer says,

"As far as I am able to form a calculation, the relative strength of the Welsh and English languages is as follows: Allowing the present population of Wales to be about nine hundred thousand, about four hundred thousand of these speak Welsh only. There are about four hundred

thousand who speak both Welsh and English, and about one hundred thousand who speak the English language only, and have no acquaintance with the Welsh."

With very few exceptions, all signs on shops and public houses are in English; but in far the greatest number of chapels the services are conducted in Welsh. Yet, though the Welsh language is so much spoken, and the sermons are far oftener preached in Welsh than in English, and the Welsh Bible is more in use than the English, there are few, if any, literary institutions where the Welsh language is taught.

The common classes, whether old or young, attend Sabbath school; and, if we may judge, these schools, above any other institution, are the nurseries for the religious perpetuation of the Welsh language. We are informed that legal documents must be written in English, and it is very seldom that bills or receipts are made in the Welsh language; but in religious services there seems to be a sort of pious aptitude for the native dialect, which repels the English as new-fangled and less devotional.

The extempore method of preaching is peculiarly suited to the genius of the Welsh, and is generally adopted. Even ministers of the Established Church, in many cases, seem to have been constrained to yield to the wants of the people, and deliver extempore discourses by way of retaining their congregations. They are very fond of hearing sermons, and will sometimes sit and hear two or three discourses, of an hour long, at one service.

The Calvinistic Methodists form far the most numerous body in Wales. They still have in full operation their School of the Prophets, at Trevecca, which was founded in the days of Lady Huntingdon, and of which the devoted Fletcher was one of the first instructors. When we read, in our childhood days, the interesting details of the formation of the Trevecca College, and the trials of the excellent Fletcher in connection with the Calvinistic question which resulted in the disunion of the parties, how little did we conceive whereunto this would grow!

From a tabular view of the state of the religious communities in Wales, I observe that the Calvinistic Methodists number seventy-five thousand, while the Wesleyan Methodists number fourteen thousand four hundred. The Wesleyans are not recognized by the name "Methodist," the Calvinists having monopolized the name. The Association of Calvinistic Methodist Ministers has just been held in this place. It was but slightly similar to one of our annual conferences.

The table before me gives the Methodist Calvinists seventy-two thousand communicants, and the number of ministers as four hundred and ten. The Calvinistic Methodists pay their ministers poorly, the salary of each seldom amounting to over eighty or one hundred pounds.

Many of their ministers are engaged in secular callings during the week, as a necessity for the support of their families. Their chapels, though often in size commodious, are generally exceedingly inexpensive and plain, and, as far as we have observed, are wanting in that studious neatness which bespeaks that earnest and self-sacrificing love so congenial to the wishes of the enlightened, pure-minded worshipper, and which David surely must have felt when he cried out, "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord!"

While it does not accord with the genius of Methodism of the true Wesleyan order to vie with the Romanists in building costly churches, it surely is unseemly and unscriptural to see people who dwell in their celled houses attend a place of worship whose uncarpeted and oft unswept floors are at variance with the cleanliness and comfort of their own homes, and makes one feel that the reprovings of the Prophet Malachi were quite in place in the nineteenth century of Christianity.

If it were not digressive, I would say that religious communities on this side of the water are oftener in fault in relation to matters of this kind than in America. It would, perhaps, be an agreeable surprise to one from these regions, on some bright Sabbath morning, to enter one of our ordinary New York churches, and observe the cleanliness and the neatly carpeted aisles and pews, and all the seats with backs, and nicely cushioned, without one single cushionless pew called "poor-seat;" and then to be informed that there are many such free Methodist churches in the city, and all over America, where the poorest person in creation has as good a right to enter and choose his own seat as the most wealthy peer in the land, would seem passing strange. Said an American the other day, "I wonder what some of the people in these regions would think if they knew that some of our congregations at home pay about the same salary to their chapel-keeper as some congregations here do to their minister!" But this is small talk, and, we are thankful to say, is not applicable to all parts of England or Wales.

The tenantry of Wales are generally poor, as nearly all the produce of their labor is absorbed in rent, taxes, and the expenses of cultivation. In some parts of Wales, the field laborer gets but one shilling, English currency, per day, out of which he supplies food for himself and family. Many families in Wales (and the same may be said of England) seldom, if ever, have animal food; and these are not all of what are regarded as the poorest. I have known of more than one minister's family who were unable to have meat more than once a week. This may oftener be said of the families of poor Church-of-England curates than of ministers of other sects.

We have reason to be thankful that the extremes of poverty and wealth are little known in America, as in this country. Many an abode is made of turf, cemented with mud, and thatched with straw; but these are mainly the homes of what is called the pauper population, consisting of worn-out laborers, widows, orphans, and persons unable to work.

The nobility and the great landed proprietors form the highest class. Their ancient halls are entered by a tasteful porter's lodge, and are surrounded by beautiful and highly cultivated grounds and woodlands. The education and language, as well as the society in which the higher circles move, are generally English.

The different classes of artisans in Wales obtain from two shillings to three and sixpence per day. The mechanics in Wales are not thought to be quite equal to those of England.

We spent a few hours at Newport, the place where the late Christmas Evans, of the Baptist persuasion, exercised his ministry. It is said that his printed sermons, though somewhat characteristic, are but poor specimens of what he delivered from the pulpit. Some of his discourses were so overpowering, that the people were often unable to suppress their feelings

while he poured forth his animated and astonishing eloquence upon them in high-wrought metaphors and similes. He died several years since; but his memory is much honored.

But I am writing quite too long a story about our Welsh friends. The fact is that memory has daguerretyped so many scenes on our hearts of the beautiful in nature and grace, that we can see but little else in the reviewings of the past few weeks. Beautiful, indeed, have been the exemplifications of self-sacrificing Christian zeal in saving the perishing; and most refreshing to the soul, when far away, will be the recollections of the hallowing friendships, and, above all, the scenes of God's wonder working power here witnessed.

Almost ever since we have been in England, we have been repeatedly and affectionately invited to Gloucester; and it was expected that would be our next point, after leaving Cardiff: but we went to two smaller towns, Merthyr and Abergavenny, instead, because we judged we were more needed in those places.

In Merthyr the society was very low, numbering between forty and fifty. The ground seemed so hard, that we were strongly tempted to think we had mistaken our way; but, as we had trusted in the Lord for wisdom, we dared not doubt. I said to Dr. P____, "If the mountains of ice flow down at the presence of the Lord here, never can I yield to discouragement in regard to any place." The mountains did melt, but not until the leading members were willing to come out and definitely acknowledge their need of specific and present holiness. After these had humbled themselves before God, kneeling at the altar of prayer, earnestly and with one accord sought the promised gift of power, then sinners were converted, and many were saved.

The secretary sent up the names of those that were special recipients of grace during our fourteen-days' service. How rejoiced we were, in looking over this precious memorial, to see the names of the superintendent minister and his excellent colleague, with those of four or five local preachers of Merthyr and the surrounding regions, besides class-leaders, male and female, making a list of thirty who stand written as "sanctified wholly"!

The names of one hundred and ninety-four are recorded as newly pardoned, making in all two hundred and twenty-four. These Spirit-baptized ministers are now working mightily for God, and receiving seals to their ministry as never before. Within the last few days, we have received letters from ministers on the circuit. One says the Lord has just given him four seals to his ministry at one service. Another, who was the longest holding out against any thing definite on the subject, but who at the last came out openly, and with many others knelt at the altar, seeking purity, says that the Lord had just given him thirteen seals to his ministry at one service.

This was, I believe, the first sermon he preached after receiving the "tongue of fire."

None of these brethren have been at all accustomed to witness the fruit of their labor after this fashion; and they are amazed at the power, and are glorying in God, and in the work to which he has called them, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, feeling that there is a zest in the ministry to which before they were strangers. Oh, how little some ministers know what they lose by refusing to seek, with definite and unyielding importunity, the full baptism of the Holy Ghost!

Peter and the other disciples loved Jesus before the day of Pentecost; but if they had not, at the command of their risen Lord, tarried at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high, few indeed would have been the souls convicted and converted through their ministry. They doubtless accomplished more in five years, in this their might, than they could have done in fifty years without it. I have no questionings in regard to the work to which the Head of the Church has called us. Whatever others may do in revival work by way of getting sinners to yield to the claims of Christ, we have ever found, that, unless the way of the Lord is first prepared in the hearts of believers, little permanent effect is produced. The work to which we seem to have peculiar urgings is significantly set forth in the words of the Prophet Isaiah: "Go through, go through, the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up the standard for the people."

This work of gathering out the stones, and casting up the highway, and lifting up the standard whose inscription must be "Holiness to the Lord," is sometimes toilsome to flesh and spirit; but its gains, I am confident, have been more glorious than anything we have as yet described on paper.

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39 -- CHAPTER

Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, May 3, 1862

We have now passed over the boundaries of Wales, and are again on the borders of Old England. Monmouthshire forms a part of the ancient district of Gwent; and thousands who speak Welsh still reside here.

Welshmen, though they seemingly have nothing to gain, in point of prosperity, by retaining their ground or individuality as a nation, look with jealousy on English encroachments, Said a talented Welsh lady to us, with a dissatisfied air, "The English manage to get from us about one county every hundred years, till, I suppose, they fancy they will in time get all."

Yet this lady, though born in the heart of Wales and of Welsh parents, was educated wholly in England and France, and knows but very little of the Welsh language. Still the love of national individuality, so natural to humanity everywhere, lurks in her bosom, and moved her to chide Englishmen for claiming Monmouthshire as an English county.

We have traveled well-nigh over Great Britain, intersecting the country at almost every point, but scarcely remember to have seen such lovely landscapes as we everywhere behold in these regions. The town of Abergavenny lies, as it were, reposing under the protective shadow of several beautiful mountains which rife in the distance, forming a sort of amphitheater. With the river Usk at its feet, and mountains uniting the extremes of wildness and fertility rising around, whose bold peaks every here and there seem to pierce the clouds, it forms a scene of beauty which will long be imprinted on memory. Monmouthshire is Said by travelers to combine more various beauties than almost any other part of England. At the foot of the mountains are

extensive and undulating valleys, where are richly cultivated fields and interesting streams; and, at other points, Nature reigns in proud magnificence.

We have enjoyed many beautiful drives. One day we went several miles along the picturesque vale of Crickhowel, beautifully fringed with woods, and the near and distant perspective diversified with hamlets, churches, cottages, and farms. Our ride terminated with the thrifty and pretty town of Crickhowel. Here we saw the venerated ruins of the ancient castle, which spoke of ages long gone by.

Our longest and most interesting ride was to Raglan Castle. This is a place much resorted to by travelers. Persons come from all parts of England to visit this castle, which was one of the last castles stormed in the days of Oliver Cromwell, and presents one of the finest specimens of architectural beauty of past ages. It is said that no place in England presents a more interesting combination of picturesque scenery and historical associations.

The ruin is one-third of a mile in circumference. The remains of the ruin still standing suggest an idea of massive magnificence which it would be difficult to describe. The outer shell of the castle still stands, reaching to an almost dizzy height. We walked along its walls, of several feet thickness, and so covered with the mold of by-gone centuries, that wild flowers, and shrubbery of all sorts, and even trees, have taken root far above the ground; and, all along the walls, masses of the beautiful ivy are clinging.

The shell encloses two courts, the one denominated the paved, and the other the fountain court. I would love to give you more of an idea than I at present seem able to do of this and some other, ruins we have visited since we have been in the Old World, and the admonitory thoughts which have crowded my mind. But our instructive musings amid such scenes seem only calculated to make us more intent on doing our part towards preparing the souls of those around us for immortality and eternal life. Surely this world and the fashion of it passeth away! Where are the feet that trod these spacious halls? Long since have they landed in eternity. Think of the scenes that must have transpired in a place like this, where kings and, queens resorted!

This castle was founded in 1469, and continued to be a place of remarkable note till besieged by the Cromwell party in 1646. Here the unfortunate monarch, Charles I., overcome by his enemies, and deserted by his friends, took refuge in the hospitable halls of the Marquis of Worcester, a nobleman who had devoted his time and fortune to the royal cause, and remained faithful to the last. An old record is still preserved in the castle, giving some idea of the magnificence of these apartments, their extent and number, and affords evidence of the style in which the lords of this castle, in ancient time, lived. It reads thus:--

"At eleven in the morning, the castle gates were shut, and the tables laid, -- two in the dining-room, three in the hall, one in another apartment where the chaplains ate, and two in the housekeeper's room for the ladies' women. The earl entered the dining-room attended by his gentlemen. As soon as he was entered, Sir Ralph Blackstone, steward of the house, entered. The comptroller, Mr. Holland, attended' with his staff, the daily waiters, &c. At the first table sat the noble family and such of the nobility as were present. At the second table sat the knights and honorable gentlemen, attended by footmen," &c.

Then follows a long list, with names of different officers of the household, with grooms, footmen, and servants of various grades, making in all a hundred and fifty! Some of the footmen were brewers, bakers, and out-officers. Steward of Raglan, William Jones. For a length of time, the earl supported eight hundred men.

At Abergavenny we found the ground still more difficult than at our former scene of labor. The society consisted of three classes, not numbering more than fifty members at most: petty differences existed. We were told they had not had a love-feast in a year or more, as there seemed not spirit enough in the society to warrant the hope that one could be sustained. In view of these things, we felt it our duty to go there. Our first effort was to raise the standard, "Holiness to the Lord." God then began to work in power; and, during our sixteen-days' labor, two hundred and fifty were gathered out of the world to Jesus, and the church was in a flame of holy love when we left.

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40 -- CHAPTER

Blaina, South Wales, May 12, 1862

We are now in a little manufacturing town about thirteen miles from Abergavenny. It lies between two high mountains. We have had daily showers; and, from the humidity of the atmosphere and physical disabilities, we are reminded that we have this treasure in earthen vessels, and this world is not our home: but we have laid our whole being, physical and mental on the divine altar, trusting that our preferences will ever be wholly and only subject to the will of the Great Master of the vineyard. If we may but do our part towards preparing men for glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life, we will still journey on, joyfully singing our pilgrim song, "All is well."

Through failing health, we are constrained to make our visit here very short. We are domiciled with a precious family, in just such a family, I imagine, as the once incarnate Jesus would love to have rested with on the evening of the day he sat weary at Jacob's well. Our beloved Brother Shinton has a dear pious household; and though, like the honored Paul, he can say, "These hands have ministered to my own necessities," he is a power in the Church of God above many. He, with dear Brother J. Swaine, who comes daily from a few miles distant, with others, have been laborers together with us in rearing the standard here; and glorious has been the flocking of the people to it, We have an eligible battle-ground. Though the town is small, the God of heaven has been honored by the erection of a neat, commodious chapel dedicated to divine service.

Sabbath was a wonderful day. The Lord was in his holy temple, and remarkable were the manifestations of his convicting, converting, and sanctifying power. Quite a company of the new converts walked over the high hills and mountains from Abergavenny. Some of them seemed to be filled with faith and power, During the past four nights, over a hundred seeking souls have been raised up to testify that the Son of man has power On earth to forgive sins. Truly glorious

have been the scenes of saving grace! Sorrow may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning,

Our first service was not encouraging. The people, having heard of the remarkable outpouring of the Spirit in other places we had visited, acted as though they thought that we poor helpless mortals must, of course, bring salvation with us, irrespective of their being workers together with God, and us his unworthy servants. We were burdened in spirit, and told them, as ever, that the divine order is absolute, and we could only work where it is obeyed. "Judgment must begin at the house of God?" We urged the necessity of a personal, immediate, and unconditional recognition of God's order on the part of every professed Christian, irrespective of name or sect. From that hour, the Spirit began to move mightily among the people. With amazement have we listened to the joyous recitals of some who have received the tongue of fire.

One dear humble brother, who is a miner, asked the privilege of testifying before the crowded assembly. Never can I forget his burning utterances. He said he had now found the Christian's Altar. While at his daily toil, far down in the bowels of the earth, by an eye of faith he had discovered it! Then and there he bound the sacrifice, even with cords, to the horns of the altar. No sooner was body, soul, and spirit presented as a whole burnt sacrifice, than the heavenly fire descended. Now he feels that the flame of divine love is constraining him to speak of the great things God has done for him, and is waiting to do for others. Oh that every disciple of Jesus, the world over, might cry, --

"Straitened I am till this be done.
Kindle in me the living flame;
Father, in me reveal thy Son;
Baptize me into Jesus' name;

"Transform my nature into thine;
Let all my powers thine impress feel;
Let all my soul become divine;
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

"Lover mighty lover my soul o'erpower:
Ah, why dost thou so long delay?
Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
And let me see the perfect day!"

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41 -- CHAPTER

Aberdare, South Wales, May 20, 1862

The Welsh people have customs of their own, contradistinguished from the English. A funeral has just passed my window. My attention was attracted to the solemn procession by the melody of voices attuned to a mournful dirge: The persons accompanying the corpse do not

follow in orderly procession; but men and women, forming a large concourse, are blending in an indiscriminate walking mass, and the bier is carried along in the midst, not on men's shoulders, but placed on pole, and borne by four. The singing, though very pathetic, is sonorous, and forms a volume of solemn sound sufficiently strong to be heard quite in the distance by the surrounding community, proclaiming that Death has been gathering a new victim.

Three funerals have passed within one hour. How rapidly is Death doing his work! His sickle is ever sharp, and ready for use; and where is the place exempt from his reappings? Death is never idle, neither is the enemy of souls idle; and if Christian reapers are not, in obedience to the great Master's call, with earnest care attending to the fields already white, what will become of the harvest? If not speedily gathered for the garner of heaven through the vigilance of Christ's servants, Satan will be the gainer. How significant the words of the world's Redeemer to all of every name who have entered upon their career of discipleship! -- "Lift up your eyes; look on the fields." Why, Lord? -- "For they are white already to harvest." When the farmer does not hasten to reap the precious grain when ripe, and ready to harvest, it is lost; and when the servants of God do not hasten, by steady, persistent zeal, to gather souls for heaven, Satan, by ever earnest, in season and out of season labor, hastens to the work of gathering souls for destruction.

The hosts of Zion are now at work in Aberdare in gathering souls to Jesus. The Spirit of the Lord is arresting the minds of the community; and the names of about forty have been added to the ranks of the saved the last two evenings.

Said one of our devoted helpers, in writing to a distant friend, "There is no rest here just now, for Dr. and Mrs. P_____ are here; and they are always at work themselves, and keeping every one else at work." Should one ask what are the characteristics of the revival work in which we have for years past' been engaged, we might speak of it as Dr. Chalmers characterized the successes of the Methodists in their missionary operations; that is, "They are all at it, and always at it;" or illustrate by referring to the acknowledged principle in the American and Irish Revivals: There is an immediate and full salvation for every man, woman, and child under heaven, who will comply with the conditions; and every one that does comply, and comes to Christ, ought at once to become a preacher of righteousness to others, inasmuch as God says to every newly adopted child of the kingdom, "Go work today in my vineyard." I will exemplify by the occurrences of the few past hours.

An interesting lady, who is a church-member, came forward as a seeker of the great salvation. While we were showing her the simple way of faith in the all-cleansing blood, she was enabled to rest her whole being, unconditionally and eternally, on Christ; and most consciously and joyously did she enter into rest. We do not cease from our own works to enter into a state of inactivity, but to work only in the name and strength of Omnipotence, The next service, this Spirit-baptized lady was at the chapel with a friend at her side, whom she had induced to come as a seeker of Jesus. Before the close of the meeting, the friend she had brought was rejoicing, amid her tears, in the witness of acceptance. This was at the noon meeting. In the evening, this dear convert was again among the seekers. On questioning her in regard to the state of her soul, I found her still rejoicing in conscious pardon.

"But I have come here," said she, "hoping it might induce my husband, who is in the congregation, to come also."

"Then you are trying to win your husband to Jesus?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied.

Her effort was successful; for, at a succeeding service, he was among the seekers, and is now happy in sins forgiven, and bids fair to be among those, who, at our next service, will be bringing others to Jesus. Thus it is that the salvation of one ought ever to be a guaranty for the salvation of another.

Three young men have been here, assisting us in our labors, from a few miles distant. They were converted about six weeks ago, during some services in which we were engaged, at a town two or three miles' distant from where they reside. Such successful helpers do they appear as they go about in the congregation, inviting their fellow young men to enlist in the service of their Lord and Master, that one might suppose they had been months or years in the way, instead of converts of but a few weeks old. Having so recently entered upon our labors in this town, and the membership being small, we coveted the aid of these dear converts, and said, "You must surely come over and help us while we remain, as we shall so much need your assistance."

"Oh! we would, indeed, but cannot leave the work in our own town; for God is saving souls continually, and we are having prayer-meetings every night, and many have been saved; and, if you would only come over mid help us, we believe hundreds would be saved."

So said the young man who seemed to stand first in this newly enlisted trio; and we could not but think, if the churches everywhere might see such a race of converts, how soon might the kingdoms of this world be won over to our God and his Christ! There is no Wesleyan minister residing in the town where these young men live; but the superintendent of the circuit, and many others, rejoice to witness their zealous efforts.

Since we left Aberdare, we have received a letter from the secretary of the meeting, giving a report of the names and number of the recipients of the work during our labors there. They were from various churches and villages, and number a hundred and thirty-two. Of these, twenty-six were church-members, who testified that they had obtained the full baptism of the Spirit.

The remainder professed to have received pardon. He says, himself and others are endeavoring, as far as circumstances will allow, to visit those who have been newly born into the kingdom of grace, in order that they may be placed under the watch-care of the Church.

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42 -- CHAPTER

Douglas, Isle Of Man, June 20, 1862

The Isle of Man was of itself, for some centuries, a kingly domain; but the crown was voluntarily surrendered in favor of England. The sorer, eighty of the island was sold in 1765, by the then reigning Duke of Athol, for 70,000 Pounds. The duke, in making a record of this event for posterity, writes, "It were better to be a great lord than a petty king." It was thus that the island, which had successively been the kingly domain of Welsh, Scottish, and other kings, was, by an act of revestment, united to England, under whose government it has been rising in prosperity.

The history of the island is traced to several years anterior to the Christian era. The remains of a Druidical temple are still to be seen at a distance of less than five miles from where I write. The island formerly had a language of its own, called Manks. In the Kirk Braden Parish Church, service is performed, on the first Sunday of every month, in the Manks language. We visited this very ancient church two or three days ago. There are many things about it highly suggestive of primitive times. There is no clue in history to the time when the edifice was first reared; lint marks of rejuvenation are evident. It was partially rebuilt about a century ago; and this, of course, is juvenility in this Old World. The ground is crowded with the graves of past generations. One monument, though neither as old or as imposing as many others, attracted my attention. It was placed close to the principal entrance, and reads thus: "Here underlyeth the body of Mr. Patrick Thompson, minister of God's word forty years, at present Vicar of Kirk Braden, aged 67 years anno 1678; deceased an. 1689." By this it would appear that the clergyman of this church had the stone engraved and erected eleven years before he died, leaving the time of his death to be recorded by some other hand. The Manks language is still spoken in the rural villages; but, "though in frequent use with many, there are probably but few who do not understand English.

The island is situated midway in the expansive Irish Sea, about an equal distance from England, Ireland, and Scotland. Its length from north to south is between thirty and forty miles, and its breadth from ten to fifteen. The coasts are abrupt and rugged. In many places, towering rocks, rising to a great height, attract the observation; and then come the beautiful openings, disclosing green fields and beautiful bays, giving a delightful variety to the scene.

During the summer months, the island is much frequented by visitors and tourists; and, for their accommodation, a good steamer makes an excursion around the island twice a week. The largest town is Douglas. Here the bay is really beautiful. I look out at the window by which I write this sketch, and see an expanse of sea stretching as far as my eye can reach. It is a calm morning, and the sun is gilding the placid sea. The bay describes a crescent, extending about three miles. The harbor is fenced on each side by rising rocks and hills. In the center of the bay is a large rock, called St. Mary's Rock, which is frequently covered at high tide; and on this, in former years, vessels have been wrecked, and lives lost. On this rock a tower has been built, which not only adds to the picturesque scenery, but serves as a beacon at high water, and furnishes a retreat for persons who may be cast away. It is called the Tower of Refuge. It is supplied with chambers anti an alarm-bell.

The greatest bane of the island is the demon intemperance. Spirituous liquors, which are subject to high taxation in England, and the source of her greatest revenue, are, by some special

grant of government to this island, free from duty. The result of this freedom is, that shopkeepers of almost every description keep it on sale; and the number of those who are bowing down to the god Bacchus is Legion.

While other parts of the British isles are burdened with the weight of taxation on every mentionable article, whether needful or superfluous, it is remarkable that this spot can boast an almost exemption from the oppressive load. This renders provisions of all kinds cheap, and makes a residence on this pleasant isle of the sea desirable for persons of slender means, particularly those whose dilapidated fortunes suggest rigid economy.

The ecclesiastical history of the Isle of Man is interesting. It boasts not a few good men, particularly some good bishops, whose mortal remains are moldering under venerated monuments, but whose names are still as household words, and whose portraits adorn the walls of the present generation. The most noted of these is Bishop Wilson. He was the author of several works, and had commenced a translation of the Scriptures into the Manks language. His tomb is an object of much interest to strangers visiting the island. A plain stone marks the place of his burial. The inscription reads thus: "Sleeping in Jesus, here lieth the body of Thomas Wilson, Lord Bishop of this isle, who died March 7, 1755, aged ninety-three years, and in the fifty-eighth of his consecration. This monument was erected by his son, Thomas Wilson, a native of this parish, who, in obedience to the express commands of his father, declines giving him the character he so justly deserved. Let the island speak the rest."

Good Bishop Wilson was succeeded by Bishop Hildesley. It was through him that an entire translation of the Bible into the Manks language was accomplished. It was done by distributing it among twenty-four of his clergy. He had been heard to say repeatedly, that he only wished to live to see this great purpose of his life finished. On the third day after he received the last portion of the translation, the bishop was seized with a stroke of palsy, and soon expired, greatly lamented.

The fruit of his labor still remains, as the Scriptures are read in the Manks language in most of the country churches, where services are performed alternately in Manks and English. In recording his virtues, his biographer says, "It was usual to approach the bishops on the knee; but this was abolished by Bishop Hildesley. He published a rescript, signifying that kneeling in future should not be practiced in honor of his person, declaring that this act of humiliation was due only to the Divinity." What a pity that Church of England bishops everywhere were not of the same mind!

The Society of Friends were the first to make encroachments in the form of dissent. They were much persecuted. Their goods were confiscated, and they were, to the last man, expelled the island. It is said that the bishops of that day exerted their authority on High Church principles; the good Bishop Wilson making his boast that there was not a dissenter in his diocese, which included the whole island.

Would that I could portray on paper the scenes of awakening, saving, and sanctifying power we are daily beholding here! Surely this fair portion of our heavenly Father's domain is

being visited. It is a time of the "passing-by" of the Son of God; and he is setting up his kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, in many hearts.

We have mid-day and evening meetings, which are very largely attended, particularly the latter; when many leave, unable to find standing-room. Could I spread out before your readers the scene we witnessed last evening at St. James's Hall, it would call forth the strain, -- "Glory to God in the highest!" -- from hundreds of heaven-attuned hearts.

From the first of the evening's service, the presence of the High and Holy One was a felt reality. About an hour after the commencement of the service, such a remarkable effusion of the Spirit occurred, that not an individual present can ever forget the gracious event. In the midst of a solemn appeal to entire devotedness of heart and life, I seemed constrained to pause suddenly, and said, "I feel divinely impressed with the conviction, that if all who have named the name of Christ here will at once bring all their tithes into the Lord's storehouse, and prove God herewith, we shall have the windows of heaven opened upon us, and such an outpouring of the Spirit as has never before been witnessed in this place, which will result in such a revival as has not been seen on the Isle of Man."

There was a most solemn pause; and all seemingly, in that large assembly, that could free themselves from their crowded position, fell on their knees before God. For about three minutes all was silence, with the exception of stifled sobs on the part of the contrite, and suppressed exclamations of praise, when the tide of divine power and holy joy rose to an irrepressible point. "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" burst from every part of the house. The tithes had been brought in, and the overflowing blessing had been poured out; and, judging from the effect, many hearts were saying, --

"It comes in floods we can't contain."

Many, before the close of the service, were sanctified wholly, Scores of heaven-illuminated countenances seemed to bespeak unmistakably the reception of an indwelling power, which, we trust, will be diffusing on others its hallowing influences during all the future of their lives. Many who had been convicted during the service of the evening found mercy; but I have not yet heard the number.

The editor and proprietor of "The Mono Herald" is most happily numbered with those who have brought all into the Lord's storehouse; and is now disposed to say, with the editor of a political paper who was converted at another town where we were laboring, "If I cannot edit a paper for God. I will not edit one at all."

We feel it to be a blessed privilege, as far as we can, to turn even the few occasional seasons of respite which offer into means of grace. We came to this salubrious, pleasant island, intending to enjoy three or four days' respite, by the invitation of our friend, G. Pennell; his wealth being all devoted to the speedy upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. He conceived the idea, that if a large hall might be taken, aside from denominational bias, a more general attention to the interest of the soul might be secured. He took the St. James's Hall at his own expense.

According to his faith it has been done. God is now working mightily on the people of this community, irrespective of sect, though the Wesleyans are sharing the most largely.

The whole of the island, of about fifty thousand inhabitants, comprising three considerable towns and several villages, is one Wesleyan district. The excellent chairman of the district was With us last evening, and is in attendance at all the meetings, as far as the onerous duties of his position will allow; and the same may also be said of all the Wesleyan ministers on the island.

As we stand engaged to attend a camp-meeting, to be held near Enniskillen, Ireland, commencing June 27, our arrangements were made to leave tomorrow; but we have just been waited upon by a committee of ministers, bringing a memorial signed by about two hundred persons, entreating that we will not leave the town for a few days to come. The memorial expresses the belief that the blessed work of the Spirit, so gloriously begun, is destined to spread over the island if the special services so divinely owned thus far may be continued; and to this our hearts say, "Amen and AMEN!"

The only record we have seen giving any clue to the introduction of Methodism in the Isle of Man is graciously illustrative of the fact that the Arch Deceiver has not the gift of prescience. It is given by Mr. J. Rossen, in writing, to Rev. George Marsden, and reads thus: "The first direct effort appears to have been made in the year 1758. From a manuscript before me, I learn, that, in that year, Mr. John Murlin, the 'weeping prophet,' was in the island, and staid about a week. Mr. Murlin, in a published account of this early visit, says, 'I embarked in July, 1758, for Liverpool; but the captain deceived us and carried us to the Isle of Man. Here we staid a week. The second evening, I preached in a barn; but on Sunday it would not contain the congregation, so I was obliged to preach abroad. The people in general behaved well, and gave great attention. After I left them, they sent to Whitehaven, desiring, to have another preacher; but it was some years before another went, there being so little probability of doing any considerable good while the whole island was a nest of smugglers.' Amid honor and dishonor, and peril of life and limb, Methodism began to gain ground in the island, in 1775, through the instrumentality of Rev. John Crook. His persecutions from the clergy and people were formidable, and sometimes so vexatious, that he was tempted to desist; but he was enabled to endure through the girdings of divine power. Great prosperity subsequently crowned his labors, so that his name is as ointment poured forth; and he is here spoken of to this day as the Apostle of Methodism. Early in June, 1777, Mr Wesley visited the island. May 30, 1777, he writes: 'I went on to Whitehaven, where I found a little vessel waiting for me. After preaching in the evening, I went on board about eight o'clock, and before eight in the morning landed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.' This is the point from which I now write."

"What a change has since occurred in connection with the interests of Methodism! Then there was no Wesleyan chapel; and Mr. Wesley, forbidden to preach in the church, was constrained to preach in the churchyard. "Now the Wesleyans have eight stationed preachers, and between three and four thousand members, on the island, and over forty preaching places." The Mona Herald" says,

"During the past week, several revival services and prayer-meetings have been held in this town by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer from America, accompanied by Mr. Pennell of Liverpool, which have been attended by many gratifying results. The above parties arrived here from Liverpool on Tuesday evening; and the first meeting was held on Wednesday evening in the Sailors' Bethel, North Quay, which was filled to overflowing,, although only a few hours' notice had been given. On Thursday evening, a meeting was held in St. James' Hall, Atholl Street, which was densely crowded, many having been unable to obtain admission. At mid-day on Friday, a prayer-meeting was held in the same room, and was well attended by persons of all religious persuasions. Similar services were continued on Saturday, and many were unable to obtain admission at the evening service. On Sunday, at three o'clock, the room was densely filled, while hundreds were compelled to return home from the eight o'clock evening service for want of accommodation. The aisles and all the vacant spaces were crowded with parties, who stood during the whole service. Similar services were repeated on Monday and yesterday, when they were intended to terminate: but a numerously signed solicitation having been presented, urging upon Dr. and Mrs. Palmer the reconsideration of the subject, and expressing a conviction that there was much yet to do in Douglas, they have consented to remain three days longer than it was their original intention; namely, until Friday evening. To say that their labors and teachings in divine things have been the means of enlightening and benefiting hundreds of persons in Douglas would but convey a faint idea of these services, and of the power which has accompanied them. That sinners have been awakened, backsliders reclaimed, mourners comforted, believers justified, and doubting and struggling souls sanctified, and brought up into a higher state of grace and holiness, are self-evident facts, manifest to all; and that hundreds of nominal Christians have been stirred up to the examination of their condition in reference to eternal things we feel fully justified in stating, not only from our own observations, but from other sources, -- personal conversations with scores of our fellow-townsmen and women, of almost every grade in society, and every shade in religious opinion. We understand that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were associated with the American revival at an early period, and have been laboring in England during the last two or three years; and go hence to Ireland, via Liverpool, on Saturday morning. We sincerely wish them God speed, and hope their labors may be crowned with abundant success."

Enniskillen, Ireland, July 17, 1862

It is two weeks today since we arrived in good old Ireland to attend a camp-meeting got up after the American fashion, which is no small rarity in these regions. The meeting is held in a beautiful leafy grove belonging to a wealthy gentleman who is agent for the estate of Lord Belmore. That a lovely, sequestered grove, so favorably situated, should have been obtained by the Wesleyans for the purpose of holding a camp-meeting, argues favorably for the cause of earnest Christianity in these regions.

Ireland is a fair land. Its warm Christian hearts, its delightful landscapes, its winding, sparkling lakes, its rich verdure and bright skies, are pleasant to the eye, and refreshing to the soul. The smoke arising from the bituminous coal does not darken the skies here as in England. A juvenile visitor, from a smoky town on the other side of the Irish Channel, exclaimed, as he gazed on the clear blue heavens, "Oh, what a beautiful blue sky! we do not have that sky in England."

The castles and surrounding grounds of both the Irish and English nobility of the Old World are exceedingly beautiful. Some of the English nobility own large possessions here. The Duke of Manchester has a fine castle and extensive grounds, delightfully situated and splendidly cultivated, near Portadown. We were told by the person who went over the ground, with us, that not a few of his choice forest-trees had been brought from foreign lands, some of which had cost at least a hundred pounds each. Yet the castle, with all these costly surroundings and resident servants, is seldom occupied by its princely owner. The duke is seldom here more than a few weeks out of the year, and sometimes does not honor the place with his presence the year round.

Yesterday we rode out to Lord Belmore's castle. The grounds leading to the castle are entered by porters' lodges, about a mile distant from each other in opposite directions. The large, magnificent castle occupies about the center of the ground, whose enchanting surroundings remind one of Fairyland. In the extensive park are many trees whose majestic stature and heavy trunks proclaim them the sentinels of past ages.

A large natural lake, well supplied with a variety of fish both great and small, whose glassy surface mirrors back the overhanging trees, grounds intersected with winding walks, beautiful flowers, and long ranges of greenhouses, where grow in rich profusion a variety of tropical fruits, diversify the scene, and remind one how nearly in appearance earth may be allied to heaven. Yet we have only to leave these enchanting scenes, and in less than a short half-hour find ourselves amid much calculated to remind us of the blight that sin has cast over God's fair creation.

The land here is owned largely by the nobility, and, through them, transmitted to agents and sub-agents, and then divided into small tracts, whose high rental leaves barely sufficient to afford a very scanty subsistence; and thus we see hundreds of the lower orders of both sexes, particularly women, young and old, scattered over the country, with shoeless feet, and garments so patched, that it is difficult to discern the original material. Who could wish such a state of things to obtain in America, though we may not boast a monopolizing aristocracy and an antiquated nobility, for the support of whose splendid domains the face of the poor are ever being ground down?

"But to the camp-meeting," you will say. Well, the grounds through which we pass in reaching the grove are entered by a porter's lodge, as is usual in approaching the mansions of the aristocracy of Ireland and England. Beautiful trees of various sorts, and richly cultivated grounds, with seats at convenient distances inviting the weary to rest, are here and there interspersed. To add to the enchanting scene, the sparkling Lough Erne lies just beneath the bank below. This is regarded by some tourists as one of the most beautiful lakes in the three kingdoms. Taking in all its fairy windings, it is about sixty miles in length; and within its range are over three hundred islands, varying at different points from nine miles to less than a quarter of a mile in breadth.

To reach the ground hallowed by holy service, we cross this lake, at one of its narrowest points, in ferry-boats provided for the purpose by the committee of arrangements. The whole scene is charmingly picturesque. Let me give you a sketch of one among other similar scenes in

which we have participated, which, I am sure, you would have enjoyed much. By way of explanation, I must say that many of the parties return to their homes in the evening. Often a concourse gathers on both sides of the lake, some waiting to be ferried over, and those already landed on the opposite shore awaiting the coming of their friends. You will not wonder, as I give you a glimpse of the scene, that I have been reminded of the words we used to sing:--

"See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream!"

And the sweet responses of this hour were indeed such as to make one feel that the veil separating the terrestrial from the celestial was very slight. Sweet voices blending in richest harmony came bounding over the lovely lake, on whose tiny rivulets the full-orbed moon was now casting her brightest beams. The alluring words of song, from the company awaiting us on the opposite shore, were, --

"I have a Father in the promised land;
I have a Father in the promised land.
My Father calls me: I must go
To meet him in the promised land."

We who were awaiting the departure of our boat to bear us over the intervening water took up the strain, and, in answering melody, sung, --

"I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land,
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land!
My Father calls me: I will go
To meet him in the promised land."

It was just such a scene as you would have recorded in memory as among the pleasant scenes of your bright existence. But I promised you only a brief sketch; and I must wind it up by saying, that as we were reaching the water's brim to join our friends already landed, feeling that heaven was so near that it seemed as a present' realization, we changed our notes, and sang, --

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope do grow.

"There'll be no more sorrow there;
There'll be no more sorrow there:
In heaven above, where all is love, --
There'll be no more sorrow there."

This Irish camp-meeting has been a glorious success. Certain it is that Satan's kingdom has been much weakened in the minds of the Enniskillen community. Within the past three days, a traveling circus, with its flaming paraphernalia and announcings, was ushered into this place.

Two tents were pitched in a field near by, as though it were in manifest opposition to the work so delightfully progressing on our encampment. We remarked to a friend, "The Adversary is now going to make an effort to revive his work, and the servants of sin are pitching their tents." But it was all a mistake. Never, perhaps, in regard to matters of this sort, was there a more signal failure. Scarcely any one came to witness the performances. The enemy occupied the ground only twenty-four hours, and retreated, ere it was scarcely dawn; the morning of the second day.

We have some trials on account of the frequent and heavy rains; but the triumphs of grace have been so glorious, in view of the many born into the kingdom, that our minds will never recur to the glorious scenes hers witnessed, without raising the Christian victor's song: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That the Prince of the powder of the air was against us, was manifest; but who could have beheld the demonstrations of convicting, subduing, and saving power, and not have acknowledged that victory covered the whole ground?

I used to wonder in years gone by, as I read of Philip's being taken up by the Holy Spirit and set down at Azotus, in what manner this was accomplished. Perhaps the removal might not have been so manifestly supernatural as some have imagined. However it was done, scarcely could Philip have been more settled in his convictions that he was under heavenly guidance when caught away to Azotus, or when joining himself to the eunuch's chariot, than we have been of divine direction in being carried about by the voice of the Church as we have been impelled from place to place.

The Irish feast of tabernacles, just closed, was remarkably blessed of the Lord in the conviction and conversion of sinners, and in the entire sanctification of believers. Unlike our American camp-meetings, the services continued about two weeks. We did not arrive till after the meeting had been in progress a week. The power of saving grace had been graciously manifest before our arrival; but as some who had been blessed had left the ground, the people going and coming, and a special record not having been kept, the recordings of the book of life alone can fully disclose the results of the meeting. The Rev. Graves, an excellent brother of the Troy Conference, who came to these regions in quest of health, has, under God, been the prime mover in the camp-meeting enterprise in this country. His name will long be loved and honored. Rev. William Hall, a dear young minister from Toronto, full of faith and power, who is on a visit to this country, has also been much blessed in his labors at this meeting. A number of other ministers, from various parts of Ireland, have been at this feast of tabernacles, whose ministrations have been in the demonstration of the Spirit.

During the last week of the meeting, the work was so glorious, that we urged the appointment of a special secretary, that the souls born into the kingdom might be garnered for the Church, and also that the name of the Lord might be exalted by his doings being made known among the people. From Tuesday of last week till Monday of the present week, the scenes of saving grace were remarkable indeed. Prayer-meetings succeeded every public service. These were mostly held in a large tent, at which it was usual to see from twenty to fifty bowed at the penitent-forms as seekers.

Yesterday was memorialized above all other days. It was the Lord's Day. During the preceding days, the hosts of Zion had been putting on their strength. Many might say, as the beloved disciple on the Isle of Patmos, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

Many of the beloved disciples of the Saviour, having set themselves apart for God, had received the gift of power. God does not leave the heart a vacuum. He cleanses the temple, and beautifies it with holiness, and then, before astonished angels and men, proclaims his entrance into his redeemed, purified temple, saying, "Ye are the temple of the living God." How amazing. Yes, the heart of every true Christian is the living temple of the living God, where He who was once the incarnate Deity lives, moves, and works: as God hath said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." Truly holiness power.

It was this power that told largely on the success of the services yesterday, when, we have reason to believe, over one hundred deeply convicted sinners were brought to Jesus. The secretary informed me this morning that he recorded the names of one hundred and thirty-six, all of whom professed to have found either the blessing of pardon or purity yesterday. The convictions were deep, and the conversions powerful. The secretary, in giving me this account, said he believed many more had been subjects of the work besides those whose names had been received; the work being too diffusive to come within his reach.

The public services on the stand commenced at ten, A.M. Rev. Hewitt of Ireland, and Rev. Hall and Graves and ourselves, addressed the people, who numbered about five thousand. Truth was intensified in a remarkable manner, and arrows from the quiver of the Almighty penetrated the hearts of the unsaved. A little after one o'clock, a shower came up, driving the people into the large prayer-meeting tents. In the large tent to which we retired after leaving the stand, we had one, steady gust of divine power. This meeting continued, without any intermission, about four hours; during which time, about ninety, who had been wounded by the Spirit's sword, were made whole. Oh! it was indeed a scene of wondrous triumph, as one after another rose in rapid succession to declare what great things the Lord had done for their souls.

I was much interested with the case of a dear man with whom I had labored some time the evening previous, as a seeker of holiness. Having been well known as a professor of religion, he said the cross of coming out and kneeling at the penitent-form as a seeker of the great salvation was very heavy; and he found himself for some time so tempted, as to find it difficult, after he came, to bring his mind to any point on the subject. But, before leaving, he obtained a glorious victory; and ere we parted, at the close of the meeting, he was rejoicing in the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Yesterday, as we were on the eve of commencing the blessed four-hours' meeting just referred to, I saw this young man standing amid the crowd in the large tent as we entered; and, seeing his eyes red with weeping, I paused, and said to him, "I hope, my dear brother, you have not cast away your confidence." He said, "Oh, no! but I am feeling so deeply for my unconverted brother, and other relatives who have come upon the ground today." I encouraged him to believe, that as God's order had been obeyed, and judgment begun with him, he might expect to see the answer to his prayers speedily in behalf of his unconverted relatives. In a few minutes after this conversation, the unconverted brother was bowing at the penitent-form near the same spot where

his brother had received the blessing of purity the evening previous. He had been suddenly and most powerfully arrested by the Spirit, and with strong cries and tears was pleading for mercy. The process of his conversion did not, I imagine, occupy more time than that of the jailer in Paul's day. Less than an hour had passed from the time I was conversing with the brother so burdened in his behalf, ere I saw the two brothers clasped in each other's arms, amid tears and praises, glorifying God. Both brothers soon became intensely interested for the salvation of their unconverted sisters, who were also in the tent. It was not long before the two sisters yielded to the importunity of the brothers; and, though separated at different points in the tent, they began to plead for saving mercy. Little over an hour had passed after the commencement of that glorious prayer-meeting, when I witnessed the affecting sight of the two brothers and two sisters all locked together in each other's embraces, weeping, hand praising the Lord with unutterable gladness. It was a sight which angels must have gazed upon with joy: calling Dr. P____'s attention to it, I exclaimed, "See! that band has just been newly bound together in the bundle of life." The eldest brother, who, the evening before, had told me how tempted he was in regard to kneeling among the penitents as a seeker of holiness, came to me as soon as the first burst of praise was over, and said, "Oh, did not the Lord repay me soon for the cross I took up last evening!"

The closing services of the meeting took place this morning. After a delightful fellowship meeting, Dr. P____ and myself were invited by the excellent superintendent minister to give some parting advice. Soon after, the Lord's Supper was administered, of which many partook. It was an affecting thought that so many of us were, for the first time, surrounding the table of our Lord on earth, in expectation of so soon parting to meet no more till we should assemble at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. The whole service closed by encompassing the ground in procession, pausing before the preachers' stand to take the parting hand, and meanwhile singing,
--

"There'll be, no more parting there;
There'll be no more parting there:
In heaven above, where all is love, --
There'll be no more parting there."

By the solicitations of the ministers and people of Enniskillin, We have remained since Monday, holding meetings in the Town Hall; the mayor of the town having favored the project of having a continuation of campmeetings, or, in other words, revival services, in the hall.

The meetings have been held, during the week, three times a day; and strong men, women, and youths are yielding to the claims of the world's Redeemer. Never has Enniskillen Town Hall witnessed the stately steppings of the King of glory after this fashion before. Alternately has it been the scene of grave councils, and gay balls and soirees; but never before has it been the scene of soul-saving efforts. In a large room adjoining the main hall, whose walls are adorned with portraits of King William and Queen Mary, with their scepters, from forty to fifty may be seen nightly in lowly prostration before the conquering Captain of our salvation; some pleading for pardon, others for the full baptism of the Holy Spirit. This room is used as a vestry, to which we invite the penitents after the addresses in the main hall are finished, and to which they resort during the continuance of prayermeeting in the hall; the convenience of an

altar for penitents, as in a Wesleyan church, not being at banal. It is delightful to see those, who early the present week were themselves at the penitent-form, now bringing others. We close our labors here on Sabbath evening.

Said the man who had long acted as hall-keeper, "Never has there been the like of this in the Town Hall before." He seemed to be delighted, and said he wished the meetings might continue. A curious thing occurred on finishing up our week's service in the Town Hall. We had our last service on Saturday evening. The hall was taken for a public concert on Monday evening. The person who was to give the concert had doubtless given instructions that the large placards which had announced the revival-services in the hall should all be covered with his own, announcing the singing of foolish songs. At first sight, it seemed as if the servants of sin had performed quite an achievement in this; but, lo! right under their bills were" the words, in large letters, "Friend, Is Your Soul Saved?" This was the last line on the bill announcing the religious services of the week just closed, which had been largely attended; and how fitting, in view of the change proposed, that the solemn question should be asked, "Friend, is your soul saved?"

On Monday we go to Portadown, by way of being answerable to an invitation long since given.

Since the date of the preceding, we have received a letter from the brother who was appointed to record the names of those who were special recipients of grace at the campmeeting. From his report, we have reason to believe that at least five hundred of those who came forward as seekers were enabled to testify, to the praise of God, to the reception of the blessing sought.

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43 -- CHAPTER

Portadown, Ireland, Aug. 2, 1862

Protestantism is well represented in Portadown. The great revival which occurred in 1859 and 1860 has made its indelible mark in favor of pure and undefiled religion in this place. Perhaps in no denomination of Christians in Ireland is the permanent effect of that wondrous visitation more manifest than with the Wesleyan community here. Their numbers were increased to a degree that made the erection of a new and, far more commodious chapel necessary. This beautiful edifice, with adjoining buildings for day and Sabbath schools, and two excellent parsonages, all bespeak prosperity and large-heartedness on the part of our beloved Irish friends in these regions.

We have been told that here, as in other parts of Ireland, many persons were suddenly stricken down, and in divers manners most singularly arrested, by the all-pervading, convincing Spirit, during the great revival. When we were in this country three years ago, we were also eye and ear witnesses to many more remarkable things than we imagine have ever been written on this subject. During our present visit, we have taken pains to inquire into the permanence of the cases of conversion which occurred under these, as some imagine, irresistible influences, but do

not find that the effect of the Spirit's mighty operations have been more abiding than with those who have been converted under ordinary circumstances. I was making special inquiries of a minister who was heart and soul in the work during the great revival, and witnessed some of the most extraordinary cases. His observations were to this effect, -- that while he knew the work to be eminently of God, and could as well doubt his existence as to doubt its divine origin, still it was a matter of notoriety, that some, whose conversion had been most heralded from mouth to mouth, and from pen to pen, as subjects of divine sovereignty, had dishonored the cause by falling away.

Now, I presume it would scarcely be possible to doubt the fact of their conversion; but what a lesson remains to be learned in a region, where, in a Protestant community, aside from the Wesleyans, the ides prevails so extensively, that the work was all a manifestation of the sovereignty of God's distinguishing mercy, and to be once in grace is to be always in grace, unmindful of the fact, that, in the day of his transgression, "the righteousness of the righteous shall not be remembered; but for his iniquity that he hath committed, he shall die for it"! A singular scene occurred during our former visit, in a chapel where many cases of sudden and irresistible convictions occurred. Our host, who was well known as a remarkably intelligent, useful Christian, being present at the chapel when several were in deep anguish for their sins, endeavored to point the stricken seekers to Jesus as the only Saviour; when suddenly he received a smart rap on his head from one of the deacons, with the exclamation, "Let God do his own work!" The danger is, that those who were regarded as such special subjects of divine sovereignty may have been left too much to themselves; whereas nursing fathers and mothers are as needful in any church community as in a household.

Great masses were, indeed, brought out of spiritual Egypt with a high hand and an outstretched arm; and had there been more like-minded with Caleb and Joshua to say, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land," how many more might have been fighting the Lord's battles in Canaan today!

During our last two-weeks' labor in this place, we have had mid-day and evening meetings. At every service, the presence of the High and Holy One has been a felt reality. Many have sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love; others have been healed of their backslidings; and many convicted sinners have found their way to Jesus, -- how many, we have no means of knowing. The altar, capable of holding from thirty to forty, has nightly been surrounded with seekers, and many have been blessed; but, as there has not been a record kept as usual, we have no means of ascertaining the number blessed.

We leave on the morrow for Enniskillen. The recent camp-meeting seems likely to result in the speedy erection of a commodious chapel. On Friday of this week, a public breakfast-meeting has been announced for the Town Hall; when many, we trust, will feel constrained by the mercies of God to give bountifully of their means. We have engaged to be present on the occasion. On Saturday, we go to fulfill a week's service at Londonderry.

A few days ago, we went to Armagh, a town about ten or twelve miles distant, to attend the funeral services of the Archbishop of Armagh. He was also Lord Primate of all Ireland,

having occupied the high position about fifty years. The primate was in his eighty-ninth year. He was a nobleman of a high order; and his funeral was attended by a great array of lords and bishops from every part of Ireland and England. His burial was far more like a statesman's than that of a devoted Christian bishop, such as we may imagine Paul to have been: "Hundreds of the clergy were there, attired in their white gowns. These presented an imposing spectacle as they assembled in the preface-grounds prior to being marshaled in procession. The hearse was drawn by horses draped in black; this was succeeded by several mourning-carriages, and carriages of the nobility, clergy, and gentry; then followed the conductors, in mourning cloaks, with black staves; next the departed lord primate's servants; then followed a long train of clergy of various orders, arrayed in their canonicals, among whom were mingled Church of England and Romish bishops. The pall-bearers were composed of earls and bishops. Here were descriptive banners and staves, and every thing imposing that earthly pomp could suggest, but which neither my descriptive abilities nor my inclination would lead me to describe. The grand banner was borne by the Earl of Tyrone, bearing the arms of the archbishop.

The procession was followed by the carriages of the late lord primate and many others of the aristocracy. These, on leaving the palace grounds, and reaching the public road on the way to the cathedral, were followed by an immense throng from the surrounding districts; and the sides of the entire route, and the windows of the houses, were occupied by thousands. We took our place in the cathedral, for which tickets had been secured a few days previous by our excellent host, A. Shillington. The choristers (which were many), robed in white gowns, met the coffin at the entrance of the cathedral grounds, and chanted their part of the funeral service. Their voices sounded out clear, and could have been heard at a great distance. The burial-service was read by the Dean of Armagh, and also the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians; after which the benediction was pronounced, and the massive coffin drawn out of the nave to the crypt. While it was being deposited, the death-march in Saul was played on the organ. To associate the grandeur of this display with the burial of an earthly potentate might appear seemly; but viewed from a religious stand-point, in connection with the burial of a Christian bishop, such pompous doings, to our minds, seem preposterous.

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44 -- CHAPTER

Liverpool, Everton Brow, Sept. 29, 1863

Truly a man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his, steps. I told you that we were going to Londonderry, having, some time previous, made an engagement to enter upon labor there for the precious Master of the vineyard. After closing our work at Portadown, we stood announced for a public breakfast-meeting, in connection with the new chapel enterprise, at Enniskillen Town Hall, in anticipation of leaving the next day for Londonderry. For several days, I had seemed quite too ill to labor; but, having stood for some time announced, we resolved, if possible, that our yea should be yea. I was unable to accompany Dr. P____ to Enniskillen. We met, by arrangement, on the road to Londonderry the next day. Special meetings commenced on the succeeding day, which were largely attended; but I was only able to attend the evening meeting, after which I was for several days prostrated with a very serious and critical

illness. Our home was at the parsonage, with the minister's family, the beloved and devoted Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer, who did every thing that Christian courtesy and affection could devise for my restoration and comfort. As I grew rapidly worse, and medical council suited to Dr. P____'s wishes could not be obtained in Londonderry, we concluded to risk the seemingly hazardous attempt, and return to England. Through great mercy I was sustained, and, though seriously ill when I started, found myself no worse on reaching our English home at Everton Brow than when we started. And here I have been suffering from a severe attack of congestive fever over three weeks, but am now, through much mercy, gaining in health, though still almost too ill to use my pen. Several days I was flickering between the two worlds. I seemed so near the haven of rest, that I had little expectation of returning; and yet I had no intimation of what the Lord was about to do with me. Such was the rapid force of disease, day after day, that I knew not which wave would bear me to the eternal shore.

In the midst of all, I felt that the everlasting arms were underneath and around me; and for worlds I would not have taken my destiny into my own hands, whether to live or to die. Still, when I looked abroad over the world, and saw the great work to be done, and the laborers so few, and thought of the little I had done in comparison to what I might have done, my heart was almost ready to break in agony for souls. Though my unworthiness is great, and shortcomings are many, yet I do rejoice in the consciousness I have of sympathy with my Saviour in love for souls. How often has my heart breathed out from its deepest recesses, --

"My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee"!

I want my heart to rest so closely on the heart of my all. glorious, precious Redeemer and Saviour, that its every pulsation may beat in unison with his, and all its sympathies flow out upon the world through him.

I believe I have been restored in answer to the intercessions of God's people. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," said a Christian brother in praying for me yesterday. "Lord, in answer to ten thousand prayers which have been presented, restore our sister, so that she may again and speedily be permitted to enter upon her happy toil in bringing souls to thee."

Woodford, Near London, Oct. 16, 1862

We are now trying what a change of air may do for our dilapidated constitution; and are again, for the third time, in the region of London. Our home is at the beautiful residence of J. Kaye, Prospect Hall, Woodford. The eminence commands a view of over twenty miles, Several miles distant I see the River Thames, winding its meandering way toward the great metropolis. Fine forests, such as I do not remember to have seen since we left America, and lovely lakes, diversify the scene. In various directions around me may be seen the mansions of the wealthy. Not far distant is the splendid domain of Cardinal Wiseman, who, in the opinion of some, may, ere long, be called to leave these parts to fill the place of the fast-failing pope at Rome.

One day this week, as we were taking a drive about three miles from Woodford, we asked the name of a little town just beyond us, and were informed it was Leyton Stone. We were

reminded of the devoted Mrs. Fletcher, whose early history was so closely connected with the place; and asked to be taken through the town, in order that, if possible, we might ascertain the early home of this notable heroine of the cross. We went to the old parish churchyard, hoping to find some memorials of the ancient Bosanquet Family. We did not succeed, as our time was limited; but were subsequently informed that there is a fine memorial of the Bosanquet Family in a part of the graveyard we did not visit.

After some inquiry, we ascertained that the family mansion, formerly occupied by Mr. Bosanquet, was now the residence of an aristocratic family by the name of O'Bryson, situated little less than a mile from the town of Leyton Stone. We afterward visited the place. It is owned by the Bosanquet Family, who, at present, reside near Bath; and still bears the same name as when the then youthful Miss Bosanquet directed her letters to Mrs. Crosby, from Forest House, 1757, as may be seen from her excellent memoir by Henry More.

The house is very large, and has quite the appearance of a princely habitation. Perhaps it may have been recently rejuvenated; for though at least two hundred years old, as the present occupant informed us, it presents a very neat and modern appearance. It is situated in the midst of an extensive park, shaded by majestic forest trees, whose ancient appearance bespeaks them to have been the pride of past generations. At the entrance and on the rear of the beautiful grounds are pretty lakes. The fine flower gardens and summer houses, with tropical fruits, carried us back to the scenes of a century since, when the then youthful Miss Bosanquet was told, by one who would have dissuaded her from the course of self-sacrificing piety which led to her expulsion from her father's house, "You will soon find the difference between your father's house and such a place as you wilt live in. There you will not have one inch beyond the common street; whereas you have been used to fine large gardens, in which you have so much delighted."

An affable young lady, the daughter of Mr. O'Bryson, seemed to take pleasure in leading us from room to room through the commodious, richly furnished mansion, till she came to one, at the end of the wide corridor, on the second floor. "This," said she, as she threw the door wide open, "was Mrs. Fletcher's room." I must confess I was surprised, as the present residents have no connection with the Methodists, and the Bosanquet Family of a hundred years since had driven the amiable and devoted Miss Bosanquet away from that dwelling for her Methodistic principles. Why should her name, and the identical room she occupied, be thus carried down from generation to generation? It can only be accounted for from the fact, that, though thus cruelly dismissed from the parental roof, her name was revered. Surely "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

We had been told that there was a John Wesley now living in London, in appearance a facsimile of his grand. father Charles Wesley, the eminent poet. We had been to the International Exhibition, and witnessed some wondrous sights: but we said, on hearing this, to us a sight of John Wesley would exceed the pleasure of seeing the world's fair; and so indeed we felt it on being introduced to him. Though younger in years than his grandfather was at the time his portrait was taken, the resemblance to his grandsire is singularly striking. We saw him at his place of business in London; but he invited us most cordially to his home, and told us we should there see the original portrait of Charles Wesley, and other relics that would interest us. We regretted that other engagements prevented our accepting the invitation. John Wesley is the son

of Samuel Wesley. Though he venerates the memory of his grandfather Charles Wesley, to our surprise, though doubtless a Churchman, he expressed himself more enthusiastically in favor of his great-uncle John Wesley, whose name he seemed particularly to revere. Turning to a large engraving of John Wesley, which occupied a prominent place in his store, said he, "Ah, that was the man!"

We have seldom felt our hearts so affectionately drawn to one of whom we had seen so little. On parting, it was said, "We may individually have all the grace we will live for. John and Charles Wesley lived for much, and have had an abundant entrance ministered unto them into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No more grace was in reserve for them than for you. It shall be our prayer that an abundant entrance may be ministered unto you. We expect to be present at your coronation. Shall we see you with a starry crown?" His eyes filled with tears, and thus we parted.

The same day, while in London, we were introduced to the Rev. William Gandy. He informed us he was in possession of all Wesley's journals, in manuscript, numbering: several hundred pages, and other relics of like description, which it would be his pleasure to show us if we would visit him at Oxford. He told us the papers referred to, with others of remarkable interest, had fallen into his hands as the executor of the great and good Henry More, the biographer of Mr. Wesley and Mrs. Fletcher, and other works which have been made a blessing to the world. Speaking of relics reminds me of another treat we had a few days ago at Prospect Hall. Mr. G. J. Stevenson, rich in Wesleyan lore, who is sole executor for the late lamented Mrs. Smith, daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, came to show us some relics, with which we were greatly interested. One was a letter in the handwriting of Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley. It was written while in Lincoln Castle, where the reverend gentleman was confined for debts contracted in the rebuilding of the rectory, which was twice destroyed by fire. Think of a good, accredited minister, of remarkable literary ability, dragged from his family, and the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, for debts which had been contracted by unavoidable misfortunes! The letter is so well worthy of the father of the immortal Wesleys, that I cannot forbear transcribing it. It is addressed, "For the most Rd. Father in God the Ld. archbishop of York, at Bishop's-Thorp, near York, Yorkshire."

Lincoln Castle, 7R (Sept.) 17, 1705

My Lord, -- I'm so full of God's mercy's that my Eyes nor Heart can hold 'em. When I came hither my stock was but little above Ten Shillings, and my wife's at home scarce so much: she soon sent me her rings, because she had nothing else to relieve me with; but I returned 'em, and God soon provided for me. I owe nothing here. The most of those who have been my benefactors keep themselves concealed; but they are all known to him who first put it into their hearts to show me so much kindness, and I beg your Grace to assist me to praise God for it, and to pray for his blessing upon them. This day I've a letter from Mr. Hoare, that he has paid ninety-five pounds, which he has received for me. He adds [that some very great man has just sent him thirty pounds more for me.] He mentions not his name, though surely it must be my Patron -- if not, I almost suspect 'twas from my Ld. Tr____; but whence soever it came, I know the Original Giver. This day the Dean of Lincoln made me a handsome present, by a friend, of five guineas, and I have paid 42 Pounds of a bond due at Gainsbro', Mr. Smythe, by whose

directions I did it, being present, and having sufficient in his hands to clear the rest of it. I find I walk a deal lighter, and hope I shall sleep better now that these sums are paid, which will make almost half my debts. I'm sufficiently satisfied of Mr. N.'s kindness, and have wrote my thanks to him. Your Grace is not exactly informed of Bawtry. He who had it has taken the sequestration of Saxelby, in this diocese, and will shortly remove thither. I'll not solicit for the place, nor gee thither unless they should desire me; but if the people would secure me 45 Pounds p. an. without trouble in the collecting it, I would accept of it, but first must get out from hence. I'm exceedingly obliged to Sir H. M., as I likewise am to your Grace. I'm a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks; but I can pray heartily for my benefactors, and hope I shall do it while I live, and so long beg to be esteemed your Grace's most obliged and thankful, humble servant, -- S. Wesley.

An original letter in the handwriting of Mrs. Susannah Wesley was handed us. This is a long and deeply interesting epistle, dated July 12, 1731, and is addressed by the mother of the Wesleys to her dear sons "Jacky" and "Charley." It is a family letter, and gives an account of a rich uncle's visit to the family; of her husband's dangerous fall from a carriage; of her deep anxiety for William Whitlamb, a poor young man at college; and tells "Jacky" to give him a guinea, adding, as one reason for her deep solicitude, "for I know what a sore temptation it is to be in want of food convenient." She tells her son "Charley" that he had perhaps better burn a letter she had sent him giving her views of some gentlemen of Christ's Church, as she was perhaps too severe in her censures; but they had done something which she felt to be "strangely provoking."

Several other original letters, in the handwriting of Hetty, Emily, Mary, and other sisters of the Wesleys, were shown us. Here was also a letter from the philanthropist Wilberforce to Mrs. Charles Wesley after the death of her husband. It would seem that Wilberforce and Charles Wesley were friends, and that, after the death of his friend, Wilberforce did not forget the widow. Mrs. Wesley was much younger than her husband, and survived him over thirty years. Wilberforce, for nearly thirty years before his death, sent Mrs. Wesley a draft for sixty pounds per annum. The short letter before us, in the handwriting of Wilberforce, begs Mrs. Wesley's pardon for having delayed the draft a little longer than usual; and asks that the acknowledgment of it may be sent to 90 Picadilly, London.

Dr. Adam Clarke's pocket-book was shown us. This the doctor carried in his side coat-pocket several years prior to his death. In this he kept choice letters and other valuables. It was the doctor's custom, when his white locks were trimmed, to gather up the fragments, and tie them in little parcels. He folded them neatly in paper, and inscribed, with his own hand, "Adam Clarke's hair." They were then carefully deposited in this pocketbook, and thus was he ready to meet the frequent importunities of his affectionate friends. One of these little parcels was in the pocket-book at the time it was given to Mr. Stevenson; and here it re-ins, as tied and labeled with his own hands. The hair looks white as the driven snow. Here also is a copy of the letter written with the same old pen with which the eminent commentator wrote to his devoted wife, when he had completed his commentary on Jeremiah; Lamentations, and Ezekiel; making three hundred and ninety-six large quarto pages:--

"My Dear Mary, -- I began my comment on Jeremiah Nov. 1, 1824, and finished that and the Lamentations on the 30th of the same month. I began my comment on Ezekiel Dec. 1, and finished it this day, Dec. 21, 1824; and the whole has been written with the miserable pen with which I write this, and which I herein enclose.

"With this poor pen I write these books,
Made of a gray goose quill:
A pen 'twas then, with shabby looks;
And a pen I leave it still.

"Ever yours at command,
As witness my hand,
In light and in dark
While my name's Adam Clarke. -- Selah!"

The letter was inscribed --

"To Mrs. Mary Clarke, Heydon Hall, Eastcot, Ruislip, Middlesex, England, Terraqueous Globe, the Universe, Infinite Space," &c.

To look upon the nice brass patent pen-maker among these relics, so long used by the commentator, we may infer it was rather from choice than from necessity that the good Dr. Clarke wrote so long with his old pen, as the act of making a new one would not have occupied more than half a minute. We were told that Dr. Clarke always loved class-meeting and to the end of his days was a steady attendant on the weekly class-meeting whenever circumstances would permit. Among the relics brought to us were the class-tickets of Dr. and Mrs. Clarke.

These tickets of membership dated back till prior to the marriage of both Dr. and Mrs. Clarke. But the doctor and his beloved Mary, and other members of his honored family, are now with the worshippers around the throne. During the past summer, his daughter, Mrs. Smith, who, it will be remembered, wrote an excellent biography of her father, exchanged mortality for immortality.

* * * * *

45 -- CHAPTER

Leeds, Dec. 8, 1862

Having occasion a few minutes since to refer to a chronicle of truant events in an historical book on Leeds I was interested to see, among those thought worthy of special mention, one that reads thus: "1745, the Rev. John Wesley visited Leeds." This is, in fact, the only event of 1745 recorded, deemed worthy of notice, under the caption "Chronicle of Events as ranged under each year from A.D. 655 to 1858."

As this historical book is not in the least denominational, I have just taken the pains to see what sort of reception the people of Leeds gave this apostle of the past generation; and I read, under date of Sept. 12, "I came to Leeds, preached at five, and at eight met the society; after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones a great part of the way home. The congregation was much larger in the evening, and so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains." Does not this furnish a significant comment on our Lord's words: "Ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchers of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets"?

It was here that the holy Bramwell finished his course. Said a devoted man who was contemporary with Bramwell, "He lived in the presence chamber of the High and Holy." Those who knew him best speak of him as the most mighty man in prayer and indomitable faith they ever knew. Says another, "His was an amazing transformation to the divine image." I write within a few minutes' walk of where this man of faith and prayer took his flight to glory.

Few earnest Methodists in America but from time to time have felt new impulses in their heavenward course while reading the memoir of the holy Bramwell, every page of which seems to bear an unctuous influence. Having been familiar from childhood with "Bramwell's Memoir," as written by his intimate friend, Mr. Sigston, among my first thoughts on entering Leeds were, that this was the part of the Lord's vineyard where the immortal Bramwell labored. And it was here also that his oft-expressed longings, that he might see the King in his beauty, were consummated, and "He ceased at once to work and live."

On going to and from the chapel where we are in attendance on two special services daily, we pass the spot, as pointed out by Mr. Sigston, where death leveled his arrow, and the champion of the cross fell. Mr. Sigston's house, which Mr. Bramwell had just left, and to which, as the silver cord was loosening, he was carried back, stands on the opposite side of the road, less than three minutes' walk from the place where the night patrol found him in death-agonies. Mr. Sigston still lives, and the ample grounds and large house remain much as they were when the sainted Bramwell was his guest.

Mr. Sigston is said to have had at that time, and many years subsequently, one of the largest and most reputable schools in Yorkshire. Several of the luminaries of Methodism were trained here; among whom were the eminent revivalists, John Smith and Mr. Stoner, whose biographies have been read with so much interest throughout England and America. We have just been walking the rooms in Mr. Sigston's house so long hallowed by gracious memories, and the grounds where the good William Dawson preached Mr. Bramwell's funeral sermon to about ten thousand people. A reputable school is still kept on the premises, though Mr. Sigston, who is nearly ninety years old, has long since retired. He now resides a short distance from his former residence. We spent a delightful hour with him. He is just ready to launch away to the better country, is delightfully communicative, and, with Moses, seems to be standing on Pisgah's top, just ready to

"Take ill's last triumphant flight
From Calvary to Zion's height."

He is full of praise, faith, and love, and, in joyful anticipation, is waiting the hour when he also shall see Jesus, and join with his beloved Bramwell, Smith, Stoner, and many others of his loved ones of the past generation, in worship around the throne. Mr. Sigston said it was estimated that there had never at any one time been so many persons in Leeds as on the day of Mr. Bramwell's funeral. After the procession had left his house, and proceeded a little beyond the heart of the town, Dr. Taft, who was on horseback, being deputed to carry out the solemn ceremony of the day, commanded a halt. The concourse of thousands on thousands paused; and a most impressive prayer was offered, and these stanzas were sung:--

"There all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath:
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.

"The voyage of life's at an end;
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

The place of interment was at Westgate Hill, about six miles distant. Wishing to see the tomb of Bramwell, and also to see his only daughter, who still survives him, and to whom several letters in his memoirs are addressed, we took the road by which the procession moved to Westgate Hill near half a century since. It was a pleasant drive. We saw an aged woman, the chapel-keeper, who occupies premises in the rear of the Wesleyan Westgate Chapel, who took much interest in talking about Bramwell; said she was present when he preached his last sermon, and heard him say the prophetic words in prayer, "Lord, didst thou not this day speak to my heart, and say, 'Thou shalt soon be with me to behold my glory'?" This was on Sabbath afternoon; and the next Sabbath, about the same hour, she saw his remains committed to the tomb.

A large, neat tablet covers the spot in the cemetery adjoining, on which is inscribed, "Here lieth what was earthly of the venerable William Bramwell, a chosen, approved, and valiant minister of Christ, who died Aug. 13, A.D. 1818, aged fifty-nine. Stranger, when thou approachest this shrine, consecrated to his memory by an afflicted family, may his ashes still proclaim what he lived to publish, -- 'Prepare to meet thy God!'" A weeping ash has been planted at the head of the grave, whose mournful shadow protects the consecrated spot of both Mr. Bramwell and his long-loved and honored Ellen.

Mrs. Bramwell survived her husband about ten years. Her death occurred just as she had completed the seventieth year of her earthly pilgrimage. She was, in devotedness and seraphic piety, one in spirit with her sainted partner; and her translation from earth to heaven was singularly like her husband's. It was when alone, and ere it was yet day, that the messenger commissioned to unloose the silver cord arrive. Like as with her husband, she had long blissfully anticipated the time, when, free from earth, she might be permitted, without a dimming veil, to

see the King in his beauty. She had also, as the devoted Bramwell, months prior to dissolution, expressed her conviction that she should be suddenly called.

At an early hour on the morning of the 15th of March, 1828, ere the curtains of night were withdrawn from a sleeping world, the messenger came. As with her husband, she was seized with apoplexy, and had but just time to alarm a servant, who, on coming to her assistance, found her grappling with the last enemy. The words on her dying lips were, -- "Tell me, my soul, can this be death?" "Sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus!"

In a few moments from the time she was attacked, her joyous spirit winged its way from earth, and she joined the sainted spirit of her husband in adoration and song with the worshippers in the eternal city. And now her dust lies beside that of her husband, in Westgate-Hill chapel-yard; and a stone of similar dimensions marks the spot.

Leaving the graveyard, we went into the chapel, which has recently been rejuvenated. It is very neat and commodious. The pulpit in which Bramwell preached the last Sabbath he was on earth stands in the band-room, now used for week-evening services. As I knelt in the consecrated spot, my soul was filled with intense longings, that I might, alike with him, prove the mighty inworkings of the Spirit to transform to the uttermost in heart and life. Says one of his biographers, "His was an amazing transformation to the divine image."

Leaving the chapel, we went to see the one and only daughter of Mr. Bramwell, so often addressed in his memoir as his dear Ann. It was at her comfortable home that Mr. Sigston says, "A great number of friends afterwards took tea with him at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Hargreaves." She still resides next door to the chapel; but we found her, with others of the family circle, at the house of her son-in-law, J. Olley. Death had just been gathering a fresh victim from that group of relatives. The day previous, a grand-daughter of Mr. Bramwell had been consigned to the tomb; and the sorrowing group, gathered from a distance, had not yet dispersed. Mrs. Hargreaves is a deeply pious and intellectual lady, who, I presume, must have passed her threescore and ten years; though, from her appearance, one would scarcely think it possible that she had numbered so many winters.

What will you think when I tell you that I have seen and conversed for some time with the person who was cured of blindness, when a child, through Mr. Bramwell's prayers? When I read of this cure in my youthful days with so much amazement, how little did I imagine that I should one day look upon the individual thus flavored of God! The circumstance, as given by Mr. Sigston, reads thus: "William Greensmith, son of Thomas Greensmith, of Watnale, near Nottingham, when about nine years of age, was severely afflicted with scrofulous humor in his eyes, so that he was unable to bear the light even with bandages. Mr. Bramwell was then in the Nottingham Circuit, and went his regular turn to preach at Mr. Greensmith's house. On one of these occasions, he remained all night; and previously to his departure the next morning, when his horse was brought to the door, he asked where the boy with sore eyes was. Mrs. Greensmith replied that he was in a dark room, behind the door. He was called out, and stood near Mr. Bramwell, who put his hand on the boy's head, and looked upwards, as in the act of prayer. He then went out, leaving the child, who, as if conscious of some change, pulled off his bandages,

looked through the window, and asked if Mr. Bramwell was gone. On perceiving that his eyes were healed, all the family were astonished."

This gentleman is now residing at Harrowgate. He is about seventy years of age, and has long been one of the noble supporters of the form of Christianity denominated Methodism. Last week, a company of us accepted the invitation of J. Holroyd, and took a ride of sixteen miles to Harrowgate, where Mr. Greensmith met us with his conveyance, and gave us an hour of pleasant converse. I asked him if he remembered Mr. Bramwell distinctly, and the fact of laying his hand on his eyes. "Oh, yes!" said he, "as perfectly as though it were the business of yesterday." He said the pain in his eyes had long been so excessive, that he could not bear the light. In answer to the prayer of the sainted Bramwell, the pain was immediately removed, and he tore the bandages from his eyes, and felt that he was healed.

In 1848, a new memoir of Bramwell was issued "by members of his family." It is written in a superior style, and contains valuable letters to members of his family, and other interesting matter hitherto unpublished. His son, John Bramwell, is a reputable barrister in the county of Durham. From a communication we have received from him, we have reason to know that he is a devoted follower of the Saviour.

On Saturday, we accepted the invitation of our host, and visited Cross Hall, and saw the house and grounds so long occupied by Mrs. Fletcher. Cross Hall is now the property of a reputable gentleman belonging to the Wesleyan society, to whom we were not strangers in name. He and his excellent lady expressed themselves pleased with the privilege of showing us every thing on the premises which they thought would interest us. The hall is commodious beyond our anticipations, and the surrounding grounds beautifully laid out. Perhaps the present occupant, who, I presume, is a retired man of wealth, has had time and means to beautify the place much more than the devoted Mrs. Fletcher, with her large family of orphans.

At a distance from the house, and quite at the extreme end of the finely cultivated grounds, stands an ancient majestic elm, whose far-reaching limbs overshadow a spot sacred to the meditations and devotions of the female philanthropist. This tree overhangs a wall, against which a little place of retirement was built. To this she doubtless alludes in her diary, Dec. 20, where she says, "This was, on the whole, a good day. Taking some time in the hermitage, my soul was refreshed. My situation is perplexing; but I feel myself calmly fixed on the will of God."

Here she loved to "steal a while away from every cumbering tare." Though the "hermitage" has been taken down, the high wail against which it was reared still retains the marks; and the beautiful umbrageous elm of a century since protects the sacred spot.

Most manifestly does the owner feel that his commodious house and premises are all the more valuable for having so long been honored as the residence of the devoted Mrs. Fletcher. Here she served what she termed her fourteen-years' apprenticeship; and, though not a widow, she was in no common degree well reported of for good works. It was here she brought up children, and lodged strangers, and washed the saints' feet, and relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work; and it was here that the devoted maiden became the wife of

the seraphic Fletcher, after an attachment of twenty-five years. The present occupant pointed out a large evergreen oak, standing a few steps from the house, said to be over two hundred years old. Its extensive shade must surely have been inviting during the happy days when the loving, newly betrothed ones used to walk those grounds, in August, 1781.

Mr. Wesley, visiting Miss Bosanquet's establishment at Cross Hall, says, "Her family is a pattern and a general blessing to the country:" and, on her marriage with Mr. Fletcher, he observes, "I should not have been willing that Miss Bosanquet should have been joined to any other person than Mr. Fletcher; but I trust she may be as useful with him as she was before." The present owner showed us the old deeds of the property, one of which conveyed a portion of the Cross-Hall property to another bearing the name of Mary Bosanquet, and also the deed, bearing date 1781, with the names of John William Fletcher and Mary Fletcher in their own handwriting appended.

Before leaving, we knelt and prayed with the pious and courteous occupants of Cross Hall. Most precious and memorable was that season of waiting in the presence of the High and Holy One. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant, we were permitted to enter within the veil, and felt that we had come to Mount Zion, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. How could we but think of the choice spirits now passed through the veil of outward things who used to mingle here near a century ago? and now we seemed permitted to unite with them in worship and song.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

The road to Barley Church, where the marriage ceremony was performed, opens directly opposite Cross-Hall grounds. We gazed wistfully at the road by which the wedding-party traveled to Batley; but evening was fast closing in upon us, and, though short, we had to deny ourselves the journey. On Mr. Fletcher's first visit to Cross Hall, he remained one month. In a few weeks he made a second visit, and did not again return till he took his bride with him.

In view of the number of excellent and commodious church edifices, one might judge Methodism stands well in Leeds. The Brunswick Chapel is a beautiful stone building. The spacious interior has a gallery extending all round the building, and two thousand five hundred persons can be accommodated with sittings. The pulpit is of polished mahogany; and the splendid organ, which stands in the gallery immediately behind, has a case of the same wood richly carved, with gilt pipe in front and sides, and cost about nine thousand dollars.

Oxford-Place Chapel is plain, neat, and commodious. It is built of brick, and will seat two thousand six hundred. St. Peter's Chapel is also very large, and will hold, when crowded, about three thousand. Wesley Chapel is a substantial brick building, and will hold two thousand. The Wesleyan Methodists have three smaller chapels.

The New Connection Methodists have four chapels. The chapel in Woodhouse Lane is a large, chaste, and beautiful edifice. The pulpit, and the steps leading to it, are of stone, finely carved. They are about building another chapel.

The United Free Church Methodists have six chapels, the largest of which will hold nearly two thousand; the Primitive Methodists have six chapels; making in all an array of Methodistic influence, which, if concentrated, ought indeed to be most formidable against the hosts of sin. Leeds seems to have been one of the strongest holds of Methodism since the days of Wesley. His visit to Leeds, under date Aug. 1, 1769, contains an item calculated to interest American Methodists. He says, "Our conference began, and a more loving one we never had. I mentioned the case of our brethren in New York, who had built the first Methodist preaching house in America, and were in great want of money, but much more of preachers. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor willingly offered themselves for the service, by whom we determined to send them fifty pounds as a token of our brotherly love." A gracious work is at present going on in Leeds, over which angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, have rejoiced. During the past few days, since we have been here, three meetings have been held daily; namely, at seven in the morning, at noonday, and at seven in the evening. The Lord has poured out his Spirit in awakening and saving influences. The names of one hundred and seventy have been recorded among the blessed. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

The work is still rapidly increasing in interest. The chapel was densely crowded both afternoon and evening yesterday, and the Spirit of the Lord seemed to be among the people as a burning flame. Truth was intensified to an extraordinary degree, and we have reason to believe that many more than came forward to the communion-rail received the blessing sought.

The people are not only coming from other chapels in the town, but from miles around, and are catching the revival flame, we trust, to carry to their chapels and towns. One gentleman (a commercial traveler) came to us after the afternoon service was over, and said he was converted the second evening of our labors at Penrith, over a year and a half ago. Though, with many other of the fruits of that wondrous revival, he had been enabled to hold on his way, yet he had felt that something more was wanting. He had not yet gone up to possess the good land,

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

It was getting late in the afternoon, and we could not remain with him then; but we asked if he would not meet us at the altar in the evening, which he promised to do. He was one of the first to hasten to the altar of prayer in the evening, but it was to say that the Lord had already fulfilled the desire of his heart.

On returning to his hotel, he had been enabled to yield himself unreservedly and eternally to God. While reading Acts ii., on coming to the verse, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," he was enabled to claim Jesus as his Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. Desiring to give vent to his feelings of blissful confidence, he sat down and wrote a delightful letter, which, on coming to the altar in the evening, he handed us. He spoke with much gratitude of the goodness of God in detaining him in Leeds. He had finished his business here, and was

intending to leave on Saturday, but, seeing our name announced for services, resolved to remain over Sabbath.

A lady, who had come six miles to the services, said, "Ah! I once, with a few others in the town where I live, enjoyed the blessing of holiness; but, from what has been said this afternoon, I see just how I and others have lost it. Persecution against the profession arose, and the enemy tempted us, that it might be better for the cause that we should say no more about it; but it was all wrong: I see it now." "Yes, and confess it too," we observed in return; "and the promise is, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

In a few moments, she was enabled to testify with joyful lips that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Several others were enabled to testify to the reception of pardon or purity in the afternoon; but the greatest move among the dry bones was in the evening. In all, twenty-six of those who came forward as seekers were enabled to testify joyfully, in praise of the divine faithfulness, "He that seeketh findeth." Glory be to God in the highest!

A minister writing for the "Wesleyan Times" says, -- "To the deep and sincere regret of many, these devoted servants of Christ were obliged, from other engagements, to close their labors in Leeds last Lord's Day. As in every other place, so in Leeds, the services they have conducted, though only extending over three weeks, have resulted in spiritual quickening and blessings to hundreds; and, could they have continued their labors a few weeks longer, the work would, no doubt, have become general throughout the town. The names of nearly two hundred, whose ages varied from fifteen to seventy-eight, were recorded as having obtained pardon or purity, or restoration from a backsliding state to the joys of God's salvation. Amongst the eases recorded were several of special interest, -- seven young women from the Female Refuge; one man seventy-eight years of age, having been a backslider for sixty years. Several had come ten, fifteen, twenty, and more miles, expressly to the services, and returned home rejoicing in the conscious possession of pardon or purity. One gentleman from Scotland, another out of Cumberland, and a third from London, received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. In short, eternity alone will disclose all the good done by means of the services. And whilst ascribing all the glory to the triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we cannot but highly esteem the honored instruments, not only for their works' sake, but for the holy savor they have left behind them. Their faith, manner of life, and conversation, will never be forgotten by their respected host and his family, and those who, like the writer, had the privilege of frequent intercourse with them.

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are thorough Wesleyan Methodists both as regards doctrine and practice. The depraved and lost condition of man by nature; the love of God the Father in the gift of his Son; the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; the work of the Holy Spirit in awakening and convincing sinners, in renewing and sanctifying penitent believers in Jesus, and his witnessing their adoption, purity, and heirship, -- are constantly set forth in their teaching with a simplicity, clearness, and power which can only be done by those who are taught of God, and are full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. So far as the excellent of modern times who have passed from earth to heaven may be followed, the sainted Wesley, the seraphic Fletcher, the holy Bramwell, and the devoted Smith, are spirits of whom they love to converse, and whose faith

they seek to follow. Like those sainted worthies, they count no labor or sacrifice too great if they can only win souls for Christ. Like them, they possess

'A yearning pity for mankind,
A burning charity.'

Their prayers, labors, and conversation have a tendency, like all Mrs. Palmer's writings, whether in prose or poetry, to lead believers to close, holy, happy, useful walking with God; and from them many of the Lord's people in Leeds. have received lessons on these all-important subjects which they will never forget. In short, theirs is a Christianity, which, the more we see, the more we admire, and the more we are led to magnify the grace of God in them. Nor do we envy the position of any, either in time or in eternity, who would wish or seek in the least to circumscribe their influence by lessening their field of labor.

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer came to Leeds on the repeated invitation of friends connected with the special religious services which have for some months been held, and are still continued, at Ebenezer Chapel; and, after holding services there for a fortnight with gracious success -- the chapel being incapable of accommodating hundreds who sought on the Sabbath to hear them, and a deputation of ministers and laymen from the Methodist Church being urgent for their services at the large chapel in Lady Lane, -- the friends closed Ebenezer Chapel, and the work was continued at Lady Lane over two Sabbaths. At the close of the prayer-meeting after last Sabbath evening's service, the Rev. J. Adcock, Messrs, Edwards, Medd, Whitton, Baker, and other friends connected with the Wesleyans, expressed their gratitude for the gracious work the Lord had wrought, and tendered their warmest thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer for their valuable services, which in Leeds, as in every other place, have been given gratuitously. Farewells were then exchanged between the beloved strangers and many of the friends who had assisted and got good in the services, amid prayers and tears, and hopes of meeting again in that happy world

'Where a farewell enters never,
Where no clouds the atmosphere blot,
And no change our friendships sever.'

"On Monday they left for Runcorn, where, we are rejoiced to hear, a good work has begun, which is likely to result in a gracious revival."

We shall ever most gratefully remember some delightful heart-relationships formed at Leeds, -- particularly our honored host, J. Holroyd, and his beloved family, also C. Mackson, and others, whose lives exemplify the beauty of holiness, and whose praise is in the churches. The one great attraction of heaven is that Jesus is there; and, as we pass on our pilgrim journey, greatly does it add to the endearments of our heavenly home that we shall meet there so many loved ones with whom we have formed heart alliances during our ever-recurring sojournings.

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Runcorn, Cheshire, Dec. 29, 1862

The blessed revival flame has caught in this town during the past week. We came on Monday evening last, in the midst of cold and storm. Services having been announced for the evening, we made our way to the chapel; and, while the heavens were pouring refreshing rain without, the Lord poured showers of grace upon his people within.

We told the company of disciples there assembled, that the God of all grace was ever more than willing to revive his work; but, if we would be watered, we must be answerable to the conditions of grace in watering others; and it was only for us to secure an outpouring on ourselves as the disciples of the Saviour, and through us, as members of Christ's body, God would do great and mighty things. We had truly a most blessed "season of grace and great delight" as we together prostrated ourselves low, and with one accord sought the full baptism of the Spirit. Though our message had been to the Church rather than to sinners that night, yet the Lord of the temple condescended to touch the hearts of three sturdy men, who, ere they left the altar of prayer, were happily converted.

Before we separated, we asked all who would pledge themselves to work for Jesus on the coming day by taking some individual on their heart to pray for as their own soul, and then making a special effort to bring that one to the services on the ensuing evening, to raise the right hand. Several raised the right hand, and among them was the excellent minister. The next day, his circuit duties required that he should walk a journey of eight miles, and be absent from the town all day. He rose ere it was yet day; and, mindful of his pledge, he asked that he might be directed to some individual with whom he might be successful in giving the gospel invitation. His mind was directed to one of his hearers who had long been a neglecter of salvation. He took the unsaved man on his heart to the mercy-seat; but, as he had to leave town about daylight, it was too early to call at his residence.

When the minister returned, in the evening, he went to see the one who had been the subject of his prayerful solicitude throughout the day, and, on meeting him, said about thus:--

"I have got myself into a difficulty: will you help me out?"

"What is it? If I can help you, I will."

"I think you can. It is this. Last night I pledged myself to bring one to the chapel tonight, and all day I have been thinking and praying about you."

The gentleman seemed a little confused, and said his mind had been impressed on the subject all day. He willingly accepted the invitation; and the minister found him at the chapel that evening, deeply interested about his soul. After some earnest persuasion on the part of the minister, the gentleman came forward as a penitent seeker, and, ere the close of the meeting, was a joyful witness of pardoning mercy. That night, eleven were born into the kingdom of grace, the most of whom were men, and heads of families. The greater part of these, we have reason to believe, were, as the one whose case we have narrated, brought to Jesus by the dint of personal effort. When this one brought by the minister rose to declare what God had done for him, he

exclaimed, "The Lord has saved me; and I am going home to my wife to tell her she has got a new husband!" He suited the action to the word, and at once bounded out of the chapel.

The next day, at the noonday meeting, one of the newly baptized brethren said he had never had it presented to his mind as a duty to bring his friends to Jesus as he had heard on the evening previous. He had long been praying for his unconverted brother; but this morning he resolved he would go and try to bring him to Jesus. He had brought him to this noonday meeting, and now the Lord had saved him. Would that I could describe to you the exceeding happiness of these two brothers! Said the newly converted one, "Now I am going home to tell my wife!" He went; and the result was that his wife was found among the penitents at the communion-rail, and was happily converted the same evening. The next day that wife was seen going from door to door, inviting her friends to come to Jesus. Her brother-in-law met her as she was thus passing from house to house; when she heroically exclaimed, "I am resolved that I will bring my one or more to Jesus today."

It was thus the work went on from day to day, each man marking his man, till about one hundred were born into the kingdom of grace, and many believers sanctified wholly. From the first evening, the work was daily rising in power, and the hosts of Zion arming themselves with an increase of might. It was indeed hard to tear ourselves away amid the entreaties of such a loving, earnest people, at the end of one short week; but we had promised to hold ourselves in readiness for another series of services, on the occasion of the re-opening of Richmond Hall, Liverpool. And the call was imperative.

"Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
To show his praise below."

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47 -- CHAPTER

Walsall, Feb. 4, 1863

Walsall has been noted in my own mind since childhood as the place where the good Mr. Wesley came so near losing his life by the ruffianly mob in 1743. Truth seems stranger than fiction as one reviews those scenes. The river in which he came so near being drowned is within a minute's walk of the place where I write.

The founder of Methodism could little have imagined, when he, with his few devoted friends at Oxford University, was endeavoring to live methodically good, that is, by the "same rule" of holy living, that their endeavors were destined to give rise to a cognomen by which several distinct denominations should be distinguished all over the land. There are but few towns of any considerable size in England where may not be found the Wesleyan Methodists, the New Connection Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Free Church Methodists. When Wesley was being so roughly handled by the rioters in Walsall that the blood issued from his

mouth, and part of his coat was torn from him, and he dragged from one magistrate to another as a disturber of the peace, and for no other crime than that of talking to the people about their souls and psalm-singing, could he have conjectured that there would be three or four distinct bodies, all ambitious to bear his name, and acknowledge him as their founder under God? Yet so it is.

Walsall has now four or five Methodist churches, divided in a way little known in America, but as is usual here. Our efforts to do good in a general way often place us in contact with these various branches of Methodism, and we have reason to know that each is blessed with not a few good men; and we will trust each, as so many separate families, is performing a mission which either one singly might not so well perform. While the circumstances which originated the dividing lines were to be regretted, He who None can call forth things that are not as though they were knows how to make things, which, if taken singly, seem disastrous, when taken together, work for good.

A letter just received from an excellent superintendent Wesleyan minister, in whose circuit we have labored, says, "The great Head of the Church has purposes to accomplish which he does not tell us; and what he means to make of the Methodist denominations in the British isles we must wait to see. For the present, it is plain they each have their own sphere, are each glorifying God, and each extending the Redeemer's kingdom. We think how good would it be had we been all one. Perhaps it might have been so, perhaps not. I do believe, as the case stands, they are mutual checks and incentives to good works, and that, in all probability, there are more spiritual results from their aggregate labors than could have been otherwise, had all the Methodists of the United Kingdom been under one banner. Political objects might have been accomplished which may not be attempted in our divided condition; but, whether the same doctrinal purity and spiritual life had been retained, I am not sure. The world at present wants witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus, and preachers anointed with the Holy Ghost; and very likely a larger proportion of what is wanted is seemed by things as they are than could have been realized in another way. Oh for general and abundant showers of heavenly influence! Oh for the baptism of the Holy Ghost to be bestowed on all the churches throughout Christendom!"

We are now witnessing scenes in this ancient town, in connection with the various branches of Methodism, over which angels and the spirits of the just made perfect must rejoice. Within the past twenty-six days, over three hundred have been born into the kingdom of grace, at the Whittimore-street Methodist Chapel. Here we are daily beholding what we have long been wishing to see, -- people hailing under five or six church-banners, all laboring as one in bringing the unsaved to Jesus. What we have regarded as most worthy of grateful recognition is the delightful unity maintained between brethren of the four distinct Methodist bodies, who, at most places, have had as little to do with each other as the Jews with the Samaritans.

Here, under the one distinguishing banner, "Holiness to the Lord," the Wesleyan, New Connection, Primitive, and Free Church Methodists have, mid-day and evening, assembled. Perfect love is the prevailing theme; and though the spoils from Satan's kingdom are large, and each is expecting to share, it is most delightful to witness the harmony with which every heart vibrates to the prevailing sentiment, -- we are brethren, and our one great work is the upbuilding of our Father's kingdom by plucking brands from the burning. We are exceedingly filled with comfort as we witness the results of this Pentecostal shower. It is said by many, that old Walsall

has never before been visited with such an outpouring of the Spirit. The ground has been exceeding dry and barren; but now we rejoicingly sing,--

"The desert blossoms as the rose;
And Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one."

As is usual with our labors, the work began with the Church. Few seemed to have been endued with power from on high, and fewer still were disposed, at first, to manifest their need of it by coming out as definite and earnest seekers of the great salvation; but He who alone doeth wonders walked amid the golden candlesticks. His eyes of flame penetrated their inmost hearts; and many heard his voice, saying, "I have somewhat against thee."

Then came the rushing forward to the altar of prayer. Judgment began at the house of God. Local preachers, leaders, and class-members, again and again encompassed the altar of prayer and all its surroundings. Many were filled with the Spirit, and began to work under the power of the baptism in bringing their friends to Jesus. Said one of these most exultingly to me last evening, "The Lord has given me every one I have brought." The brother who said this is a local preacher, who resides a few miles out of the town of Walsall. On Saturday evening, he came forward, with many others, seeking the baptism of fire. When the sacred flame fell upon him, it was indeed a gift of utterance; and he glorified God with a loud voice. The next day he brought his lady; and, while I was conversing with her at the close of the afternoon service, she was, to use her own expression, "shut up to an immediate act of faith." The moment she believed, the tongue of fire fell on her as on her husband the evening previous. The result of the outpouring of the Spirit on the one hundred and twenty in the great model revival was, that, through their united ministrations, not only were three thousand pricked to the heart in one day, but there were subsequent and far-reaching effects by which were added to the Lord daily such as should be saved. Eminently so has it been with this local preacher. Souls are daily brought to Jesus through his agency; and, as before observed, Jesus saves all he brings. A race of converts strong to labor for God is being raised up.

We have long been settled in our convictions that it is the privilege of young converts to be holy. Mr. Wesley gives many instances of persons who were sanctified wholly, some within a few hours after conversion. Many will remember the case of Grace Paddy, of whom Mr. Wesley says, "Such an instance I never knew before; of such an instance I never read, -- a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing one day is with God as a thousand years." I do not know that we can record prodigies of grace quite equal to this here: but we have seen many, who, within a few days after their conversion, have sought and obtained the full baptism of the Spirit; and the effect of the blessing has made them mighty in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. I have no sympathy for mysticisms in religion. Any attainment of grace, however lofty, that does not energize the soul, and bring it into sympathy with Jesus in the great work of soul-saving, leading to holy activities, does not, to my conceptions, reach the Bible standard of Christian holiness.

I cannot forbear referring to the case of an intelligent youth of about sixteen, who presented himself at the altar of prayer, seeking pardon. The great deep of his heart was broken

up; and while I was directing the eye of his faith to the Crucified, as wounded for his transgressions, he was enabled to apprehend Jesus as his Saviour, and rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Two or three days had passed, when I again saw this interesting youth kneeling among the suppliants. I knelt beside him, and said, "I hope you have not cast away your confidence?" He replied, "Oh, no! but what I now want is the full baptism of the Spirit." I told him it was a purchased gift; and he had only to listen to the still small voice of the Spirit, and he would only hear, "Come; for all things are now ready." When Jesus bowed his head upon the cross, and said, "It is finished," a redemption from all iniquity was wrought out; and all he had now to do was to present himself wholly to God through Christ, relying on the declaration, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." It was not long before the dear youth was enabled to enter by the new and living way, and apprehend, by faith, Jesus as a Saviour able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

Holiness is a gift of power, and, when understandingly received by either old or young disciples, nerves for holy achievement. "The people who do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." A day or two after this dear youth received this crowning blessing, I again met him mingling amid scenes of holy triumph. I spoke to him about the great work to be done for Jesus, and the few that stood ready to do it; and added, "You must do all you can." -- "Yes!" he exclaimed: "I am trying to do what I can. I tried all day yesterday, and only got six to yield, -- only six."

"Only six!" thought I, as my mind's eye took within its range the hundreds of inactive professors, who, for want of the power which holiness gives, pass days, weeks, months, and even years, without bringing a soul to Jesus.

Many of the new converts here have been thus Spiritually baptized, and strong for the work of bringing their friends to Jesus. Their plan of working is to take an individual on their hearts as a subject of special prayer; and often do they enlist others to assist them in pleading for particular cases. A note written by a very lovely young lady converted a few days ago, read today at the midday meetings now lies before me. It furnishes a specimen of many sent in. It reads thus: "E. C. requests the prayers of God's people for some persons she is going to visit this afternoon, that God may incline them to come to this evening's service, and, when there, deeply convince them of sin."

This morning, I asked the young lady if the persons for whom she had requested prayer were at the service last evening. She replied, "I cannot say whether they were all there; but four of them were blessed at the altar last evening."

Another reads thus: "I, R. B., having myself found peace in believing last Thursday night, very much desire your prayers in behalf of my father and mother, and several brothers and sisters, that they may also be converted."

The work is going on most delightfully. Over fifty have been blessed with pardon the past three evenings. The best of all is, God is pouring out his Spirit on his people of the various churches in this place and the regions round about.

People are coming from Birmingham and Wolverhampton and adjacent towns to get the baptism of fire; and according to their faith it is done unto them. On Saturday evening, the displays of sanctifying grace were remarkable. Not less than forty or fifty gathered at the altar of prayer and its surroundings, and, with one accord, sought the descent of the Holy Spirit. Many were blessed. On Sabbath afternoon, the work among believers was yet more glorious. We talked to the people about the necessity of putting on the whole armor, and one and all coming up at once to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We urged this as the immediate and absolute demand of God upon all enlisted in his service, and not optional with the creature, inasmuch as the Captain of Israel's hosts now gives the command, "Take unto yourselves the whole armor of God." The Spirit made the word mighty; and, though there was no urging, scores again encompassed the altar of prayer and its surroundings, and again a shower of blessings fell, exceeding that of the preceding evening.

One intelligent local preacher, whose interesting appearance suggested that he might be most valiant in leading forth the hosts of Israel to glorious conquest, was introduced to me at the close of the service. He had bowed with the many who were seeking the full baptism. I asked if he had received the promised grace. His reply was emphatic:--

"My offering is on the altar?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes: I know it."

"Was not Abraham's offering as truly the Lord's from the moment he bound it upon the altar as when he saw the fire descend and consume it?"

"Yes."

"Of course, faith was not needful when he saw the fire descend. That was sight. It is not sight that glorifies God, but faith. 'Abraham believed God, and his faith was counted unto him for righteousness.' If Abraham had taken the offering from off the altar because the fire did not at once descend and consume it, the act would have been as sacrilegious as though he had ascended to the throne of God in heaven, and taken something from off that throne: for it was the altar that sanctified the gift; that is, made it virtually God's property."

I then told him just how I received the baptism of fire many years ago, so that I felt the consuming energies of the Holy Ghost throughout body and soul to such a degree, that I had never since lost the power of that baptism. I had laid the offering upon the altar, and bound it there as a whole burnt-sacrifice. A few hours succeeded, during which I felt no more sensible realization of the acceptance of the sacrifice than the father of the faithful could have had when thick darkness fell around him. I was at the time in a low state of health, and a very self-sacrificing duty was before me. Apart from any sensible apprehension, but acting on the principle, "Body and soul are the Lord's," I proceeded to the duty. While thus engaged, ere I was aware, I felt the consuming energies of the Holy Ghost penetrating my whole being. Throughout body and soul I felt the hallowing, controlling, and all-constraining influences of burning love,

so that I have ever since known what it was to be a whole burnt-sacrifice on Heaven's altar, and an experimental realization of what Fletcher must have meant when he said, "Would that I were all spirit!" Our conversation ended with a renewed expression of resolve, on the part of the local preacher, that the offering should never be removed from the divine altar; and that he would not only believe in the acceptance of it, but would ever act most sacredly on the principle, "I am the Lord's."

In the evening, the Holy Spirit wrought mightily on the hearts of sinners. About thirty received pardon, and many others were deeply convicted. Among the first to kneel at the altar of prayer was the local preacher. As I approached him, I saw something unutterable in the expression of his countenance. Smiles and tears were intermingling as I appealingly said, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." -- "Glory, glory!" burst forth from his full soul. He afterwards said, that if any one had given him ten thousand pounds to induce him to utter a single word, till he had relieved his full soul by the exclamation, "Glory, glory!" he could not have done it. I heard from another local preacher, from the same town, who was at the mid-day meeting yesterday, that this brother gave in a glorious testimony to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, in an assembly, night before last; and doubtless the flame of revival is destined to spread in that region through the agency of this local preacher, and others who have come to this town and caught the flame.

A young man who had long been a professor knelt over and again at the altar, seeking the baptism of the Spirit. On questioning him, he replied, "All is on the altar: but I do not feel as I desire; I seem to need something more." -- "Yes, you need something more," I replied. "You need to go to work for Jesus, and use the grace already received. Take some individual on your heart, and plead for the salvation of that one as for your own soul. Go to that person, and inform him or her of what you are doing, and you will soon know the blessedness of Christ's words to his disciples, 'That this, my joy, may be in you, and that your joy may be full.'" The next evening I saw him, and he exclaimed, "Oh, I am so happy!" He had taken the advice given, and, through his agency, a soul had been born into the kingdom of grace. Oh this more than angel-work of soul-saving! there is no joy on earth that can compare with it. It was the joy of Jesus to save the world; and those who would partake of his joy must be workers together with him in bringing sinners to the foot of the cross.

We often tell the people that every soul saved ought to be a guaranty for the salvation of another. This is being exemplified continually. The converts are at work in a way that would surprise and delight you. Several men who have been converted have brought their wives, and wives their husbands. I observed a convert of less than a week old coming out of the vestry last evening with a newly saved man, whose name had just been recorded. A glow of unearthly joy was lighting up his face as I said, "The Lord has been giving you a soul." -- "Yes: this is the second one the Lord has given me tonight," was his exultant reply. The Lord had converted the wife of this man. Only the night or two after his own conversion, she had been given in answer to his faith and prayerful efforts.

To a youth of about sixteen years old, with whom I was personally laboring at the time he was enabled to believe unto salvation, I said, "How you have entered upon the service of a new Master; and, as a member of the household of faith, your Lord and Master will every day say to

you, 'Son, go work today in my vineyard.' If the person in whose employ you now are as an apprentice should say, 'Go work today,' you would ask, 'What shall I do today?' and, of course, you would expect your master to appoint your work, and then you would go about it. Now, I want you to ask your heavenly Master, as you rise each morning, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do today?' and he will always give you something to do by way of bringing your friends to Jesus." He promised, in the strength of Jesus, to try. He has since brought five or six to Jesus. He seizes his spare moments in going about among persons of his own age, and brings them to the sanctuary; and when, through grace, he gets them to decide for God, he brings them forward to the altar of prayer, and kneels with them till Jesus speaks the life-giving word; and then he rejoices as one who hath taken great spoil. I might give many similar cases. If the young converts may and do thus work, surely those who have long been members of the household of faith may and ought to exceed in bringing their friends to Jesus. I am thankful to say some among the ministry and people are examples in this work; and, because they have a mind to work, the walls of Zion are rapidly rising.

The truth is, we are resolved only to bestow our labor where the ministry and laity come up as helpers together with us in soul-saving efforts. With us it is an all-controlling desire that the walls of Zion may be reared.

"For her our tears shall fall,
For her our prayers ascend,
To her our toils and cares be given
Till tolls and cares shall end."

It differs little where or how we labor, only that we may in the highest possible degree serve the interests of Zion. Our calling is no more to do all the work than it was the calling of Nehemiah to lay every stone with his own hand when the walls of Jerusalem were reared. Had the people refused to work personally over against their own houses, Nehemiah would not have felt himself called to remain away from the service of Artaxerxes. Though his sadness might have been great in witnessing the desolation of the beloved city, yet the work was of such magnitude as not to be accomplished but by the individual uprising of the people in united strength. Had they not been personally answerable to their part of the work, it could not have been done; and Nehemiah would have returned to his distant home, the Shushan Palace, to shed yet more burning tears, not only over the broken-down walls, but over the apathy of the people.

Thus it is in regard to the work the Lord has called us to do. We feel that every earthly consideration, home, ease, health, and estate, has been laid on the altar of the service of the Church, as subservient to the work of soul-saving. Wherever we go to labor with a people who will with ourselves make every thing tributary, and really act on the principle that the soul outweighs all the wealth of the world, we witness wondrous displays of saving grace; but, where we may not see this, we have fully purposed our stay shall be short. The cause here is new and small; had we known how small, we might have thought there were too few to hope for success. But my mind was particularly drawn, on coming here, to the case of Jonathan and his armor-bearer, who at such fearful odds stormed the garrison of the Philistines; and now, as we look at the great things God hath wrought, we are constrained to say, surely "there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."

The mid-day prayer-meetings have been seasons of hallowed interest. Several written and verbal petitions are here presented daily, which at subsequent meetings have been reported as answered, and thanksgivings offered. A gentleman asked prayers in behalf of his wife and child: the petition was granted, and wife and daughter are now happy in Jesus. A father asked prayers for his seven children, all of whom had arrived at the age of maturity, and were unsaved: three or four of the family have already been brought to Jesus. A Christian sister asked the prayers of the meeting for two neighbors living without God or Christ in the world: both of these neighbors were induced to come up to the house of God that evening, and came forward as seekers of salvation; one went home glorifying God for pardoning mercy, and the other has since been saved. The Rev. Mr. W____, the good pastor of the Whittimere-street Chapel, requested the prayers of the mid-day meeting for an unconverted lady. He added, that he had been praying for the conversion of this lady, and had also been to converse with her, and intended going again. That evening, she was induced to come to the house of God, and at the altar of prayer found the Lord.

A note read at a recent mid-day meeting now lies at hand. It reads thus: "I, Richard B____, having myself found peace in believing last Thursday night, very much desire your prayers in behalf of my father, mother, and several brothers and sisters, that they also may be converted." How soon might not only the town of Walsall, but every town in England, be in a flame of revival, if all who bear the name of Christian would resolve at once on bringing their friends and neighbors to Jesus! In the days of our Lord's incarnation, many came, bringing their friends, variously diseased, with them. Jesus the Great Physician healed them all; and thus it would be now if the many would come, bringing their friends with them.

Feb. 3. -- Since the date of the preceding, the work has been daily rising in power. Last evening, over twenty were blessed, many with pardon, and some with purity. The names of those who have received the witness of entire sanctification have not generally been recorded. We would prefer that it had been otherwise, as we believe it honors God; and we have also ever found that the Head of the Church honors our labors in the conversion of sinners to the degree we give due prominence to this subject. Holiness is the strength of the Church; and when Zion thus puts on her strength, then her converts are multiplied; and it is of such a church community that the recording angel writes, that this and that man were born there. The conversions also are strong proportionately as the Church clothes herself in the strength of holiness. Many of the conversions have indeed been powerful. Last evening, a man of about eighty years was saved. After his translation from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, he exclaimed, "Oh, I feel as if I could leap over the chapel!" An old woman of about eighty winters was at the altar the evening previous, and found mercy.

The various detached branches of Methodism are all laboring as one in most loving unity. It has long been a question with us, whether it was not a want of more of the original element of Methodism that had produced so many dissevering lines in this, the Old World; and we have longed to see some friendly power in action whose divinely sanctioned mission it might be to talkie up these dissevered links, and unite them in heart-brotherhood, if not in church-fellowship, -- these thousands of one great family, who are so soon to meet

"In heaven above, where all is love."

We could scarcely have imagined that the Lord would have used us so manifestly in this work as he has been doing the past three weeks. Here, amid the hundreds nightly assembled, may be seen the Old and New Connection Methodists, the Free Church and Primitive Methodists, all as one in the great work of bringing sinners to Jesus. Many of these have knelt side by side around the crowded communion-rail, seeking the blessing of perfect love; and scores have obtained the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. I need not tell you, that, where this prevails,

"Names and sects and parties fail,
And Christ alone is all in all."

If any body will share more largely in immediate results than another in this general shower, it will be the Old Methodist Connection. I know you will wonder at this in view of the recent attempt to discourage "specific revival services," as an interference with "godly order." But it is due to the great body of Wesleyan ministers to say, that the "special" resolve of the last conference was specially repugnant to the great majority; and though still loyal to all the best interests of Wesleyan Methodism, as we trust they ever may be, they seem only more resolved than ever that they will favor special revival efforts and special agencies.

About three hundred have been added to the Lord during the last three weeks. "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this is with burning, and fuel of fire." Male and female disciples from various sections and different sects are coming from far and near, and, as they receive the burning Pentecostal flame, bear it away to their own localities; and the blessed news is reaching us from various quarters that Pentecostal blessings bring Pentecostal results. To God be all the glory!

Dr. Palmer walked home from the mid-day meeting today with an excellent Baptist minister, who, with his people, have attended the services. He said the revival flame had caught among his own people; and on Sabbath evening, sixteen deeply convicted persons, on invitation, retired with him to the vestry, and eight have since been hopefully converted. He added, "Oh, I wish you could stay at Walsall a month longer!" But this is impossible, as we already stand engaged to commence services at Wolverhampton on Sabbath, Feb. 7.

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48 -- CHAPTER

Wolverhampton, Feb. 12, 1863

What have been our feelings while observing the state of our country politically we will not attempt to describe. Though three thousand miles distant, we have closely watched the rising and retiring clouds of political strife. Long before the portentous clouds darkened our heavens, we were anticipating days of sadness, when the righteous Judge would chastise us as a nation for the wrongs permitted. For many years it has not seemed possible that judgment could much

longer linger over the cruel wrongs of the slave, and the martyr-blood of such men as the righteous Buley and others.

But while we have witnessed terrible things in righteousness, and have heard the revilings of many, who, influenced by similar reportings as the "London Times" correspondent, would say, "Aha, aha! so would we have it," we have never doubted but the God of battles would give us the victory. The policy of our excellent President, though at first doubted and cruelly maligned, is now securing unbounded praise. The news of the enthusiastic meeting at Exeter Hall, and several other simultaneous meetings held the same evening, has already reached you. A large deputation of seventy gentlemen, from many cities, towns, and villages in England, recently waited on our American minister, Mr. Adams, with a minute of the American crisis, commending in strong terms the course pursued by President Lincoln, particularly his firmness in carrying out the Emancipation Act.

The name of Lincoln, so much abused through Southern perfidy, and mistaken conservative politicians of the United States, is now being embalmed in the minds of thousands in England as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. The proposition and attempt to establish a nation on the basis of slavery is now looked upon by tens of thousands as infamous beyond parallel. It is boldly asserted, that, within the period of the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln, he has done more for the blessed work of emancipation than during the whole preceding period of the existence of the United States. Arrangements are being made in every part of England for antislavery demonstrations on a large scale. The name of our good President bids fair to be immortalized in the public mind unless some new current sets in.

I may seem too sensitive; but I have wished a thousand times since I have been in this country that the taste of some of our own well-meaning people were, in some respects, remodeled. If President Lincoln, or any other President of the United States, has been elected by the voice of the American people to the highest office of the Government, is it not unseemly that a nick-name, such as must have originated in the bar-room or lower uneducated grade of society, should so far obtain as to be of frequent newspaper notoriety?

Thus it is that our honored President is often called "Old Abe," or "the rail-splitter," in English society. Of course we cannot blame our English friends: they only, as willing learners, adopt the teachings of our stump politicians. Were I to attempt to give a truthful idea of the effect that such a cognomen has on the English mind, when applied to our chief officer, I should fail. Not only does it engender contempt, but it favors the idea that we, as a people, have little regard for dignitaries of our own election. I once knew an individual whose home surroundings and limited purse would not have commended her to the rank in society, which, by some unaccountable maneuvering, had been attained. A friend, who managed to get fully into the confidence of the fair aspirant, congratulating her, ventured to suggest her surprise that she could have had the confidence to enter society so beyond her position. She honestly replied, "If I do not think something of myself, nobody will think any thing of me!" If it is wrong to speak evil of dignities, it is also unseemly to speak irrelevantly of them. In the Christian's code it stands written, "Honor to whom honor is due."

While we repudiate a monarchical government, and have a sincere distaste for the frivolities, expensive paraphernalia, and appendages of royalty, may not Young America learn some useful lessons from our fatherland? Subjection to the powers that be, and affectionate respect, are seemly. Proud Englishmen never speak or write about their Queen but with the most profound respect and affection. Thousands of prayers daily ascend for her from the family altars, churches, and chapels throughout the land. Seldom is her name mentioned but as "our beloved Queen," "her Majesty," "our gracious Queen," and similar grateful, loving appendages. We can see no harm, but, on the contrary, much good, accruing from respectful, affectionate appellatives of this kind. The fact is, though cheap commodities, they purchase for the Sovereign of the British Empire the heart-loyalty of thousands of affectionate subjects, -- a loyalty that begins with childhood, and is ever being cherished at home and abroad. I cannot be mistaken. A residence of over three years in England, with opportunities to mingle with all classes of society, has confirmed me in the belief that the English people heartily love their Queen. Perhaps this may furnish one important reason why you so seldom hear complaints of taxation for the support of Government. The people are proud of their Queen, and feel that loyalty to her is loyalty to their own interests. It is wonderful how uncomplainingly they submit to one exaction after another in connection with the royal family. Her Majesty, as is well known, has a large family, each one requiring an appropriation quite equal to the salary of our highest officers of State.

In answer to the unyielding solicitations of the friends of Jesus, we have come to win some jewels for the Master in this old town. The chapel being too small, the services are held in the spacious St. George's Hall. The best of all is, God is with us. Day and evening meetings are being held, and some scores of souls have enlisted in the service of Jesus. The secretary reports the names of about one hundred who have been made special recipients of grace. Our stay here must be short, as other engagements are pressing upon us.

* * * * *

49 -- CHAPTER

Birmingham, March 9, 1863

All England is in a state of excitement, now, in anticipation of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Towns, villages, and railway stations are attired in holiday garb. The bride elect was welcomed to the shores of England on the morning of Saturday, March 7. Such a greeting awaited her as has no parallel, I presume, on the records of the past.

I have not heard an attempt to estimate the countless thousands who thronged the streets of the metropolis through which the State carriages passed. Five miles of streets lined on either side by dense masses of living beings, and these overlooked by a line of platforms, with trees, windows, roofs of houses, and every conceivable place, filled with gazers, must have made the fair young princess feel that the land of her adoption was most affectionately disposed toward her. It is marvelous to think of the estimate that thousands of people placed on getting a sight of the royal pair as they passed. Single windows were rented at from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. The front windows of one house were rented for the single occasion at a thousand dollars, and a mere standing-place on a platform at a guinea. Such things seem

incredible; but it shows at what a height popular enthusiasm may rise. The Princess Alexandra bowed graciously from side to side, and sustained herself, it is said, with affectionate and queenly bearing, during the seven hours she slowly passed from one station to the other from which she was to leave for the castle at Windsor.

Nothing can be more sure than that the English nation are heartily loyal; and no expenditures are too costly by way of manifesting their affectionate respect for their beloved Queen and the members of her honored household. It is said that the municipal authorities in London alone have expended a million and a half pounds in the magnificent display connected with the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Added to the enormous sum appropriated for the support of the Prince of Wales, his bride is to have fifty thousand dollars pin-money yearly; and, in case she becomes the widow of his Royal Highness, she is to receive thirty thousand pounds in lieu of dowry. Large appropriations are made to each of the Queen's children, on their marriage: so we see loyalty demands its manifestations. Tens of thousands of pounds will be expended all over England, on this festive occasion, by way of doing what is regarded as due homage to the son of England's sovereign, and the heir apparent to the throne. I could fill my sheet with the enumeration of costly presents to the youthful pair. Birmingham sends a silver table worth two thousand five hundred pounds.

Since the date of the preceding, the marriage has been consummated. The whole has passed off with an eclat I have neither time nor inclination to describe: not that I do not appreciate the affectionate demonstration of a grateful people in honor of the powers that be; yet one cannot but feel that life is too short, and its aims too high, to indulge long on scenes so transitory, and tasteless to the earnest Christian.

The ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where, a little over one year ago, there was a most imposing ceremony of a character strangely different. It might have been the remembrance of the solemnities of that scene, which clothed that chapel and hundreds of other chapels in England in the drapery of mourning, that caused the beloved and honored Sovereign of England to burst into a flood of tears as the marriage of her son was about to be consummated. Her Majesty was dressed in deep mourning. Amid thousands of sympathizers, she still seems as one alone, a true heart-stricken mourner. From many things we hear, we have reason to hope that she is not destitute of the comforts of the Holy Spirit. It is really gratifying to see how truly she lives in the affections of her people; and though her son Albert Edward is being treated with princely honors, as heir apparent to the crown, many are the prayers of her loving subjects that the time may be far distant ere he is called to ascend the throne.

We are still in the heart of England, witnessing the triumphs of the cross. We commenced our labors in Birmingham at the Unett-street Chapel, and continued the services there for two weeks. The Lord, in answer to the prayers of his people, very graciously poured out his Spirit upon the community; and the chapel appeared to be filled with the glory of God.

A number of the young ladies and gentlemen of the more wealthy and influential families in society have been converted, and are now actively engaged in promoting the cause of Christ. It would rejoice your heart to see how active they are in bringing their friends to Jesus. One young lady had a friend away at school in Boulogne (France), who had told her, if ever she

became pious, she would quit her company: but, the day following her conversion, she wrote to her friend at school, telling her the wonderful story of what Jesus had done for her; and then the mother of the young friend at school, and another friend whom the Lord had greatly blessed, kneeled together to ask that the Spirit of the Lord would accompany the reading of the letter to this young lady's conversion. The next letter from France told of the speedy answer to prayer, and that she had joined class, and was happy in the service of Christ. The family with whom we are guests have had two sons and two daughters converted during these services. The youngest daughter was the first name put down for a new class; and yesterday she said, "The class now numbers eighteen members."

We have two meetings each day. Yesterday, between forty and fifty were blessed. The Lord of the temple manifested his glory; and I think not one of the dense assembly but felt that the place was awful, yet glorious, by reason of the manifest presence of the High and Holy One. Our mid-day meetings are ever seasons of extraordinary interest. Here many written and verbal requests are given in for relatives, friends, and neighbors. To many of these, immediate and extraordinary answers have been given. One asked the prayers of the meeting for an aged sick person. Just while the petition was being presented, the convincing Spirit was sent to the heart of the aged neglecter of salvation, and she became so distressed about her soul, that she desired some one might be sent for to pray with her. That afternoon, during a visit, from the person who had sent the petition to the meeting, the aged sinner found mercy. A mother, trembling with emotion, requested prayers for a wayward son who was at that time attending a horse-race, but who had promised to be at the chapel in the evening. He was afterwards told of the request that had been made in his behalf; and, in reply, said they would find it would require something more than prayer to affect! The next evening, however, he was at the altar, a deeply awakened penitent, and, before the close of the service, was rejoicing in pardoning mercy.

Thanksgivings were presented by a lady on behalf of three neighbors. Said the lady, "Last evening I invited these three neighbors to the chapel, and all three found the Lord." Surely we may still, as in the days of the Saviour's incarnation, bring our friends to Jesus. Definite efforts bring definite results; and these definite answers require definite acknowledgments. Never was there a time in the annals of England when the lay element has been called so much into use. Here are lay evangelists of every grade in society, from the humble chimney-sweeper T. Carter to the noble Lord Teynham. We heard the excellent Lord Teynham preach on Sabbath morning in a Methodist chapel. We were delighted and profited beyond our anticipations. He was simple as a little child, yet powerful in argument. His text was, "That we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." He talked as one eminently taught of God.

After laboring at Unett Street, the services were removed on Sabbath, March 15, to Bath-street Chapel. And here also the Lord has gloriously poured out his Spirit in the awakening and conversion of precious souls, and the entire sanctification of believers. The displays of saving grace are truly wonderful. Last evening, over thirty were enabled to testify of the forgiving love of Jesus. Some received the blessing of pardon while we were addressing the people, and came into the vestry during the prayer-meeting service to testify what God had done for them.

On the first Sabbath evening, a person came down from the gallery, and went into the vestry among those who were seeking pardon. Shortly after, he came out, while were singing, looking very happy, and cried, "Glory be to Jesus!" As soon as we were through the verse, I asked him to tell what the Lord had done for him. He stated in substance, "that he was the child of praying parents, but, through bad company and the intoxicating cup, he had almost broken their hearts, and was bringing down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; and that his mother on parting with him said, 'Laddy, thee has already broken my heart, and, if you continue a little longer you will finish me.'" He also said that he had been a prize-fighter; had been published in "Bell's Life in London," through his own bad conduct; had both of his wrists and ankles broken; had been in prison; and, although but twenty-seven years of age, was an old man. He said he had fought many battles for Satan; but now, by God's help, he intended to fight harder ones for Jesus.

His father, a fine, venerable-looking man (a Wesleyan), spoke with flowing tears immediately after him, and said, "All that the lad has said is true: the intoxicating cup has been his besetment, though he had never seen his poor father ever take a single drop, and that for thirty years not one drop had he tasted of any thing that would intoxicate; and that the lad's mother had done the same, even to a drop of beer. He also said that the lad's course had been such as to paralyze his head, so that for months he had a failing of the lid of one eye; and that he had left Runcorn to visit Birmingham in order to look up the lad, and, having found him the day previous, he had clothed him, and brought him with him to chapel." There were not many dry eyes in the congregation during the narration of these touching incidents.

Our mid-day meetings here, as at Unett Street, are very largely attended, and remarkably owned of God. We seldom have a service but some are pardoned, and others receive the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth at the noon-day hour. Written and verbal requests are made, and thanksgivings offered for the speedy answers to prayer. One reads, "On Thursday last, a request was made, asking prayer for two persons very ill, but unsaved; and that now they desired the congregation to join with them in praising the Lord that they were both enabled to rejoice in Christ as their Saviour."

Another who was prayed for yesterday found peace during the afternoon, and today requests that her unconverted husband and children may be saved. Another said that God in mercy had saved an old person last evening, eighty-nine years of age who had scarcely ever been inside of a chapel before; and another sixty-eight years of age. Another reads thus:

"The sick female who was prayed for yesterday requests that you would join her in giving thanks to God on her behalf as she has found Jesus, and is now happy." Another returned thanks for the forty-three blessed on the Sabbath.

The glance I have given you of today's noon meeting gives you a glimpse of the scenes which we are from day to day and week to week witnessing. Never have I had a deeper realization of the preciousness of the words, "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place; for we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish."

We had fully purposed not to extend our labors in Birmingham beyond four weeks. Though most importunately urged to prolong our visit, we had decided, in view of other solicitations, equally urgent, from various quarters that we must not remain here longer. But prayer moves the hand that moves the world. The friends of Jesus have been much in prayer, both publicly and privately, that the Lord might put his hand upon us, and constrain us to stay.

Our farewell service had already been announced; but we seemed compelled to yield to the wishes of the people, and remain a few days longer. We are praying that we may witness far greater wonders of grace. We believe that God, even our God, can shake the whole town of Birmingham. The people are coming out in crowds, so that the chapel is crowded every evening. The meetings are deeply solemn, yet glorious on account of the felt presence of the High and Holy One.

April 4. -- Yesterday we had our closing services. Meetings were held from three till half-past four o'clock, and from six till ten o'clock. Many received pardon, and others were enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Seldom have we witnessed such an extraordinary work in any place as has been going on during the past five weeks at the Unett and Bath Street chapels in this town. During our two-weeks' labor at Unett-street Chapel, three hundred and eighty gave in their names to the secretary as subjects of the work. Of these, three hundred and forty-three received pardon, (and who can doubt when God says, "They that seek do find"?) and thirty-seven the witness of the Spirit to their entire sanctification. "For by one offering hath perfected forever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." -- Heb, x. 14, 15. Have you ever particularly noticed this wonderful passage?

Our next scene of labor was at Bath-street Chapel. During our three-weeks' special services there, the names of five hundred and thirty were added to the new blessed, forty-seven of whom had obtained the blessing of purity, and four hundred and eighty-three the blessing of pardon; making in all, as reported by the secretaries, nine hundred and ten. What a blessed five-weeks' work for Jesus! We have enjoyed it exceedingly. "Oh! give thanks to the Lord, for he is good... to Him who alone doeth wonders, for his mercy endureth forever."

The secretary of the meeting, in giving an account of this glorious work at Bath-street Chapel in the "Wesleyan Times" of this week, says, "The results are truly astonishing. Upwards of five hundred and thirty have professed to find peace in believing. Every meeting has been characterized by a deep sense of the divine presence and power; and we believe such an impetus has been given to the work of God as shall be felt throughout the town. Our Wesleyan friends especially derive great benefit; the majority of those blessed being either already in some way connected with that body, or engaged to become so. It seems, although the doors of the Old Connection are closed against 'special revival services,' the affections of the people are drawn out after these servants of Christ and, during these services, many of the leading members have come forward, and labored most earnestly and affectionately with us. In fact, it seemed as if our chapel was turned into a 'conference' chapel, so great a portion consisted of their congregations. One remarkable feature of these services was the laying aside of the partition walls of sectarianism, and the unanimity and kindness with which Wesleyan Methodists, New Connection and Free Church Methodists worked together for the salvation of souls... It has been

a glorious time; and we are hoping and believing that the work begun will be carried on, and that, to use the words of the good doctor, 'redeemed Birmingham will soon become saved Birmingham.'"

Liverpool, April 14, 1863

We have just returned to the house of our esteemed friend, G. Pennell, after a campaign of twelve weeks in the midland counties of England. It is with amazement and gratitude that I look back upon the record of the weeks in which have so swiftly passed amid the multiplicity of engagements, that they seem but as yesterday. And thus I presume it will be till the sum of life is told. But though the day of life is as a vapor, which appeareth for a little, and then vanisheth, a bright gleam is ever darting into the vista of the future. Though we spend our days amid the multitude, the eye of faith looks through the vista; and we behold multitudes congregated around the throne, with whom we have talked on earth of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. There they stand around the "Ancient of days," casting their glittering crowns at the feet of the world's Redeemer.

It is written of that company that they sung a new song, and also that no man could sing that song but those who had been redeemed from earth. What a delightful work it is, to be permitted, through the Holy Spirit's agency, to teach others the new song! I can say, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I have been in converse with thousands when they have first learned to tune their voices to the song, "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, -- to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!"

Will it not make heaven the sweeter when we meet there, and unite in the full chorus around the throne of the Eternal? I believe that I am learning to feel more and more deeply that it is only to the degree that we have the anointing of the Holy One that we can be useful. It is true that some who minister in holy things seem to be useful, whose utterances of heart and life would suggest that they do not enjoy the blessedness of the pure in heart.

The fact is, that truth belongs to God; and God may permit his own truth to flow out through an unworthy agency. Surely there was no worthiness in the animal on which Balaam rode; but he spoke the truth when he reproved the erring prophet: but who can conceive of his receiving a reward? The same may be said of Caiaphas, who prophesied that, one man should die for the nation; but does not Caiaphas now stand written prominently among the murderers of the Lord of glory?

And thus it will be of many who have prophesied in the name of the Lord; many whose works are good of themselves, but who, for want of purity of motive, will be the sad subjects of not merely a life-long mistake, but a mistake for eternity. Sure I am that no works will be recognized in the light of heaven, as of God, only so far as they arise from a pure desire to glorify God, and not self. To the glory of grace, I can say that I am endeavoring to walk carefully before the Lord, feeling that I every moment need the merits of Christ's death, and am enabled momentarily to present all my redeemed powers a living sacrifice. By the new and living way I

enter within the veil, and here I abide, casting anchor yet deeper with every passing day. Within the few past weeks, the words have been applied to my heart in an unusual manner,

"Hearken, O daughter! and consider and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thine own father's house. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him."

The Lord is indeed leading us, in some respects, in a way we had not known. I am persuaded that greater triumphs are now marking our path than ever before. Yet, in the attainment of these new conquests, we have had new conflicts; but victory through our Lord Jesus Christ is our triumphant song.

Unexpectedly to ourselves, but undoubtedly in answer to the prayer of faith on the part of others, we were constrained to return to Walsall for another attack on the enemy's citadel. In praise of Infinite Grace, we are permitted to record that the flame of revival, which burst forth during our visit a few weeks previous, has taken within its range the Methodist societies all over the circuit. But not only have the various branches of Methodism been visited, but all other evangelical denominations in the town of Walsall are partaking in the visitation. I am at this moment reminded of a circumstance, which, I am confident, may have had a bearing on this state of things.

When we first commenced our labors in Walsall, twelve weeks ago, there was less that was calculated to inspire our faith than at any place, perhaps, we have ever visited. But it was well we did not know the state of things before going, or we might not have felt it our duty to go. Remembering the promise our Lord gave us in such a signal manner on first landing on these shores, I wrote out a special request for the mid-day prayer-meeting, reading about thus: "An individual, who has resolved to rise one half-hour earlier than usual every morning, for the definite purpose of pleading with God that this town and the regions round about may be favored with an extraordinary visitation of the Holy Spirit, and that the special services now commenced may result in the salvation of hundreds of souls, desires to know how many in this meeting will pledge themselves to endeavor to rise thus early, in order that they may unite in pleading that all the inhabitants of this region may know that this is a time of the passing by of the Son of God." A large portion of those present rose to their feet by way of pledging themselves that they would rise daily at least one half-hour earlier for special supplication on behalf of the object stated.

An excellent Baptist minister, who is deeply interested on the subject of Christian holiness, was among those who stood pledged as special pleaders. But he said it was his desire to add yet another definite request as a subject for daily and united supplication. It was this: "That the ministers of all the various sects in the town might be roused to seek on their own behalf, and for their people, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit." How true it is, that "he that asketh receiveth"! Wonderful, truly, has been the effect of the divine visitation on that town. As far as we have learned, not a single denomination but has been roused to extraordinary activities in soul-saving. The Baptist minister referred to has had, since that time, a remarkable awakening among his people; and many have turned to the Lord. He commenced special services about the time we left, which are still going on with power. The different branches of Methodists, in their own various localities in and around the town, also commenced special services, which have been

owned by the Head of the Church in the salvation of many souls. The Independents and Church of England people, who joined more or less with us while we remained in Walsall during our first visit, have since commenced special services among themselves. That the Church of England should post placards announcing "special services," is regarded as a wonder; but this has been done in more cases than one in the town of Walsall. But still more remarkable is the fact that the Romanists have actually issued placards announcing "special services." The motives, I fear, are questionable. Some of their people have been brought out of darkness into the marvelous light of the gospel at the Methodist chapel; and it is probable that the object of these special services is to prevent their people from going to other places of worship. The bill announcing the services, now before me, is a curiosity. It begins thus: "To the greater glory of God, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Alphonsus." It then goes on to state that several missionary monks, called "Redemptionist Fathers," will visit the place, and hold three meetings daily during the week, and five on Sabbath. The special services are to be continued during a period of four weeks. The bill calls upon all the faithful to attend, and promises special "indulgences" to all who are faithful in attending the ministrations of these missionaries. It says, "The time of a mission is a time of extraordinary grace. A mission is a message from Almighty God to his people, to put them in mind that but 'one thing' is necessary, and that 'one thing' is the salvation of their souls. God calls me to the mission. What must I do? I must attend as well as I can. I must prepare to make a good confession. 'Behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.'" I have copied a part of this bill, thinking it may interest you, as it did Dr. P____ and myself.

Our English friends, where we labor, are generally more careful in garnering the fruits of a revival than in most parts of our own country. A secretary, and, if needs be, assistant secretaries are appointed to take the names and residence of the newly blessed, and to specify the nature of the blessing received. A summary of these reports is generally handed over to us on the eve of our leaving. You will unite with us in ascribing glory to the Triune Deity, when I tell you, that, on reviewing the past twelve weeks' labor, I find that the names of a thousand six hundred have been recorded as having sought and found. Of these, comprising persons of every grade of society -- high and low, rich and poor, -- thirteen hundred and seven have presented themselves at the communion rail or vestry, as penitents seeking mercy, and having sought diligently, and felt that they obtained, have had their names written among the newly saved. The remaining two hundred and seventy-three are persons who during that period have sought, and been enrolled, to testify that they received the witness of purity.

If I should tell you that the victories we gain are won without conflict, you would be surprised. Trials we have had; but, as far as our health has permitted, the demands on our time in labors for our precious Saviour have been too engrossing to admit of writing or talking much about trials. In fact, our trials are triumphs. New conflicts have been the signals for new victories. And thus, through grace alone, I trust it will be till life's short probation is ended, and we lay down our arms and take the crown. The mercies of God toward us are innumerable, and ever multiplying. Often do we exclaim,--

"I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord."

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50 -- CHAPTER

Manchester, April 24, 1863

We have commenced a series of labors, to which we long since stood pledged, in this city, at the Stock-street Chapel, and have reason to be encouraged with the present state of the work. Twenty-one found peace in believing last evening; the same number the evening previous; nineteen the evening before. Some conversions have taken place at the midday meetings; making in all at least between seventy and eighty saved during the five days since we commenced our labors here. Several also have received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. On Sabbath afternoon and evening, and also on Monday evening, the Lord wrought in power among his people, and a number received the baptism of fire. The names of these have not been recorded as subjects of this gracious visitation.

Yet I am confident we should not have witnessed this gracious awakening among sinners had not judgment begun at the house of God. One of the ministers who had labored a good deal at Stock-street Chapel told me last evening that he regarded the work there as one of the greatest wonders he had ever witnessed. The chapel stands in rather an aristocratic part of Manchester, and was built for the accommodation of several wealthy families residing in the region. Many of the children in these families had grown up unconverted. Now the God of all grace has visited them. Scarcely a family among them but has been visited with salvation during the present week. To God be all the glory!

An incident showing the power of prayer, and that special requests do bring special answers, occurred the first evening of our meeting. A brother from a distance, who had received the full baptism of the Spirit where we had previously labored, wrote to us that he had a sister and brother-in-law in Manchester, for whom he had been pleading with the Lord for over a week past, that they might be deeply awakened and converted during our visit. As soon as the invitation was given, the brother-in-law immediately came forward to the altar, and quickly obtained forgiveness. In telling what the Lord had done for him, he stated, that, for a week, his distress had been so great, that he could scarcely sleep. The next evening he brought his wife, who was also made a joyful partaker of pardoning mercy.

This will be our last evening at Stock-street Chapel; but we are expecting to see hundreds saved at Lever Street. Our only trust is in Him who alone doeth wonders.

The special services have been removed to the more commodious Lever-street Chapel, in the central part of the county, where hundreds are in nightly attendance, and many inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" Since the commencement of our labors here, now over two weeks, about three hundred have received either justifying or sanctifying grace; and many persons of different denominations have been quickened in the divine life, and are laboring to bring souls to God. Among the interesting conversions that have occurred, few have given me more satisfaction than that of an intelligent Roman Catholic lady. She was kneeling amid a company of earnest seekers, but did not appear to be as deeply affected as others. Though

kneeling, she was not weeping, neither had she bowed her head. I said, "What would you have Jesus do for you?"

"I should like to have my sins pardoned."

"Well, Jesus is nearer to you than I am; and he says, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved.' He has died to purchase your pardon; and is he not willing to give you pardon now?"

"Must I not first confess my sins?"

"Yes, you must confess your sins; you are not required to confess them to me, or to any human being, but to Jesus. If you confess them to Jesus, he is faithful and just to forgive you your sins."

"Can I have pardon without penance?" she exclaimed.

I thought it not best to divert her mind from the fact that she was a sinner and needed pardon, and therefore gave no intimation that I knew her to be a Papist, but only replied, with apparent surprise, "Why, the Bible says nothing about penance: it says a good deal about repentance." She listened with most marked interest as I endeavored to explain the duty of repentance. I then said, "Christ will give you repentance if you will ask: He is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour; to give repentance unto Israel, and also remission of sins. But you need the help of the Holy Spirit in order to enable you to come to Jesus. You must ask God for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Ask him now."

All this time she was looking most inquiringly into my face; when I said, "Now bow your head, and come directly to the Lord yourself. There is but one Intercessor between God and man: don't come in the name of the Virgin Mary, but come in the name of Jesus, and say, 'Lord, for Jesus' sake, give me the gift of the Holy Spirit to enlighten my mind, and show me my need of a Saviour.' And, while you are bowing your head in prayer, I will bow mine also; and I know that the Lord will hear and answer." In less than two minutes after she had bowed her head in prayer, the Holy Spirit was given to enlighten her mind. She burst into tears, and penitently sought mercy; and He who is rich in mercy revealed his pardoning love, and, ere the close of the evening service, her name was enrolled among those who had found forgiveness through Christ.

A man who obtained mercy had been owing a debt to a widow woman about nine years. The woman had threatened to prosecute; but he, knowing that she had nothing to prove his indebtedness, told her that she would only have the cost of the court proceedings to pay, as he would not acknowledge the debt. The next day after his conversion, he went to the widow, and not only acknowledged the debt, but paid her in full.

An evening or two since, an intelligent young man said, "I wish you would come and talk with a friend of mine in the congregation, who has been seeking religion a long time." -- "Bring the young man forward, and I will converse with him here," I rejoined. "He will not come. Though he has not been forward during these services, he has, on other occasions, acknowledged his need of Jesus; and he says he will come no more." -- "Take an invitation from me, and ask

him in my name to come only once more." The young man came. My first question was, "Are you a sinner?" -- "Yes." -- "Is Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners?" -- "Yes; but I am a great sinner." -- "Is not Jesus a great Saviour?" -- "Yes." -- "Then he is just such a Saviour as you want, is he not?" He heartily responded, "Yes." -- "Now I want to know when you are going to take Jesus as your Saviour. He says, 'Now.' If you are ever saved, there must be some time when it will be written in heaven that you take Christ as your Saviour: shall it be now? If I will show you exactly what it is to believe, will you do it now?" -- "I will." -- "Well, it is this: You believe, that, in dying for you, Jesus paid your debt?" -- "Yes" -- "Suppose you were greatly in debt in this town, and had not the first farthing, and had no possible prospect of ever having the first farthing, to pay. A friend, at a distance, who is abundantly able, commiserates your case, pays the debt, and then writes you word, 'I have paid the debt:' you would read the letter, and then tell your friends that you were free from the debt." -- "Yes." -- "Well, then, is not the Bible God's letter of love? and do you not by this see that you are free?" He apprehended the fact, and, exulting in his freedom said, "Lord, I do thank thee, thou hast paid my debt: I will praise thee. Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me;" proving the blessedness of believing God, and of trying once more.

It is difficult to refrain from multiplying interesting incidents of conversion as they come pressing upon memory, but circumstances demand brevity; yet, I cannot pause without telling you of the conversion of a couple, whose locks were silvered over with the frosts of many winters. Both husband and wife had been kneeling with a crowd of penitent seekers around the capacious altar. The night of sorrow had passed away; and as I extended a friendly hand to both husband and wife, after the evening service, the husband rejoicingly exclaimed.--

"Do you know how this was brought about?"

"I do not."

"I do. It was when you reached out your hand to us at the noon prayer-meeting today that I said to my wife, 'Now is the time! We have long been thinking about coming out on the Lord's side. Now let us do it.' So we made up our minds that we would come forward this evening."

Both husband and wife were now exulting in the consciousness, that, as they had thus confessed Christ before men, Christ was now confessing them before his Father and the holy angels. What had brought them to the decision was the simple fact, that while I was passing down the aisle, on my way out of the chapel, that day, I paused amid a group of common-looking people with whom I was wholly unacquainted; but, thinking a friendly recognition might cast a gleam of sunshine across their pathway, I extended my hand.

As I marked the look of pleasure and surprise, a feeling of gladness stole over my own heart; and I inwardly ejaculated, "I will yet oftener take special pains to ingratiate myself into the affections of the common people: for it was these that shared in the sympathies of my Saviour so largely; it was these that so gladly heard him." But little did I imagine that, by this little act, I was winning gems for my Redeemer's crown. Oh! my heart is so glad in the Lord, and is ever saying, "Every day will I praise thee."

We are pursuing a similar course at Manchester as at Birmingham. We have scattered our labors in three chapels, at remote distances, by the earnest request of ministers and people. We are now engaged in labors at Grosvenor-street Tabernacle, where for some days Jesus has been manifesting his glory in the sanctification of his people and the conversion of many precious souls. Here, as elsewhere, day and evening meetings have been held without intermission, all of which have been crowned with the presence of the High and Holy One.

One evening service I shall never forget, so gloriously manifest was the power of the Sanctifier. The fourteenth chapter of St. John had been read; and the Spirit that indited the Scriptures moved us to urge the congregation to a present act of consecration and faith, preparatory to a peculiar work, giving special emphasis to the remarkable words of the Saviour, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." We asked, "Who will, in view of all coming time, consecrate the service of heart and life unconditionally to God, solely in view of promoting the divine glory, by working the works of God?" All that would deliberately in the strength of Omnipotence thus pledge themselves before God, angels, and men, we desired should rise, and remain standing till heaven's recording angel should write each name in the book of God's remembrance. Scores arose. How solemn was the sight! We then desired that those only who had thus pledged themselves should unite in singing,--

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
The pledge of love forever there."

The offering being presented, a solemn pause ensued, which was marked by felt realizations of the presence of the Redeemer. But covenant engagements, and acts of consecration, though needful prerequisites, are not the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. This comes by an act of faith. He that believeth hath the witness in himself. Not he that can believe, or that will believe, but he that believeth. Still that pledged, consecrated assembly stood fixed in solemn waiting, while, to the eye of our faith, the angel of the covenant stood pointing them to the open fountain, urging them to plunge in, and rise, every whit made whole. We plainly saw that one more step must be taken, and requested that each one would for themselves individually confess the faith of their hearts by singing to Jesus in words of song,--

"Saviour from sin, I thee receive,
From all indwelling sin:
Thy blood I steadfastly believe
Doth make me throughly clean.

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

The words were sung. We doubt not that many at that sacred hour entered by the new and living way into the holiest. A voice from the rear of the chapel, gentle and sweet as an angel's lute, but sufficiently loud to be heard through the house, in slowly measured tones repeated the lines,--

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

I will not attempt to describe the effect. The scene was sublime, and will ever be treasured among my heart's hallowed memories.

We labored five weeks in Manchester, dividing our time between the three churches; during which period one hundred received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and over five hundred, we trust, were born into the kingdom of grace. Of this number, the secretary of the Lever-street meeting reports, eighty-four were between thirty-one and forty years of age, and twenty between fifty and ninety. Of those who were sanctified wholly, several belonged to the Independent congregations. Seldom have I heard such flaming testimonies of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost as from some of those heaven-baptized brethren.

A new Independent chapel is just completing, in which these brethren seem to be the most active members; and I have a strong anticipation that holiness will be written upon its walls, and a race of Spirit-baptized disciples be raised up there to work mightily for God, on whose banner may ever be inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." How beautifully significant is the passage, "Thou hast given a banner to all them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth"! Banners, as you know, have an inscription. If each division of God's sacramental hosts might be led forth under the waving banner, "Holiness to the Lord," how mighty would be the conquest of Zion! It is only as we succeed in inducing the Church to put on her strength that we see souls won to Christ through her agency.

Our home was with the amiable family, of Rev. A. Weston, who, though ministering to his own necessities, as the indefatigable Paul is abundant in pulpit labors, and does much variously to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

* * * * *

51 -- CHAPTER

Nottingham, Forest-Grove House, June 21, 1863

It is a lovely morning: all Nature is smiling. I have risen early. After a season of blessed communion with the High and Holy One, I walked out over the beautiful grounds surrounding Forest-Grove house. Here are fruits rapidly coming to maturity, and a variety of sweet flowers painted in various colors and richest hues by the skillful hand of my heavenly Father. As I have been regaling my threefold being, mind, soul, and body, while walking over the sloping lawn,

and have cast my eyes over the regions beyond, where green-clad hills and valleys lie before me, how my heart has luxuriated in the thought that my Father, my own blessed heavenly Father, made them all! This God is our God. He was, and is still, the God of my dear father and mother, now passed into the heavens. Holy and reverend is he. May he guide us and ours by his counsel through life, and afterward receive us to glory! I find it a soul-transforming, and also a soul-relieving exercise to rise early, and every morning present my whole being to God afresh through through Christ.

God, who is rich in mercy, is causing us to triumph in Christ yet more and more, and making manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place yet more gloriously. Scarcely ever have we labored in any place where we have not witnessed an aggregate of one hundred saved weekly at least. Since we have been at Nottingham, hundreds have presented themselves as earnest seekers at the altar, and have also crowded the vestry; the communion-rail being wholly insufficient for the accommodation of the multitudes seeking Jesus. Of those who have sought and found since we commenced special services here three weeks since, one hundred and thirty stand written as having received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and five hundred and ten have raised up to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin; making in all six hundred and forty, who stand written as having sought and found. Yet even this, we know, is far from being all who have been enabled to testify to the power of saving grace during this extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Many of different denominations get blessed, whose names, though newly written in the Lamb's book of life, are never taken by the secretary of the meeting.

Fruit still remains of those eminent revivalists, William Bramwell and John Smith, both of whom labored in this town. Among those whom we meet daily is an aged disciple now over fourscore. I was informed that he was converted under Bramwell's ministry. I spoke to him on the subject; when he told me that he was converted under the ministry of Miss Barrett, at the time Mr. Bramwell brought her to labor on the Nottingham Circuit.

This dear old man is still bearing fruit in his old age. Though so aged, he generally walks four miles daily in his attendance daily the services. He has often brought persons for whose salvation he had been praying. One day he rose in the mid-day prayer-meeting, and said he had ten persons on his mind for whose salvation he had been pleading; of these the Lord had already given him four, and he was strong in faith that the remaining six would soon be added to the list of the saved. He said God had newly baptized him into the spirit of working for souls. Surely it is no small privilege to succeed the labors of such men as the sainted Bramwell and Smith.

It is our aim, in addressing the people previous to the prayer-meeting services, to simplify the way of faith to seekers of pardon; and we also try to tell the seekers of purity just the way to the cleansing fountain, as we and others have found it; and often do we hear of those, who while present acceptance of present grace is thus being urged upon them, receive the purchased gift. Preach, we do not; that is, not in a technical sense. We would do it, if called; but we have never felt it our duty to sermonize in any way by dividing and subdividing with metaphysical hair-splittings in theology.

We have nothing to do more than Mary, when, by the command of the Head of the Church, she proclaimed a risen Jesus to her brethren; or than Peter and John, who talked to the people about a crucified, exalted Saviour, when they flocked together to see the man who had been restored from a life-long lameness. We occupy the desk, platform, or pulpit, as best suited to the people, in order that all may hear and see; believing that, in thus acting according to the dictates of reason, we act most manifestly in God's order. That God, even our God, makes our commission known, I need not say. Surely we have witnessed the mighty things of our Almighty Lord, not only in this country, but in our own land years before we left. Our calls are ever on the increase. If we should remain by way of being answerable to the many official calls still waiting our acceptance, it would be long, long, ere we should again see our beloved country and dear ones at home.

The work at Nottingham, whether viewed as a whole or in particulars, is a glorious success. Having given you a glance of it as a whole, it may redound to the praise God, by raising the note higher, to transcribe some particulars furnished by a participator in the scene. Rev. G. Hughes, writing to his friends in America, says,--

"The meetings held in Manchester by Dr. and Mrs. P_____ were full of interest, and well calculated to profit all who are sincerely desirous of being profited. Hundreds of souls, in a few weeks, professed to find pardon; and many entered into the liberty of full salvation. I enjoyed the services so much, that, learning that they were under engagement to go to Nottingham to labor there a few weeks, I determined to go, and endeavor to catch some of the hallowed influence, and, at the same time, witness the work of God, as it might progress through the labors of these chosen instruments. It was manifest at the commencement of the services that the Church had been praying earnestly for an outpouring of the Spirit, and the brethren were harnessed for the battle. To open a gospel commission under such circumstances is delightful work. The first service was on Sunday afternoon. The chapel (United Methodist Free) was completely filled. The doctor gave out that good old hymn, commencing,--

'Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given,' &c.

"The pastor, Rev. T. Newton, offered a fervent prayer. Dr P_____ read the second chapter of Acts, interspersed with appropriate comments. Mrs. P_____ then addressed the congregation in a very impressive manner, exhibiting clearly the Christian privilege of an 'inward baptism of pure fire,' and relating interesting portions of her own experience. The people heard the truth attentively. The exercises were marked by 'an unction from the Holy One.' It was a Pentecostal season indeed; and many hearts realized the descent of the Holy Ghost, my own soul richly participating. Shouts of praise went up from every part of the house. The evening was conducted in a similar manner, the chapel being thronged. As the prayermeeting commenced, the battle was glorious, and victory already perched on Zion's banners. Quite a number presented themselves as seekers of pardon and purity. The altar was surrounded by a band of zealous laborers; and foremost among them was one who is said to have been a poacher, a vile character, but rescued from the depths of iniquity as by a miracle of grace. He is a man of powerful frame, and serves the Lord with all his might. When in prayer, he catches the heavenly influence; he lifts up his voice like a trumpet, and generally finishes in a shout of triumph. Having full confidence in him,

the people gave him full liberty to shout. The meetings from that time have been kept up day and night for three weeks with wonderful success. A noon-day meeting was held each week day. At these meetings, individuals would rise and ask prayer in behalf of their friends, or send in their request in writing; and others would testify to the grace received, and invite the lovers of Jesus to unite with them in thanksgiving. These were precious means of grace. I was greatly interested in the deportment of a gentleman engaged in the manufacturing business, a Wesleyan. He rose one day, and asked prayers in behalf of about forty of his work-people, whom he expected to bring to the chapel that evening. What a noble example! God honored the effort; for nearly all of them were converted that night. On each Saturday evening, what was denominated 'a praise meeting' was held. And they were rightly named. Many present were filled with love and praise; and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth was ready to speak. One of those occasions I shall never forget. More than two hours had been occupied in testifying. Some remarkable testimonies had been given both in reference to justifying and sanctifying grace. I never heard more clear and satisfactory statements of an experimental acquaintance with the all-cleansing efficacy of the Redeemer's blood.

"When Dr. Palmer rose to close the meeting, many were anxious to speak, Just at that moment, without invitation, a brother came forward, and threw himself down at the altar in an agony of spirit. In a few minutes, the altar and surrounding space were filled with those who were deeply moved by the Holy Ghost. The individual who first came was groaning for full redemption, and many others were similarly exercised. The result was, that, in about half an hour, more than fifty professed to know by happy experience that 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin,' and several received the witness of pardon. It was a glorious hour. There was an overcoming through the blood of the Lamb. We had a sublime example of the true attitude which the Church should assume. Indeed, our whole history as a people is a comment upon the fact, that just in proportion as the children of God come up to this high standard is the power of the cross manifested in bringing rebels to the feet of Jesus. It really seemed as though a convoy of witnessing angels hovering over the scene were mingling their sweet hallelujahs with the triumphal song of those now in the first gush of this glorious gospel experience. Oh! this is the great need, of the times, -- a holy ministry, a holy membership. With such a combination, the world would soon yield to the sway of its rightful Sovereign.

"One good brother at Nottingham, 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' particularly attracted my attention. He is called by his friends in the church, 'Happy William;' and really I thought he was well named. His face shone with unearthly luster, both in private and public. He was 'full of the Holy Ghost and power.' His words fell like burning coals upon the hearts of those who heard, and his prayers took firm hold of the throne. All who see him must say, 'Happy William has truly been with Jesus.' I witnessed one evening a very sweet conversion in the case of a little boy. He was perhaps ten or twelve years of age, and was found near the floor in the crowd, weeping as if his little heart would break. He was taken by a friend to the altar. Very soon he found Jesus, and was unspeakably happy. Before the meeting closed, he rose before the whole congregation, and told, in a very artless yet intelligent manner, what the Lord had done for him. He had been led to the chapel strangely. A domestic in the house had been converted. He thought he would go and see what was going on. A voice said to him, 'Don't go, Joe; don't go, Joe.' But he said, 'I will.' He told his mother to get him ready. He came, found

Jesus, and went home to tell his mother the pleasing story. But I might fill many pages in relating delightful incidents. I was not able to remain until the close of the services, but have been informed that over six hundred professed to find pardon, and more than one hundred entire sanctification, in about three weeks. If asked to account for this wonderful divine manifestation, -- for wonderful it was, gainsayers to the contrary -- I answer, 1. An extraordinary measure of divine unction attending the instruments; 2. The hearty co-operation of the Church. The two conjoined will ever produce like results. But I reserve other comments."

The "Wesleyan Times" gives the subjoined account of the parting services, as reported by the secretary of the meeting:--

"Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, during the last three weeks, have been holding services, evening after evening, in the Methodist Church in Shakspeare-street Chapel, Nottingham. Every evening, the chapel has been filled. A mid-day prayer-meeting has been held from day to day, from one to two o'clock: average attendance, about one hundred and twenty. This means of grace has been specially for the church, and ministers and members belonging to the various branches of the Methodist family have taken part in its devotional exercises. Monday last was announced as the day when the doctor and his lady would close their labors in this town.

"At the mid-day meeting, the bottom of the chapel was comfortably filled; while in the evening, half an hour before the time for commencing service, both gallery and below were crowded: soon the aisles, communion, and every corner, were literally packed. At the close of the opening prayer, the Rev. T. Newton read two resolutions which had been passed unanimously at the office-bearers' meeting, and which had been neatly written on parchment, and signed on behalf of the circuit ministers, the circuit stewards, and a number of the leaders and local preachers. The following is a copy:

"Copy Of Resolutions Passed At A Meeting Of Office-Bearers Held In The Vestry Of Shakespeare-Street Chapel.

"1. That this meeting, believing the present revival to be the work of God, desires to express to him its devout gratitude on account of the many persons who have received religious good connected with our own and other congregations, as well as upon the world.

"2. That this meeting desires to recognize the providence and grace of God in Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's visit to Nottingham, and earnestly prays that the great Head of the Church may guide their future steps, watch over them in their homeward voyage to America, long preserve their lives, and make them increasingly useful in the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers.'

"Our superintendent minister, as he finished the reading of these two resolutions, observed that he had read somewhere in the good old book, 'Let all the people say Amen.' Now, he would read the second resolution over again; and then, as many present as felt it express their feelings, let them, Methodistic-like, give expression to their hearts by saying Amen. No sooner was the resolution read than there was such a response from between one and two thousand voices as has rarely been heard,' Amen, Amen, Amen!" rising through the chapel; at the close of

which a brother in the congregation started singing, 'Shall we ever meet again?' which was taken up by the vast congregation, and sung amid many tears and deep feeling. The doctor then read and expounded part of a chapter appropriate to the occasion, and was, followed by Mrs. Palmer, who spoke in her usually winning style in a short but solemn address, fraught with wise counsels to new converts and to old members, who, during these services, had given themselves afresh to God.

"At this prayer-meeting, about forty souls professed to receive spiritual good; making a total of upwards of six hundred persons who have recorded their names, among whom are Wesleyans, Nonconformists, Primitives, Independents, Baptists, Episcopalians, and even Roman Catholics. They [the Palmers] have been the guests of Sydney Smith, of Forest House, an interesting family connected with Shakespeare-street Chapel.

"On Tuesday Morning, they left for Liverpool. They were accompanied to the station by all the members of the above family, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Miller (mother of Rev. Marmaduke Miller), and several others. On reaching the station, a large party had congregated to see them off. The parting scene was one which will not soon be forgotten.

"Their zealous, godly, and gratuitous labors will long live in the memory of many in this town."

* * * * *

52 -- CHAPTER

Southport, July 22, 1863

Our home for the present is on the banks of the Irish Sea, where we are in full survey of the Channel by which we hope ere long to return to our dear America. How often our minds fly over the Atlantic on visits to our many dear ones at home! Paul, of course, was orthodox, and therefore greatly at variance with what are called Spiritualists of the present day; but he writes about being "present in spirit" with loved ones from whom he was far absent in the body. As I rose from my pillow this morning, and gazed upon the rolling sea, in less than one minute my spirit winged its way over three thousand miles, and for a few moments lingered amid friends of my heart in bright, youthful, America.

Ah! mind can fly faster than the sunbeam; for now I am back again consecrated to the work that our Father has given us to do in this far-off land. As usual, we are engaged in holding two meetings daily. Southport is a populous watering-town on the border of the Irish Sea. Many visitors attend the services; and the permeating influences of the Holy Spirit are most graciously abroad among the people. Nightly is the altar surrounded, with seekers, and many have found the Lord. As no secretary was appointed, we cannot say how many found mercy, or received the sanctifying seal; but we know the Lord wrought most graciously in healing the broken-hearted, and cleansing His people. We expect to remain about one week.

We recently made short visits to some small towns, which, though primarily visited in view of the revival of God's work, have also been chosen as locations favorable to health, being much worn with continuous labors. One week was spent at Norwich, in Cheshire. Here our promise-keeping Lord poured out his Spirit in convicting and sanctifying power; and people coming from miles distant caught the flame, and spread it in surrounding villages and hamlets. No record was kept of the number saved.

Our next remove was to Edgeworth, where we had a delightful retreat at the house of an opulent friend, James Barlow, and enjoyed invigorating mountain breezes, and rested after the fashion that Mr. Wesley did, when he says that he was having a rest-week, preaching only once per day. We had evening meetings during our short stay, at which some professed to receive pardon, and others purity of heart.

Enniskillen, Ireland, Aug. 3, 1863

This is the third summer since the Wesleyans in Ireland have been testing the advantages of campmeetings with good success. One is now going on within a mile of this town. The encampment is on a rise of ground about two minutes' walk from the beautiful Lough Erne, a lake many miles in length, with three hundred and sixty-five islands. The encampment is situated midway, within an enclosure whose entrance is guarded by a porter's lodge over a quarter of a mile distant on either side. The road leading to it is finely shaded by a choice variety of majestic trees. Each person entering pays a half-penny, which, though a trifle, helps toward defraying incidental expenses, and may not be unimportant in guarding the sacredness of the place, from mere idlers. The grounds are handsomely cultivated, having been recently occupied by a wealthy gentleman, who, though a Churchman, gives it free of charge.

A large tent has been purchased, costing over a thousand dollars, capable of holding about three thousand persons. This, with a few smaller tents, furnishes ample accommodations. Having been officially invited, and feeling a great desire that hosts of Israel might be encouraged with conquests here, as at these highly favored means of grace in our native land, we concluded to defer our homeward course a little longer, and give our humble aid. The services have been well, and, it might increase the interest of some to add, reputably attended. We are told that some of the family of lord Enniskillen have occasionally been present, and some other persons of note belonging to the Established Church, and also a number of the better class of Catholics. Among those who were seen deeply affected yesterday was a Church of England clergyman from London. The meeting will close today.

Since its commencement, there has been a steady rising of the work on the hearts of professors. Many have sought, and, we trust, obtained, the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. On Sabbath, the secretaries took the names and residences of over one hundred, who, during the day, had presented themselves at the penitent-forms as seekers, and been enabled clearly to testify to the witness of justifying or sanctifying grace. These persons lived, many of them, from five to forty miles distant. The past two days about fifty have been recorded as special recipients of the work. Never can be known, till the judgment is set and the books opened, the far-reaching effects of this and other meetings which have been held in this country.

The town of Enniskillen has witnessed more sanguinary strife than almost any town in Ireland; and here also, in bygone years, have the bloodless battles of the cross been fought with blessed success. It was in these regions that the far-famed Gideon Ouseley exercised his ministry. Said an aged man yesterday, "I knew Gideon Ouseley well; and well do I remember that when a wicked lord of the land was near unto death, and no one was willing to go and be faithful to him in his last days, Gideon Ouseley went, and, among other words of warning, repeated in the ear of his lordship,--

'How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph, or regret?
A joyful, or a fearful doom,
A curse, or blessing meet?'"

"Without flattery, Methodism has not a few noble sons here in old Ireland. We have met with many of the excellent ministers. They are men of hardy, influential piety; and many of them are total abstainers. A total abstinence society was formed on the occasion of our visit here just one year ago, which has been very prosperous, and now, with its auxiliaries, numbers fifteen hundred members. The mayor of the town, who is a Methodist, is president of this temperance society; and the superintendent minister, with several of the more prominent officers and sustainers, are of the Methodist community. The first anniversary of this society is about to be held with eclat in the town of Enniskillen. To those acquainted with the unpopularity of temperance principles in some religious communities in the Old World, this will be regarded as an heroic step onward in the march of improvement on the part of courageous Methodist friends here.

One cannot but observe the difference between the Protestant and Popish communities. Popery is ever downward, and demoralizing in its tendencies; yet its votaries manifest a zeal in the sacrifice of time and attention to the externals of religion really reprovving to Protestant communities, and well worthy a better faith. We have had occasion to pass a Romish chapel repeatedly this week, and have seldom seen its doors closed. Even and mid-day and on Saturday, it was thronged to the very outside of the doors with kneeling, bead-counters and prayer repeaters.

We have yielded to the wishes of our friends here to remain a few days to hold services in the Wesley-street Chapel. On the 20th, we leave Ireland to meet an engagement at Louth, Lincolnshire, where we expect to remain a few days.

* * * * *

53 -- CHAPTER

Louth, Sept. 14, 1863

Louth is a town in Lincolnshire numbering about ten thousand inhabitants, where we are again permitted to witness the mighty things of our Almighty Lord. Many of the children of Zion have sought definitely and with much earnestness the gift of power. Their subsequent

experiences are proving that purity is power. We have, as usual, two meetings daily. At our noon-day meeting today, several were blessed with the witness of holiness, others with pardon. Last evening, between twenty and thirty received justifying grace; and thus has the work of salvation been going on with increasing power during several days and evenings past.

We commenced our work for Jesus here, a little over three weeks ago. The effort for the first few days was more than ordinarily laborious. The Holy Spirit prepared us for things to come, as we were on our way to the place, by impressing deeply on our minds, "Go through, go through the gates; prepare the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." To the glory of Infinite Grace be it ascribed that our labor in the Lord has not been in vain.

When speaking to a large concourse on Sabbath morning, two weeks since, relative to the duty of presenting the body a living sacrifice, we observed that there were but two steps to the blessing of entire sanctification. We then plainly pointed out the steps, -- the first, entire consecration; the second, faith. Some of the longing, waiting disciples of our precious Saviour were enabled by the Holy Spirit to take the steps as pointed out, even while we were showing the simplicity of the way; but, from what we heard in our last Saturday "Praise Meeting," there were others present on that memorable morning who were much longer in taking the steps. Said one, who was an intelligent local preacher, about thus:

"It took me ten days to take the first step in consecrating myself wholly, in order that I might be a living sacrifice. I found there were many stones to pick up; that is, habits in which I indulged, which must be given up. I struggled long and hard. I took ten days in the work of entire consecration, and less than ten seconds in taking the second step; so easy was it to believe that the Lord accepted all, the moment I gave all."

Now, if I should tell our brethren in America what this Christian brother in England struggled so long and hard over, before he could get his offering wholly on the altar, they would be amazed. It was the habit of using wine, beer, and brandy; not to excess (otherwise than it is an excess to take spirituous liquors at all), but as it is said, moderately. Though many err through wine and strong drink, and tens of thousands are passing over the boundaries of time every year, to people the regions of the lost, through spirituous liquors, in this country, yet it is only common for the masses of professing Christians to speak of spirituous liquors as among the good creatures of God, to be received with thankfulness; the only error being that of taking to excess. I do not speak chimerically, but really words of truth and soberness, when I tell you that it is in some religious circles regarded as a praiseworthy example to take moderately, and show thereby that the "good creature" can be taken without going to excess; that is, actual drunkenness.

The chapel at which we are now laboring is one of the most imposing and commodious chapels in the town. And here, irrespective of sect, hundreds nightly assemble. God is with us of a truth. We tell the people we do not come to proselytize; and I think they believe it. The past few evenings, between twenty and thirty seekers have surrounded the altar at each service, the most of whom have obtained the blessing sought. Our own hearts are filled with adoring praise, particularly in view of the many, who, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, have been enabled newly

to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!

Sept. 16 -- We had made arrangements to close our services here last evening; and, Dr. P____ having announced accordingly, an unusually large concourse assembled in anticipation of the farewell services: but we were hindered. A special prayer-meeting was held to plead that the Lord would not let us go. The official board also held a special meeting; and a memorial, signed by the ministers and many of the leading brethren, was presented, and we seem constrained to believe that it is the divine order that we should defer our departure at least a day or two longer.

We have a pleasant home at the house of the Ex-Mayor, J. B. Sharpley. His extensive grounds furnish a nice walk daily; and we also ride out often, otherwise, we should not be able to endure such incessant labors. Dr. P____ seems to bear up lately much better than myself. My head has grown weary, very weary, and absolutely requires rest. It is on this account we have almost hesitated in informing you of the precise time when you may expect us, as we shall require quiet a few weeks after our return.

Southport, Sept. 19

We closed our services at Louth night before last. Our farewell meeting was one of exceeding interest. I would love to tell you all about it, but must forbear. Not less than two hundred were at the railroad station, waving their last tearful adieus as the train bore us rapidly away. How sweet the thought of meeting beloved friends in Jesus, of every clime, in our Father's house above! On our way from Louth, we passed three hours in Sheffield; of precious memory, because so near the birthplace of our honored and loved father. While there, we dined with dear Mr. Caughey. He is an apostle to many in this country. Hundreds, I am sure, claim him as their spiritual father. He is at present in feeble health. Southport is a healthful town. We are here for a few days' rest. We have just received an urgent invitation to labor during the month of October with the "Independents" at Manchester. When we were at Manchester, a few weeks ago, several prominent members of an Independent church received the baptism of fire. The work has since been spreading among them, and now they are urgent that we should come and labor as with our Methodist friends. We may spend two or three days with them, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstances; but we have utterly refused entering upon any new engagements, in view of my state of health and our anticipated return.

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54 -- CHAPTER

Manchester, Harpurhey, Oct. 2, 1863

Having already secured our passage in the steamer "City of New York," destined to sail from the shores of England Oct. 7, I have concluded to date my last letter from the Old World for our dear ones at home. As we are about to launch away from these distant shores, our hearts are filled with adoring gratitude in reviewing the way by which the Lord hath led us since we left our native land. We did not come here as strangers, having been in correspondence with friends,

both among the ministry and laity, some time previous to coming, particularly with the Rev. Robert Young during the period he was President of the Wesleyan Conference. And, now that the winds and waves are about to bear us away to our native shore, we cannot but recall our first welcome to this land, so hearty and affectionate. You may remember that the friends with whom we had been mainly in correspondence in regard to coming were residing in and about London; and our tickets, as purchased in New York, entitled us to a passage to the metropolis. It was therefore more than we could have anticipated from human calculations to be hailed, as we were nearing the land at Liverpool, with a most hearty welcome to the shores of Old England. This greeting was from Rev. Thorneloe, a dear Wesleyan minister residing at a town about eight miles from Liverpool. Though personally unknown to us, we could not but observe his tall commanding form as he stood on the wharf watching the approach of the vessel. As we drew still nearer, and saw his kind eye singling us out from the multitude, we exclaimed, "That is the one the Lord has sent to welcome us to the shores of England!" Our exclamation proved prophetic. The boat had scarcely reached the shore ere he sprang on board, and asked, "Is this Dr. and Mrs. Palmer from America?" On being answered in the affirmative, most heartily did this servant of Christ grasp our hand, as he exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, to the shores of Old England!" He invited us to the hospitalities of his house; but our being bound at once for London precluded the possibility of accepting his invitation.

This dear minister has, we doubt not, had an abundant entrance ministered to him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Himself and dear wife have since left the shores of time for the eternal city. He loved the subject of heart purity, and in perusing the "Guide to Holiness," had seen an announcement that we were expected to sail for England on the 4th of June in the steamer "City of Baltimore;" and had watched the arrival of the vessel in order that he might welcome us; and now faith, looking into the vista, beholds him among those who may be among the first to welcome us as we land on the shores of immortality.

What we say of the first hearty welcome to the fellowship and loving hearts in this land will give a truthful idea of what, with but slight exceptions, we have everywhere met; and, on leaving it for our native shore, we have nothing to utter but most affectionate benedictions, and prayers that "grace, mercy, and peace" may ever be multiplied to the land of our sojourn, the land of our love. We are not unmindful of the strife of opinion now waging between the two countries; and, in relation to this the deeply pious in both countries seem only to be drawn in closer fellowship with the right. While wicked politicians and semi-Christians would, like Herod and Pilate, meet in friendliness when the object is to crucify truth, single-minded Christians alike in both lands not only deprecate the idea of war between the two countries, but everything leading to it.

And then the promise that first met our eye the day we set foot on British shores, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not;" -- this was repeated over and over again with such power as the Holy Spirit alone can give. How signally this promise of the Faithful and True has been fulfilled, the day of eternity alone can reveal. Surely God has made known the savor of his knowledge at every place we have visited.

We have indeed witnessed the mighty things of our Almighty Lord wherever we have been called to labor. When longings for loved ones at home would have prompted us to an earlier return, and we would have made arrangements to leave before our work was finished, the richness of God's goodness, as manifested in yet greater effusions of his Spirit, has prevented. On two occasions, when, from causes we cannot now state, we had fixed our time to leave, Infinite Love stayed us by severe and critical illness, rendering it utterly impossible for us to be answerable to our appointment; yet in all the results proving that our seeming disappointments had, in a most marked manner been the appointments of Infinite Wisdom and Love. Though we have had some few trials, our triumphs have so greatly exceeded them, that we can only sing of goodness and mercy. If our conflicts have been made the means of the extension of Zion's conquests, we therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. We still stand pressingly invited to enter many open doors, but feel that our mission to the Old World is ended for the present.

To the praise of grace, we must record that we are closing up our labors under circumstances, truly grateful to our feelings. The past three or four days have been spent with our Independent friends. When we were laboring at Manchester a few months since, several leading brethren of the Independents sought and obtained the full baptism of the Spirit. A new chapel being called for, these brethren resolved it should be founded on true revival principles, in full recognition of the baptism of the Holy Ghost as the present privilege of all believers. God is now honoring them with a gracious outpouring of his Spirit. Between fifty and sixty have found peace in believing since we came, and the work is rapidly on the increase.

We are courteously entertained, on the outskirts of the town, at the pleasant residence of John Pickstone. He and his pious family have been helpers together with us in the Lord. It is blessed to look away, amid these affectionate, pious surroundings, to the "Christian's home in glory," and think of the everlasting mansions

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Return Passage

We reached our native shores on the 19th inst., amid sunshine and showers. Our homeward passage was stormy. Four or five days in succession, we had severe and continuous gales. Often it seemed as though the sea would have swallowed us up. It was a sublime, and, to many, a fearful sight, as the mountain billows came towering up from the distance, and in quick succession moved majestically towards us as though each one by its hoarse roar was threatening yet more loudly to engulf us. Never to my own mind were the words invested with such significance and appropriateness as we sang,--

"The waves of the sea do lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring; but Jesus is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near."

I was indescribably impressed with the impotence of man, and the omnipotence of the High and Holy One, who hath placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree. Though he permitted the waves to toss themselves to such a degree that our large steamer seemed but the plaything of the relentless ocean, yet God, even our God, gave commandment to save us. To Him who alone doeth wonders we ascribe all the praise.

Our beloved friends, the Rev. George and Mrs. Hughes, were with us. Early in the voyage, I said to Mr. Hughes, "We, of course, need not be fearful; for Jesus himself is in the vessel. I know he is here, because he is in my heart: and I seem to hear him saying, 'It is I; be not afraid!' If it be his will that our spirits should fly from the stormy deep to our heavenly home, and our bodies rest till the sea give up her dead, we should have no occasion to doubt we had been led forth by a right way to a city of habitation."

One of the passengers fell overboard. It was a sad sight to behold him as he drifted rapidly away on the ocean billow. I think he was a mile distant when I first saw him as a speck tossing to and fro on the angry waves. I struggled in mighty prayer on his behalf, and promised the Lord, if he would spare his life, that I would ascribe it all to Infinite Mercy, and would labor for the salvation of the perishing one. At last, he was brought in by the life-boat in a seemingly dying condition. He remained ill several days. Dr. P____ and myself visited him in the hospital, and had satisfactory conversation with him, which we were encouraged to believe might result in the salvation of his soul.

When we were about midway between the Old and the New World, one of the passengers exchanged time for eternity. Would that I could describe the solemnity of the scene as he was buried in mid-ocean! The Church of England service was read by the captain. The body of the departed was enclosed in a rough coffin, covered with the British flag. When the words were uttered, "We commit the body of this our brother to the deep," the question rose in my mind, "Have angel-bands conveyed the deathless spirit to the abodes of immortality?"

On inquiring into the circumstances, I found his distressed widow too ill from extreme sea-sickness to rise from her pillow. I took pains to see her repeatedly. She was not wholly destitute of the comforts of the Holy Spirit. Her husband, who had died very suddenly from an asthmatic affection, had lived the life of the righteous, and to him sudden death was doubtless sudden glory. Over twenty years, he had been a class-leader among the Primitive Methodists; and now he rests in sure and certain hope till the sea shall give up her dead. His name was Stanton. He was a steerage passenger, and, at the time of his death, had two or three pounds in his pocket, which by some ruthless pilferer was taken, leaving his widow but a few pence to perform a journey of two hundred miles to see a relative living in this country. The Lord gave me the hearts of the passengers and we made up a purse of nearly thirty dollars.

The captain asked Dr. P____ to take the service on Sabbath. We felt that this was truly of the Lord. As the English church service is generally performed, I do not doubt but the fearful storms we have had have exerted a solemnizing influence. Dr. P____ told the captain that his friend, Rev. G. Hughes, and himself would take the service. Brother Hughes gave us a most

precious sermon from the text, "Christ died for us." We also held service with the steerage passengers, and have reason to hope that our varied labors on board our floating city were not fruitless. We had nearly eight hundred passengers, and were thirteen days out. What a privilege to do anything for Him who has redeemed us unto himself!

And now what shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits? Surely goodness and mercy have followed us, and we shall abide in the house of the Lord forever. "Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God forever and ever. Amen."

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THE END