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**IT HAPPENED IN THE SADDLE
Compiled By Duane V. Maxey**



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**Digital Edition 11/21/06
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INTRODUCTION

"We are not going to church this morning, we are going berry picking." Thus spake William Peters to his wife Laura who was right then preparing herself to go to church. In spite of her objections the unconverted husband drove the faithful family horse to the gate when lo! the horse, never before known to balk, did just that, until after much scolding and cajoling, William gave it up and turned her back toward the house. Shamefacedly, he announced to Laura, "Come on, wife, we are going to church." There was no balking this time; they soon arrived at the church. The husband didn't stay unconverted too long after this episode. -- From hdm0861, Along The Trail, by Leo C. Davis.

This file is a compilation of stories taken from the HDM DVD Library. In every story it can be said regarding at least part thereof: "It Happened In The Saddle." Because it was so interesting, I included the above story, which probably did not involve William Peters being "in the saddle." This is the one exception. In the following, the reader will also find a very interesting variety of things that happened on horseback, most of which occurred long before the advent of the automobile, back in the days when the saddle-horse was the main way (and sometimes the only way) individuals traveled over great distances.

Though each story in the following compilation relates to something that happened in the saddle, this file is really a potpourri of quite different occurrences. Some of the stories are sobering, some are thrilling, some are inspiring, and some are humorous. It is hoped that their collection into this file will be a blessing to all who read them, and, it is also my desire that the readers will be encouraged by these samples to read the whole of the files from which they were taken. Thus, with one exception where I could not find the source, I have noted the file in which each story is found in the HDM DVD Library. -- Duane V. Maxey, Chandler, Arizona, November 21, 2006.

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In the saddle...

01 -- JUDGMENT STRUCK ONE WHO INSULTED JOHN FLETCHER
(From hdm004, The Life Of John Fletcher, by anonymous)

"One Sunday morning, after Divine service, Mr. _____, a gentleman farmer insulted Mr. Fletcher very grossly as he came out of the church, evincing great enmity against a faithful ministry and genuine piety. Before Mr. Fletcher concluded his sermon in the afternoon, he told the congregation, he had a powerful impression upon his mind, that before the next Sabbath, the Lord would display a signal mark of his displeasure against the enemies of his cause and truth. The week

drew almost to a conclusion and nothing remarkable happened. But on the Saturday evening Mr. _____ was returning from the market in a state of intoxication, when he fell from his horse, and instantly expired on the spot."

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In the saddle...

02 -- JUDGMENT STRUCK AN APOSTATE ITINERANT

(From hdm0008, A History Of The Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. 1, by N. Bangs)

It was not to be expected that all who made profession of religion should adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, nor that all who professed to be called of God to preach the gospel should stand fast in their calling, giving no occasion of offense. Mr. Asbury, in his Journal for this year, gives an affecting account of the apostasy and sudden death of Isaac Rawlings, who had been employed for eight or ten years as a preacher, but who furnished evidence of his instability at various times. He finally, after striving in a secret way, to make a party for himself, left the connection, and he and his adherents took possession of the Forest chapel. He was, however, soon forsaken by his followers, and became irregular in his life, lost the confidence of the public, and after having spent some hours in writing a defense of himself against some scandalous imputations which had been cast upon his character, mounted a "mettlesome horse, and had not rode many yards before he was thrown to the ground and died on the spot." "I had said," says Mr. Asbury, "I think he cannot stay long, because he did pervert the right ways of the Lord."

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In the saddle...

03 -- HELP TO CAST OUT A DEVIL WAS SOUGHT AND FOUND

(From hdm0663, The Kneeling Christian, by anonymous)

Some little time ago, a Chinese boy of twelve years old, named Ma-Na-Si, a boarder in the mission school at Chefoo, went home for the holidays. He is the son of a native pastor.

Whilst standing on the doorstep of his father's house he espied a horseman galloping towards him. The man -- a heathen -- was in a great state of perturbation. He eagerly inquired for the "Jesus-man" -- the pastor. The boy told him that his father was away from home. The poor man was much distressed, and hurriedly explained the cause of his visit. He had been sent from a heathen village some miles away to fetch the "holy man" to cast a devil out of the daughter-in-law of a heathen friend. He poured out his sad story of this young woman, torn by devils, raving and reviling, pulling out her hair, clawing her face, tearing her clothes, smashing up furniture, and dashing away dishes of food. He told of her spirit of sacrilege, and outrageous impiety, and brazen blasphemy and how these outbursts were followed by foaming at the mouth, and great exhaustion, both physical and

mental "But my father is not at home," the boy kept reiterating. At length the frenzied man seemed to understand. Suddenly he fell on his knees, and, stretching out his hands in desperation, cried, "You, too, are a Jesus-man; will you come?"

Think of it -- a boy of twelve! Yes, but even a lad, when fully yielded to his Savior, is not fearful of being used by that Savior. There was but one moment of surprise, and a moment of hesitation, and then the laddie put himself wholly at his Master's disposal. Like little Samuel of old he was willing to obey God in all things. He accepted the earnest entreaty as a call from God. The heathen stranger sprang into the saddle, and, swinging the Christian boy up behind him, he galloped away.

Ma-Na-Si began to think over things. He had accepted an invitation to cast out a devil in the name of Christ Jesus. But was he worthy to be used of God in this way? Was his heart pure and his faith strong? As they galloped along he carefully searched his own heart for sin to be confessed and repented of. Then he prayed for guidance what to say and how to act, and tried to recall Bible instances of demoniacal possession and how they were dealt with. Then he simply and humbly cast himself upon the God of power and of mercy, asking His help for the glory of the Lord Jesus. On arrival at the house they found that some of the members of the family were by main force holding down the tortured woman upon the bed. Although she had not been told that a messenger had gone for the native pastor, yet as soon as she heard footsteps in the court outside she cried, "All of you get out of my way quickly, so that I can escape. I must flee! A 'Jesus-man' is coming. I cannot endure him. His name is Ma-Na-Si."

Ma-Na-Si entered the room, and after a ceremonial bow knelt down and began to pray. Then he sang a Christian hymn to the praise of the Lord Jesus. Then, in the name of the Risen Lord, glorified and omnipotent, he commanded the demon to come out of the woman. At once she was calm, though prostrate with weakness. From that day she was perfectly whole. She was amazed when they told her that she had uttered the name of the Christian boy, for she had never heard of it or read of it before, for the whole of that village was heathen. But that day was veritably a "beginning of days" to those people, for from it the Word of the Lord had free course and was glorified.

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In the saddle...

04 -- A DREAM OF SAMUEL BUDGET'S FATHER CAME TRUE

(From hdm2053, The Successful Merchant, by William A. Arthur)

"About the same time, I remember a remarkable dream of my father's. After having lost a black mare for some weeks, supposing it to have been stolen, he had given up all search; and when he awoke one morning, he said, 'Betsy, I have dreamed that I found the mare at Kingston Seamore, grazing on the moors; and the dream is so distinct, I'll go and see.' He soon obtained a horse, and rode off.

My mother having told us of it, we were in full expectation, towards evening, of my father's return; and a little before dusk, as we were all looking out, big with expectation and hope, the gate flew open, and in rode my father on the horse with which he left, home in the morning, and leading the black mare in his right hand.

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In the saddle...

05 -- OSCAR HUDSON DECIDED AGAINST BECOMING A CATTLEMAN
(From hdm2624, This I Remember, by Oscar Hudson)

"Nesters" were now moving into the country, fencing up and plowing under the grass, and large cattle ranches were forced to move out or reduce their stocks. The X I T ranch in the western part of the Panhandle, the largest cattle ranch in Texas, with more than a hundred thousand cattle, decided to move to Montana where there was open range and free grass. They would bunch up a herd of eight or ten thousand, put them in charge of a crew, and start the drive. In a week or two they would start another. They needed many cowboys. They would provide a mount of about five ponies, carry the bedding, furnish good food, and pay a salary. I decided this was my chance to get started in the cattle business.

Once in Montana, I could add a few ponies and yearlings to what I already had and, branding mavericks occasionally, soon have a herd. So I started riding west. On the third morning, as I was nearing the ranch, I was seized with a conviction that I would be eternally lost if I went to Montana; that if I got into the cattle business I would never preach the gospel; and that if I did not, I would know a terrible doom. The resultant shock caused me to stop and I sat on my horse an hour pondering what to do. When I considered turning back, a poverty-stricken preacher with no funds to care for a family stared me in the face. When I considered going on, I almost smelled the brimstone. I was made to realize that if I got into the cattle business I would never quit, and hell would be my end. I turned around and retraced my way. I left the plains country and went on to Newport, Texas. Here I attended my first revival meeting. It was in a Presbyterian church and conducted by the pastor, Rev. Jehu Walker. I was soon awakened to my lost condition.

At the close of his sermon on Sunday morning he asked those who desired an interest in prayer to give him their hands. In my eagerness I thought that was all I needed and went forward. The preacher urged me to kneel and pray. I did, but went away feeling worse than when I went forward. I went to the altar night after night, only to sink into deeper darkness, and became appalled at the blackness of my wicked heart and the accumulation of past sins. The pastor would pray with me at the altar until the congregation would tire and leave; then he would put his hand on my shoulder and say, "Young man, don't you think we should go home and come back tomorrow night and pray?" I would be astonished to find the house empty.

The devil suggested that I had crossed the deadline and I became almost unbalanced mentally. They say that I returned to the church one night and, finding it locked, knelt on the stone doorstep and prayed all night. In my despair I wandered into the cornfield and there, alone, I knelt and prayed. I confessed my sins anew and told the Lord how terrible it was to be doomed and damned. In my agony I said: "O God, give me one more chance and I will be true to Thee." These words stood out before me: "If we confess our sins, he IS faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . ." (I John 1:9). I caught the present tense of the verb. There was no room for doubt. I cried: "Praise the Lord!"

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In the saddle...

06 -- SAMUEL BUDGET FELL INTO A PROFOUND REVERIE

(From hdm2053, The Successful Merchant, by William A. Arthur)

"About this time, I was in a great strait between two courses of life; as to whether I had better direct my attention to obtaining a qualification for going out as a missionary, or to prepare for business. On the one hand, I had a great desire to be useful in a spiritual point of view; on the other, I felt sensibly the strong claims which my family had on my efforts in a pecuniary way. One day, as I was riding along on my father's horse, so deeply was I engaged in the absorbing question that I fell into a reverie. I remember imagining, first, what advantages would be likely to accrue to the family by my diligently pursuing business; and again, I imagined myself transported to some clime as a missionary, engaged in preaching the gospel to the heathen, and almost fancied myself kneeling under the bushes and among the rocks, drawing down by faith and prayer blessings on my family; and so deeply was my mind absorbed at that instant that I entirely lost sight of where I was going, nor do I know how long I continued in that state.

"All I remember is, that when I awoke from the reverie I found the bridle loose from my hand on the horse's neck, and he standing under a large tree in a lane, eating grass; and it appeared to me that I had been for a considerable time surrounded by a large concourse of people, whom I had been entreating with feelings of the deepest interest to flee from the wrath to come, and to accept of present salvation through faith in Christ. One thing is certain, -- I had been weeping a great deal, as the point of the saddle and the horse's shoulder were wet with my tears; and I rode home with feelings of conscious dignity and peace, such as I cannot describe; and I almost thought of giving up all idea of business, and devoting myself to a preparation for the work of the ministry. But from a fancied consciousness of my want of capacity, and my want of education or means of obtaining it, I felt a fear of mentioning my impressions to any person who might have assisted me. I thought I must plod on as I could, and get my bread and help my family."

[In the case of Samuel Budget, he became a very successful merchant who liberally supported God's work.]

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In the saddle...

07 -- JESSE LEE SILENCED TWO LAWYERS

(From hdm0531, Methodist Heroes Of Other Days, by S. G. Ayres)

He was a very large man, weighing nearly three hundred pounds. He was tall, so that he did not appear as heavy as he really was. His wit was brilliant. In repartee he had few equals. On one occasion it is said that he was riding along a road when two travelers, also on horseback, joined him. One rode on either side. They were lawyers and entered into one argument after another with him. He never failed to get the best of them. Finally one of his companions turned to him and said, "What are you anyway, a fool or a knave?"

"Neither, gentlemen," he replied. "I believe I am just between the two."

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In the saddle...

08 -- JOHN RAY SILENCED SOME LAWYERS AND DOCTORS

(From hdm0531, Methodist Heroes Of Other Days, by S. G. Ayres)

We have space for only one anecdote illustrating his readiness of wit. Ray generally rode a very superior horse. Once as he was riding through the town of M____ a group of young lawyers and doctors, seeing him approach, plotted that they would "stump" him in some way when he came up. On his arrival their chosen spokesman commenced: "Well, Father Ray, how is it that you are so much better off than your Master? He had to ride on an ass, but you are mounted on a very fine horse; you must be proud. Why don't you ride as did your Master?"

"For the simple reason," said Ray, "that there are no asses now to be obtained -- they turn them all into lawyers and doctors."

They said no more.

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In the saddle...

09 -- GEORGE HARMON WAS STOPPED IN TIME

(From hdm0531, Methodist Heroes Of Other Days, by S. G. Ayres)

Here is another of his adventures in the year 1813:

"When I reached the last house in the settlement it was one o'clock. I took some refreshment and fed my horse. The family told me it was doubtful whether I could get through, it being early in the spring, and there being nothing to guide me but marked trees. Not even a footman had been through since last autumn, and it was probable that the path would be blocked up by fallen trees. Being on an excellent horse, I ventured on, but had not gone far before my difficulties commenced. Trees were blown down, and the path, at best a blind one, was blocked up. In some places I had to ride ten or fifteen rods around to get through, and then work my way to find my path again. At length it began to be dark, and in a short time I could not see the path or the marked trees. My horse seemed bewildered. In the midst of my perplexity I thought I heard the sound of an ax. I started for it as straight as possible, and soon saw a light and a man chopping. He had taken up a lot in the wilderness, there being no house within six or eight miles. He had built a large fire and was chopping by its light. As soon as I thought I was near enough to make him hear me I hailed him. He was astonished to hear a human voice at that distance in the wilderness, and told me to stop immediately, as I must be on the brink of a precipice. There was a gulf between us, and he would try to get to me with a torch light. Of course I came to a full stop. When he reached the place I was astonished to find that not more than a rod before me was a yawning gulf, and a steep pitch of some fifteen or twenty feet down. The cold chills ran through me. The good woodsman hunted around and found the path."

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In the saddle...

10 -- A SPORTSMAN WAS SAVED FROM DANGER

(From hdm2484, When The Holy Ghost Is Come, by S. L. Brengle)

A sportsman lost his way in a pitiless storm on a black and starless night. Suddenly his horse drew back and refused to take another step. He urged it forward, but it only threw itself back upon its haunches. Just then a vivid flash of lightning revealed a great precipice upon the brink of which he stood. It was but an instant, and then the pitchy blackness hid it again from view. But he turned his horse and anxiously rode away from the terrible danger.

A distinguished professor of religion said to me some time ago, "I dislike, I abhor, the doctrine of hell"; and then after a while added, "But three times in my life I have seen that there was eternal separation from God and an everlasting hell for me, if I walked not in the way God was calling me to go."

Into the blackness of the sinner's night the Holy Spirit, who is patiently and compassionately seeking the salvation of all men, flashes a light that gives him a glimpse of eternal things which, heeded, would lead to the sweet peace and security of eternal day.

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In the saddle...

11 -- VALENTINE COOK WAS HEADED THE WRONG WAY

(From hdm0531, Methodist Heroes Of Other Days, by S. G. Ayres)

His memory was wonderful. It was said of him that "so thoroughly posted was he in the teaching of the inspired penmen, that no passage could be called for that he was not able to repeat, or to which he could not turn in a few minutes." Yet he was an absent-minded man. "On one occasion he started for an appointment some six or eight miles from his residence. When but a short distance from the chapel at which he was to preach, he turned aside into the barrens, as was his custom, for the purpose of spending a while in private devotion. On remounting his horse and returning to the road, he unwittingly took the wrong end, and was jogging along toward home, humming a favorite tune, when met by some of his friends who were going to hear him preach. "Well, brethren," said the old gentleman, very pleasantly, "are you not going the wrong way?" They thought not. "We are going to Bibb's Chapel to hear you preach, and this is certainly the right road." He appeared much astonished, but, yielding the point, he turned about and accompanied them to the church, being much more inclined to laugh at the blunder than any of the company.

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In the saddle...

12 -- SOLOMON BEHELD SOCIAL INEQUITY

(From God's Word)

"I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth" (Ecclesiastes 10:7). This site is parallel to the poet's description of "Right.. on the scaffold, and Wrong.. on the Throne." But, the time fast approaches when The One sitting upon the White Horse in the skies, the King of kings, shall Return, and THEN the inequities of this world shall be forever done away! Eternally, Right shall be upon the throne, while Wrong his hung upon the Scaffold of Damnation. Forever, the King and His followers shall ride upon the horses of Triumph, while those who contemptuously disdained them shall tread the blistering pavements of Hell. It is a sobering thought, but the Bible makes it clear that the inequities of this life, which are but for a while, shall be reversed at Christ's Return -- forever. -- DVM

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In the saddle...

13 -- FREEBORN GARRETTSON WAS CONVERTED IN 1775

(From hdm0013, The Life of Freeborn Garrettson, by N. Bangs)

"I had not rode a quarter of a mile, before the Lord met me powerfully with these words, 'These three years have I come seeking fruit on this fig tree; and find

none.' And then the following words were added, 'I have come once more to offer you life and salvation, and it is the last time: choose or refuse.' I was instantly surrounded with a divine power: heaven and hell were disclosed to my view, and life and death were set before me. I do believe if I had rejected this call, mercy would have been for ever taken from me. Man hath power to choose or refuse in religious matters; otherwise God could have no reasonable service from his creatures. I knew the very instant when I submitted to the Lord, and was willing that Christ should reign over me: I likewise knew the two sins which I parted with last, pride and unbelief. I threw the reins of my bridle on my horse's neck, and putting my hands together, cried out, Lord, I submit. I was less than nothing in my own sight; and was now, for the first time, reconciled to the justice of God. The enmity of my heart was slain -- the plan of salvation was opened to me -- I saw a beauty in the perfections of the Deity, and felt that power of faith and love that I had been a stranger to before."

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In the saddle...

14 -- FREEBORN GARRETTSON WAS MERCILESSLY BEATEN
(From hdm0013, The Life of Freeborn Garrettson, by N. Bangs)

"In this place they threatened to imprison me; but as they did not take me in the public congregation, I concluded they did not intend to lay hands on me: however, the next day, as I was going to Kent, John Brown, who was formerly a judge in that county, met me on the road. When I came near him, he made a full stop as if he wanted something; apprehending nothing, I stopped and inquired the distance to Newtown. His reply was, You must go to jail, and he instantly, took hold of my horse's bridle. I desired him in the Lord's name, to take care what he was about to do; assuring him I was on the Lord's errand, and requesting him to show his authority for his proceedings. He immediately alighted from his horse, and taking a large stick that lay in the way, for some time beat me over the head and shoulders. Not being far from his quarter, he called aloud for help. I saw several persons, as I thought, with a rope, running to his assistance. Providentially, at this moment, he let go my bridle: had not this been the case, it is probable they would have put an end to my life; for the beasts of the field seemed to be in the utmost rage. I thought the way was now open for my escape; and being on an excellent horse, I gave him the whip and got a considerable distance before my enemy could mount; but he, knowing the way better than myself, took a nearer route, met me, and as he passed, struck at me with all his might; my horse immediately made a full stop, my saddle turned, and I fell with force upon the ground, with my face within an inch of a sharp log. The blows I had received, together with my fall and bruises, deprived me of my senses. Providentially, at this time, a woman passed by with a lancet. I was taken into a house, not far distant, and bled; by which means I was restored to my senses, but it was not expected I had many minutes to live. My affliction was good for me; and I can confidently say, nothing induced me to wish to stay any longer in this world, but the thirst I had for the salvation of my fellow

creatures. The heavens, in a very glorious manner, seemed to be open; and by faith I saw my Redeemer standing at the right hand of the Father, pleading my cause; and the Father smiling as if reconciled to my poor soul.

"I was so happy I could scarcely contain myself. My enemy was walking to and fro, in great agitation, wishing he had not molested me. I had a heart to pray for him, and desired him to sit down by me and to read such and such chapters. He did so; I told him if he did not experience that blessed work he would surely go to hell. I said, if the Lord should take me away, I had a witness within me that I should go to heaven; that I had suffered purely for the sake of our Lord's blessed Gospel; and that I freely forgave him. I entreated him to seek the salvation of his soul, and never again to persecute the followers of our Lord...

"I can truly say, what I suffered was for my good, and I think it was rendered a blessing to the people in the vicinity: for the work of the Lord was carried on in a blessed manner, and I met with very little persecution in that county afterward. (Some time after I preached the funeral sermon of the wife of the above magistrate, and he was very much moved.) In the morning I awoke about four, and desired the friend of the house, if possible, to prepare a carriage for me by six; as I had a long way to go, and to preach twice. But being disappointed in getting a conveyance, though scarcely able to turn in my bed, my body being so bruised, I looked to the Lord for help, which was granted with sweet consolation. I mounted my horse about seven o'clock, and rode about fifteen miles, and preached at eleven o'clock. O! what a nearness I had to the Lord, while I held up a crucified Jesus to upward of five hundred persons! My face bruised, scarred, and bedewed with tears! the people were for the most part much affected. I rode afterward ten miles farther, and preached to hundreds with great freedom. O! how sweet my Saviour was to me! It seemed as if I could have died for him.

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In the saddle...

15 -- A STRANGER WAS POWERFULLY CONVICTED, THEN CONVERTED
(From hdm0937, Revival Miscellanies, by James Caughey)

In a certain part of America, surrounded with woods, a minister of Jesus was preaching the Gospel to a listening crowd. A stranger, on horseback, proceeding through the forest, hearing the sound of a human voice, paused; and then, through curiosity, approached sufficiently near to hear the truth delivered by the earnest preacher; but did not alight. What he heard, it seems, made no impression upon his mind at the time, and he continued his journey. As he rode along, he began to reflect upon the importance of the truth he had just been hearing. The Spirit of God accompanied his meditations in so forcible a manner to his conscience, that he fell from his horse, as one dead. How long he lay upon the ground he could not tell; but, upon coming to his senses, he perceived that a surprising change had taken place in his mind. Love, peace, and sweet communion with God, had taken

possession of his heart; he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Upon looking round for his horse, it was gone, and had carried off his portmanteau in which was all his money, etc. Returning upon his track, he found the animal entangled by the bridle in a brake, and all his property safe. He remounted, and proceeded on his way rejoicing. When he arrived at a certain town (a place, by the way, notorious for wickedness), he began to proclaim what great things God had done for his soul. The people were astounded, and considered the man insane, and were about to confine him. He told them, with heaven beaming in his countenance, that he had never been in the right exercise of his reason till a few hours before; but that now he was in his right mind, and any happy in God; and that they need not give themselves any uneasiness about him. He then related the circumstances of his conversion, and exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come. The power of God attended his exhortations, and many gave heed to the things spoken by the stranger; a revival began from that day, and a great number of people were the saved of the Lord.

* * * * *

In the saddle...

16 -- FREEBORN GARRETTSON NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH
(From hdm0013, The Life of Freeborn Garrettson, by N. Bangs)

"He had often to cross the St. John's whose tide recedes, leaving its bed nearly empty, and again comes roaring up with great velocity and force, sweeping every thing before it, and elevating on its waves the vessels and ships which it had left dry. During its recession its bed is fordable; but in winter the crossing is dangerous on account of the large masses of ice it leaves behind. On one occasion his guide, instead of leading him up the river, went down, and they were not apprised of their danger until they saw the tide fast roaring toward them. The guide shrieked out, 'Put spurs to your horse and make for the nearest land!' He did so, although uncertain whether it would be accessible when attained, for the shores there about were very bold and rugged. His horse was fleet; the shore was accessible; he outrode the wave, which swept over the back of his horse just as he had set foot upon the land. I have often heard my father say that if he had only been half the length of his horse's body behind, he should have been swept off like a feather on the tide."

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In the saddle...

17 -- JOHN AND JAMES FINLEY WERE SPIRITUALLY AWAKENED
(From hdm0010, A History Of The Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. 3, by N. Bangs)

John and James were amusing themselves in the forest with their guns; and as John was sitting carelessly upon his horse, James's gun accidentally went off, and the contents came very near entering John's head. The brothers were mutually

alarmed, humbled, and thankful; they were more than ever struck with the melancholy truth, that 'in the midst of life we are in death;' they reflected upon their unpreparedness to meet death and appear in judgment. Each promised the other he would reform; and the result was, they were both led to seek religion, as the only preparation for eternity. Both the brothers agree in stating that this circumstance was the means, in the hand of God, of their awakening and conversion, as neither of them was in the habit of attending the preaching of the gospel before the inquietude and alarm created by this occasion. I have been thus minute in detailing the immediate means of his conversion, at the request of a surviving brother, in whose estimation the apparent incompetency of the means magnifies the grace of God in this singular dispensation of blended mercy and providence.

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In the saddle...

18 -- ASBURY'S OLD HORSE'S WHINNY WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIS HEART
(From hdm2205, Reminiscences, by Henry Boehm)

[This story by Henry Boehm is about Bishop Asbury and his love for the horses he rode. While riding away from the place where he had to leave behind one of his tired, old mounts, Asbury's heart was deeply affected by its whinny. -- DVM]

He was very fond of horses, which he generally petted, and had names for them. One he sold to Bishop Whatcoat he called "Brunswick." Another was "Jane;" she was as fleet as a deer. Another was "Fox;" he was as cunning as his namesake, and a most beautiful animal. He took the bishop over the ground with great ease and rapidity; but he had one prominent failing, he would get frightened occasionally and start and run, and as the bishop did not consider him safe he disposed of him. The horses frequently broke down by such extensive traveling, and the bishop parted with them with a sigh, and sometimes with a tear. When we parted with one in Wyoming the bishop said, "He whinnied after us; it went right through my heart."

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In the saddle...

19 -- LOVE IN FRANCIS BERNADONE'S HEART DEFEATED REVULSION
(From hdm0022, The Guest Of The Soul, by S. L. Brengle)

In the 13th Century, Francis Bernadone became St. Francis of Assisi. It was at the end of a thousand years of such dimness and darkness, when was breaking a new dawn which he was greatly to hasten, that St. Francis of Assisi appeared. He was the son of a prosperous Italian cloth merchant and of a gentle and devout French lady who probably sprang from the nobility. A beautiful, courteous lad, with flashing eyes and equally flashing spirit, who sang the songs of the troubadours in his mother's native tongue, delighted in the sports and revelry and dare-devil doings of the youth of the town -- such was Francis Bernadone. Little did he seem

to have in him the stuff of a saint who should transform the Christendom of his day and hold the wondering and affectionate gaze of seven centuries. His father was a tradesman, but he was rich and free-handed with his dashing and attractive son...

Lepers were peculiarly repulsive to him, and he stood in a kind of fear of them. One day when riding he met a leper, and a fear he would not have felt on a field of battle gripped him. He rode past the poor creature and then, ashamed of himself, he won a greater victory than ever was won by armed warriors on a field of blood. He wheeled his horse about and returned, and leaping down he kissed the leper and gave him all the money he had with him. Joy filled his heart, and ever after he was the friend, the benefactor and the frequent nurse and companion of lepers.

He was a creature of generous, self-sacrificing impulse, but once he yielded to the impulse it became a life-long principle.

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In the saddle...

20 -- HIS MURDEROUS FATHER DID NOT RECOGNIZE HIM
(From hdm0345, The Meaning Of Salvation, By C. E. Brown)

In early pioneer days a certain innkeeper enriched himself by robbing his guests. To do this successfully he often thought it necessary to murder the guests. When his son grew up he wished to see the world and so departed from the old home place and traveled over the country for several years. Deciding to return home and wishing to surprise his parents, he allowed his beard to grow and otherwise disguised himself, expecting at the proper time to reveal himself to the joy of his parents. Since he was riding a fine horse, his father quickly formed a purpose to kill him, not knowing, of course, who he was. As this unknown son bent his bearded face down to the dark waters of a near-by spring his father stealthily leaned over him and stabbed a long knife into his heart from the back. The broken body of the helpless stranger was buried in a secret and unhonored grave for several days before associates of the father, talking over their foul business, unintentionally apprised him of the fact that the bearded young man was his own son. Then, of course, the sorrow of the father was great, but there was no consolation.

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In the saddle...

21 -- HE MADE A DECISION THAT LED TO HIS PERSONAL REVIVAL
(From hdm0240, The Healing Shadow, by Raymond Browning)

A cousin of Dr. Morrison's lived in the blue-grass section of Kentucky. He was a handsome, attractive man but pleasure-loving and ungodly. He owned a fine

farm, had a good home, and kept a string of race horses. One day he was riding on a spirited saddle horse when he came to one of those fine old country churches you often see in central Kentucky. They are usually painted white and have a tall steeple. Nearly always there is a large graveyard adjoining, and the place is enclosed with a white limestone fence. Suddenly he reined up his horse and dismounted and walked into that churchyard. He had thought of a friend who had recently passed away and whose funeral he had been unable to attend. It occurred to him that he would like to see the grave. Soon he located it and there before him was the fresh-turned dirt, the withered flowers, and the new tombstone. He read the inscription. It was in the early fall. Flowers were still in bloom and the mockingbirds were singing, and as he stood there in the quietude of that lovely churchyard he began to talk aloud.

He said, "Bill, old boy, I'm sorry for you. I'm afraid you've missed it. The trouble with you, Bill, is that you drank whiskey and played the races and went all the gaits -- just like I'm doing. Then you died -- just like I'm going to die; and you've gone to hell -- where I'm going. I'm sorry, Bill, but you've missed it."

He turned to walk away, and his eye fell on a tombstone that was tilted over a bit. The grave had sunk down and was matted over with honeysuckle vines. Out of curiosity he stooped to read the inscription. It was the grave of an old minister named Lasley. The man said, "I remember old Brother Lasley. It seems only yesterday, but it has been twenty-five years since he held a revival in that old church. I was just fifteen years old and I remember that I went to the altar one night. That seems strange now; but I was young then, and my heart was tender, and I cried. I haven't been to church in years, and I couldn't cry if I wanted too. My heart is as hard as a rock. I don't care for God nor man. I cried that night. Old Brother Lasley saw me and came around and put his hands on my head and prayed for me, and all the burden left me and I was happy. But all that is in the past and I just don't care. Life's a strange thing. I thought when I got my race horses that I would be happy, and now I sometimes wish they were all dead. I've got a good farm and a good wife and children, and yet I'm not happy -- but I know I was happy that night. I know I'm wrong and on my way to hell; but, bad as I am, I'd give every foot of Kentucky land that I own, every race horse on my farm, and every dollar I've got in the bank if I could go back twenty-five years and could get down at that altar once more and if old Brother Lasley could once more put his hands on my head and pray for me. If I could once more feel in my heart what I felt that night, it would be worth it all, but I can't. My heart is dead. I couldn't shed a tear if I wanted to."

He put his hand to his face and then looked at it in astonishment. "O Lord," he said, "just look at this. I'm crying." He started to take a step and his foot caught in the honeysuckle vines and he sprawled across that grave. He buried his face in his arms and prayed, "Lord, if I haven't gone too far, if there is any hope for a fellow like me, please take me back and let me feel once more what I felt in my heart when old Brother Lasley prayed for me."

Soon his wife heard him coming through the house like a storm. She had started into the dining room carrying a tray of dishes, when he met her and seized her in his arms, scattering chinaware all over the floor. He jumped and shouted and, as soon as his wife could get her breath, she said, "Husband, what in the world is the matter with you? Have you gone crazy?"

"No, honey," he said, "I'm not crazy. I've got religion."

She said, "Dear, I'm so glad, but I didn't know there was any revival going on."

"Oh, yes, honey, a wonderful revival! Old Brother Lasley and I had one down yonder in the graveyard."

The people had laid Brother Lasley to rest many years ago, but somehow they couldn't bury his shadow. No tomb can ever intern a good man's influence.

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In the saddle...

22 -- DUNCAN CAMPBELL WAS SANCTIFIED WHOLLY
(From hdm0963, God's Standard, By Duncan Campbell)

I found myself severely wounded in a cavalry charge outside of Amiens -- The last cavalry charge of the British army, April 12, 1918. It is a terrible thing to be in a cavalry charge when machine guns are leveled at you, firing five and six hundred rounds-a-minute. That was what we had to face on that fearful morning. I lay wounded on the battlefield; the blood was flowing freely; I believed I was dying. I was very conscious of my unfitness to appear before the judge of all the earth. Two things troubled me: I felt so unpure, and I knew that I hadn't helped any soul to find the Saviour. We had often sung on the farm:

Must I empty-handed go?
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him?
Must I empty-handed go?

Could I but recall them now,
Oh, the years of sin I've wasted!
I would give them to my Saviour
To His will I'd gladly bow.

But I was dying, I thought. And then, a miraculous thing happened. The Canadian horses were called out to second charge. They charged over that bloody battlefield toward the enemy in a body. Men were dying; men were lying wounded; the whole field was littered with men and horses in distress. As it happened, a

horse's hoof struck me in the spine. The mark is still there, and I must have groaned. In the providence of God, that groan registered in the mind of a Canadian trooper. He might have said to himself, "There's a cowardly man of the Scotch Grays. He's still alive."

After the charge, again in the providence of God, that trooper came right to the place where I lay and saw that I was bleeding profusely. He lifted as gently as he could placed me on the horse's, back dug the stirrup right into the horses side; and that steed galloped with fury toward the casualty clearing station. Would I be alive to reach the casualty clearing station? Would my soul be in eternity before my body was lifted from the horse? These were the thoughts that coursed through my mind.

As I lay on that horse's back, I remembered a prayer Father frequently offered at family worship. The prayer came from my heart, "Oh, God, I'm dying. Will you make me as holy as a saved man can be?" It was McCheyne's prayer, frequently uttered by Father, "Make me as holy as a saved sinner can be." God the Holy Ghost fell upon me on that horse's back. You needn't say, "There isn't such a thing as a definite experience of the Holy Ghost subsequent to conversion. My confession was real; my regeneration was wonderful; but it paled before the revelation of Jesus that came to me on that horse's back.

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In the saddle...

23 -- JOHN WESLEY GAVE PLACE

(I could not find the source file.)

I must relate this story from memory, and therefore shall not have it word for word, but it was something as follows. One day as John Wesley was riding his horse he approached a narrow place through which only one horse and rider could pass. Therefore, when two riders coming from opposite directions happened to meet there, one rider must give place to the other.

As Wesley reached the spot, so did another rider from the other direction. The man recognized Wesley and he refused to give place to him, saying, "I never give place to buffoons."

Whereupon, Wesley said, "Well I DO," and turned his horse aside so his critic could pass. Hopefully, this polite repartee and rebuke by Wesley fastened itself in the mind of the man and led him to at least more respectful and courteous ways. --
Duane

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In the saddle...

24 -- J. B. MCBRIDE WAS SANCTIFIED

(From hdm0341, Knowing God, by J. B. McBride)

On the second Sunday of the revival, I had to leave the meeting and go to fill an appointment for my pastor, six miles away. It was just about three miles from my home, as I was riding through a skirt of woodland, that the Lord met me. As truly as He ever met Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, He met me that day. He said to me, "Where are you going?" My reply was, "To preach the Gospel." Then He said to me, "Have you ever read, 'If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work?' " My reply was, "Lord, that is all that I have heard for ten days; that is Second Timothy 2:21." He said to me, "Are you going to persist in the ministry without the Divine preparation for service? Sanctification makes you meet for the Master's use, and prepares you for every good work; and you say that you are not sanctified." Oh, what a question! I said, "Lord, I will not make another attempt, nor go another step, unless Thou dost sanctify me." And there and then, on horseback, I said ONE eternal "YES" to all the will of God, never to take it back. Everything seemed to go -- pastor, elder, officials, laymen, my relatives who had opposed us in seeking holiness, and as Mrs. McBride had not yet received the experience, she was put on the altar; future prospects and possibilities all went, and I was left in darkness all alone with Christ, to be "crucified with him." In my despair, I said,

"Drive the nails, nor heed the groans;
The flesh may writhe and make its moans;
Let me die, let me die!"

Suddenly something like a bucket of hot water struck me on the head, and went all through me until billows of fire and waves of glory swept over my soul, and burned to my being's extremity; and the Holy Ghost came in and was a "witness also" that the work was done. Thank God, I got in under the Old Constitution! Strange as it may seem, all of this transpired in a few moments, and I reached my appointment on time, and took for the text: "For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." (Heb. 2:11.) And I have never ceased to preach holiness. What a time we had that day! God walked in me, and talked through me, and people were amazed, convicted, and made hungry for full salvation.

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In the saddle...

25 -- GOD SENT CARRADINE A SONG AFTER HIS MINISTERIAL LICENSING
(From hdm0040, Graphic Scenes, by Beverly Carradine)

Having a long ride before me the next day, I arose before daylight without disturbing the family, saddled my horse, and left Yazoo City asleep behind me,

while the firmament was twinkling above my head, and the morning star hung, a great orb, of beauty, in the east, the beautiful forerunner of the unrisen sun.

I was five miles from town when the day began to break. The cotton and corn fields had little spots and banks of silver haze upon them. A sweetness and freshness was in the air of the early dawn that was like an elixir to brain and heart. The hills were standing up in the indistinct light, solemn and gray, like great altars. A slight mist on their heads looked like rising incense. Nature seemed to be sacrificing to God. I was drinking it all into my already over-flowing soul, when fully a quarter of a mile away, on one of the hills, I heard a Negro man singing. His voice was rich, deep, and solemn. The hymn was a plaintive old melody. The words and music God brought to me through the misty, tremulous, beautiful morning air were:

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown."

How the sacred song echoed and re-echoed over the fields, in the valley, and was thrown back from the opposite hillsides! I was almost breathless, while the words "heavenly race" and "immortal crown" seemed to linger the longest.

The singer was hidden from me in the trees on the hill. He knew not that his song was reaching, filling, and blessing me, and this made it all the more powerful. I had checked the canter of my horse, and was walking him along the road, that I might catch every strain and hear every word. The singer was deliberate. He may have been employed in some kind of work, and hence took his time; so that a full minute elapsed, giving the strains of the first verse full time to die away in the distance before he resumed again. This time it was:

"A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way."

This time I felt the wonderful strengthening and girding power of the words, and said most fervently, "Lord, it shall be so."

Again, after a pause, came another verse, thrown outward by the mellow, solemn voice of the singer:

"'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye."

O, how the strain and words sank into the soul! The contrast between earth and heaven was so profoundly felt. The littleness of the one, and the greatness and blessedness of the other, seemed to be two facts unquestioned by the glowing heart.

As the Negro sang that morning, would that all could have heard him in one of God's natural temples! And yet, as far as I could see, there was but one listener and worshiper beside himself. What a pity not to have heard such a sacred song, with the sides of the valley for sounding-boards, the opaline sky for a ceiling, the floating mist on the hilltops like incense rising from majestic altars, while the silent woods and fragrant canebrakes seemed actually to be drinking the scene and sound in, like the solitary listener!

The singer reached the fourth stanza. How triumphantly it rang out! Not a note or word was lost:

"That crown, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust."

The world looked very little, and its honors and rewards very contemptible, under the words of the last verse. Heaven seemed the only thing worth living for. The heart was all melted, and the tears dropped fast.

I had reined in my horse to hear the last strain and word of the hymn which God had sent to me. I also wanted to impress the scene upon my mind, and carry it away with me, a precious mental treasure forever. And I did so.

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In the saddle...

26 -- GOD SENT PETER CARTWRIGHT SOME NEEDED AID
(From hdm1557, Autobiography Of Peter Cartwright)

I will here state something like the circumstances I found myself in, at the close of my labors on this hard circuit. I had been from my father's house about three years; was five hundred miles from home; my horse had gone blind; my saddle was worn out; my bridle reins had been eaten up and replaced -- after a sort -- at least a dozen times; and my clothes had been patched till it was difficult to detect the original. I had concluded to try to make my way home and get another outfit. I was in Marietta, and had just seventy-five cents in my pocket. How I would get home and pay my way I could not tell.

But it was of no use to parley about it; go I must, or do worse; so I concluded to go as far as I could, and then stop and work for more means, till I got home. I had some few friends on the way, but not many; so I cast ahead.

My first day's travel was through my circuit. At about thirty-five miles' distance there lived a brother, with whom I intended to stay all night. I started and late in the evening, within five miles of my stopping-place, fell in with a widow lady, not a member of the Church, who lived several miles off my road. She had attended my appointments in that settlement all the year. After the usual salutations, she asked me if I was leaving the circuit.

I told her I was, and had started for my father's.

"Well," said she, "how are you off for money? I expect you have received but little on this circuit."

I told her I had but seventy-five cents in the world. She invited me home with her, and told me she would give me a little to help me on. But I told her I had my places fixed to stop every night till I got to Maysville; and if I went home with her, it would derange all my stages, and throw me among strangers. She then handed me a dollar, saying it was all she had with her, but if I would go home with her, she would give me more. I declined going with her, thanked her for the dollar, bade her farewell, moved on, and reached my lodging-place.

By the time I reached the Ohio river, opposite Maysville, my money was all gone. I was in trouble about how to get over the river, for I had nothing to pay my ferriage.

I was acquainted with brother J. Armstrong, a merchant in Maysville, and concluded to tell the ferryman that I had no money, but if he would ferry me over, I could borrow twenty-five cents from Armstrong, and would pay him. Just as I got to the bank of the river, he landed, on my side, with a man and a horse; and when the man reached the bank, I saw it was Colonel M. Shelby, brother to Governor Shelby, of Kentucky. He was a lively exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an old acquaintance and neighbor of my father's.

When he saw me, he exclaimed:

"Peter, is that you?"

"Yes, Moses," said I, "what little is left of me."

"Well," said he, "from your appearance you must have seen hard times. Are you trying to get home?"

"Yes," I answered.

"How are you off for money, Peter?" said he.

"Well, Moses," said I, "I have not a cent in the world."

"Well," said he, "here are three dollars, and I will give you a bill of the road and a letter of introduction till you get down into the barrens, at the Pilot Knob."

You may be sure my spirits greatly rejoiced. So I passed on very well for several days and nights on the Colonel's money and credit, but when I came to the first tavern beyond the Pilot Knob, my money was out. What to do I did not know, but I rode up and asked for quarters. I told the landlord I had no money; had been three years from home, and was trying to get back to my father's. I also told him I had a little old watch, and a few good books in my saddle-bags, and I would compensate him in some way. He bade me alight and be easy.

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In the saddle...

27 -- CARVOSSO STOPPED HIS HORSE AND PRAYED
(From hdm0292, A Memoir Of William Carvosso)

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

On my return, as little before I came to the gate, I resolved, before the Searcher of hearts, that if she should again come out I would not deliver her the money till I had made some inquiry into the state of her mind. As soon as I saw her come out, my heart said, "Surely, the Lord has a hand in this matter!" As soon as we came near to each other, to open the way for a conversation, I said to her, "Can you be happy in this lonely place?" But I soon found she was a stranger to happiness, and she was an unawakened sinner, without God and without hope in the world. While talking to her for a short time, her mother, overhearing the conversation, came to the door. On seeing her, she slipped from me and went in.

On this account I felt sorry, as I had not said to her all I intended. I immediately alighted, went in after her and found the Lord had touched her heart, for she was bitterly weeping. At the sight of this I soon wept also. Her father was present, a pious man and a class leader, but unknown to me: he requested me to pray with her. The Lord poured His Spirit upon us, and my soul seemed overwhelmed with the divine presence. After prayer, her father said he had often wished his daughter to go with him to class meeting, but he could never induce her to do it. I urged her to promise me that she would go that night; for I learned that was the night of the class meeting. She felt the cross, and seemed reluctant to take it up; but I continued to urge my plea. She wept much, and my own mind was much affected. At length I was constrained, by the love I felt for her soul, to say, "I cannot let you go unless you promise me you will tonight go with your father." She was already much affected by the conversation which had taken place, and I felt considerable hope that I should not in her case find a very difficult conquest. Accordingly, she soon promised me that that night she would go with her sister and join the people of God. After this I heard nothing of them for four months.

About this time, Liskeard friends having requested me to pay them another visit, I had again to pass through Teague's Gate. When I came near I labored to conceal my countenance as much as possible, by leaning forward on the neck of the horse. But the moment Jane saw me she knew me, and exclaimed, "You were sent here to save my soul!" I said, "It is the Lord that did it, and you must give the glory to Him." Her sister hearing my voice, ran out with heaven sparkling in her eyes, and shouting aloud the praises of the Most High. "Come in, come in!" was their language. I went in, and they told me they both went to class meeting that night, according to their promise; "and now," said they, "we are both happy." Their father assured me there was now no need to urge them to go to class meeting, for they were anxious to go at every opportunity.

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

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In the saddle...

28 -- MATTHEW SIMPSON LEARNED A LESSON

(From hdm0066, Singing In The Shadows, by J. B. Chapman)

Bishop Matthew Simpson used to tell of his first experience, as a young circuit rider, in crossing a swollen river on a swimming horse. In the midst of the swirling waters, and with the horse wavering in uncertainty beneath him, the young preacher became dizzy, and seemed about to fall. But a senior preacher, accustomed to such experiences, called out, "Lift up your eyes; look at that tree on the opposite side, and never look away from it." The tree was indifferent to the swirling waters and the wavering steed, and the view of it steadied the rider, so that the bank was reached in safety. Bishop Simpson applied this story as a parable of life, and said that is the way we are to do while passing through rivers of trial, rivers of pain, rivers of sorrow, and even through the river of death. If we look at the cold and turbulent waters, the sight is forbidding. But if we keep our eyes on Jesus and the land ahead, we shall be steadied for the crossing, and we shall come out on the "banks of sweet deliverance" in due time. There is a look that lifts. Lord, evermore help us to look to Thee!

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In the saddle...

29 -- THE CORPS COMMANDER REPLIED AS COMMANDED

(From hdm0416, All Out For Souls, By J. B. Chapman)

In the heat of a battle in our American Civil War a Confederate general called a corps commander to him and said, "General, go out there and take that fortified hill." The corps commander answered, "I'll try, sir." But the general answered, "I did not tell you to try. I told you to go and take it." The corps commander answered, "I'll do it or die, sir." Then the general said, "I did not say, Take it or die, I said, Take that hill." Then the corps commander turned his horse and started, saying back over his shoulder, "I'll take it, General." And he did take it. Trying is not enough. Dying is not enough. We must take this fortified hill. We must take it, brethren, we must take it. All out for souls! Brethren, all out for souls. All out for souls! This is the order of our great Commander in Chief speaking from Calvary, from Olivet, and from His throne now high and lifted up. Our answer is, "We will do it, blessed Lord; we will do it!"

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In the saddle...

30 -- A CHALLENGED YOUNG ITINERANT WEPT

(From hdm0616, Life And Times Of Elijah Hedding, by Davis W. Clark)

The health of John Green failed, so that he could not enter upon the duties of his charge; and to meet the emergency, the elder found it necessary to remove Charles Virgin, and place him in charge of the circuit. This was a responsible charge for a young and inexperienced man. The circuit was principally in the northern part of Vermont, but extended many miles into Canada. It was one hundred miles distant from his first appointment. "The conflict of my spirit," says this young man, referring to his feelings when he received his new appointment, "for a while was indescribable; but I had put my hand to the plow, and dared not look back. To take charge of a circuit I could not think of but with great trembling. I had just performed a journey of one hundred and eighty miles, and my funds were nearly out. I had promised to put up that night at Deacon Sanborn's, of precious memory, in Unity. It was a sleepless night; I prayed and wept, wept and prayed, until the dawn of day. After breakfast and family prayer, I mounted my horse to go. In the family were three children, holy members of the Methodist Episcopal Church -- one son and two daughters. They stood on the doorsteps. As I came to the first, who was the son, and took his hand to bid him farewell, he put a silver dollar into my hand; the second gave me another, and the next a third. I was too much affected to speak. I turned away and got out of hearing as soon as possible, and then wept profusely, and, praying God to forgive me, resolved never again to distrust my heavenly Father."

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In the saddle...

31 -- ADAM CLARKE REBUKED AN INHOSPITABLE FARMER

(From hdm0074, An Account Of The Infancy, Religious And Literary Life, Of Adam Clarke)

On Saturday, Sept. 11, Mr. C. went to a place called Trego, to Farmer P_____'s, where there had been preaching for some time, and a small society formed, and where he was to preach that night and the next morning. he had gone through a tedious journey, and by unknown ways, in order to get to this place; and was much fatigued on his arrival. Only the good woman was within, the rest being at harvest. She asked him if he had dined: he said, no. She then brought him the remains of a cold apple pie, of the rudest confection; the apples were not peeled, even the snuffs and stalks were on them, and the crust was such, that, though the apples in baking shrunk much, yet the crust disdained to follow them, and stood over the dish like a well-built arch, almost impenetrable to knife or teeth. He sat down to this homely fare, thanked God, and took courage. After a little the good woman brought him some cream, saying, "I'll give you a little cream to the pie; but I cannot afford it to my own family." This appeared odd to him. He had nothing beside this pie, except a drink of water. He went and cleaned his horse, and waited till the farmer came in from the field; between whom, in substance, passed the following dialogue:--

"Who art thou? I am a Methodist preacher: my name is Adam Clarke." "And what is thee comin here for?" "To preach to yourself, your family, and your neighbors." "Who sent thee here?" "I received a plan from Mr. Wrigley, and your place stands for this night and tomorrow morning." "I expect other friends tomorrow, and thou shalt not stay here." "Why, -- will you not have the preaching?" "I will have none of thy preaching, nor any of thy brethren." "But will it not be wrong to deprive your family and neighbors of what may be profitable to them, though you may not desire it?" "Thee shalt not stay here: I will have no more Methodist preaching." "Well, I will inform Mr. Wrigley of it; and I dare say he will not send any more, if you desire it not: but as I am a stranger in the country, and know not my way, and it is now towards evening, I hope you will give me a night's lodging, and I will, please God, set off tomorrow morning." "I tell thee, thee shalt not stay here." "What, would you turn a stranger out into a strange country of which he knows nothing, and so late in the evening too?" "Where was thee last night?" "I was at Polperro." "Then go there." "It is out of my reach: besides, I have to preach at Bodmin tomorrow evening." "Then go to Bodmin." "I have never yet been there; am not expected there tonight; and know no person in the place:-- pray give me the shelter of your roof for the night." "I tell thee, thou shalt not stay here." "Are you really in earnest?" "I am." "Well then, if I must go, can you direct me the way to Ruthernbridge; I was there on Thursday, and am sure I shall be welcome again." "Thee must inquire the road to Bodmin." "How far is Ruthernbridge hence?" "About fifteen or sixteen miles; so thee hadst best be getting off." "I will set off immediately."

Mr. C. then went and put on his boots, repacked his shoes &c. in his saddlebags and went to the stable and saddled his horse; the farmer standing by and looking on, but lending no assistance. He then mounted his horse, and spoke to this effect:-- "Now, Sir, I am a stranger, and you refused me the common rites of hospitality: I am a messenger of the Lord Jesus, coming to you, your family, and your neighbors, with the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ; and you have refused to receive me: for this you must account at the bar of God. In the mean time I must act as my Lord has commanded me; and wipe of against you even the dust of your floor that cleaves to the soles of my feet." So saying he took his right foot out of the stirrup, and with his hand wiped off the dust from his sole: he did the like to his left foot, and rode slowly off saying, "Remember, a messenger of peace came to your house with the gospel of Jesus; and you have rejected both him and his message!" He went on his way; and the farmer turned into his house. What was the consequence? A Methodist preacher was never afterwards within his house, or before his door. The little society that was there, went to other places; ruin came on him, and his family became corrupt, and were at last, finally scattered! and he died not long after.

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In the saddle...

32 -- ADAM CLARKE WAS THRICE NEARLY KILLED

(From hdm0074, An Account Of The Infancy, Religious And Literary Life, Of Adam Clarke)

It may be necessary in this place to mention two accidents, both of which had very nearly proved fatal to young Clarke. Having occasion to bring home a sack of grain from a neighboring village; it was laid over the bare back of his horse, and to keep it steady, he rode on the top; one end being much heavier than the other, he found it difficult to keep it on: at last it preponderated so much, that it fell, and he under it; his back happened to come in contact with a pointed stone: he was taken up apparently dead; a person attempted to draw some blood from his arm, but in vain, none would flow, and his face, neck, &c. turned quite black. He lay insensible for more than two hours, during the greater part of which time, he was not known even to breathe, so that all said he is dead. He was brought near the fire and rubbed with warm cloths; at length a plenteous flow of blood from the orifice in his arm, was the means of promoting that respiration which had been so long obstructed. All had given him over for dead, and even now that he began to breathe, but with an oppressive sense of the acutest pain, few entertained hopes that he could long survive this accident. In about 24 hours it was thought that he might in an easy chair be carried home, which was about a mile distant. He however utterly refused to get into the chair, but while the men carried it, held it with his right hand, and walked by its side, and thus reached his father's house; and in a short time, to the great surprise of all who had witnessed the accident, was completely restored. Had he not been designed for matters of great and high importance, it is not likely in the ordinary course of nature he could have survived this accident.

The second accident had like to have proved completely fatal, because it happened where he could have no succor. At this time his father had removed to the vicinity of Coleraine, in the parish of Agherton very near that beautiful strand, where the river Ban empties itself into the Deucaledonian Sea. One morning, as was sometimes his custom, he rode a mare of his father's into the sea to bathe her; the sea was comparatively calm, the morning very fine, and he thought he might ride beyond the breakers, as the shore in that place was remarkably smooth and flat. The mare went with great reluctance, and plunged several times; he urged her forwards, and at last he got beyond the breakers into the swells. A terrible swell coming, from which it was too late to retreat, overwhelmed both the horse and its rider. There was no person in sight, and no help at hand: the description which he afterwards gave will be best known from his own words.

"In company one day with the late Dr. Letsom, of London, the conversation turning on the resuscitation of persons apparently dead from drowning; Dr. L. said, 'Of all that I have seen restored, or questioned afterwards; I never found one who had the smallest recollection of an thing that passed from the moment they went under water, til the time in which they were restored to life and thought. Dr. Clarke answered, Dr. L., 'I knew a case to the contrary.' 'Did you indeed?' ' Yes, Dr. L., and the case was my own: I was once drowned,' -- and then I related the circumstances; and added, 'I saw my danger, but thought the mare would swim, and I knew I could

ride; when we were both overwhelmed, it appeared to me that I had gone to the bottom with my eyes open. At first I thought I saw the bottom clearly, and then felt neither apprehension nor pain; -- on the contrary, I felt as if I had been in the most delightful situation: my mind was tranquil, and uncommonly happy; I felt as if in Paradise, and yet I do not recollect that I saw any person; the impressions of happiness seemed not to be derived from any thing around me, but from the state of my mind; and yet I had a general apprehension of pleasing objects; and I cannot recollect that any thing appeared defined, nor did my eye take in any object, only I had a general impression of a green color, such as of fields or gardens; but my happiness did not arise from these, but appeared to consist merely in the tranquil, indescribably tranquil, state of my mind. By and bye I seemed to awake as out of a slumber, and felt unutterable pain, and difficulty of breathing; and now I found I had been carried by a strong wave, and left in very shallow water upon the shore; and the pain I felt was occasioned by the air once more inflating my lungs, and producing respiration. How long I had been under water I cannot tell: it may however be guessed at by this circumstance:-- when restored to the power of reflection, I looked for the mare, and saw her walking leisurely down shore towards home; then about half mile distant from the place where we were submerged. Now I aver, 1. That in being drowned, I felt no pain. 2. That I did not for a single moment lose my consciousness. 3. I felt indescribably happy, and though dead, as to the total suspension of all the functions of life, yet I felt no pain in dying: and I take for granted from this circumstance, that those who die by drowning, feel no pain; and that probably, it is the easiest of all deaths. 4. That I felt no pain till once more exposed to the action of the atmospheric air; and then I felt great pain and anguish in returning to life; which anguish, had I continued under water, I should have never felt. 5. That animation must have been totally suspended from the time I must have been under water: which time might be in some measure ascertained by the distance the mare was from the place of my submersion, which was at least half a mile, and she was not, when I first observed her, making any speed. 6. Whether there were any thing preter natural in my escape, I cannot tell: or whether a ground swell had not in a merely natural way borne me to the shore, and the retrocession of the tide, (for it was then ebbing) left me exposed to the open air, I cannot tell. My preservation might have been the effect of natural causes; and yet it appears to be more rational to attribute it to a superior agency. Here then, Dr. L. , is a case widely different, it appears, from those you have witnessed: and which argues very little for the modish doctrine of the materiality of the soul.' Dr. Letsom appeared puzzled with this relation, but did not attempt to make any remarks on it. Perhaps the subject itself may not be unworthy of the consideration of some of our minute philosophers."

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(From hdm0085, The Life Of Adam Clarke, by J. W. Etheridge)

About four months after his arrival in Cornwall, he suffered a violent fall from his horse, "which had nearly proved fatal. The horse had formerly belonged to Mr.

Wesley, but turned out a most dangerous beast, from the habit of stumbling; and, although he could scarcely ride him ten miles without at least one fall, yet such was the feeling he had for the animal for his former owner's sake, that he had not as yet been prevailed on, though strongly advised, to part with him.

On this occasion, however, the injury was too serious to warrant any further risk. There was a hard frost that evening, and, "coming over the down above Rothernbridge, the horse fell, according to custom, and pitched Mr. Clarke directly on his head. He lay some time senseless, but how long he could not tell. At length having come to himself a little, he felt as if in the agonies of death, and earnestly recommended his soul to his Redeemer. But he so far recovered as to be able, though with difficulty, to reach the house. As a congregation attended, the good people, not knowing how much injury he had sustained, entreated him to preach. He could not draw a full breath, and was scarcely able to stand. Still he endeavored to recommend to them the salvation of God. That night he spent sleepless with pain. The next day a person was sent with him to stay him up in the saddle, that he might get to Port Isaac, where he could obtain some medical help. Every step the horse took seemed like a dart run through his body. He got at last to Port Isaac. Doctor Twentyman," an excellent physician of the place, "was sent for, and bled him. It appeared that some of the vertebrae of the spine had been injured. He was desired to remain in the house some days, which he could not consent to do, as there were four places where he was expected to preach on the following day; and this he did, at the most serious risk of his life. From this hurt he did not fully recover for more than three years."

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In the saddle...

33 -- JOHN CLEMENT BRAVELY FACED HAZARDS

(From hdm2234, The Experiences Of A Blue Ridge Mountain Evangelist, by John A. Clement)

A friend of mine who owned a livery stable saddled two good horses and we set out for the place, only to arrive and find that the doors had been locked against us. They meant business for the doors were fastened with trace chains, locked with heavy padlocks. A large crowd had gathered. It was very dark; no lights of any sort were to be had, so I got out in the road and began to preach to the Gospel-hungry souls. But the enemy was not going to stop without a struggle, so some one began shooting at me. The bullets whizzed by me, but God was with us and they all missed me. I jumped up and shouted: "Glory to God, you missed me, you can't hit me until God gets through with me." The glory of God fell on that people there in the road and they got wonderfully blessed. That service in the road that dark night was like a great camp meeting.

As we drove homeward that night they rocked us, and my friend's horse was young and shy and became so excited that it ran away with him. My horse was old

and gentle, so I turned and rode in the direction from which the rocks were coming, and when I got close to the rock-throwers cried out: "I hope God saves you fellows." One of them impudently called out to me: "You go to ____." But in a flash I cried back at him: "You are the ones that are going to that place. I am on my way to Heaven." As I rode into the angry crowd they scattered like mules on a stampede. A few weeks later one of the mob got saved in a meeting which I was holding a little distance away and confessed his part of the opposition and begged forgiveness. I expect souls to meet us in Heaven from that revival.

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In the saddle...

34 -- ELI YEATES REESE RESPONDED TO A DREAM

(From hdm1600, Sketches Of The Founders Of The Methodist Protestant Church, by T. H. Colhouer)

His first appointment was under the President, in the interval of Conference, as an assistant on the old Deer Creek Circuit, the territory of which now composes five distinct charges. While on this field, near the close of the year, he had a dream, in which he saw his friend, Rev. Josiah Varden, of precious memory, then a young man just contemplating the ministry, depressed in spirit and hesitant in regard to his duty. On waking out of sleep, he was so impressed with his dream, that he felt he must go to his friend and help him out of his mental conflicts, as though the Lord had called him to this service. With this impression on his mind, as the writer has heard him tell it, he rode all the way to Baltimore on horseback, called on his friend, and found him in the very state of mind in which he had seen him in his dream. The result of the interview was to induce Brother Varden to accompany him to his field of labor, where he preached for him several times. The two young men continued to labor together up to the time of Conference, in 1831, when both were received as probationary members, and regularly appointed to their work.

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In the saddle...

35 -- J. G. MORRISON'S DEVOTION TO DUTY BROUGHT GREAT PERIL

(From hdm0309, Soldier Of The Cross, The Life Story of J. G. Morrison, by C. T. Corbett)

Young Joe did his share of the chores and other farm work as well. He was a good horseman and able to herd his father's cattle; he was, also, in demand by nearby ranchers because of his willingness to remain at his post of duty in all kinds of weather. Once when a terrible storm drove the cattle into a stampede and out of control, he fell from his horse, thinking surely his time had come. Providentially, he rolled under an old fallen tree, praying furiously while the cattle jumped over the log. During the crisis, God talked to him, telling him He had work for him to do.

Through these varied experiences of frontier life, Joe Morrison was being prepared for his spiritual mission.

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In the saddle...

36 -- AFTER A TRAGIC SHOOTING, A MAN RACED FOR A DOCTOR
(From hdm0081, The Autobiography of Ernest Coryell)

One day not long after that my father and elder brother were busy in the field Mother had gone to visit a neighbor, The coast was clear and we decided to find Father's silver mounted revolver. We discovered the key to the dresser-drawer and soon had the coveted treasure in our hands We examined the magazine and discovering no cartridges in it we proceeded to our play. My brother was my horse I decided that he was too old for further use, and leading him back of the house I turned the supposedly empty revolver upon him. There was a deafening roar and my brother dropped to the ground. I began to scream for Father to come. Across the field he came racing, chiding himself for leaving that one shell in the gun. My older brother was dispatched with haste for Mother. She came, her face bathed in tears of heartbreak. A man on a fleet footed horse went for the doctor. When the doctor looked at my brother he shook his head.

"Mrs. Coryell, I hate to tell you, but it is very doubtful if the boy pulls through. I do not expect it at all."

Oh, the heartbreak of that hour. I was only a little lad probably six years of age. The younger brother whom I had so seriously wounded in our play was two years younger than myself. I was terrified for fear my brother would die and I would be sent to prison. Every time a new face appeared on the scene I ran to hide under the bed. As the weeks went past my brother still hovered near death. The doctor was surprised at the resistance that little body had. Gradually he began to improve, and I think that the day he sat up in a chair was one of the happiest of my whole childhood. I have never lost the fear and hatred of a revolver that was instilled into me with that experience. That brother is now a hale and hearty man of near fifty who lives with his family in the west.

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In the saddle...

37 -- JOHN B. CULPEPPER WENT OUT TO PREACH
(From hdm2216, Some Women I Have Known, by J. B. Culpepper)

After my conversion I did not confer long with flesh and blood before taking out license as a local preacher; preached one time, and in a few brief, trying weeks, was on my way to my first circuit, two hundred miles away, with only eleven dollars in my pocket, very few clothes in my possession, a millstone-feeling at my heart, a

rush of confusing, conflicting thoughts to my head, with a woe is me, if I preach not, and a woe unto the people if I do. I spent my first night in the home of Major Frederick, of Marshalville. My evident ignorance and embarrassment must have stirred his noble pity. His kindness I cherish. He heard me preach in that town eight years afterward, spoke a word of encouragement, and told me he came near, on the next morning of the night alluded to, "advising me to go bark to my mammy." I replied, "I am glad you did not, Major, I might have gone; I was very mammy-struck, for I cried most of the night away."

Without seeing a pretty bird, horse, house, or anything else on the way; without admiring a hill, valley, creek, river or farm; without knowing why I did not turn my horse towards home at some of the dozen or more times I stopped and looked tearfully in that direction. I pressed on to meet a few men and women who had braved the weather to hear the "new preacher."

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In the saddle...

38 -- BILLY DECIDED TO STOP AT THE OLD LOG HOUSE

(From hdm2318, Culpepper Sermons, by J. B. Culpepper & His Son)

If you were ever in Butler, Ga., much, you have heard of Croels' church, and of the Griffith family. The genesis of their religious career lay in "Billy." Wife and I spent a night with him once, and learned the following thrilling facts. He was one of several children, boys and girls. Their father was a county, cross-roads whiskey dealer. None of the family were religious, or ever attended church.

Billy was "mill boy." One Thursday he mounted "old black," and a sack of corn, and started off to have it converted into meal. His way lay by an old log house, which was used for the double purpose of teaching and preaching. This happened to be "circuit preaching" day. Seeing the horses and people, he was seized with a longing to witness the worship. Although he was sixteen years old, I think he told me he had never heard a sermon. He tied "old Black" to a limb, left him in charge of the sack of corn, and slipped inside the door. His wonder box flew open; superstition, like an Ishmael, came up, but had to give way to the Isaac of faith. Everything was holy, whatever that meant. The people, the place, the singing, the praying, and above all, the preacher and preaching, put a judgment awe upon him. He found himself taking stock in the entire proceedings, though knowing nothing for certain about any of it. The religious sense was thoroughly aroused before the preacher was through. He was so convicted of sin that he could not be persuaded from his seat, during the altar service, but later felt the great calm of pardon come over him. He came out of that church, a brand new boy, crawled upon a new horse, went over a new road to a new mill, having entered upon a new life.

His concern for his wicked father occupied him. He had heard much of prayer that day, and before reaching home had decided to secretly try it on his home-folks,

particularly the father. Reaching home, he bounded into the presence of the family, and with joy and excitement, related what had happened. The mother took it seriously. The children took it wonderingly. The father heard it in anger, and in a rage, whipped Billy for stopping there.

The boy was not only surprised at the treatment he received, and the apparent unconcern of all for their souls, but was at his wits end as what course to pursue. He could not lapse into the old life. It was gone, and the place thereof could not be found. He gleaned more knowledge than comfort from his mother, who had been better environed in other days.

Billy resolved to pray for his father till the next "mill day," much desiring to hear another sermon, but praying that his father might be induced to "fide the turn" next time. Accordingly he established a plan and hour of prayer, in the dark and in the woods. The father grew worse, and was more cruel in his family than ever before. The Devil took advantage of this and accused the boy of prayer, of having brought domestic turmoil into the circle.

The thought was confusing and painful. The first month having found the family worse instead of better, Billy consulted with God and himself as to the best course. He was led to try prayer one more month. He was much engaged at odd times. His petitions all headed towards "circuit preaching." The month passed, with a perceptible change in Mr. G. He became quiet, thoughtful, was kind. The morning of the next "mill day," he put Billy at something else, and went to mill himself. He heard that sermon. God was in it. It had the judgment ring. He trembled. He sat in thought and confusion through the altar service, not knowing really what was going on.

When the doors of the church were opened, he went forward and gave his hand. Outside the church door one of his neighbors said, Mr. G., I am glad you have joined the church. He said, I did not join the church, did not aim to, was only asking for prayer. He then went to the preacher, told him of his boy's conversion, of how he whipped him, and of his cruelty in his own home, and of the past few days of misery, and how he had come that day to get relief. He then said, "No, sir; I did not join the church today, but I and my whole family will be here at your next round." The next service was on a beautiful Sabbath. The Griffith family was there, and at the altar. When the doors of the church were opened, old man Griffith walked up and laid his hand in that of the man of God. His wife placed her hand on that of her husband; their two daughters came next, placing their hands; the oldest son came next, till it reached dear Billy, all hands stacked in the preacher's hand, stacked up hands, stacked up family, stacked up conviction, stacked up agony, stacked up wrestling, watching, weeping, waiting, stacked up faith, stacked up prayer, stacked up answers. Amen.

Uncle Billy was the first fruits of all this and what follows. He, himself, though he never learned to read, took his church paper over forty years, was a giant in

prayer and good works. One of his brothers became a good preacher, two of his sons, in turn becoming itinerant preachers, and still another, a good worker.

Thus this small stream of prayer, started in little Billy's heart, has become several large waterways, turning many sprinkles of salvation, and beaming many ships of spiritual merchandise.

Did you ever pray? Did you ever pray, sure enough? Did you ever bring IT to pass? Did anything ever happen because you prayed?

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In the saddle...

39 -- HE DECIDED HE OUGHT TO WORSHIP GOD

(From hdm0284, Sketches And Incidents, by C. M. Damon)

It would be unpardonable in these incidents of early life to omit mention of good old Father Goff, always in his place at meeting, ready to lead off in testimony of present joys and future hopes; whose spotless life told all of the abundance of a loving heart. Was not he the "honest deist" who, riding along one winter night, soliloquized, "You believe there is a God?" "Yes." "You ought to worship him." "That is true;" and, alighting from his horse and tying it, kneeled in the snow to worship the unknown God, and found Jesus a Savior from sin. So it runs in my mind. He was a devoted and useful local preacher, and so "carried away" one night with the meeting that he walked home, happy, leaving his horse tied at the church. Next morning, finding the stable empty, he was reminded that he rode to meeting, went back, and found the horse where he left it.

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In the saddle...

40 -- PEOPLE BESOUGHT BRAINERD TO TELL THEM THE WAY OF SALVATION

(From hdm0465, When The Fire Fell, by George T. B. Davis)

As time went on Brainerd realized more and more that it was only through the mighty power of God, and the fire falling from heaven, that the hardened hearts of the stolid Indians could be changed. He decided to give himself unreservedly to intercessory prayer. It is said that "whole nights were spent in agonizing prayer in the dark woods, his clothes drenched with the sweat of his travail." As the result of such intense fervent intercession it is little wonder that the windows of heaven were opened and the fire fell. Mr. Shearer tells the thrilling story:

"Suddenly, the Spirit was outpoured upon the whole region of the Susquehanna. His first audience there had consisted of four women and a few children. Now there came streaming in upon him from all sides a host of men and

women, who pressed upon him, and grasping the bridle of his horse, besought him with intense earnestness to tell them the way of salvation.

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In the saddle...

41 -- HARRISON JOHNSON RODE HOME AFTER HIS CONVERSION
(From hdm0238, Coals From The Altar, by Henry Turner Davis)

In the early history of Nebraska there lived, just west of Omaha, a man by the name of Harrison Johnson... He had a neighbor who lived on an adjoining farm. They were fast friends... When Johnson was converted, his friend and neighbor was very much surprised. Some time afterward they met, and his neighbor said to him: "Harrison, I want you and your wife to come over next Wednesday and take dinner with us, and after dinner I want to spend the afternoon arguing with you on the subject of Christianity. You may talk a half an hour and I will talk half an hour, and we will spend the afternoon in this way." "All right," said Brother Johnson, "we shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation."

The next Wednesday they went over, and, after a pleasant social chat and a splendid dinner, Brother Johnson said: "Well, Charlie, I think we had better begin our argument. You may have the first half hour, and I will take the second." And during that first half hour Charlie brought forward the strongest arguments Brother Johnson said he had ever heard or read against the Christian religion. It was a magnificent talk. "Now," said he, "Harrison, it is your turn." "Charlie," said Brother Johnson, "when Mrs. Van Cott came to Omaha a few weeks ago I was converted. When I heard there was a woman preaching in the Methodist church I was anxious to meet her. I had a great curiosity to see a woman in the pulpit, and to hear what she had to say, and so, out of mere curiosity, I went to hear her. When I reached the church every seat was taken, the church was packed to its utmost capacity, and I was compelled to stand up by the door during the entire service. Two or three times during the sermon Mrs. Van Cott caught my eye. After she had preached, and invited persons who desired religion to come to the altar, she left the pulpit, and made straight for me. I saw her pressing her way down through the crowded aisle, and she never stopped until she came to where I was standing. Taking me by the hand, she said:

" 'Are you a Christian?'

" 'No.'

" 'Would you like to be a Christian?'

" 'If I thought there was such a thing as religion, I don't know but I would.'

" 'Won't you go to the altar?'

" 'No.'

" 'May I pray for you?'

" 'If you desire to do so, I shall not object.'

"She knelt right down by my side, still holding my hand. Men were standing all around us; and such a prayer as she made, Charlie, I never heard in all my life before. It was the most powerful prayer I ever listened to; and while she prayed, a very peculiar feeling came all over me, such as I had never before experienced. When she finished her prayer she arose and said:

" 'Won't you go to the altar and seek religion?'

" 'Not tonight.'

" 'Will you go tomorrow night?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'All right. I shall expect you tomorrow night,' and back she went to the pulpit.

" 'Five minutes after I had made the promise I was sorry. I thought about it all the next day, and time and again said to myself, 'What a fool you are for making such a promise as that to Mrs. Van Cott!' But, you know, Charlie, I never go back on my word. I always do as I promise. I went back the next night. The house was crowded. Every available seat was occupied, and again I was compelled to stand up by the door.

Mrs. Van Cott preached a sermon of marvelous power. Every sentence went like a shaft to my heart. When she had finished she called for persons who wanted religion to come to the altar; and, Charlie, if the Missouri River had been running between me and that altar, I should have plunged in and gone through. I got to the altar just as quick as I could. I knelt down, and for a little while I never felt so bad in my life. The darkest cloud I ever witnessed settled down upon my soul. It was more dense than Egyptian night. It seemed to me that I was sinking into the bottomless pit. And, Charlie, I just offered this simple prayer, 'O God, have mercy upon me, a sinner, for Jesus' sake. Amen.' The dark cloud lifted, passed away, and there came into my soul a wonderfully sweet peace. It seemed to go all through my body and soul. I said to myself: 'This is strange. I never had such a feeling as this before. What does it mean? I wonder if this is religion. Yes. This is religion, and I have got it. I have got religion!' I said nothing to any one. I wanted the meeting to close; and just as quick as the benediction was pronounced I rushed out of the house, got on horse, and hurried home. I went into the room my wife was sitting, and I said to her,

'Wife, I have got religion.' She arose, embraced me, and gave me the sweetest kiss she ever gave me in her life. Then I went in to where my mother was, and I said to her, 'Mother, I have got religion.' 'O, my son!' said she, and, throwing her arms around my neck, she gave me the sweetest kiss she had ever given me And now, Charlie, I have no doubts, no fears, no anxiety. My soul is at perfect rest. I expect to live forever with my mother, my wife, and my children. But, Charlie, my time is up. Now it is your turn."

A tear was in Charlie's eye, and he said: "Harrison, you have beat me. I would not be such a fool as to try and answer your argument. I have known you from a boy, and I know you to be a man of integrity. I know you would not say anything that is not strictly true. And, Harrison, the fact is, I would like to have just what you have."

In a few weeks Charlie was just as clearly converted as Harrison himself had been, and then he became as warm an advocate of the Christian religion as Brother Johnson himself.

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In the saddle...

**42 -- HENRY T. DAVIS AND HIS BROTHER ESCAPED A WOLF-PACK
(From hdm2270, Solitary Places Made Glad, by Henry Turner Davis)**

One afternoon, about three o'clock, we camped on the bank of the Platte River, where we could get plenty of wood and water. There was no grass, however, so brother Albert and myself took the horses back to the bluffs, some five miles away, into a deep canyon, where we found an abundance of good grass. Here we watched the horses, until it began to grow dark, when we caught them, and were about to get on and ride back to camp. While in the act of bridling them, a strange and startling sound broke, all at once, upon our ears. It came from every direction. It was the cry of a thousand hungry wolves that broke the stillness of the evening air. In an instant, and simultaneously, they seemed to leap from their hiding-places in the caves and crags and glens, and came rushing down towards us with a hideous howl that thrilled us through and through, making our hair stand on end. The noise seemed to make the very hills shake and tremble around us. My brother succeeded in getting on his horse first, and looking back and seeing me still on the ground, he cried out:

"Henry, get on quick, or you will be overtaken." I tried again and again to mount, but was so excited and frightened I failed every time. It seemed to me I never could get on my horse. After repeated trials, I at length succeeded, and we rode down the canyon as fast as horse-flesh could carry us. When we got out of the hills, and reached the open valley, it was so dark we could not even see the horses' heads before us. Egyptian darkness could not have been more dense. We looked for the camp-fire, which we expected to see; but in vain, not a single ray of light, nor

a single object, could be seen in any direction. The thought then flashed upon our minds that we might not be able to find our way back to camp again, and that we should be overtaken, and fall a prey to the hungry and ferocious wolves. We rode on for some time under the deepest suspense, goading our horses forward as fast as possible, and straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of light from the camp-fire. At length we saw away in the distance a flickering light; it seemed the most perfectly beautiful of anything we had ever seen; it came to us in that dark and dangerous hour as an inspiration. We were encouraged, and urged on our horses, and were soon seated by our own camp-fire, partaking of a hearty supper, which had been prepared for us; after which we lay down to dream over our new adventure.

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In the saddle...

43 -- BRO. TURMAN PRONOUNCED HIS HORSE TO BE A CAMPBELLITE
(From hdm2270, Solitary Places Made Glad, by Henry Turner Davis)

From Falls City they passed down to near the mouth of the Nemaha River, where they crossed the stream in a ferry-boat. The ferry was an old-fashioned flat-boat, not very inviting, and withal not the safest in appearance. They dismounted, led their horses onto the boat, and held them by their bridles until they reached the other side. While crossing, when near the middle of the river, Brother Turman's horse jumped overboard into the stream. Brother Turman held onto the bridle, and the animal, by the side of the boat, swam to shore, then remounting his horse, dripping with water, and riding up by the side of Brother Burch, said in a whisper: "Brother Burch, I have just found out the sentiment of my horse. He is a Campbellite. I will sell him. I won't have such a horse." Only those knowing his great aversion to the doctrine of Campbellism can appreciate the above remarks. Campbellism and Calvinism were both extremely obnoxious to him.

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In the saddle...

44 -- H. T. DAVIS RODE PAST FAIRVIEW, NEBRASKA
(From hdm2270, Solitary Places Made Glad, by Henry Turner Davis)

The summer of 1858 was a very sickly one. Nearly everybody in the community was prostrated. To hire help was an impossibility, and we had to do all our own work, save what was done by our kind neighbors. I kept house, cooked, washed and ironed, waited on Mrs. Davis, prepared for the pulpit, and preached on the Sabbath. It was a new experience -- a bitter but useful one. I shall never forget the first trip I made to Fairview. I was told it was a town eight miles west of Bellevue. I sent out an appointment, and on Sunday morning started on horseback. We had been told it was beautifully located on an elevation, overlooking the whole surrounding country. I rode on until I thought I must be getting near, and began to look for the new town. I strained my eager eyes in vain to get a glimpse of the

expected beautiful village. On and on I urged my horse, thinking every moment that the village would rise in view. At length, away to the right of the road, I saw a little shanty. I reined up my horse, rode out toward the shanty, but before reaching it was met by the man of the house. I said to him: "Will you be so kind as to tell me the way to Fairview?"

"O, yes," said he. "Which way did you come?"

"From Bellevue."

"You came the main traveled road from the east, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, you passed through Fairview two miles east of this."

"How is that?" said I; "I have not seen a house for miles until I saw yours."

"O," said the gentleman, "there are no houses in Fairview yet. It was only laid out a few months ago."

I told him that I had sent out an appointment to preach there that day.

"Well," said he, "I think I heard there was to be a meeting there today, and I guess some of the neighbors have gone there for that purpose. If you will go back two miles and look very carefully in the grass, you will see some white stakes; then if you will look to the south, you will see, at the head of a little ravine, a log cabin with some trees near by. Robert Lang lives there, and I expect the meeting is to be at his house." I rode back, found the stakes, saw the log cabin, and on reaching it found a number of persons waiting for the preacher. In a little grove near by I preached my first sermon in Nebraska to about a dozen hearers. I took dinner with Brother Lang, a jolly, whole-souled, deeply pious Scotchman. Some years after this Brother Lang entered the evangelistic work, and has been instrumental, in the hands of God, in leading hundreds of souls to Christ. He has been a faithful worker in Christ's vineyard, and will have many stars in his crown of rejoicing.

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In the saddle...

45 -- A 60-YEAR-OLD MAN RODE 150 MILES TO GET SANCTIFIED
(From hdm2270, Solitary Places Made Glad, by Henry Turner Davis)

Two other meetings were held by the National Association -- one in 1877, and the other in 1879. At each of these meetings the same divine power was manifested, and the same gracious results reached. At the last named meeting the State Holiness Association purchased from Mr. Roggencamp the Bennett Camp-grounds.

Here on these hallowed grounds for eighteen years scenes have been witnessed that have delighted the angels in heaven, rejoiced believers on earth, and enraged the demons in hell.

At one of these meetings an old man, sixty years of age, said: "I came one hundred and fifty miles on horseback to attend this meeting and seek holiness, and I praise God I have got what I came for. I am more than rewarded for my long and weary ride." From this sacred encampment have rolled forth waves of holy influence that have touched, not only distant points in our own State, but have reached and permeated distant places in many other States as well. Many, we have reason to believe, will praise God forever for the Bennett camp-meetings.

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In the saddle...

46 -- THE PIONEER PREACHERS WENT FORTH

(From hdm0869, Hot Potatoes With Jackets On, by W. B. Dunkum)

In the pioneer days he made a remarkable record; he saddled his horse and led in the trail of civilization. He climbed the mountain, went across the trackless forest, crossed swollen streams, and was on the onward march through summer's heat and winter's cold. Amid falling rains and driving snows he took the gospel to the early settlers of our country. He is a man sent of God, he has religious enthusiasm, he is a live wire. The laity should catch the vision and fall in line for better things. He is a preacher, church builder, pastor, and revivalist. He can rattle the dry bones in the valley, pray, preach, and shout until there is a sound in the top of the mulberry trees indicating victory. He has salvation, common sense, natural ability, mixing qualities, love for souls, consecrated to the task, and with unction and power he goes forward preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven.

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In the saddle...

47 -- HE RODE 2 MILES TO EXPRESS HIS CONCERN FOR MR. R_____'S SOUL

(From hdm0104, Selected Sermon Illustrations, by A. B. Earle)

"I stand," said Mr. R_____, "to tell you the story of my conversion."

His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion.

"I am as a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in me is an astonishment to myself, and all brought about by the grace of God and that unanswerable argument. It was a cold morning in January, and I had just begun my

labor at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out, and saw Mr. B_____ approaching. He dismounted quickly, and entered.

"As he drew near, I saw he was agitated. His look was full of earnestness. His eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand. His breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said:

" 'Mr. R_____, I am greatly concerned for your salvation greatly concerned for your salvation,' and he burst into tears.

"He stood with my hand grasped in his. He struggled to regain self-possession. He often essayed to speak, but not a word could he utter, and finding that he could say no more, he turned, went out of the shop, got on his horse, and rode slowly away.

" 'Greatly concerned for my salvation!' said I, audibly, and I stood, and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised--'greatly concerned for my salvation!'

I went to my house. My poor, pious wife, whom I had always ridiculed for her religion, exclaimed:

" 'Why, Mr. R_____, what is the matter with you?'

" 'Matter enough,' said I, filled with agony, and overwhelmed with a sense of sin. 'Old Mr. B_____ has ridden two miles this cold morning to tell me he was greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do? What shall I do?'

" 'I do not know what you can do,' said my astonished wife. 'I do not know what better you can do than to get on your horse, and go and see him. He can give you better counsel than I, and tell you what you must do to be saved.'

"I mounted my horse, and pursued after him. I found him alone in that same little room where he had spent the night in prayer for my poor soul, where he had shed many tears over such a reprobate as I, and had besought God to have mercy upon me.

" 'I am come,' said I to him, 'to tell you that I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.'

" 'Praised be God!' said the aged man. 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief,' and he began at that same Scripture, and preached to me Jesus. On that same floor we knelt, and together we prayed, and we did not separate that day till God spoke peace to my soul.

"I have often been requested to look at the evidence of the truth of religion, but, blessed be God, I have evidence for its truth here," laying his hand upon his heart, "which nothing can gainsay or resist. I have often been led to look at this and that argument for the truth of Christianity; but I could overturn, and, as I thought, completely demolish and annihilate them all. But I stand here, tonight, thankful to acknowledge that God sent an argument to my conscience and heart which could not be answered or resisted, when a weeping Christian came to tell me how greatly concerned he was for my salvation. God taught him that argument when he spent the night before him in prayer for my soul."

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In the saddle...

48 -- DR. COKE ENCOUNTERED A LIFE-THREATENING PERIL

(From hdm2335, The Life Of Thomas Coke, by J. W. Etheridge)

"Wednesday, March 9th. -- We had this day a sudden thaw. I had two runs of water to cross between Alexandria and Colchester, which swell exceedingly on a thaw or fall of rain; but, being desirous to get into the work, I determined to proceed. ...A friend came with me over the first run, and informed me I could easily cross the second if I crossed the first. When I came to the second, which was two hours after, I found that I had two streams to pass. The first I went over without much danger; but in crossing the second, which was very strong and deep, I did not observe that a tree, brought down by the flood, lay across the landing place. I endeavored, but in vain, to drive my horse against the stream, and go round the tree. I was afraid to turn the horse's head to the stream, and afraid to go back. In this dilemma I thought best to lay hold on the tree and go over it, the water being shallow on the other side. But I did not advert to the danger of loosening the tree from its hold. For no sooner did I execute my purpose, so far as to lay hold on the tree, (and at that instant the horse was carried from under me,) but the motion that I gave it loosened it, and down the stream it carried me.

"Some distance off there grew a tree in the middle of the stream, the root of which had formed a little bank or island, and divided the stream; and here the tree which I held was stopped. Instantly there came down with the flood a large branch of a tree upon my back, which was so heavy that I was afraid it would break my back. I was now jammed up for a considerable time, (a few minutes seeming long at such a season,) expecting that my strength would soon be exhausted, and I should drop between the tree and the branch. Here I pleaded aloud with God in good earnest. One promise which I particularly urged I remember well: 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' I felt no fear at all of the pain of dying, or of death itself, or of hell; and yet I found an unwillingness to die. All my castles which I had built in the air, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, passed in regular array before my mind, and I could, not consent to give them up.

"It was an awful time. However, through the blessing of my almighty Preserver, to whom be all the glory, I at last got my knee (which I had long endeavored at in vain) on the tree which I grasped, and then soon disengaged myself, and climbed up the little bank. Here I panted for breath for some time: and when I recovered, perceiving the water between the little island and the shore not to be very deep or strong, I ventured through it, and got to land. I was now obliged to walk about a mile, shivering, before I came to a house. The master and mistress were from home, and not expected to return that night. But the principal Negro lent me an old ragged shirt, coat, waistcoat, &c.; and the Negroes made a large fire, and hung up my clothes to dry all night. Before bedtime a man who came to the run on a small horse, and perceived mine near the brook, concluded the rider was drowned; and, wanting to cross the stream on urgent business, mounted my horse, and, being well acquainted with the run, came over safe. He then perceived the footsteps of a person on the side of the water, and concluded they were made by the person to whom the horse belonged; and, following the track, brought horse and bags safe to me. As he seemed to be a poor man, I gave him half-a-guinea. At night I lay on a bed on the ground, and, my strength having been so exhausted, slept soundly all night. [It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Wesley at or about this time, as I have been informed by one who knew him, had a dream, in which he saw Dr. Coke struggling in a swelling flood.]

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In the saddle...

49 -- A MAN BROUGHT C. B. FUGETT NEWS ABOUT HIS WIFE, NELLIE
(From hdm0528, The Sunny Side Of Life, by C. B. Fugett)

I was in Inez, Kentucky, on my knees at seven o'clock, in Mr. J. E. Maynard's home, praying, for the meeting that I was conducting in the courthouse, when a rap came at the door. A man had ridden horseback from Paintsville. He said, "Rev. Fugett, I have a message from Rev. John Fleming. Your wife is at the point of death. Come at once." I rushed to her bedside. I called God's Bible School to pray for her, and many other of her friends, and the best doctors in the State of Kentucky were at her bedside.

On the 29th day of November, at 11:30 P. M., Dr. Stimson, chairman of the staff of doctors that had so loyally stood with us, said, "Rev. Fugett, your wife is in a coma and will never know you again." I thought I was ready for the shock, for I knew she couldn't live; but you know, friends, we are never ready. I slipped out into a little adjoining room and had prayer. I asked God to allow her to talk with me one more time. When I returned, I picked up her hand, and she opened her eyes. I said, "Nellie, did you know that you came almost going to Heaven a few moments ago?" She said, "I know it." I said, "How close to Heaven did you get?" She said, "I saw Jesus. He is the most beautiful being my eyes have ever looked upon. There is a little river out in front of me, and while He was here with me, He built a bridge across that river for me to cross on!" Then she folded her hands and began to sing,

**"The toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I've gone the last mile of the way."**

I kissed her good-bye, and said," Nellie,

**'If you hasten off to Glory,
Tarry just inside the Eastern gate.
For I'm coming in the morning, And
you won't have long to wait!'"**

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In the saddle...

50 -- CHARLES WESLEY ENCOUNTERED BRUTAL PERSECUTION

(From hdm0093, The Lives Of Eminent Methodist Ministers, by P. Douglass Gorrie)

In the year 1743, Charles Wesley went to visit the Society in Sheffield, who were as sheep among wolves, "the minister having so stirred up the people, that they were ready to tear the Methodists in pieces." "At six o'clock," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "I went to the Society-house, next door to our Brother Bennett's. Hell, from beneath, was moved to oppose us...

On the next day he left the place, but in passing through Thorpe, he found the people exceedingly mad against him. While turning down a lane, a large number who had been lying in ambush, arose and assaulted Mr. Wesley and his companion, Mr. Taylor, with stones, eggs, and dirt. They, severely wounded the latter on the forehead, from which the blood ran freely. Mr. Wesley's horse turned from side to side, till he found his way through the mob. He then turned, and asked the reason why a clergyman could not pass without such treatment. At first the rioters scattered, but their captain soon rallied them again, and answered with horrible imprecations and stones. Mr. Wesley's horse took fright, and ran with him violently down a steep hill, the mob pursuing and shouting with all their might. Mr. Wesley barely escaped with his life; being covered from head to foot with eggs and dirt.

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IN CONCLUSION

So many are the stories in the HDM DVD Library that could be added to this compilation, that I shall not even attempt it. To a great extent, the holy heritage of today's Church has been brought to it "in the saddle."

In light of the final story above, those in the Laodician Church today would do well to consider the following words from the old hymn, "Am I A Soldier Of The Cross?":

**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?**

**Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,--
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?**

**Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?**

**Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.**

"In the saddle" messengers of the Cross in by-gone days did not travel at the supersonic speeds of today's evangelists, but -- their message was deeper and its impact upon the world was more genuine and lasting.

In his much-sung hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers," Frederick W. Faber wrote:

**"How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!"**

Never dreaming that such shall indeed be the fate of the Laodicean Church, congregations of worldly and blithe professors of Christianity sing those words, followed by:

**"Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"**

The question is:-- How many will still sing those words when the final paroxysm of persecution comes upon the Church at the End of the Age? -- when Jesus' counsel to the Laodicean Church becomes a refining-fire reality: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich..." (Rev 3:18).

"In the saddle" of the horse, the Gospel reached this Age -- through much persecution. Must today's Church be carried to the skies via a convenient, persecution-escaping, pre-Tribulational Rapture? When others fought to win the

prize and sailed through bloody seas? I trow not. "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

At the close of this Age, God's People shall not "COME OVER" tribulation into Glory, but rather they shall "OVERCOME" it. Let none doubt that. "And they OVERCAME him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12:11). Selah.

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THE END