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THE LIFE AND LABORS

OF

REV. THOMAS WALSH

THE IRISH METHODIST PREACHER

A CONVERTED ROMAN CATHOLIC.

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PREFACE.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

PERHAPS there are none having read or heard anything of Thomas Walsh but who have felt a desire to learn more about this servant of God ; and the question is naturally asked, can I secure the life of that good man ?

With the majority of readers, the only references to his life are found in the writings, such as Works, Histories, Biographies, Memoirs, Journals, etc., of that branch of literature in connection with the body of people called Methodists. There was indeed an account of his life written shortly after his death, by James Morgan, a member of the Church of England, but that work, as a separate and distinct volume, is long out of print. This is now published in a series only, of, “Lives of Early Methodist Preachers Chiefly Written by Themselves.” So that anyone desiring a full account of him must secure the entire

set of six volumes. This everyone is not able to do ; for although they are cheap, yet many who would be able to give a few pence for the desired information, could not well afford so many shillings. Hence one reason for a new volume.

Then again, the above series of "Lives" are to-day not generally known. Modern literature, now so much in demand, is pushed to the front, and as a natural consequence such reading as is contained in the series—for which we are sorry to say the majority of professing Christians have no relish—is "on the shelf." But since there is of late signs of an awakening and a turning to the "Old Paths," there is also a desire to obtain all the information and help possible from the "burning and shining lights."

The only desire in writing this book is to glorify Jesus in the stirring up of the hearts of His followers to seek for, and obtain a better acquaintance with God and divine things, a deeper sense of the utter sinfulness and helplessness of humanity, with the possibility of sinking deeper into that humility, and rising higher in those aspirations after the whole image of God which so characterized the life of the man before us.

Thomas Walsh's life (although while he lived, as Mr. Wesley says, turned more sinners from the error of their ways than any man he ever knew) was short, and seeing this was so, I desire that it should still

speak, and in this way his ministry be blessed to precious souls.

And now, little volume, I send you forth on your mission of mercy. May the blessing of Almighty God accompany you and make you a source of inspiration and comfort to thousands who may read between your covers. And may you be the means of guiding some poor wanderer from God, into the ways of everlasting happiness ; that they which sow and they which reap may rejoice together. And when all on earth is over, and we gather at the feet of Jesus, our glorious Redeemer, we may, with Thomas Walsh, and all the blood-washed throng, fall on our faces and cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honour, and glory and power and dominion for ever and ever." Amen and Amen.

A. M.

Belfast, July 1904.

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CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH—EDUCATION—EARLY LIFE.

There is in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow :
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty, this our care.

IRELAND has raised up many sons for the cause of religion. Down-trodden as she has been, some of the brightest and truest of the sons and daughters of the Church militant have risen within her borders.

Thomas Walsh was the son of Edmund and Helina Walsh. He was born in 1730, at Ballylinn, a country place eight or ten miles from Limerick, a city in the south-west of Ireland. His parents were rigid Roman Catholics and endeavored to teach and train their children in the same persuasion. From earliest childhood those principles of religion belonging to that body of people were implanted in their young minds.

At this time the Irish was the common language used in that part of Ireland, and Thomas was compelled to commit to memory the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria and the one hundred and thirty-third

Psalm in that tongue. When he was in his eighth year he was sent to school to learn English ; but was shortly removed and sent to the school of one of his brothers—a young man who had studied for the priesthood, but who on examining the Scriptures and comparing them with the doctrines of the Church of Rome, found these doctrines were not the doctrines of the Bible, and severed himself from their following. This young man started a school for the instruction of children, or any who might avail themselves of his assistance. While with him his brother Thomas learned the rudiments of Latin as well as English. When this attainment was made he was taken from school and sent to the County of Clare as an apprentice to a carpenter. At this work the boy's mind was not contented ; and as a higher and more important calling awaited him, Providence closed the way to his remaining at the intended occupation. He was delighted when he returned to school, where he gave most of his time to the study of Latin. He had a great liking for books and pursued his studies with greater diligence than ever.

Being still under his parents' they continued to instill into his mind those teachings of the Roman Catholic faith to which they so closely adhered and which now began to embitter his young heart against all dissenters, and those not members of that Church. In after years, speaking of himself, he says, "I now began to imbibe that uncharitable, antisciptural opinion that all dissenters from the Church of Rome were heretics and in a state of damnation. But now since the Lord has enlightened my understanding, I am fully convinced that therein I greatly erred, 'not knowing the Scriptures neither the power of God.'

I cannot but lament the case of those parents who, alas! not knowing what they do, instill into the minds of their children such pernicious principles; and I do earnestly intreat all children, as soon as they come to the years of decision, and are capable thereof, to examine and judge for themselves.

It appears in these early stages of his life that the Holy Spirit wrought upon his heart in convincing him of sin. "While I was young," he says, "and ignorant, God was striving with me, and often terrified my heart, especially when I thought of the day of judgment and eternity." Although his mind was dark to the things of God and his duty to the same, he felt it was the Divine workings, and sought by much prayer to find rest and relief to his troubled spirit. The same fruitless, human efforts, which so often leave the poor, anxious, yet deluded souls, in a worse state of bewilderment and discomfort than before, failed in this case. "I frequently repeated," says he, "the prayers that I heard. But alas! to how little purpose, while I prayed neither with the spirit or with the understanding. My heart was hard and stubborn, and my understanding was dark and foolish. I had no conception either of God or religion. Nay, so great was my ignorance, that when I named our Saviour in Irish, I thought the name belonged to some woman in heaven."

Like the character described in the seventh of Romans, the more he strove against his sin the more did his evil nature strive against him. Continuing, he says, "While I was foolish and blind, 'even as a beast before Thee,' my fallen nature began powerfully to discover itself. This seed of the serpent working in my heart broke forth in words and deeds.

Now pride, anger, and self-will especially, reigned over me. But alas! I then little knew that these accursed tempers proceeded from the source of universal disorder and all human miseries, original sin. I believed that this had brought temporal death into the world, and great disorder into the whole state of outward nature, the visible creation; but of its subjecting the soul to spiritual, and exposing it to eternal death, I had no apprehension. I had, it is true, a conviction whenever I did amiss; told a lie, or fell into any outward sin (which I could not account for from education or natural conscience); but the Spirit of God and the Holy Scriptures alone, I now plainly see, could convince me that my tempers deserved the damnation of hell, and hitherto I was ignorant of both.

“When I was about eight years old, I began to love play and divers other youthful and silly pleasures, spending the time I was out of school in catching birds, playing at ball, and the like. My fondness for these occasioned my frequently breaking the Sabbath, which I frequently spent in these vain amusements, or in reading some profane history, or other unprofitable book, and, indeed, no one so much as told me that these kinds of employments were any violation of the Lord’s Day; my parents, like the rest of my neighbors, esteeming them innocent diversions, harmless amusements.

I did not then know that I ought not, on this day, to do my own pleasure, to speak my own words, or think my own thoughts; that I ought to spend it wholly in glorifying God, by praying to Him, hearing His word, reading and meditating therein; ‘calling the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable.’ Oh, the curse of ignorance and evil

example ! How many souls do they lead into the broad way of destruction ! How happy would it have been for my poor soul, if I had known and remembered my Creator in the days of my youth ? Had I been 'brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ;' had I 'known the Scripture from my childhood ;' how would it have contributed to prevent my wrong conceptions, to regulate, at least in some measure, my whole conduct.

From the tenth to the fourteenth year of my age, my corruptions increased, took deeper root, and more visibly appeared in my whole conversation ; and yet, I was more regular and conscientious in discharging my duty towards God. (So I was taught to call a dull form of words, part of which only were addressed to God, the greatest part to saints and angels). My parents, according to custom, brought me at the usual time to the priest, who examined me according to the *Pater Nater*, *Ave Maria* and *Credo in Deum*, with some other rites of the Church of Rome. But, alas ! to how little purpose ! It made me neither wise nor better. Some part, it is true, of what he taught me was according to the Word of God ; but the greater part entirely repugnant thereto, and to all truth and righteousness. But I knew not then how to distinguish between the truths of God and the traditions of men ; having had no knowledge of the 'law and the testimony ;' the only infallible touchstone of doctrine and practice. He might, therefore, have imposed whatever he pleased upon me ; and the rather as I was taught to believe whatever he said, and to consider it as coming from the mouth of God. Indeed I could not help observing, even then, that several of those reverend gentlemen erred in prac-

tise ; though still I thought they were infallible as to doctrine.

After this catechising I became more inquisitive, and began to read books of doctrine. These I found, for the present, had their use. Whenever I read of the passion of our Saviour, the love of God to sinners, the joys of heaven, or the miseries of the damned, my heart became deeply affected, and much desire toward God enkindled in my soul.

“From the fourteenth to the sixteenth year of my age, I had more of the form, though less of the power of godliness than ever before. I now attended the public worship (that is went to Mass), and every night repeated my prayers, which were indeed no better than vain repetitions. But still pride, anger, self-will and revenge more powerfully prevailed over me than ever ; and I added to these my former prevailing abominations, lies and evil words. Indeed I had an entire aversion to cursing in the gross sense, but abounded in petty oaths, so-called, and bad wishes. Of this sort there are legions in the Irish language. Being at play, I remember, one day, being provoked by one of my play fellows, I swore (horror to think) by the great and glorious name of Jehovah ! (To the best of my remembrance I never did it before nor since). In that instance, I felt I had grievously sinned against God, and deserved His wrath and heavy displeasure.

“To the rest of my sins I joined disobedience to my parents. Indeed, I dared not show it outwardly, to my father especially, whom I so dreaded as often to tremble for fear of him. But my heart was hard and stubborn. Having one day greatly provoked my mother, by giving her a wicked and im-

pertinent answer, she said, "You have grieved me." I have been sorry for this ever since. Her words went like an arrow through my heart. I knew the fifth commandment strictly forbids disobedience to parents, and that to honor them 'is the first commandment with promise.' Justly, therefore, was I condemned. But, O God, how little is it to be wondered at, that I did not rightly love, neither was obedient to my earthly parents, while I knew neither love nor obedience to Thee, 'my Father who art in heaven.' Well do I know now, and praise to Thy love for this knowledge, that such as are froward towards Thee, will, while they remain so, never be truly a comfort to their parents."

The reader might think that many of these evils of which he speaks might have been overcome, and thus have saved himself and others from so much grief, as well as not to aggravate the anger of a just God by thus doing what he knew to be wrong. Yes, that is so, but it is easier to say what ought to be done than it is to do it. Many who would thus talk and condemn him for weakness of will, often do the same things and worse, but think nothing of it; nor have they any compunction of spirit for these things. Their consciences lie sleeping, and so the soul rests at ease. With him it was different. The Spirit of God was troubling him. His conscience was beginning to wake out of its long stupor, and loosing its hardness, became sensitive. He felt these things keenly and shed many tears over his failure to do what he would desire to do.

The effect of his continued watching and striving against these evils of life, now began to be noticed by a better conformity to the outward forms of re-

ligion. Such measures as he used did, no doubt, in a great degree, curtail a number of those sins in his outward life. But this was no cause of rejoicing on his part—far from it. It would rather seem that his real misery now began, for the Spirit of God began to apply the demands of the evangelical law to his heart. Previous to this it was those outward and visible sins which appeared so conspicuous to his mental vision. Now that these were cut off, he saw the cause of their existence, and like as a tree cut level with the ground presently shoots forth into life again, not one tree, but many, so were his sins. The law, taking occasion of his better knowledge of right and wrong, thrust sore at him, and slew every hope of his attaining victory over his depraved nature. All his prayers and confessions, his sighs and groans, could not free him from the body of death. He truly began to feel, "O wretched man that I am," and his life became burdensome. Not having any delight in the pleasures of this world, and failing to derive any comfort from his repeated confessions to the priest, he was at times almost in despair. Had he been like some who smother their convictions by resorting to worldly amusements, or resting satisfied with what others said, that "he was good enough without all this ado," he might have been at ease; but the Holy Spirit was knocking at his heart with such unmistakable evidences, that to hush them was in vain. Besides, he desired to save his soul, and therefore could not rest. If some true child of God had met him then, how easy it would have been to have led him to Jesus, who alone can give the troubled spirit rest. But no one was near

who understood his case, and so his struggles continued.

Speaking of those seasons, he says, "I do praise God unfeignedly for withholding me from my own actual wickedness, and preventing my leading others into the cursed and detestable abominations. But I abhor and condemn myself for the concupiscence and wickedness of my heart, which (with grief and horror, God knoweth, I speak it!) discovered itself in other respects such as is a shame even to mention. Of this no human eye could be a witness. The Spirit of God deeply wounded me. 'The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me;' my very bones trembled because of my sin. I was persuaded in my heart that this commotion was conviction of my sin; but had little conception that the Holy Spirit was the chief agent in the work: for, alas! so great was my ignorance, that I did not know there was any Holy Ghost for me to receive. "While I was thus in the midst of my extremity I confessed to the priest, according to the custom of the Church of Rome. He advised me to say many prayers; (as he termed counting my beads:) but, alas! this did not do; and indeed how should it? I was brought into captivity through the power of "sin which reigned in my members." And even my multiplied prayers could be little else than an abomination to the Lord, while neither the form, nor the matter of them was according to the will of God; many of them being little else than vain repetitions and empty babblings to physicians of no value in this respect, which, therefore, left me under the power of "sin and death." "I strove to divert myself in the best manner I could, seeking rest and

peace in the miserable comforts of this world. But my conscience was still restless and a hell opened in my heart. Not knowing what to do, nor which way to turn for rest, I at length attempted to quiet the clamors of my humbled mind by solemnly resolving how soberly, righteously, and godly I would live the residue of my life.

Full of these good purposes, and strengthened as I thought by my vows and opinions, I hoped all would be well ; having all this while no idea of the satisfaction by Christ, and the sufficiency of His merits : and, therefore, resolving only in my own strength, my resolutions proved as broken cisterns, which could hold no comfort ; and as broken reeds which afforded no strength."

But the light was increasing and with it a deeper sense of his evils. His heart was like a darkened cell where were all manner of reptiles and horrid creatures. While it was dark these could not be seen in their true character, but when a door was opened, or a curtain drawn, admitting the light, these horrid spectacles could be discerned, and every fresh corner or compartment that light was brought to bear upon, revealed still more and worse monsters of abhorrence.

Fastings were now resorted to, but they likewise failed. Then he resolved to bind himself by an oath to God that he would never more grieve Him. He thought by these means he would surely keep from wrong and live pleasing to God. But what was his astonishment and grief, when he fell into one of those sins which he had sworn never to commit.

The thought of perjury was another weight to his

already sinking spirit. "I repeated," says he, "my resolutions and vows against sin; but especially when I fell into any outward wickedness, and above all the sin that so easily beset me. Then I was on the rack, and I, through extremity of anguish, have frequently struck myself against the ground, tearing the hairs from off my head."

"About this time, by reading and the help of the Holy Spirit, I began to have clearer notions concerning the nature and consequences of sin, and particularly of those, which by the Church of Rome are termed, mortal sins. Thus was I driven by the devil, allured by sin and corruption, and deceived by my own evil heart. Oh, the guilt of sin! when charged home upon the conscience by the Spirit of God, what an intolerable load! "A wounded spirit, who can bear?"

"Plague and curse I now inherit,
Fears and wars, and storms within;
Pain and agony of spirit,
Sin chastising me for sin.
Weeping, woe, and lamentations,
Vain desire and fruitless prayer;
Guilt, and shame, and condemnation,
Doubt, distraction and despair."

He gave up all hope, and became well nigh distracted. His excessive strivings in prayer and fastings, etc., with the continual strain upon his mind, brought on sickness. This greatly increased his fears. For he who thought he was not fit to live, was surely not prepared to die. The thought of death was indeed a ghost of terror to him. All his "good works" recommended by the Church, which he endeavored to do with all his power, now appeared as "filthy rags." He saw that by the law no

man could be justified. He was doing his best to purify his heart, and save himself from sin, or in other words, to be his own saviour, but, says he, "How could I do otherwise?" I had not the Bible to instruct me ; for I never had read it, except a little at the school, when I was about eleven years old.*** It is this which unfolds the hidden treasures of His will, and full grace towards mankind. While, therefore, I remained ignorant of this, no wonder that I went on in error and fought "as one that beateth the air."

CHAPTER II.

HE LEAVES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—DEEP CON- VICTION OF SIN.

On bended knee, replete with godly grief,
See where the mourner kneels to find relief ;
No "God, I thank Thee," freezes on his tongue,
For works of merit that to him belong ;
Deep in his soul conviction's ploughshare rings,
And to the surface his corruption brings ;
He loathes himself, in lowest dust he lies,
And all abased, "unclean, unclean," he cries.
For his full heart pours forth the gushing plea,
"God of the lost, be merciful to me."
The Light of Life descends in heavenly rays,
And angels shout, and sing, "Behold he prays."

—W. HOLMES.

THE earnestness and sincerity of this young man, his longings to save his soul and aspirations after the things of God could not be hidden. Others saw his seriousness and strong desires to escape sin and live to God.

He had now reached the eighteenth year of his age. His brother (the one who had left the Romish Church) began to converse with him on the doctrines and usages of that Church. Having, himself been convinced that her foundations were laid in

error, and seeing the anxiety of his brother, he thought he might persuade him to forsake her and thus, as he thought, ease his troubled mind. "But," says Thomas, "I strenuously, though ignorantly withstood him, alleging in my defence, the traditions and canons of the Church ; while he, on the contrary, appealed "to the law and to the testimony." He often said to me, "My brother, why do you not read God's word ? Lay aside prejudice, and let us reason together."

To the same purpose spake another person in the neighborhood, one Phillip Geyer, a Protestant, and one well versed in controversy. "Mr. Walsh, you are a sober young man ; (and so indeed I was generally thought to be, though God knew, I was drunk with enmity against Him) and what a pity it is that you do not read the Holy Scriptures ? Why will you suffer yourself to be deceived by the Pope and his fraternity ?"

These reasonings—though as he himself says, "were strenuously withstood"—together with some other things, had an effect. It was seed sown, and though for the present smothered by prejudice, it afterwards sprang up and yielded fruit to the glory of God. Had he not an ardent desire to be saved, they perhaps would still have been rejected ; but being so anxious for salvation, and so long failing to attain thereto, he naturally began to question the ground of his hope. Speaking of this, he says, "I had a custom of repeating, frequently, as I walked by the way, some prayers or articles of faith, which I had learned in my childhood. And walking one day, in September 1748, in a pleasant field, I was ruminating deeply on what my opponents urged

against the doctrine of the Church of Rome, I said in my heart, "Perhaps all is not right. Peradventure I have been imposed upon. But then, how shall I know? How can I be certainly assured whether the priest has led me in the right way? and to this effect. Immediately it occurred to my mind, that on God alone I could safely venture my salvation, and that, without doubt, He would lead me by His counsel, if I asked wisdom of Him. Then I cried unto the Lord God, and said, "All things are known to Thee, and Thou seest that I want to worship Thee aright. Show me the way wherein I ought to go, nor suffer me to be deceived by men."

In this prayer are indications that his prejudices now began to give way. His will became less hostile to arguments, and he resolved to know the truth, even if it did conflict with the ideas and persuasions he had so tenaciously adhered to. He could bear no longer to stand in doubt. "Therefore," says he, "going to my brother, and the other persons who used to converse with me on this head, and providentially meeting the two principle ones together, I determined now, once for all, either to convince, or be convinced by them, for I had an unfeigned desire to save my soul.

Proposing, therefore, my design, they desired me to bring a Bible, and with it "Nelson's Feasts and Facts of the Church of England." Accordingly, we began reading and conversing, and continued together until midnight. The result of which was, I was constrained to give place to the light of truth. It was so convincing, that I had nothing more to say. I was judged of all, and at length, confessed

the weakness of my former reasonings, and the strength of those who were opposed to me.

About one o'clock in the morning I retired to my lodgings, and, according to my usual custom, went to prayer ; but now, only to the God of heaven. I no more prayed to any angel or spirit. For I was deeply persuaded that there is but one God and one Mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus. Therefore, I resolved no longer to suffer any man to beguile me in a voluntary humility, in worshiping either saints or angels. These latter, I considered, as they are represented, ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation ! But with regard to any worship being paid to them, one of them said, "See thou do it not, worship God !" God only. All my sophisms on this head were entirely overthrown by a few hours' candid reading of the Holy Scriptures, which now became as a lantern to my feet and a lamp to my path, directing me in the way wherein I should go. I could see no manner of authority, either in the Old Testament or in the New, for invoking any spirit or apostle whatever. God, is alone, the proper object of all Divine worship.

He now thought it advisable to inform his father of his convictions and desires ; so accordingly told him one day that he was "persuaded that the Church of Rome was not that infallible and pure Church he once esteemed her to be, but rather a harlot, who had committed spiritual and vile adultery. My father was strongly provoked and produced his strong reasons to overthrow all I had said. I dared not but listen to him, which I did with much

attention. But the more he argued, the more was I confirmed in my former resolutions."

Having now left the communion of his father, he attended the Church of England. Although mentally freed from many foolish notions and superstitious ideas, his spirit was by no means free from the sins which so closely clung to him. He felt some relief to know that such struggles of mind and body, and the many cries to angels, were now useless to procure his salvation, and lest he should depend on the Church of his new choice, God seemed, the first time of his attendance, to have swept away every prop.

The first sermon he heard therein was from the text, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." "Yet, alas!" says he, "how little did I know of believing being taught and accustomed to call by the name of faith, the peculiar principles of the Church of Rome. But I have now learned a better lesson. I have now learned that rightly to believe is one of the greatest things in the world.

"And now that I have left the Church of Rome, I nevertheless declare that I think there are many sincere souls among them. For I bear them witness, that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. Many of them have justice, mercy and truth; and may (notwithstanding many errors in sentiment, and therefore in practice, through invincible ignorance) since, as is God's majesty so is His mercy, be dealt with accordingly.

"It may be asked, then, why did I leave this communion, since I thought so favourably of them? I answer, because I was abundantly convinced, that

as a Church they have erred from the right way and adulterated the truths of God by the traditions of men; which the Scriptures, and even celebrated writers themselves abundantly testify. God is my witness herein, that the sole motive which induced me to leave them, was an unfeigned desire to know the way of God more perfectly, in order to the salvation of my soul. For although I then felt and do yet feel, my heart to be as the prophet says, "Deceitful and desperately wicked," with regard to God; yet I was sincere in my reformation, having from the Holy Spirit an earnest desire to save my soul and prepare to meet my God.

"If it should still be asked, 'But could I not be saved, supposing I had never left the Church?' I answer, 'If I had never known the truth of the Scriptures concerning the way of salvation, nor been convinced that their principles were anti-scriptural, then I think I might possibly have been saved in her communion, the merciful God making allowance for my invincible ignorance. But on the other hand, I freely confess that now, since God has enlightened my mind, and given me to see the truth as it is in Jesus; if I had still continued a member of the Church of Rome, I could not have been saved.

"With regard to others I say nothing. I know that every man must bear his own burden, and give an account of himself to God. To their own Master both they and I must stand or fall for ever. But love, however, and tender compassion for their souls, constrains me to pour out a prayer to God in their behalf.

"All souls are Thine, O Lord God, and Thou willest all to come to the knowledge of the truth,

and be saved. For this end Thou didst give Thine only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' I beseech Thee, therefore, O eternal God, show Thy tender mercies upon those poor souls who have been long deluded by the 'god of this world,' the Pope and his charge. Jesus, Thou lover of souls, and Friend of sinners, send to them Thy light, and truth, that they may lead them. O let Thy bowels yearn over them, and call those straying sheep, now perishing for lack of knowledge, to the light of Thy word, which is able to make them wise to salvation, which is in Thee."

To such an inquiring mind light was sure to be given. He by this light not only saw his sin, but that none of his own works would avail. He began to see that it was apart from himself that help must be obtained, and that it was as he says, "The blood of Christ alone which cleanseth from sin; 'and that by one offering of Himself, once for all, He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified;' perfectly accomplished, without need of other helps, or repetitions of the same, all that was necessary in order to the justification, sanctification, and glorification of all believers."

His love and thirst for the word of life now became intense. Feeling as he did, that in those sacred pages was the whole plan of salvation, and a sure guide from earth to heaven, it was his delight to study them. Hope now sprang up in his heart and he became truly thankful for every glimmer of increased light. Even the light which condemned or wrought deeper conviction in his spirit, was a welcome messenger. He wished to know himself

to the full. "I was willing," says he, "though my conscience still condemned me, and there was no rest in my bones by reason of sin, to know the worst of my condition. Not, indeed, that this was always the case. Sometimes the devil, and the corruption of my nature, so far prevailed as to hush my conscience, and drown my convictions by a variety of thoughts and things."

Thus passed two long years, at least long to him. He was weary of sin, and life was burdensome. Sometimes he was hopeful, then again despair would overwhelm his spirit and sink him into the "slough of despond." If death would bring deliverance gladly would he have died, in order to find relief. Blind and sinful, with an intolerable load on his heart did he grope his way. But deliverance was nigh. The mist and fog were beginning to lift and the Sun of Righteousness, for whose light he had so ardently longed, was soon to break forth with full splendour into his soul. Had he known it was so near he would have been ready to leap for joy. For over two years he had laboured under deep conviction of sin. The last of these had been an eventful one. As he stood and looked back over it he could not help but see many things which gave him cause for rejoicing. And he was thankful to God for all the way he had been led.

The coming year, the nineteenth year of his age, was to mark the most important epoch of his life. In this year he removed to Newmarket, where he started a school of his own. Despite his spiritual troubles, he had pursued his studies and was now able to instruct others. Being a young man of high

morals, and having the necessary qualifications for a teacher, he had no lack of pupils.

This new occupation, however, did not divert his mind from the subject of his soul's desire. His longings for the coming of the kingdom of God did not abate. Although not having that saving faith, he was often now filled with hope, and expected some time, he did not know when, in some way, he did not know how, he would receive the coveted prize. But how little he knew in what manner and what the instrument God was preparing to use in guiding his weary feet into the way of peace.

About eleven years previous to this, at Oxford, England, was formed the famous "Holy Club," afterwards called "Methodists"—a name given in derision to a few of the students who united in prayer and reading of the Scriptures, visiting the sick and those in prison—in fact, their object was to give the whole of their spare time in doing whatever good they could to the bodies and souls of those in need around them.

Among them were John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitfield. These three young men were a short time after this, each led to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. For months, and even years, they had struggled with doubts and fears, and had no lasting peace or joy. But the day star from on high now visited them. Their souls were illuminated by the light from the cross of Christ, and they were assured that sinful man could be justified by faith, in the atoning merits of the blood of Jesus. Accordingly they were enabled to lay hold on the promise of this great blessing. God, true to His word, sent forth the Holy Spirit into

their "hearts, crying, Abba Father." They believed and were made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Being set free themselves, they began to declare to others, "that the Son of Man had come to seek and to save that which was lost. The fire already kindled in their hearts began to spread to others. Many heard the joyful sound, and as the streams of salvation found their way into souls, it was carried from city to town, and from town to village, and from the villages into the country places, until many were savingly converted to God.

The Holy Ghost, without waiting for "ecclesiastical sanction," began to thrust out many of these redeemed ones into the great harvest field. These messengers of Divine mercy went everywhere "preaching the word." Nothing could stop them. A flaming impetus possessed them ; and after proclaiming salvation by faith in many places in England, some crossed the Irish sea and with joyful sound began to declare, to the sons of Erin, deliverance from the tyranny of sin and wrong. They did not seek the easy places, but went wherever the way opened. Catholics and Protestants were alike to them. The south and west of Ireland was largely under Romish influence. Into these parts they went. Mobs, with stones, clubs, dirt and rotten eggs were then in abundance ; but little did they care for this. Their duty was plain, the glory of the Lord rested upon them, so forward they went.

These heralds of mercy would go into a town or city, and standing in the market place, or some public thoroughfare, would, single-handed, yet with a boldness that astonished men and devils, sing until

a crowd collected, and then preach the Gospel of the grace of God to the wondering multitude.

The 17th day of March, 1749, was a memorable day for poor unhappy Walsh. On the evening of this day, he was returning from his school, in the County of Limerick, when he was attracted by an unusual crowd of people on the Parade—a public place in the city. Drawing near to ascertain the cause of this unusual occurrence, he heard Robert Swindalls, one of these early Methodist preachers, exhorting from the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The earnestness and simplicity of the speaker, as well as the subject of discourse—a subject so suited in every way to Walsh's weary spirit—filled him with wonder. There was something about the preaching which found favour in his heart.

Having soon to return to his school he had not the privilege of hearing them again for some weeks. On his return to Limerick he heard another of them, and liked their preaching still better; but so cautious was he, that he carefully examined all that was said and compared it with the Bible and the doctrines of the English Church. "But," says he, "I found it to be consistent with both. I became daily more and more attached to them, and their manner of living increased my affection for them. They appeared to me to be true followers of Christ and His apostles, adorning the doctrine of God in all things.

"When they had preached the Gospel at Limerick for some time, they came over to New Market, a village where I then resided, about eight miles from thence. In a little time there was a society formed. To these I joined myself a member, Sept, 29th,

1749, in order to be more fully instructed in the way of salvation." But what he thought to be the way of life, now appeared the very opposite—the way of death. There was a power in the preaching he now heard that pierced him like a sword and laid bare his sins to the full view of his mental sight. He says,—

1. "The Lord convinced me of my sin; that which did most easily beset me; representing the heinousness of it in various circumstances."

2. "All the other abominations likewise;—sins in general of commission and omission,—were set in array before me, as an army ready to devour me; or as so many devils, ready to tear me in pieces. God wrote them down in large characters, so that I might well say, "My sins are ever before me."

3. "I was clearly convinced, that not only my sins, but likewise what I called my duties, were an abomination unto the Lord. My righteousness appeared 'as filthy rags.' 'The corrupt tree could not bring forth good fruit.'

4. "The same Spirit convinced me that I was an unbeliever, I was condemned already; and the wrath of God abode upon me. I assented to everything revealed in the Bible; yet I now clearly perceived, I lacked the very true Christian faith. I learned from the Methodists, so called, and had it confirmed to me by the New Testament, that whosoever has true faith, has with it the remission of sins, and is at peace with God. I read that "whosoever believeth is born of God;" and "he that is born of God sinneth not." But I sinned, and thence inferred I had not true faith, neither was born of God.

5. "I was, moreover, convinced that I could not

help myself, that I was utterly unable to work, either repentance, faith, or holiness, in my own soul; and that it was by grace alone I could be saved."

6. "I was without comfort and miserable. My soul was grieved and my heart fainted within me. I found labour and sorrow beyond expression. Worldly comforts availed nought. I had no rest night or day. When I prayed, I was troubled; when I heard a sermon, I was pierced as with darts and arrows. Whenever I either read or conversed, still I was broken or bruised in heart. Thus was I stripped of all, and wretched, and blind, and naked; having neither faith, nor power, holiness, nor happiness. Truly, there was no sound part in me. All was 'wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.' Often I could neither eat nor sleep. The afflictions of my soul so affected my body that, at length, I was obliged to take my bed.

7. "I saw, by the same light of the Holy Spirit, the ground-work of all this; viz., original sin. This, I felt, was the source of all my misery and helplessness. 'By one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all, for that all have sinned.' Here, I saw the root of all evil. Hence are we 'children of wrath,' banished from God and the tree of life."

Thus the Lord sent pungent conviction into his spirit. But as his wretchedness increased, so did his longings after deliverance. He saw, not only his natural corruption, but his privilege in the Gospel. He beheld, at a distance, what never appeared to him before, viz., the privilege of having a clear assurance that all his sins were forgiven and he made an heir of God. This set his spirit in such a flame

of desire, that sin, so to speak, was trampled under foot, as he pressed toward the mark. Indeed, sometimes he appeared to be in possession of the prize. Such power had he, through the grace of God, that at times he felt no sin, yet he could not say he had the witness of the Spirit.

And is it not here where many are deceived in their Christian experience? Having such freedom and power over sin, they are led to believe that the work of regeneration has taken place. And these seasons of freedom from condemnation, with great meltings of heart, and subduing of spirit, are looked upon as blessings. And so they are, but not that blessing which is poured into the truly renewed spirit which causes them to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The result of being thus deceived is, many have "the form of godliness, without the power thereof,"—many empty professions of this heavenly religion, and no spirit of Jesus, no Christlike character manifested to the ungodly world.

CHAPTER III.

HIS CONVERSION.

“O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee !
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries.

With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast ;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
Mercy is all that's written there.”

—ROTHE.

WE have seen how the Lord dealt with him in the conviction of his sin : we shall now see that same unerring hand guiding his weary feet into the path of life. The operations of the Divine Spirit are no more wonderful in the conviction of sin, than in bringing forth to the birth. He came not only to make known the nature of sin to man—“to convince of sin,” but also to show the great love of God, the boundless possibilities of grace through that love—to convince “of righteousness.”

Continuing, Mr. Walsh says,—

1. “He kindled in my soul earnest desires toward God. There was a tenderness in my heart. It began to warm and dissolve after it was broken by the law, and scorched by the wrath of God ; and to be a little comforted and encouraged.

2. “Light began to spring up in my mind; I saw at length, not my guilt only, but likewise the all-sufficiency of Christ and His atonement. I was convinced that ‘He came to seek and to save’ lost sinners ; that ‘He tasted death for every man’; that, ‘He willeth all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth,’ in order thereto. Oh, what a glorious view I had of the mercy of God, in giving His Son, and of the unspeakable love and pity of Christ in dying for sinners ! I was constrained to cry out, ‘What manner of love is this, wherewith Thou hast loved us ? What is man that Thou shouldst be mindful of him ?’ But I could not yet say that I had redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins ; I did not experience the merit of His death applied to my soul.

3. “But I had strong hope that God would be merciful to my unrighteousness, and blot out my sins for His name’s sake. I could, as it were, see the promise, and pardon held forth to me, though as yet I was unable to lay hold of them. At certain seasons, indeed, I could be almost confident that there was no condemnation to me ; and could venture my soul upon Christ for life and salvation. But this soon vanished away again ; which convinced me it was not justifying faith, else the witness would be in my heart ; for ‘He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself.’ ‘And because ye

are sons God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba Father.'

4. "There was kindled in my soul a still more vehement desire after Christ. Nothing could now satisfy me short of the assured knowledge that I had an interest in His blood. My soul was sick with fervent longings. I esteemed all things but dung and dross, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. He appeared altogether lovely to me. I beheld all glory, all happiness, all riches, all honour in the Saviour. I had no desire after other things ; all relish for them was gone ; give me Christ or else I die ! Sin lost its power, so that sin had no dominion over me. I was so taken up in beholding the Lord Jesus, in reading and in prayer, that I had no desire for anything else. Neither the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, nor the pride of life had any power over me. But yet I could not say I was a believer. I had, indeed, an utter hatred to all sin, and power to forsake everything that I believed to be offensive to God, or contrary to the will of my Lord Jesus, whom I sought and desired above all things visible and invisible.

5. "And now, about four months after my most deep awakenings and joining the Methodist Society, the clear day began to shine, and the Lord, who is rich in mercy, visited me with His salvation. He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and put my feet upon the rock, Christ Jesus. The particular manner of which was as follows :—

Coming into the room where we were accustomed to meet together, to hear the word of exhortation, before preaching began, I sat musing and meditating. My soul was looking out and longing for

Christ, as the watchman for the morning, or the thirsty land for showers. The congregation being assembled, the servant of God (Mr. W. T.) poured out his soul in prayer. And as he prayed, the power of the Lord came down in the midst of us. The 'windows of heaven were opened, and the skies poured down righteousness.' My heart melted like wax before the fire; especially at the mention of these words, 'Who is He that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength.' And again, at the singing of those words in the hymn:—

"Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

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

"The former words in the prayer, and these in the hymn, came with such power to my heart, that I was constrained to cry out, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name; for He hath forgiven all mine iniquities and healed my diseases.'

"And now was I divinely assured, that God had for Christ's sake forgiven all my sins. The Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit, that I was a child of God. 'Mercy and truth met together in my heart; righteousness and peace kissed each other.' Yes, so great was the deliverance, and so strong the consolation, that I could not contain myself. I

broke out into tears of joy and love. Having obtained such mercy I could not but join with the angels, to sing praises to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, who so loved me, and washed me from my sins in His own blood. A new song, indeed, put into my mouth, even of thanksgiving unto my God.

“Honour and might, and thanks and praise,
I render to my pardoning God ;
Extol the riches of Thy grace,
And spread Thy saving name abroad ,
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

Me in my blood Thy love passed by,
And stopped, my ruin to retrieve ;
Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye,
Thy bowels yearned, and sounded, Live !
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in Thy mercy found.

No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him is mine ;
Alive in Him my living head,
And clothed in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne
And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own.”

“I had often in private cried aloud to God, yet it was not till now that I did so in the congregation. But my wound was healed, a necessity was laid upon me to declare what God had done for my soul. In the same hour, another who sat next to me, was filled with joy and peace in believing. We both withdrew to another room and gave thanks and praise to God together.

“The Saviour hath died for me and for you ;
The blood is applied, the record is true ;
The Spirit bears witness and speaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitness for living with God.”

“And now I felt of a truth that faith in Christ is ‘the substance,’ or subsistence, of things hoped for ; and ‘the evidence of things not seen.’ I could now lay hold on Christ and the promise of God through Him. Faith in His blood brought heaven into my breast, and filled me with ‘righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’ It gave me to see a reconciled God, and an all-sufficient Saviour. And thus was it an evidence to me. Through this faith I could say, ‘Christ loved me and gave Himself for me.’ O, this is the gift of God ! Faith, the operation of the Holy Ghost.”

“Faith lends its realizing light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.”

“He now,” says Morgan, “lived in another world.” Old things had indeed passed away, and all things became new. Heaven had opened in his soul, and from him, day and night, flowed forth expressions and ejaculations expressive of the deep work of grace which had taken place in his heart. It was his delight to praise and extol his glorious Redeemer. The work was real ; there was not a doubt left in his mind.

He himself says, “The more I compare my experience with the Word of God, and with the experience of His children, I am the more confirmed that it is no delusion, no fancy, but a real work of God ; a saving change wrought in my soul by the Spirit of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am persuaded, however, that the natural man cannot receive the things of the Spirit of God. He has

neither eyes to see, nor a heart to understand them. A stranger doth not intermeddle with this joy. It is the "hidden manna" and the "white stone," and the "new name" (of adoption) written thereon, "which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." Glory! Glory be to God on high!

Now did I feel the yoke of Christ to be easy indeed, and His burden light. His thought and commandments were sweet to my soul, sweeter even than honey to my tongue. It was my comfort all the day long to praise my Lord, and walk in the ways which He set before me. He created me unto good works, and I cheerfully walked in them. I could unfeignedly love them that hated me, and pray for them that despitefully used or persecuted me."

One would readily imagine that with such a thorough change of heart, and such a filling with the love and power of God that he would not have soon felt any lack, anything amiss. This, however, was not the case. Ere long he felt the remains of depravity indwelling in him, and longed for a full conformity to the whole image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.

The doctrine of Christian Perfection among the Methodists had not as yet been so clearly defined as we have it to-day. Even Mr. Wesley was not fully convinced at that time on some points; but some of his followers enjoyed the experience, and among these, a few of his preachers. The fact, however, that this evil heart could be purified, that sin could be destroyed, was one of the settled points. Thomas Walsh was convinced of this important truth, not merely from what he heard of others, but from a

careful study (and perhaps none studied the Bible more carefully than he did) of the Word of God. He beheld the exceeding great and precious promises that still remained unfulfilled in him, and he longed for their accomplishment. Not that his old sins now troubled him; they were gone, and he now stood a free man in Christ Jesus, free from condemnation, and the guilt and power of actual sin. Nor was it carelessness or unwatchfulness that caused these troublous inward feelings, and uprisings of evil in his heart, and the lack of the fulness of divine love. Quite the contrary; he walked in daily communion with the Father and with the Son, and could even say with the poet,—

“My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.”

Yet, despite all this, and though the sins which once held him a captive were destroyed, he now began to see and feel the true source from which these evils sprang, and longed for the removal of the “root which beareth gall and wormwood.” His cry was, “make me holy. Fulfill in me the good pleasure of Thy goodness, and the work of faith and power.” But though he found this enemy in his heart, and was much tempted of the devil from without, there was not the old feeling of sorrow and dejection of spirit which so constantly vexed his honest soul. There was a constant note of victory springing from his heart. “God,” says he, “gave me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Therefore did I know that I was a child of God, and grace, because sin did not reign in my mortal body that I should obey it in the desires thereof.’ If so much as an evil thought was at any time injected, or the remains of the “old

man" began to stir in me, I had immediate power to resist and overcome them. "Tempted, indeed, I was, but in every temptation there was a way made for my escape. Whenever the enemy came in upon me as a flood, Jesus appointed 'salvation for walls and bulwarks' around me. He lifted up a standard against him, and frustrated all his counsels; for greater was He that was in me than he that was in the world.

"I may say, in few words, that the kingdom of God was within me. I fed upon marrow and fatness, and with comfort drew water out of the wells of salvation. Sin, and temptation and pain, fled before the Lord Jesus, who dwelt in my heart by faith. I walked and talked with God all the day long. Whatsoever I believed to be His will, I did to the utmost of my power, with my whole heart. Prayer, reading, fasting, watching, communicating, and Christian fellowship, were the joy of my soul. The commandments of God and His holy laws were my delight. I not only rejoiced evermore, but prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks; whether I ate or drank, or whatsoever I did, it was indeed in the name of the Lord Jesus, to the glory of God!"

Among his most intimate friends and spiritual advisers, were some who saw in this aesthetic youth, so lately "brought to the light," qualifications, both natural and spiritual. such as to recommend him to a sphere of usefulness in Christian work. He was accordingly appointed leader of the class to which he belonged. Though young, God was already using him; and there was such a spirit of sobriety and thoughtfulness, as well as good judgment, and

what is more than all, a heart filled with the love of God, and a burning desire to help others ; those in authority did not hesitate to appoint him this position of trust.

His principle work in connection with the class, was,—

1. To see each person in the class once a week, and if any were absent, to enquire the cause.
2. Whenever they met together, to sing a psalm or hymn, and pray with them.
3. To examine how their souls prospered, and what progress their souls had made the preceding week in the ways of the Lord. If any had fallen into sin, they were reprov'd ; if tempted, they were comforted and encouraged ; and those who ran well were exhorted still to press forward, and give glory to God.

We do not wonder that the early Methodists were examples of godliness. Let any society, or company of believers, guard over the interests of one another, as was done among them, and they cannot but grow in grace. These seasons of meeting were truly times of refreshing to their souls.

“How wonderfully,” says he, “did we experience the power and love of God. Whenever we made prayer and supplication to Him ! We had a heaven among us, a paradise within us. The Lord poured such peace and joy into our hearts, and we were often so happy that we did not know how to part. We lived as brethren, and strove together for the hope of the Gospel. We were of one heart, and of one mind in the presence of God. And is not this the communion of saints ?”

The enemy of souls did not intend to let him en-

joy these good times forever, without trying to mar his peace of mind. The undying love of the perishing, which filled his being, compelled him to labor night and day for their salvation. Many were made to see their sins, and found mercy. These welcomed Walsh as a messenger of the Lord. But others, the devil filled with malice and hatred to such an extent that they began to oppose him. His own people were the first to turn against him. To leave the Church of Rome and join the Church of England, to them, was bad enough ; but now, to identify himself with the Methodists, made him, in their estimation, a heretic and reprobate forever past redemption.

But those of his own were not alone the instruments of cruelty and hatred. His neighbors, both Catholics and Protestants, were extremely angered that he should change his religion, as they called it. He saw clearly that persons of every denomination, who were yet under the guilt and power of their sins, are at enmity against Christ, and had naturally a spirit of calumny and persecution. "Reformed and unreformed," says he, "I found to be just alike ; and that many who spoke against the Pope and Inquisition, were themselves, in reality, of the same spirit."

"When I was first converted, I had no notion that people could hate and speak evil of one fearing God, and working righteousness. But experience has taught me otherwise. I soon found the truth of the apostle's words, that 'all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' Relations and acquaintances, and neighbors, rich and poor, old and young, clergy and laity, were all against me.

Some said, I was an hypocrite; others, that I was mad; others, judging more favourably, that I was deceived. Many that before thought well, yea highly of me, knew not how to harbour a good thought of me."

Concerning these trials he could say with Paul, "None of these things move me." He had put his hand to the Gospel plough and was determined not to look back—had been washed from his sins, and would not turn again to his wallowing in the mire. These things, no doubt, were a source of trial to him; but he had no desire to confer with flesh and blood. His deliverance had been too great, and the mercy of God so manifest to his unworthy soul, that he did not wish to again grieve his blessed Lord. Alas! how many there are, who, through fear of friends, shrink from the cross of Christ, turn traitors to their Lord, and bring untold reproach upon His holy cause. "Better," says Peter, "for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy command delivered unto them."

"What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve Thy pleasure still.
O may I never grieve
My kind, longsuffering Lord!
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all His word.

"Lord, if Thou hast bestowed
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always there!
And that I never more
May from Thy ways depart,
Enter with all Thy mercy's power
And dwell within my heart."

RETROSPECT.

Let us turn back for a few moments, and notice some points in the Lord's dealing with the subject before us :

1. He is brought under conviction in boyhood days by the Holy Spirit alone. This was the only instrument at first, not books, preaching, or holy example.

2. He did not then know what it was that worked in his soul.

3. When he knew the voice of the Spirit, his convictions for sin increased, and when he desired to yield to the Spirit, his sins arose and sought to overcome the holy influence ; and often overcoming, greatly tormenting his spirit.

4. After he left the Romish Church and began to read the Bible, and other good books, he became still more deeply convicted of the evil of his heart and life. So much so, as at times to border on despair, for he beheld not only the outward sins, but every evil thought, desire and passion of his nature.

5. After hearing the Gospel through the Methodist preachers, hope sprang up in his soul. Though still feeling deeply the plague of his life and nature, this hope in him was so buoyant, and his desires after God so strong, that every sin of his life was overcome. For weeks, before finding the witness of the Spirit, he was not conscious of knowingly grieving God.

6. He was often happy and peaceful, and so free, that he sometimes wondered if he was not saved. But this did not last ; these feelings were transitory,

neither did he find upon close examination the direct testimony of the Holy Ghost.

7. From the night of his conversion he had a strong inward assurance that his sins were forgiven and he made a child of God. His peace was deep, and seldom ruffled. His joy was full, and knew no bounds. His faith was strong and knew not defeat. As he, himself, says, "Sin and temptation could not stand before the mighty power of God in my soul."

He had been careful. Though desperately anxious he was cautious, and dared not profess what God Almighty had never revealed to his soul. The Divine Testifier must first speak into his inmost being before his lips opened to man. When the Lord did thus speak, so did Walsh, by word of mouth and every possible means.

CHAPTER IV.

HE ENTERS THE MINISTRY.

“By Christ Himself ordained and sent,
A herald of redeeming grace,
Eager to the highways he went,
And filled the land with Jesus' praise.
Fierce on the Philistine he flies,
Compels the captives to come in ;
Spoils Satan of his lawful prize,
And tears them from the toils of sin.”

IT is impossible for the Christian to be inactive. While the life of the Divine Vine flows through their souls they must use all the strength derived therefrom. When the grace of God, in love and power, reaches the heart, there is imparted a principle of life, which, in its very nature, must grow and develop until it expels every unholy element and fills the entire being. There is that vigor from within which inspires with life and sweetness the outward, and there is that in the outward which, as it were, supplies fuel to the inward. The one cannot exist without the other. All outwardly good works are but empty and vain, if they are not the outcome of that spirit of life and liberty within ; and all holy love, joy, peace, and faith, which may be implanted

within the new-born soul, will soon expire if there are no efforts on the part of the individual to labor for the meat that perisheth not.

There can be no standing still. New spheres of usefulness will constantly open in the Christian pilgrimage, and as these are taken advantage of, the life of God in the soul becomes stronger and stronger. It was the case with Thomas Walsh. By the grace of God which was in him he labored, and as he was thus employed for his Lord and Master in the sphere allotted him, the way was gradually opened to more extensive usefulness. His labors since his conversion, and especially as a leader of the class, were abundantly blest with fruit ; but the Lord of the harvest was about to thrust him out into greater fields.

Before his conversion, while he was yet in his sins, he began to exhort and warn others. Nor was it an occasional occurrence, it had become his constant passion to warn all with whom he came in contact, to flee from the wrath to come. This was not done in a spirit of self-righteousness, nor to be heard for his much speaking. He himself felt the pains of hell in his own bosom, and saw clearly the yawning hell to which sinners were going. This, and this alone, compelled him to cry out. While in unbelief himself, he often forgot his own condition through eagerness of desire for the salvation of others.

If these were his feelings when in darkness, and barren of true godliness, it is little wonder he is eaten up with zeal when clothed with the Spirit of the Lord. The Holy Spirit now began to reveal to him that he "must preach the Gospel," must, "bear public testimony to the truth of God." At first these

thoughts were resented ; not from a desire to disobey, but from a feeling of his own insufficiency. The tremendous responsibility connected with the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ, he fully realized. Nor did he look upon it as a life of ease and self-enjoyment, but one of labor and trials, and fraught with the greatest of difficulties, and a calling which none but God, and the truly called, knew anything about.

Added to these, he felt the lack of a better education. From his study of the Bible and acquaintance with Methodist students, he saw that the Lord had, and was using illiterate messengers to the salvation of immortal spirits, without graduating at college or having the hands of a bishop placed upon their heads. Still he thought learning very helpful, and in some respects necessary, especially did he think, that, to a proper understanding of the sacred oracles, one ought to be acquainted with the original languages in which they were written.

At first these God-given convictions were kept within his own mind. Much as he esteemed the counsel and advice of his Christian brothers, he knew, or thought, that none but God ought to give the knowledge of His will in this particular case. As he had now become accustomed to giving himself to prayer in times of doubt and trouble, with this he turns aside to seek guidance of his "Wonderful Counsellor," and prostrating himself before the Lord, he says, "I entreated Him to show me His pleasure herein ; to convince me by His Holy Spirit, whether the thoughts of my heart were according to His holy will, and whether I ought to speak in His name ; or if I was under a delusion to show me this also,

and deliver me from it. I could appeal to the Searcher of hearts, that I desired only to glorify Him, and to do His will in all things."

Some of his most spiritual friends, realizing in him the gifts and graces of a useful minister, began to pray that "the Lord of harvest" would thrust him out into the open fields, where so much was waiting to be done. They also conversed with him on the subject; and although he was now fully convinced by the Spirit of God, of His will in this respect, it was a source of satisfaction to know that others of maturer minds were of the same opinion as himself. He saw the way clearly marked out for him, and knew, in a small degree, what joy it was to see precious souls brought from darkness into light and made the Sons of God.

Assured that all this was the hand of the Lord, he opened his mind to Mr. Wesley, who was there on a three month's tour of Ireland, and spoke his thoughts "freely and without disguise, desiring his advice on this occasion; which he sweetly and humbly gave." Wesley wished to more fully consider the matter. Many like young men were at this time coming to him with the same tale, and he could well see that though some were not deceived, others were, and to accept all who came and put in such a sacred work would soon give cause for regret, if not sorrow. Wishing to have better grounds for ascertaining whether this youth was indeed called of God, he requested him to write to him. This, Walsh, did, and gave a full account of his conversion and call to preach. Whether Mr. Wesley had doubts of him, or whether he did not wish to express his mind fully to

the young man, he answered in the following manner:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

It is hard to judge what God has called you to, till trial is made. Therefore, when you have an opportunity, you may go to Shronil, spend two or three days with the people there. Speak to them in Irish.

Yours etc.,

JOHN WESLEY.

Shronil was a village of Tipperary, about thirty miles from New Market, where Walsh was living at the time. He lost no time, but with a younger brother and a Christian friend, set out the next day and walked the whole distance. There was a small class of Methodists there, and knowing a preacher was coming they had gathered a large congregation. The meeting was held in a barn, and the youthful preacher took for his subject one of the favorite texts of the early Methodists, Rom. 3: 28. He preached again the next morning and evening. God bore witness to the truth and sealed his weak endeavours by the "conversion of sinners." Gratified, as he must have been, at this success, he was far from being exalted with the pride of a novice. "O my God," cries he, "stand by me still! And as hitherto Thou hast helped me, never leave or forsake me." This was in 1750, and the twentieth year of his age. We are not informed of the exact length of time he remained at Shronil, but from this time until the end of August of the same year, everything in his diary indicates the responsibility he felt laid upon him, and the necessity of an utter abandonment of his every power to this precious work, and a severance from

every earthly tie which might in any way effect the discharging, to the utmost of his ability, the duty involved in the God-given call. Every one did not receive him with open arms, rough as was his preaching it was with power. One woman told him that she was sorely tempted to kill him. "And for no other reason," adds he, "than because she was awakened under my preaching, to feel herself a poor lost sinner."

About the end of August, he goes to Limerick and labors to bring souls to Jesus. Many desperate characters had their stony hearts pierced and broken. Others raged and reproached him for his "unpolished youth * * * and roughness both of address and dialect." Again he says, "After preaching, a young woman came to me, and said, that sometime before, she had brought a knife with her to preaching, intending to kill me; but was so terrified under the last prayer, that she durst not attempt it. The devil suggested that if she did but take away my life, the burden which she felt through my preaching would immediately depart." And now, Satan, adds he, "If thou art not a liar and a murderer let Christians, yea heathens, and even thy companions in hell, judge. But, thou, old serpent, dost thou not know that the God whom I serve is able to deliver me? A hair of my head cannot perish without His knowledge and permission. O, Satan, the Lord rebuke thee!" The word of God through him pierced like a sword, and many were so deeply wounded as to be unable to leave the place until they were healed.

From this place he goes to Leinster and Connaught, where we find him "preaching to multitudes

always twice, and sometimes thrice daily." He is at once a traveling preacher, going from town to town until he is well known. He seldom had a horse, and so had to walk many miles each day. Crowds flock to hear him ; but often among these crowds are men bent on his destruction. Jan. 4th, 1751, he writes, "With much weakness of body I preached this morning, and soon after set out for Roscrea. About a mile from the town I met a large company armed with clubs. Seventy-eight men were sworn upon the occasion. At the first sight of them I was a little daunted; but I prayed to the Lord for direction, and was strengthened. They compelled me to alight, saying they would bring a minister of the Church of England and a Romish Priest to talk with me. I let them know I contended with no man concerning opinions, nor preached against any particular church, but against sin and wickedness in all. I said "supposing three persons among you of different denominations, it may be a church man, a Quaker, and a Papist, sitting down and drinking to excess, began to dispute that his was the best religion ; where is the religion of all these men ? Surely they are without any, unless it be of Belial. They are of their father the devil, while his works they do. And if they live and die in this condition, hell must be their eternal portion." This they could not gainsay.

"After some further discourse on the design of my coming to preach the gospel to them, and appealing to them concerning the necessity of it, their rage seemed a little abated, and they told me they would let me go, on condition I would swear never more to come to Roscrea. But when I resolutely refused, they consulted on rougher measures, and after much

debate, were determined to put me into a well, which they had prepared for that purpose. They hurried me away into the town, where I was surrounded as by many wolves. They held a consultation again, and resolved either to make me swear never to come there again, or to put me into the well. But I refused either to swear or promise. Some then cried vehemently that I should go into the water, but others contradicted, and as positively said I should not.

“After some time the parish minister came who behaved well, and desired that I should be set at liberty. They consented, provided I would go out of the town immediately. From an inn, where they confined me, they brought me out into the street, and it being market day, I began to preach to the people. But, taking me by the back, they hurled me before them out of the town. At length I got on horseback, and taking off my hat I prayed for them some considerable time. I then called upon them in the name of God for Christ’s sake to repent: and told them as to myself, in the cause of God, I feared neither men nor devils; that to do their souls good was my whole motive in coming among them; and that, if God permitted, they might put me in the well, or even stone me; that, be it how it would, I was content.”

“I came off from them at length in peace of conscience and serenity of mind. From the first of it to the last, I was not the least disturbed, nor stirred in anger, or malice toward them. O God, it is Thou alone that has wrought this deliverance for me, in restraining the malice of men and devils, not suffering them to hurt me when they rose up against me.

Therefore, with angels and archangels, I laud and magnify Thy Holy name ; Thy tender mercy and paternal affection towards me, O holy Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

As the end of this year draws near we find him looking back over, it and giving himself a strict searching. He says, I examined myself how I had lived the past year ; and could only say, that I had not wickedly departed from my God ; but was heartily ashamed that I had not glorified Him better, resolving to watch and pray for the time to come."

The next place we meet him is at the town of Bandon on June the 11th. From here, he, with some friends, visit Clonakilty, a small town about 28 miles out of Cork ; where he makes the acquaintance of James Morgan, who continued his fast friend until his death, and who wrote the only life of Walsh ever published. Mr. Morgan was a church-man but really saved and blest of God. He was with Thomas Walsh much after this, and acknowledges to have received great spiritual good from his life and teaching. The fact was, that after he began to preach, there was such a heavenly mindedness about him, that it was next to impossible for anyone to be with him for any time without receiving good.

At having been refused by the parish rector the use of the Market-house to preach in, he turned, followed by an immense crowd, to a "spacious stand" on the outskirts of the town. The town sergeants were there as soon as he, and meant to interfere, and if possible prevent him from speaking. The preacher, burning with love for the poor hungry souls, and feeling that man had no right to determine where, nor when the gospel should be preached, mounted a

table and took for his text that singular passage found in Job, "Suffer me that I may speak; after that, mock on." The sergeant struck with the oddity of the passage, and the earnestness of the preacher, listened until the close of the service. Many were the pale faces, and wet cheeks as their sins were charged home on the consciences of the hearers, and a gracious Saviour was offered to pardon and save.

On his return to the town he was brought before the magistrate, who had determined either to make him promise never to preach there again, or send him to prison. Walsh explained and defended his case for nearly an hour, but to no avail, "either promise or go to prison," demanded the Revnd. official, (for it was the rector who sat as magistrate.) "Are there no sinners, drunkards, sabbath-breakers, and the like in these parts," asked the accused? When he was told there were he said, "after I preach here a few times and there is no reformation, I will promise to come here no more." Even this did not satisfy, so he was ordered to prison. Several who had befriended him went with him into the prison, where, for hours, they sang praises to God. But prison gates and bars could not silence the young apostle. Thousands had gathered on the street in front of his cell, and the majority were now displeased with the treatment offered to one whom they now saw meant only good. They provided food, and even a bed for him. To this vast crowd—or to as many as could hear his voice, for the gathering was immense—he preached and exhorted with all his remaining strength. It was not long, however, until the magistrate sent and had him released. On be-

ing freed he went to a private room, and until 10 o'clock exhorted all who could get in.

His spirit was untiring, but his body weak. His constitution was always frail, and with the excessive labors, hard study, and sometimes lack of food, his health began to fail. "Tuesday, Jan. 15th, 1751,— I preached on Matt. 3 : 3, but could not finish being seized with an ague. I immediately went to bed. I could rest in the will of God, being persuaded it was for the better. True, it is, that afflictions are not joyous, but grievous, while they last, though afterwards they yield the peaceful fruits of righteousness. How great, O my God are Thy goodness and tender mercies toward me ! Experience has strongly taught me, that if my peace was not made before such an affliction as this was, it would never have been made ; rather distraction and almost madness, would have taken up the time, and not repentance. Look, O Jesus, upon those who are putting the evil day far off ! I cannot but remark the exceeding goodness of God ; for before my illness, for some time past, He always gives me a clear manifestation of His love."

On another occasion while riding with a friend and talking of the goodness of God, his horse stumbled and threw him over her head. As he struck the ground a voice sounded in his ears, "Will you trust God now ? "Yes, forever," he instantly cried, and immediately adds, "through the mercy of God I was not hurt. I saw an enemy had done it. I was thankful and felt no contrary emotion in my soul. I know the devil hates me," he would often say, and no doubt he did, and would have exulted

with diabolical vaunting had he been able to destroy his life.

The next year, 1752, Mr. Wesley paid a long visit to Ireland. He landed at Dublin, July 17th, he reached Limerick on August 13th, and on the two following days the first Methodist Conference in Ireland was held. At this Conference Ireland was divided into six circuits and each preacher was appointed to preach for three months in each of four selected quarters. Mr. Walsh's four places were Dublin and Cork in the East and South, Limerick in the West, and in the North those counties around Belfast. Walsh traveled with Mr. Wesley during part of the latter's stay in Ireland. On Wednesday Sept. 2nd, they are at Waterford where "at eleven," says Wesley, "Mr. Walsh began preaching in the Market House. It being Market day, the people flocked from all sides : many of them seriously attended. A few of the rabble cursed and swore, but did not make a considerable interruption.

Still rougher treatment awaited him than any he had yet received at the hands of men. At Newton, as he was preaching to a large congregation, he was pulled down by an unconverted Presbyterian, who, with several hundred people, dragged him through the crowd, until he was nearly choked to death. When set free, he went some distance away, where, yielding to the appeals of those who desired to hear him, he attempted once more to give them the bread of life. The roughs followed him here also, and would not suffer him to speak. He took refuge in a small house at the bottom of a garden, but his enemies, like hungry hounds, hunted him out. He was forced to flee through a wet meadow and over

the mountains. On the other side of the mountains he found the house of Mr. Ambey, who befriended him in every possible way. He was compelled by a fever to take to his bed, where he remained for some days.

These outward crosses, however, had no evil effect upon his soul. "In the midst of it all," he says, "my mind was calm; I had no remarkable consolation, or fear, or sorrow; I prayed for them, and do still pray to God to forgive them, and lay not this sin to their charge."

He is blessed and happy, and as soon as his sickness abates, is at his favorite work again. "I preached this morning on the great and precious promises, Ezek. 36. My soul aspired to have them accomplished, for I feel the evil of my nature, and especially the evil heart of unbelief that is within me.

He did not always have the same liberty and power in preaching. The evil of his nature often acted as a weight to his spirits, and prevented him from rising in soul, even when the nature of the subject itself was such as to enliven the speaker. On the following Friday, he says, "I preached this morning on Solomon's Song, 2:8, but was both dark and weak, having scarcely any power to explain anything.

O what a grief it is for one to preach when he is left to himself; when the Lord is not his present strength and teacher! to preach consolation to others and to feel none himself. This exposes one to great temptation."

But the Protestants were not alone in their opposition. No surprise is felt when we are told of the repeated efforts of the Catholics to injure him and

his work. The Priests did not attack him in person—it appears they dreaded his presence ; but they circulated lies and false reports, and did everything to prevent their people from attending his meetings. At one place the Rev. gentleman informed his congregation that, that heretic had once been servant to a priest, but had stolen his Master's sermons and ran away—hence his good preaching and marvelous success. At Cork, the Priest publicly announced that Walsh was dead long ago, and that he who now appeared among them, was the devil in his shape. Some of the lower class were for a short time influenced to remain away. The majority, however, swarmed to listen to his gracious messages. "They ran after him, and wept and cried aloud under his word, as he proclaimed it on mountains and highways, in meadows, private houses, prisons, and ships. They often followed him when the sermon was concluded, begging for further instruction. They would come to his rooms to entreat his counsel and prayers, and kneeling down under his exhortations, would begin to call, with tears, upon the Virgin Mary and Apostles, till he could check them and teach them better." (Stephen's history of Methodism.)

Walsh's whole soul went out for these people. He knew full well the great darkness they were in, and sought day and night to lead them to Jesus. He was kind to them, and helped the needy among them whenever he had the means. But those were the days when Methodist preachers often had empty pockets. In conversation and often in preaching he used their own native language, i. e. Irish. Perhaps this helped him to gain an audience : for apart from it being the mother tongue, and the one the com-

mon people understood, there is in the language, though rude, a sweetness not found in the English. "It is a common saying," says Southey, "When you plead for your life, plead in Irish." His command over the Irish tongue gave him great advantage with the native Papists. They flocked to hear their own rude but touching language; they wept, smote their hearts, and invoked the Virgin with sobbing voices, and declared themselves ready to follow him as a saint over the world. The beggars would gather round him as he passed them, and melting under his words, would kneel down in the street and weep and pray. A Papist who had saved his earnings to leave to a priest or friar, for masses for his soul when he should be dead, called upon Walsh, begging him to take the money and the responsibility of praying his soul out of Purgatory. "No man can forgive your sins," said the preacher; "the gift of Christ cannot be purchased with money, only the blood of Christ can cleanse from sin." The astonished Romanist was deeply affected, and cried earnestly to God while Walsh knelt by his side and prayed for him in Irish. A native with whom he was conversing became enraged at his religious warnings, and 'declared that though he should be shot for it he would have satisfaction,' adding, with an oath, 'thou shalt never deceive another, for I am resolved to be the death of thee just now.' Walsh immediately reprov- ed him in Irish, 'why didst not thou speak so to me in the beginning,' exclaimed the excited man. 'The lion became a lamb,' says the preacher, while I let him know in Irish what Christ had done for sinners. He departed with a broken heart." (Stephen's history of Methodism.)

We will close this chapter with a few short extracts taken from his Journal.

“A poor woman, a papist, came to my room, desirous of salvation. I prayed with her in Irish. She frequently fell on her knees, and cried for mercy, resolving no more to regard the Priest’s curses, but to seek her salvation according as the word of God directs.” Again :—“Being on a journey, where I breakfasted, (it was a Romanist) I reprov’d the landlord for swearing, and talked to all who were present. I exhorted, likewise, a woman at the door to seek from God repentance and salvation. She cried to the blessed Virgin and the twelve Apostles to help her. But I taught her to direct her prayers to God the Father, through Jesus Christ.”

“After preaching both in English and Irish, a poor Popish woman came to me, saying she came for instructions ; for that, as she was a poor woman, she could not have it elsewhere, and she wanted to save her soul. I told her that all that was in my power I would do for her willingly. She wept, and I prayed with her, pointing her, for all her soul wanted, to Jesus, who alone is the way, the truth and the life.”

“Jan. 4th—My soul was delighted to see with what earnestness the poor Irish received the word, being in general deeply affected. O, how they did weep and cry for mercy ! May God hear their prayer ! Surely this people will rise up in judgment against the Protestants, who, having the light of the gospel, either neglect or despise it ; and also against the pastors of these ignorant people, who hold them in error. O, what have the Romish clergy to answer for before God !”

“April—Many of them professed, after preaching, that they received more benefit from that one sermon than from all the masses they had attended during their whole life. * * * * Two members of the Church of Rome were deeply convinced of their want of a Saviour, and thirty-four persons joined themselves together to seek and serve the Lord.”

“At another place after preaching from John 1 : 17, sinners cried out mightily. One came confessing her deeds, and said she had lived an adulteress, worse than Mary Magdalene. She wept, trembled, roared and strove.” “Open Lord,” cries he, “the eyes of their Priests. Remember the purchase of Thy blood ; nor suffer these poor souls to perish, for whom Christ hath died.”

CHAPTER V.

HIS APPOINTMENT TO LONDON—SEVERE ILLNESS.

“To me remains no place or time,
My country is in every clime,
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.”

It is well known that Wesley frequently removed his preachers from one field of labor to another, and in May, 1753, Walsh was sent to London. There had been considerable harm done by false doctrines from time to time, to the societies of the Metropolis, and many were shaken in their faith. A firm, true-hearted and zealous fellow like Walsh would do good there. True, he was young, and had traveled but two years and ten months as a preacher, but he was of sound judgment, and well versed in biblical knowledge, and had a clear, firm grasp of Methodist doctrine. He was a natural born student, and had studied hard—hence his knowledge. He would do well in London, and protect the cause from false teachers. But was this the only reason for his removal to this place? No! this young man had for some time been greatly exercised over the doctrine of perfect love. He had long felt the evil uprisings

in his heart, and groaned for deliverance. There were but few in Ireland at that date who enjoyed this priceless blessing, known as the "second change."

Mr. Wesley saw full well the intense longing of this faithful youth to be made holy, and as there had been what might properly be termed a holiness revival in London, and many were enjoying the fruits of Christian Perfection, it would do Walsh good to be among them. His flaming zeal, with true devotion and sound judgment, would benefit the cause, and the fruits of entire holiness in many of these saints of God would augment his already quenchless thirst for, and perhaps help to lead him into the rest that remains for the people of God.

He, with three other preachers, Messrs. Hopper, Edwards and Russell, took boat at Dublin on the 10th of May. There were several from among the gentry, with officers of the army, and a large number of cabin passengers on board, but their wickedness grieved his tender spirit. They cursed, swore, blasphemed as though they were in hell. "I reprov'd them again and again," says he, "but they still persisted, and said I was mad. O, God if there never was any other damnation in the world to come, than even the company of such wicked wretches, who would not fly from it. The four preachers traveled together to Leeds to attend the Conference which meets on the 22nd of this month. From this, Walsh proceeds to London, arriving there on the last day of the month, twenty-one days after his leaving Ireland. At the above Conference he was appointed to labor in Ireland, but, first goes to London for a time, according to Mr. Wesley's original design. On the way from Leeds, he writes, "O

Thou lover of my soul, I beseech Thee come with me thither! open my mouth in wisdom and in righteousness, that I may preach Christ crucified to the people of England. Jesus, Master, stand by me, and strengthen my body and soul."

His first text in the city was from 1 John 2: 1. Previous to this some good men in London, lamented to Mr. Wesley, that he and his brother Charles should spend so much of their time in Ireland, and send so many of their preachers there. "Have patience," replied he, "and Ireland will repay you." "We could hardly think it," said they, "but when Mr. Walsh came, we saw that Mr. Wesley's faith was greater than ours."

His change at this period was undoubtedly in Divine order, for not only were many led to Jesus, but his own soul was blest. He found himself among the very choicest people of Methodism—people rich in the grace of God. To be able to administer to these people the needed help; and to bring things new and old out of the treasury of the Lord, required more than a superficial knowledge of Divine things. There were many there who had long felt the full power of holy religion, and perhaps everyone of the best preachers in the movement had at some time been stationed there. The members of the societies were well blest, and knew when the preacher was. All these the young Irishman keenly felt. but he was not discouraged. He gave himself to prayer and study with greater diligence than ever. He formed for himself an exact plan for the improvement of his precious time. Four o'clock was his hour for rising, and the early part of the day was given to prayer and the study of the Bible. He

then poured over other studies until noon. The remainder of the day was spent in preaching and visiting. He preached constantly twice a day and attended the sick and dying, from some of whom he was rarely a day absent. He did much good among his own countrymen, of whom there were great numbers in London. His heart was burdened for these people, many of whom were ignorant and unlearned. He instructed them in their own language, and often preached with such zeal and power of spirit, that left his body bathed in perspiration, while his hearers' cheeks were wet with tears. His labors in this respect were abundantly blest. Many cried for mercy and were led to Jesus ; while they loved the man who had manifested such deep concern for their spiritual welfare.

On Sunday, June 24, 1753, Mr. Wesley writes, "That blessed man, Mr. Walsh, preached at Short's Garden in Irish. Abundance of his countrymen flocked to hear, and some were cut to the heart. Sunday, July 1, he preached in Irish in Moorfields. The congregation was exceeding large, and all behaved seriously, though, probably, many of them came purely to hear what manner of language it was. For the sake of these, he preached afterwards in English, if by any means he might gain some. And wherever he preached, whether in English or Irish, the word was sharper than a two-edged sword."

His application to study while in London was unrelenting. It was remarked that he preached constantly twice a day, but his sermons betrayed no lack of preparation. Though original in thought and style, they were well and carefully planned, and not an arrangement of disconnected words and phrases.

Many hours were spent on his knees in prayer and meditation, and much time given to the study of the Bible. In his day he was a biblical scholar of the first order, a walking concordance and biblical dictionary. "I knew a young man," says Mr. Wesley, "about twenty years ago, who was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, that if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. His name was Thomas Walsh. Such a master of biblical knowledge I never saw before and never expect to see again."

Morgan says, his acquaintance with the letter of scripture and his retentive memory, supplied him as with a constant concordance. And it may be questioned whether there was a remarkable passage, historical, doctrinal, or perceptive, from Genesis to Revelation, which he could not, on a bare mention of it, turn to it immediately."

Besides the many calls made daily to the people in their homes, the sick in the hospitals, the condemned in the prisons, the meeting of the Bands and private duties, it is difficult to see how he found so much time for his studies, and made such remarkable progress therein. But he studied everywhere, and at all times, except when sleeping. "I have known him," says Morgan, (strange as it may seem) to spend fourteen hours of the four-and-twenty in his study, excepting only the intervals of prayer, in which he frequently poured out his soul for His blessing, whose inspiration alone teacheth man true wisdom. He often intermixed a verse of praise or

petition, and then, turning his face to the wall, and lifting up his heart and countenance to heaven, with his arms clasped about his breast, he would stand for some time before the Lord in solemn recollection, and then return to his work."

It was a rare thing ever to see him but with a book in his hand, hearing him speak of the things of God, or in meditation. When in traveling, he, at any time, stopped at an inn, as soon as he was shown to his chamber, to stay, whether for an hour or a night, he would, as though he forgot where he was, or what he came about, take out his little Hebrew Psalter, (which was a peculiarly favourite traveling companion of his,) or some other spiritual book, and fall immediately to his usual work; unless the time was otherwise taken up in exhorting the landlord or servants, or, in short, any he met with. Accommodations for his body were his smallest care; and his attention to those, was, as it were, by-the-by. He, like the tortoise, had his house always with him, and seemed everywhere, and yet nowhere, at home in this world. He pursued his work well nigh, equally at all times and in all places, unless when sickness prevented, and seemed spontaneously to lend to God. Even after preaching sometimes an hour and a half together, he has immediately resumed his studies, (having books always with him,) and thus often when several persons have been talking or otherwise employed, as their occasion required, around about him. He acted on the sentiment that he had no other business in this world than to pray and preach, and study, and live, in every place and in everything for God!

Before his removal to London he had acquired

the knowledge of the Latin, English and Irish languages, as well as mastering New Testament Greek. While there he hires with a Jew for a shilling per hour to learn Hebrew, a few lessons is all that is necessary for a start, and then he pursues it with such ardor that before one year passes he is able to read the Bible as well in its original tongue as in English. He called it the first and best of all languages. "O, truly and laudable, and worthy study? O, industry beyond all praise! Whereby man is enabled in the same language, knowingly to converse with God, with holy angels, and with patriarchs, and with prophets, and clearly to unfold to man the mind of God, from the language of God." "Special assistance from heaven," says he, "is the reason for his speedy mastery of this language. Wesley styles him "the best Hebraist I ever knew."

There is no indication that his close application to books was such as to make him forgetful of the needs of others, or neglectful of his high and holy calling. It is said, however, that at first the frequency of his stated times of prayer, was much interrupted thereby, but he followed the light he had, and having mastered the main difficulties in his work, his application was more moderate and unfirmly regular. Logic, Metaphysics, History, and Natural Philosophy were among his studies, and each subject received a good portion of his time, but all with reference to the one great object, the salvation of souls. And his fear, least in anything he should deviate from this, had much influence on the regulation of his studies. On one occasion he writes, "I was all day closely employed at study, but I fear I love my books too much. It is true my studies

relates to the work of God, but I often find my mind carried out in desire after language, arts, and sciences, yet I see the vanity of everything, when separate from God. To be sure, I prize the knowledge of Christ crucified above all other knowledge; to imitate His wisdom, goodness, meekness, patience and love. Alas! what are Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Metaphysics, everything to this? What is anything to the love of Jesus! Oh, that sweet peace of conscience, and contentment of mind, which arise from redemption in the blood! O Lord, Thou knowest I desire to be great in Thy grace; to be armed with Thy armour. My soul longs to rise above these little transitory things. I fain would rest in Thee; I thirst for the Divine life; I cast myself upon Jesus Christ, the God of glory, and Redeemer of the world; I pray for the spirit of illumination. I desire to be conformable unto Him; His friend, servant, disciple, and sacrifice! Come now my Jesus! see the longings of my soul, and finish the work there."

He loved and worshiped his God, and it was impossible but that he should love His word. "It is the joy of my heart," he cries, "and of more value than millions of worlds. O God give me understanding that I may keep Thy law." On one occasion he expected a watery grave from shipwreck, and put a small Bible into his bosom, determined to die with the lamp of life near his heart. It had been his guide and treasure in life, he was loathe to part with it in death.

The law of the Lord was his delight, and in that law he meditated day and night. Its teachings and principles had a most powerful effect upon his life,

both inward and outward. In the true language of his soul, he writes, "Thy word, O Lord, I have taken for mine inheritance, forever, O God, give me understanding, that I may keep Thy law! But let my whole dependence be on Jesus' merits. He is my Advocate. Only by faith in Him I stand. He is my sure refuge and portion in the land of the living."

He read the scriptures in order, beginning a book and going through with it regularly; but giving more attention to such portions as had reference to the doctrine of sin and salvation. Many portions, whole chapters, etc., were committed to memory. It was from this fountain he derived his ideas, sentiments, and expressions on all occasions; explaining doctrines, enforcing duties, and resolving difficulties, well nigh altogether in scripture words. The spirit of wisdom so rested upon him, that there was no part of the Divine word which occurred to his own mind, or was proposed to him by others, respecting doctrines, experience, or practice, of which he could not speak with convincing clearness and satisfaction. Some parts of his sermons were chiefly composed of scripture language. "He had a singular faculty for throwing light upon dark cases; and it was not unusual with, by two or three words speaking, sometimes to set right and entirely quiet the minds of persons perplexed before, about points of doctrine or experiences."

The same love for the word of God made his heart long for the salvation of souls. The love of Christ in him compelled him to weep and pray, to fast and prevail with God on his knees. What a spirit is seen in the following words copied from his diary. "O how my soul does thirst for the salva-

tion of all men ! How my heart does bleed with desire that the fulness of the Gentiles were brought in, and that all Israel might be saved." He watched for every opportunity of doing good to both the bodies and souls of men. He regarded loss, pain, reproach, and even death, as nothing, if he might but have the joy of seeing sinners saved, and the Church of God set on fire. This flaming desire kept him continually as on the wing, spending and being spent. "I have, says he, "but one life, and it is a hard case if I cannot readily lose that for His sake, who gave His life a ransom for mine, and for the life of the world. My soul bleeds for the world which lieth in wickedness." Whether preaching, praying, conversing, walking and even sleeping, his great soul went out to God for those who were strangers to Divine grace, or who were in danger through temptation and trials. This was his calling, this, the burden of his life. Sick of love for God and a perishing world.

He lived near to the heart of the eternal One, and always on the border of eternity, so much so, that he felt in a large measure that love which compelled the Father to give His Son, and which prompted the latter to come of His own free will, to die in our room and stead ; and to view this ruined world with the evils and misery among its struggling millions as time carried them to their eternal destiny. The possibility of only a few of them finding their way to the home of the blest, and the terrible probability of the greater mass of them missing their only calling and being dashed into the regions of the damned.

I say these feelings, these sights, these realizations, completely swallowed him up, and drew out his very

life in groans, tears, cries, supplications, "unto Him who was able to save them from death." The fire which burned in his heart never said, "It is enough," but ever living, ever burning, it mounted upwards, kindling all that was capable about him; as prone to fervour and activity, as some are to coldness and indolence. He was never weary of well doing, nor ever spoke slightingly, and with an indifferent affection, of the Great God, and of the things of religion in general, but with a seriousness and reverence becoming one who, by faith, saw the Invisible, and looked to be shortly with Him.

It is scarcely possible so to represent, as to enable a stranger to him adequately to conceive the flow of his soul, and energy of his spirit and expressions, while he endeavoured by all means to save some. To this end he truly imparted, not the Gospel of God only, but likewise his own soul; withholding nothing which he judged might be beneficial to the people. It was this noble object of pursuit which raised him likewise, above even the necessary attention to his body which it greatly required.

"He scorned his flesh to spare,
Regardless of his swift decline
His single aim, his ceaseless prayer.
To spread the righteousness Divine."

"He truly triumphed in the cross,
Its prints as on his body showed;
Lavished his life for Jesus' cause,
Whose blood for all so freely flowed."

"His warm heart and fervent courage, feared no danger in the discharge of his duty. He dreaded not the faces of men, but, where occasion offered, boldly reprov'd what he saw amiss in everyone."

His labors were indeed much beyond the strength of his body, and his fervent zeal wouldn't suffer him to stand still.

"The love of Christ did him constrain
To seek the wandering sons of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears to save
And snatch them from the infernal grave."

His friends found it necessary sometimes to hide his clothes so as to keep him in his room. Such quenchless zeal burned in his soul as to drown the crying demands of his body.

"His whole conversation was like fire, warming, refreshing and comforting all that were about him, and begetting in their souls a measure of the same zealous concern for the glory of God, and the salvation of sinners, which burned in his own breast. It was not possible to be much with him, and not to hear discourses which bred a detestation of sin, and love of holiness. When calling at the homes of the people, or meeting them in the street, he never left them without a word of encouragement or cheer. "Well, let us hold out a little longer! Are you pressing forward? Are you watching now unto prayer, and pressing after perfect love?" Were some of the frequent expressions which flowed from his lips. "I shall never forget," says one, "a word which Mr. Walsh, taking me by the hand one day, spoke to me in my shop: 'Tis worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone."

He never did anything in a dilatory manner. What his hand found to do, he did it with his might. To serve God negligently, to him was intolerable. His life went out in every action, so much so as to give one the impression that he desired to merit

heaven thereby ; "and yet, at the same time heartily despising and rating himself as an unprofitable servant." His heart and treasure was in heaven ; this world, with all its furniture, its idle pomp, and fading joys, were as nothing to him." With zeal for the glory of his Redeemer and the salvation of souls, he was, as it were, eaten up continually.

Such untiring efforts to save the lost, such agonizing prayers in secret, such vehement preaching was certain to do his already frail body imparable damage. | "His constitution was originally feeble, yet in his mental and ministerial labors he used it as if it were Herculean. Thomas Walsh died a martyr, but he was self-martyred : He seldom smiled, and perhaps never laughed after the commencement of his public ministry. This habitual self-absorption, added to excessive labor, produced the usual consequence of such error ; his health failed, and his nervous sensibilities suffered tortures, which he too often ascribed to demoniacal agency. (Stephen's History of Methodism.)

He suffered much from his diseased body ; perhaps more than anyone, not acquainted with the case could easily conceive. Toplady who calls him "My friend," says, "It was hardly possible for any created being to suffer on this side eternity, more pain of body. * * * His bowels literally came away from him by piece-meal." But had his bones been brass and his flesh iron, he must have yielded to the violence which his life and labors offered to his constitution. He enjoyed good health until the nineteenth year of his age, which was the year of his conversion to God. But from the twentieth to the twenty-eight, which was the last year of his sojourning among men,

his life may be said to be no other than a lingering death, as he never was a whole day free from pain or weakness."

"A slow fever and pain at his stomach, were, for the most part, his companions both by day and night. He could in this respect say, literally, "I die daily." I bear in my body the dying of the Lord Jesus." For this his daily martyrdom was brought upon him, and cheerfully endured, wholly for His Name's sake. The manner of his preaching, intense study, little rest, and frequent outward fatigues, broke the very frame of his nature, and brought him in a short time to such a habit of body as medicines were never after able to remove. An eminent physician once said to him, "Mr. Walsh, I would not use my horse as you use your body." The burning fever of his spirit in the cause of God, and the deep concern which he continually felt for the salvation of sinners, prevailed over all that either prudence could dictate, or friends and enemies persuade or threaten." "It is," says he, "in the work of God, in the cause of Christ! Therefore I rejoice; for I count not my life dear to myself. If I may but glorify my Lord God, and only Master, Jesus Christ."

It is really surprising, considering the weakness of his body, and the habitual disorders, that he could possibly go through with such daily and nightly labors as he did. In many instances he attributes his strength to Divine assistance. "Sometimes," says he, "when I begin the labor of love, I am hardly able to walk or speak, but after I have laboured a while, I find new strength, and am even better than when I began." The reader will see from the clippings of his Journal, further on in this book, many

instances of his extreme suffering. Yet in all this he was resigned to the will of God, and never was heard to murmur or complain. Though he felt suffering as any other human being, he seemed to glory in it, for he knew it drove him to Jesus for grace and comfort. In nearly every case of illness he had, before it came on, remarkable visitations of Divine love and blessing. This he calls "the goodness of God and clear manifestations of His love." These seasons of affliction were not fruitless, though trying to the mind and body, he carefully examined his soul, weighed every thought and feeling to see if there was any cause in himself for this suffering, and also to discern if there were any marks of advancement in the life of God.

The following account written during a seizure of fever, lasting twenty-nine days, will give us some idea of the working of his mind.

1. "I had no joy for twenty days. The severity of my sickness and pain pressed down my soul. Neither Divine light or love shone into my heart; yet I prayed often with freedom and fervour."

2. "I had no strong temptations, no fear of death or hell; neither had I any desire to die. On the thirteenth day I had an assurance I would not die. (Tyrrel's Pass.) My greatest uneasiness arose from the place where I lay, which was a narrow room with a shop adjoining, where was hurry and noise almost continually. This circumstance, through the evil of my heart, often became a temptation to impatience. But I cried unto the Lord, and He made everything more easy to me every day."

3. "About the twentieth day my soul and body much revived, I could, after a night of heaviness and affliction, rejoice in God. I experienced much of the

love of Christ, but yet I felt the 'old man.' Also, what an evil heart have I! How hard it is to humble me and wean myself from the earth! Lord, Thou knowest my heart and reins. And is it not my desire to love Thee with all my soul, and serve Thee with all my strength?"

"Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Oh tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there."

4. "On the twenty-sixth day, early in the morning, the gracious Lord replenished my soul with His love. He poured out His spirit upon me. The intercourse was opened between heaven and my soul. I loved, and could pray for all the world, as for myself. O, how does Christ enlarge my heart! What flames of Divine charity does He kindle there! The twenty-seventh day I had such a sense of the mercy of God as quite overcame my soul. In the evening, however, I felt a severe struggle, but the blessed Spirit soon delivered and set my heart at liberty. Lord, since it has pleased Thee to spare me a little longer, make my life useful. Let me be wholly given up to Thee and Thy service, that I may glorify Thee in all things, through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen."

On another occasion of illness, later on in his life, he marks down with his peculiar exactness and open-heartedness, the feelings of his heart, the temptations to which he was exposed, and the manifestations of the love and blessing of the Lord. "I was seized with a fever which confined me to my room till Friday, Nov. 7th, and shall remark the following particulars:—

1. "I examined myself what might be the cause of my illness, but could not discern anything in particular. I saw, indeed, that many of my tempers, words, and actions were not truly holy. I was ashamed of my best performances. I saw my best living as a mere blot; yet the guilt of no particular sin lay upon my conscience."

2. "I was more subject to temptations in this sickness than usual: not indeed to think hard of God, or repine at my illness; but I had spiritual conflicts, wrestling against principalities and powers. Against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places. The third day, which was Thursday, Oct. 30, I had the sorest conflicts that I ever felt. I was suddenly seized in body and amazed in mind. I thought every movement would have been my last, I had a vehement thirst. My tongue was dry and turgid, and my soul was in agony. I was overwhelmed with fear, sorrow, and sore afflictions."

"All the sins of my life passed before me, but especially those which were since I had been enlightened, and since I preached the gospel. I saw and felt myself hell-deserving; that I was nothing, and could do no good work before God. I was really poor in such a manner and degree as I never felt before. I was stripped, humbled, emptied, laid open, confounded, and afraid of God's judgments; though not afraid of the devil or hell, nay, I all the while knew I had redemption in the blood of Jesus, and that all my sins were forgiven. Who can understand? Only such as have felt the same.

3. "In the midst of my troubles, I had liberty in prayer. My understanding and memory remained

with me, and abundant of spiritual matter was suggested to my mind. Even passages of scripture that I never used before, were brought to me in prayer. I was alarmed in every part and cried mightily to God. I cried to all about me to pray for me. Surely they saw the bitterness of my soul. God remembers them for good who then sympathized with me in my trouble !”

4. “It left me gradually and without any sensible joy. Peace and confidence arose by degrees in my spirit. The very extremity of the combat lasted about a quarter of an hour. It just then occurred to me that some days before, I heard Jesus, as it were, speak, and say to me, ‘Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not ! And now I fully understood it. In so many instances are those words of our Lord true, ‘What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.’

5. “I felt, (and might it not be the design of God in the whole?) that the name of Jesus alone could bring me to God, and I had such a deep sense of this, as I never knew before. I had, besides, extraordinary evidence of the eternal power and Godhead of Christ Jesus. In all my illness this truth has been wonderfully revealed to me, both by the external evidence of holy writ, and the internal evidence of the Holy Spirit.”

In a letter to Mr. Wesley some time after this illness, he says, “I acknowledge I have been an opposer of Arianism ever since I knew what I was, but especially since my late illness, during which I had such glorious evidences of the eternal power and Godhead of my Great Redeemer.” “None of the

prayers I made use of, so foiled and drove away Satan, as "Jesus, Son of the living God, have mercy upon, and save me from this hour." Likewise the fifty-third of Isaiah, and the twenty-third of Jeremiah, and the sixteenth of St. Matthew, with much of the Revelation, came into my mind, and my prayers were made up chiefly of passages from these places. I cried out, when I thought I should speak no more, and said, 'Lord I have trusted in Thee, and I believe Thou wilt raise me up at the last day.'

"I had, at the same time, most earnest desires to be made holy. I saw more clearly than ever the nature and necessity of perfect love; and was fully persuaded of the necessity of preaching Christian Perfection, and of declaring that all is of grace."

6. "For four or five days after this was over, I had much of the presence of God and of Christ; many Scripture truths revealed to me, and strong assurances that God would spare me a little longer, to preach His Gospel to the ignorant and them that are out of the way, and to help forward the faith of His children."

His mentioning the terrible fear of God to which he was subjected during his illness, was perhaps; not on account of any sin. There were times indeed when the conviction for the sin of his heart was almost unbearable, but these other seasons were manifestations of the awfulness of the Almighty. Few experience such, because they live too far from the Lord, and spend too little time on their faces before Him. Moses experienced it on Mt. Sinai, Isaiah in the temple, Daniel before the archangel, Paul in the third heaven. Finney makes mention of a day of prayer on board ship in which he was so

powerfully effected by the power and presence of God as to cause the flesh to tremble on his bones, and the hairs of his head to stand on an end.

“For three days past I have had much converse with God and vehement desires to live wholly to His glory. I have required the reason of my affliction ; and think, God did it to humble me, that I should not be puffed up with the praises of the people. They cannot, indeed, too much admire the truths of God, nor be too thankful to Him for them. But danger was lest I should think myself somebody. Yet I cannot lay to my charge the desire of applause. Neither did I find it lift one up : on the contrary, it often made me ashamed knowing my own vileness, and how little I either did, or suffered for God.

“And truly I was never more sensible of my own unprofitableness than I am at this hour. I blush at how low a rate I yet live. But above all, when I consider the life of the holy Jesus, O, how far short do I come ? I am not entirely dead to myself, I am not altogether freed from affection to creatures, I cannot rejoice equally to suffer, as to be comforted, I speak words I ought not and spend some minutes unprofitably. In short, I do not live to God, or my neighbour as I ought.”

“O, was it not for free grace, and the blood of sprinkling, where should I appear ? But Thou knowest my desire, or rather the desire of Thy spirit within me. Thou knowest that there has never been a saint upon earth whom I do not desire to resemble, in doing and suffering Thy whole will. I would walk with Thee my God as Enoch did, I would follow Thee to a land unknown as Abraham did, I would renounce all for Thee as did Moses and Paul,

I would, as did Stephen, seal Thy truth with my blood."

"Is this not the desire of my soul, O my Saviour ? O, give me power, give grace, and constancy. For unless Thou helpst, all my longings and praying, will prove fruitless. But if Thou waterest these plants of Thine own right hand's planting, this grain shall become a great tree, and my soul shall be swallowed up in Thee, my Lord God !"

"Jesus is all my comfort and my joy, my life and my strength, O, if I had not Jesus for my help, I should be miserable. But since I have Thee, my Lord, I am happy, therefore, in these my afflictions. The lovely smile of Thy countenance, which shines with glory, revives and raises me, O Divine love ! What hast Thou done for me, a poor sinner ? O that my soul were loosened from this body, that I might ascend the holy hill of the Lord ! My Jesus, when shall I behold Thee face to face ? O that this separate wall was broken down, this partition was taken away, and that I could even now enter into the celestial courts, there to sing everlasting Hallelujah's to my Lord God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

CHAPTER VI.

HIS SAINTLINESS—PRAYER—REDEEMING THE TIME
—FREEDOM FROM THIS WORLD.

“A Saint! Oh would that I could claim
The privileged, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band!

A saint! Oh give me but some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
A warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kindoms in thine hand.”

PERHAPS there was no man more loved and esteemed among early Methodists (excepting Mr. Wesley, himself) than Thomas Walsh. Everyone spoke of him with deepest regard. He certainly did have failures and infirmities, but like the spots on the sun they could not well be seen for the glory and brightness which surrounded his person. The holy zeal, the flaming love of God in his heart, the tenderness of spirit and humility of mind, and the constant sense of the Divine presence with him, were such marked features in his life that no one wished to notice his short-comings. “So powerfully did the grace of God work in him to the destruction of sin,

and to such a degree of victory did he attain over himself, the world, and Satan, that to many he seemed more than human, being in truth a man of another world, in whom dwelleth richly the spirit of the living God." He was truly a saint, and as such would have graced the name of any church. Wesley called him "that man of God," and regarded him with a sentiment which could hardly be called respect; it was reverence, if not awe. Of no other of his contemporaries, young or old, has he left such emphatic expressions of admiration as for this young man.

Five years before the latter's death, and before he had entered into that blessed experience of perfect love, and close fellowship with God which he had the last two years of his life, Wesley writes to Christopher Hopper, one of his preachers, "be another Thomas Walsh." In writing to his Bro. Charles he says, "I love, admire and honour him, and wish we had six preachers in all England of his spirit." In another instance he calls him "that blessed man," and adds, "Wherever he preached the word, whether in English or Irish, it was sharper than a two-edged sword. I do not remember ever to have known a preacher, in so few years as he remained upon the earth, who was such an instrument of converting so many sinners."

And in his "Popery calmly considered," he says, speaking of those who in the Church of Rome had lived holy lives, "I do not believe that many of them of the same age, were more holy than Thomas Walsh." Also in his sermon on "Patience" he calls him that "man of God." Again in a letter to Mr. Blackwell, dated Newey, April 26th, 1760, he says,

"Hitherto, I have had an extremely prosperous journey ; and all the fields are white to the harvest, but that the labourers are few, is not the only hindrance to the gathering it in effectually. Of these few some are useless, some heavy and dull; scarce one of the spirit of Thomas Walsh."

Fifteen years after, in a letter to Miss Ritchie, speaking of the work in Ireland where "many are convinced of sin, many justified ; and not a few perfected in love." One means of which is, that several of our young preachers, of whom we made little account, appear to be (contrary to all expectations) men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost ; and they are pushing out to the right hand and to the left ; and wherever they go, God prospers their labors. I know not whether Thomas Walsh will revive in two, if not three of them." At another time Mr. Wesley says, "I took knowledge that the people of Dublin had neither seen nor heard much of self-denial since Thomas Walsh left the kingdom."

All contemporary allusions to him found in Methodist books, express similar reverence, if not, indeed, wonder. The seraphic Fletcher marveled at the grace of God in him, Holy Bramwell, the man so mighty in prayer, speaks of the great help he derived from the study of his life. And in the lives of many others of early Methodist preachers, allusions are made to him, and all with the same spirit of veneration, and who could but "admire and honour" such a man, so given up to the cause of God, and so dead to the things of this world. He lived on the borders of eternity and received things in the light thereof. No wonder then, of his heavenly frame of mind, and his hatred for every form of evil. Indeed

sometimes he lived as in heaven itself. Even before he was sanctified wholly, when he struggled with the inherited depravity of his nature; when there was that struggling between "flesh and spirit," there were none of these outward appearances of sin, those hot flashes of countenance, etc., so visible in many who profess to have the graces of the Holy Spirit. Men saw in him the spirit of Jacob at Peniel. He was a wrestler with God. James Morgan, who perhaps knew him better, and saw more of his public and private life than any other man, and to whom we are indebted for the greater part of this chapter, says, "To such as were witnesses of his fervent zeal, mighty prayers, steady seriousness and habitual heavenly mindedness, I shall not wonder if all that is said seems far short of a full description of him. And yet I am aware, on the other hand, that to many others it may all have the air of ideal flight, or enthusiastic folly,—and to persons who, cold themselves, think ardour comes from hell.

**"Themselves men, make their comments on mankind,
And think nought is, but what they find at home."**

The deep genuine acquaintance with God, to which he attained was, in truth beyond that which the generality of Christians arrive at, although all are, without doubt equally entitled thereto. He truly put off the old man with his deeds, and became renewed in the spirit of his mind. In him might be seen how great things God doeth for His children who simply follow Him, even in this world, not less than making him complete before Him in love; that being perfect and entire, lacking nothing, they might

anticipate that eternal life which is with the Father and the Son.

“My first acquaintance with him began soon after the mercy of God had stirred me up to seek His face. From a studious regard of the Holy Scriptures, it was soon given me to understand what manner of person a Christian approved of God must be ; and thence forward, I both read, conversed, and thought of little else. And in him I saw clearly, what, till then, I had only conceived. In him my conceptions were truly exemplified. Much has been reported both of the gifts, and graces with which our Lord had enriched Mr. Walsh, yet, with the utmost truth and soberness it is spoken. I found in him much more than I had either conceived or heard. Nor did the long intimacy with him, with which I was afterward privileged, alter in the least my sentiments. There is much truth in the observation, that it is dangerous to dip, in most men, below the surface, lest our curiosity should rob us of our good opinion of them. But it was not so with him, rather, the more thoroughly he was known, the more one could not but admire him ; so powerfully did the grace of God work in him.

It might, perhaps, be thought tedious, minutely to describe all the particular graces and special exercises which adorned his life. And, indeed, to conceive of the excellences which appeared in him, they need not be attended to one by one ; for neither so could they be fully comprehended. But he walked before God in such a manner as abundantly excluded them all. He was a person of surprising greatness of soul, from which the whole circumference of created good was far, far too little. He found in God,

“That something still, which prompts the ‘eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die,’”

“The love of Jesus filled up in his soul that mighty void this whole creation leaves in human hearts. His exactness in all those particulars, which comprise men’s duty to God, their neighbour and themselves, was such, and so well known, that it would be easy to swell this chapter by enlarging on each of them to an enormous size. But passing over the greater part of them, I shall only point out a few particulars, relating chiefly to his internal state, and more secret carriage toward God, which were within my own certain notice.

From the earliest dawn of the grace of God in his soul, to which he attended, he was remarkable for constancy and importunity in prayer. He was early a wrestler with God, and prevailed to the obtaining that eminency in the knowledge of God, for which he was apprehended in Christ, and which is here related in part. The more he became acquainted with Divine things, so much the more did he increase in this soul enriching exercise. He that has never prayed can never conceive, and he that has prayed as he ought can never forget, how much is to be gained by prayer.”

“Besides the daily and often public, pouring out of his soul in general intercession, and occasional addresses to God, in behalf of needy souls, who often came to him for that purpose, he had his own stated times for approaching God in secret ; in which it was far from sufficing, barely to present himself and wait, whether in silence or in discourse, before the Lord. He accounted the work still to do, unless he felt his spirits effected with sentiments suitable to his con-

dition, whether of holy mourning, self-reprehension, recovered, or increase of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, or some establishment in faith, meekness, patience, hope and love."

"'Praying with all prayer,' seemed the business of his life; for the doing of which he waited neither for positions, times, nor places. A heart so disposed rendered holy to him everything of this kind. Prostrate upon his face, standing, walking, eating, in every posture, and in every place and condition, he was a man mighty in prayers. In sleep itself, to my certain knowledge, his soul went out in groans, and sighs, and tears to God. His heart, having obtained such an habitual tendency could only give over when it ceased to beat; expressing by its every motion.

"O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in prayer to Him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, great Love! by Thee."

"The enjoyment of Divine sweetness which God imparted to him in secret; and the nearness of access to the Divine Majesty with which he was favoured, were indeed amazing, and much better felt than can be expressed. He had been, sometimes, as it were, lost in glorious absence on his knees, with his face heavenward, and arms clasped round his breast, in such composure, that scarcely could one hear him so much as breathe.

"Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."

"His soul seemed absorbed in God, and enjoyed

a calmness, and transport, which can here be well enough reconciled. From the serenity, and something resembling splendour, which appeared on his countenance, and in all his gestures afterwards, one might easily discover what he had been about. Yes,

“A soul in converse with her God in heaven ;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
 The whirl of passion and the strokes of heart,
 Prayer, ardent, opens heaven, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man in audience with the Deity.”

“It was especially towards the conclusion of his Lord’s work, that he was favoured with such near fellowship with Him. He approached the throne of grace with much of the reverential boldness of faith, believing that whatever he asked, he should have the petition he asked for ; the Holy Spirit making intercession in his heart according to the will of God. And to such a degree of confidence in Him did he arrive by this means, that in the greatest straits of his life (and he met with some things which came home to him with the deepest sensibility), he was more than kept up, so that he seemed to fear nothing, even where, to all human apprehension, everything was to be feared. He so abandoned himself to God, in the discharge of his duty, that his very friends were sometimes ready to charge him with being a little rash, or imprudent.

Although he endeavored to use his understanding, as far as ever it would go, yet, acting in view of those things, “which are not seen,” and from motives referring to eternity, he was not, it is true, so attentive to the decorums among men, as mere human pru-

dence would have dictated. And, in reality, it is a truth, which is learned from a series of experience, and confirmed by numberless examples, that whoever would do much for God, should take care of being too wise. There is reason to think, that if the apostles themselves had consulted the directions of bare human reason, they never had undertaken the conversion of the world.

“An habitual spirit of mortification served as wings to his prayer, and, perhaps the need of this is much more than is commonly thought, a guard of that indisposedness to, weariness in prayer, which is so generally complained of among Christians: many of whom are often glad of a pretended occasion to avoid the duty. Something is amiss in us, and is wanted a name, till the Spirit of God, by enjoining the duty of mortification, hath taught us to know, that want of mortification of the Spirit, is the cause of all, at least of many, of our secret and spiritual indispositions. The excellences of heaven cannot be discerned, but by a spirit disrelishing the low appetites of the world, and of flesh and blood. Unless our spirit be mortified, we neither love to pray, nor does God love to hear us. We find all the way through our heavenly journey, that to be carnally minded, in the least degree, is a proportionable degree of death, and that a mind truly spiritual alone, has a true life and peace.

“It is hard to say, positively, which he was most remarkable for, the spirit, or the gift of prayer; though it need not be told which he most esteemed. His public character made it right and necessary for him to desire and endeavor after ‘spiritual gifts.’ And the eminence to which he arrived therein, in

general, is too well known to need a particular relation."

Morgan wrote this a short time after Walsh's death, at a time when the latter was well known.

"To hear him, on some occasions, pour out his soul to God, made one think, whence hath a man these things! Such a sluice of Divine oratory ran through the whole of his language, on religious subjects, as is rarely to be met with. His public addresses to God were, commonly, well nigh altogether in the words of the Holy Ghost. It seemed as if he turned the whole Bible into words of adoration, confession, petition, supplication, thanksgiving, and glory, while at the same time, his expressions glowed with the love of God; and, all this with such ardour, intention, purtenancy, and faith, that it has seemed sometimes as if the heavens were open, and and God himself appeared in the congregation. But he made no account of this, with regard to the perfection of his own soul. He made it his chief aim to follow after love, and to live in a momentary spirit of watchful prayer.

"Towards the close of his earthly pilgrimage, and before his last sickness in particular, his prayer had less of labor in it than formerly; and consisted, for the most part, of a passive receiving the impressions of the Divine Spirit; God acting rather in him, than he acted himself. And so still and recollected did he frequently appear therein, that it was as if God was visible before him, and that he spoke to the Divine Majesty with such nearness of access, and child-like familiarity, as the Scriptures, express with speaking face to face."

This difference in prayer is traceable to the fact,

that he had obtained that blessed experience of entire sanctification, which releases the soul from all inward strugglings with sin and unbelief, and fills it with the spirit of perfect liberty and access to God. Every object and occurrence spoke to him of God ; nor could there be wanting in, at any time or place, incentives to raise his heart in prayer or praise to Him whom his soul loved.

“One particular which he learned in the course of his experience was, that although the light received from God in the way of prayer, is of all other, to be most faithfully attended to, yet, nevertheless, that one ought never to act upon every appearance of this kind; that the enemy of man’s salvation can, and often does, mimic the Spirit of God, by representing as from Him, that which is often none other than Satan’s illusions, or our own imagination : the result is grievous, and sore mistakes in thoughts and conduct follow. He saw this danger and was, therefore, very sparing in mentioning much of what he often felt. He weighed everything by the word of God ; avoided precipitancy of conduct, and making haste ; and at the same time labored to abandon himself, as it were, blindfolded, to the teaching of the spirit of truth and purity.”

Mr. Walsh fully realized the importance of redeeming the time. In the early stages of his experience “he drew up a plan, in writing, of the manner which he judged most profitable for him to spend the day. He distributed it into certain portions and assigned to each its particular employment, which he punctually observed ; allowing only for occasional interruptions in the business of his profession. Reading the Scriptures, times of stated prayer, and

visiting the sick, had the grand places in this division of the day. He could never find leisure for mere ceremonious visits, or unnecessary conversations of any kind. Even at meals, and, indeed, in every incidental matter he had to do with, he ceased not to pursue the main end of living ; namely to get and to do good in his generation.

It was really surprising to see his thriftiness in this particular. He even deprived himself of such indulgences as nature absolutely required, in order to her performing the offices he imposed upon her continually, such, for example, as abstaining from all study immediately after meals ; when, notwithstanding, he ate exceeding sparingly, more relaxation would have been better for his health ; likewise his not using sufficient quantity of exercise, but most of all, not allowing himself a sufficiency of proper rest and refreshing sleep."

He was often up late at study ; and his general time of rising was four o'clock, or a little after, sometimes between three and four. He was often urged to take more rest. I remember once to have heard a gentlewoman compassionating the wasting, dying condition of his body, saying, "Sure Mr. Walsh, you may, at least, lie longer in bed on Sunday morning, when the preaching is not so early." With his usual zeal and abrupt plainness, he replied, 'Should a man rob God?' He was commonly up earliest on the Lord's day, for which he had the highest veneration."

His zealous fervour for God which appeared in all his conduct in the home, at the meals, and everywhere, was so marked that an elderly woman, who lived in the same house with Walsh in London, determined to watch him closely. She observed all his

ways which came within her notice and without letting any one know, watched even his secret retirements. This she did sometimes through the key-hole, or a crack in the door, and often found him upon his knees, his countenance lifted up to heaven and lost to his surroundings; sometimes prostrate on the floor with tears and sighs to God. This woman did this to be fully satisfied with his integrity; for she could hardly believe anyone, could at all times, live as he lived; she was fully satisfied that his life was one grand whole. Continuing Morgan says, "During the long intimacy I had with him, I do not remember to have known him to spend a minute in discoursing about natural occurrences, politics, worldly diversions, or anything of the sort. He knew that these were not his affairs, and that his business was one: and the same may be said of what is called free and pleasant conversation. So provident was he of time, and so bent upon the pursuit of that "immense revenue which every moment pays," that in whatsoever company he was, unless something relative to the one thing needful was read, or discoursed of, he either took out a book, (impolite as it may seem) or continued in profound silence, save when he answered a question. And if, at any time, anything vain or tending to levity was spoken, so as to occasion the least appearance of approbation in his looks or gesture, he severely reprehended himself for it afterwards, and prayed for strength for the time to come.

"Persons both studious and religious, who sometimes visited him, and finding him always diligently employed, have afterwards said to me, 'What, is he never tired? always at it? Surprising!' 'No, he was

never weary of his work, never had a moment at the mercy of an intruder, to spend unnecessarily ; never had any time hanging upon his hands, which he did not know what to do with ; and under the weightiest pressure of mind, was never

'Blundering split on idleness, for ease.'

"And, yet, notwithstanding all his caution, care, and diligence, he frequently lamented his not improving the time better." I don't use every moment to the best purpose, was a frequent reflection of his against himself. How truthful are the words,

"On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour."

"His indifference to this world was such as even—bordered upon abhorring, and the rather, as he could not but observe, what a gulf to souls it is, and how many are lost forever through their undue attachment to this life. His heart and treasure were, in truth, in heaven.

"Blessed with the scorn of finite good,
His soul was lightened of its load,
And sought the things above."

"He kept at the utmost distance from what worldly men most ardently court, and earnestly sought what they most abhor. How truly he could say,—

"The things eternal I pursue ;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want,

"No foot of land do I possess
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below ;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain:

Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise,
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies."

"The vain things, riches, honors, and pleasures of this world, were too poor and inconsiderable for so generous a heart, he showed the greatness of his soul by despising all that was beneath it. He had the most generous contempt for money, esteeming it (unless to bestow on the poor, or procure a book sometimes) as the pebbles of the street. He had that reliance on the providence of God, and found a happiness therein, which infinitely surpassed all the enjoyments and treasures of the universe."

CHAPTER VII.

RECOLLECTION OF SPIRIT—GOVERNMENT OF THOUGHTS.

“Never man was truly blest
But it composed, and gave him such a caste
As folly might mistake for want of joy :
A caste unlike the triumph of the proud,
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.”

“I have carefully read the following account, and believe it to be strictly true.

I think it will need no further recommendation to the children of God.”—JOHN WESLEY.

With these few words Mr. Wesley introduces Morgan's life of Walsh. This testimony thus given supposes some acquaintance with the work itself; sufficient, at least, to show the value of the material, provided dependence could be placed on the accuracy of the statements. And no spiritual minded man can avoid the hypothetical conclusion.

“If these be true, it is most valuable.” Here Mr. Wesley's voucher comes in—He declares it to be strictly true.

SPEAKING of the recollection of spirit, and government of his thoughts, Mr. Morgan further remarks. “His carriage, aspect, words, and indeed,

the whole of his behaviour, spoke to the solemnity and profound recollection of his soul. Nor can a stranger better conceive of him, in regard to this particular, than by forming to himself an idea of a person returned from the happy dead conversing. And it was nearly in this manner that some have expressed their surprise of him. A gentleman said to me one day, "I met Mr. Walsh on the street, and I declare he seemed like a person from the other world." So emaciated a countenance, such fixedness of thought, and serenity of deportment as appeared in him, especially towards the close of his life on earth, were indeed surprising in so young a man, and discovered something very different from the busy ways of men.

"One needed only to look at him, to perceive that there was something in him more than common. And if, as the Son of Sirach says, a man may be known by his look, and one that has understanding may be perceived by the marking of his countenance; they must be indeed superficial observers, that could not discern in his very aspect, the excellences that dwelt within him. An air of wisdom and purity appeared in him continually. There seemed to be something peculiarly distinguishing in the very features of his countenance. Some have taken him to be little less than fifty years of age, at the time he was but five and twenty, and three years after, at the time of his death, he appeared to be a man of sixty."

"His uniform composure was the rather to be noticed, as his life was not of the recluse, but of the popular kind. He had to do with multitudes; and unless on special occasions, was seldom alone six hours together out of company. It is true, indeed,

he seldom appeared in public, unless to speak of the things of eternity, in some respect or other. But he was so shut in with God, that all places became alike to him; and he retained the same attention to God in the most thronged streets of London, which he could have in the most sequestered wilderness. Curious sights, elegant furniture, in shops or houses, magnificent buildings, fine shows, and the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, with everything of this kind, were no more to him than the chirping of a sparrow, or the buzzing of a fly. To all which the constant government which he had over his senses greatly contributed. The difference of taste, harmony of sounds, and whatever his eyes could behold, were as nothing to him. He was, in this respect, truly crucified to the world, and the world to him. Even in traveling through the most pleasant parts of the country, and in the most pleasant seasons, when the stupendous beauty of the creation, the spacious firmament, the verdure of the country, the music of the groves, and all the joint beauties of nature, might have furnished him with laudable and delightful contemplation, yet he seemed unsensible of the whole, enjoying a

“Paradise within him, happier far ;”

and feeling what is beautifully described in these lines :—

“With Thee conversing, I forget all times ;
All seasons, and their changes, please alike.”

“When he at any time adverted to the works of God in creation (and he had a mind capable of the deepest researches) he was delighted chiefly with

the heavens, paved as it were, with those living fires, and the living stars. But the use he made of everything, was to get more acquainted with God. He was, in truth, loosed from the earth's enclosure, and from the contracted circle of the sun, his heart was set at large. Christ and the Scriptures with things, pertaining to them, were the only and uniform objects of his attention, and everything, place, or person, which did not serve to promote, in some degree, his knowledge and love of these, had with him, the estimate of trivial and insignificant. And hence it was that the presence of God became so exceedingly familiar to Him as it was. He could not be content a moment without it. And hereby was he fitted, likewise, for more glorious, and more frequent Divine communications, of which he had not a few, in the course of his progress. Several times he has been quite lost to himself, and insensible of everything about him, being left in the vision of God. Two instances, in particular, are related in his diary, in which he seemed as though he was out of the body for some time. One day, I remember going to visit a person who was ill; as soon as he got to the staircase, being in his usual composure, 'Did you see that light?' said he, with a sudden low voice. To which I answered partly with a sigh having seen nothing. He said no more, but it was easy to discern in him, the rest of that day and night, a very peculiar solemnity of soul. In places of public worship he hardly ever saw anybody, so as to distinguish them, and in every means of grace his grand aim was to find more of God within him. He waited for this in lively earnest composure, and thus approaching the Lord's table, in particular, he ate the

flesh and drank the blood of the Son of God indeed. 'My heart burned, was in a flame! O what a fire of Divine love was there.' were the frequent memorials which he left in his diary after communicating. Those heavenly sweets, which often overflowed his soul at the altar, spread their inundation over every other part of his holy living. His recollection carried itself into the midst of all his other labors, in which he was still preserved without dissipations, notwithstanding their multiplicity, and sometimes complex nature.

It was very usual for him to express what he felt of God in the simile of fire, to which the operations, of the Holy Ghost were frequently compared in Scripture. He often felt, in prayer, and walking, a scorching within him of the love of God. And from the abundance of the heart his mouth generally spoke. Words of life and fire issued, as it were, out of his lips, which were no other than the sparks out of a burning heart. And often he could hardly refrain from expressing the holy raptures of his soul out aloud; as, O Holy God! Glorious Jehovah! Blessed Jesus, Son of the living God! He frequently stood up and sang,

"O love, how cheering is Thy ray
 All pain before Thy presence flies!
 Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
 Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing, hear, feel, or think, but Thee."

'Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
 Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
 Give to my soul with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires,
 That all my powers with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite."

“There was at first a desire that the success of his labors might be in some sort proportionable to his zeal and endeavours ; but he in time learned otherwise, and became unanxious, on this head being taught of God, that, having done his part, he should think no more about the matter ; but still go on straight-forward, keeping himself in repose with God : in imitation of the angels, who continually watch over the souls which God has given them in charge ; but who lose nothing of their tranquility or happiness, even when their utmost care is unsuccessful. Well knowing that confusion of ideas, and desultoriness of thought alone, greatly impairs the orderly state of the inward man, he took particular care to stop them in the beginning ; never allowing his mind to wander he knew not whither. Not, indeed, that he aimed therein at a chain of regular thinking, but rather avoided such impertinences and roving of thought, as prevent a calm composure of soul, and waiting upon God : though his diligence and watchfulness in this respect, brought, at length, his thoughts into a kind of military discipline, so that he has been known sometimes to have remained recollected for hours, in such a manner as rendered him, in appearance, motionless, and still, almost as a statue. In reality, if, as the Platonists say, the soul may be dislodged from the body by thinking, it might have been expected to have fared so with him ; for sure never was a man more prone to intenseness of thought and abstraction of ideas.”

“And from hence, partly, arose the extreme tenderness of conscience, which was so remarkable in him, and which gave him a constant holy jealousy over himself, in everything he did ; so that not a

word, motion, or look could escape him unexamined, or uncensured, if it deserved it; resolving to do better for the time to come. Hence, likewise, it was, that he had so very peculiar regard to all his words; speaking either to the purpose, that is, when occasion required him to speak, or not at all. And yet, notwithstanding, his utmost care, he was deeply conscious how far short he still came of that rectitude and entire renovation, becoming a person in fellowship with the God of purity and unspotted holiness."

"I have been," says he, "to-day reproved for an idle word." These words indicate the tenderness of his conscience, and the close scrutiny he lived under."

"His great rule was to imitate our Lord Jesus Christ in the most perfect manner he possibly could. The whole tenor of his conduct plainly discovered, that he sought nothing but God. There was in the chastity of his manner, a purity, next to angelical, and a circumspection in every step of proceeding which declared, that to him, "to live was Christ." He kept at the utmost distance from sensual indulgences of every kind. His senses were kept under the closest custody, and he examined his conscience almost continually. Nor could it be observed at any time, that he acted otherwise than within the rules of the utmost decency. The constant, lively sense that he had of invisible things was a standing proof of the purity of his desires and intentions."

"He was a man of tears, and sighs, and groans. He wanted not, indeed, the joy of a good conscience; and knowing continually in whom he believed, he enjoyed the benefits resulting therefrom. And yet,

notwithstanding this, the whole of his Christian pilgrimage was interspersed with much weeping."

"Sorrowing, yet still in peace."

This melancholy disposition, with the terrible disordered state of his body, and the severe temptations to which he was almost daily exposed, often kept his head bowed in sorrow whole days. It is apparently an easy matter for us, who now read of him, to point out his failures, and to say when and how he could have benefited in his life and habits; did we but live so close to God, and so conscious of eternal realities as did this young man, perhaps our mouths would be forever closed.

"He seldom had a dry handkerchief, a whole day together; his eyes being, for the most part, in private especially, as open fountains, and which did not cease to flow in the night seasons. How often have I known him to water his pillow with those briny rivers! Sometimes lamenting his too great estrangement from his Beloved; sometimes mourning for the mourners, but oftener than all, he was sick of love, —love to Christ the Crucified!"

"To some, indeed, there seemed in him something, at least, bordering upon an unyielding austerity of spirit: and so much is true, that, with regard to men and evil messengers, he was undaunted, as courageous as a lion, in the cause of God and of a good conscience; yet in other respects he was a man of the keenest sensibility and tenderest affections. He was, in the presence of his Invisible Observer, pliant as melted wax and clothed with dove-like meekness. He was often deluged in tears, prostrate before the

stool of his Lord's Majesty, and overwhelmed with a sense of His glory."

"He was, without affectation, a man of humility ; not, indeed so as to disown, or not to make use of, the gifts and graces with which God had endued him ; this would have been to lie against the truth ; but, notwithstanding all that he hath, yet taking the knowledge whence it came, he esteemed himself as nothing, but was truly diffident of, and heartily despised himself. And the only use which he made of his superior qualifications which God bestowed upon him, in the use of proper means, was to consider himself as obliged thereby to devote himself more abundantly to the service of God and his neighbor. The praises of others served only to abase him at the sight of his nothingness. 'Lord I am vile ! a worm ! O, deliver me from this evil man, myself ! Thou only act worthy !' were the frequent expressions of his lips, and pen. If any person, at any time gave him but the smallest hint, by way of reproof, he received it, either with silence, or expressions of thankfulness, according to the manner and occasion thereof. And supposing it to be a matter in which he was really without blame, yet the reproof was not lost upon him. He thereby took occasion to enter more deeply into himself, making the strictest scrutiny into the whole of his tempers and behaviour. He often said to God on these occasions, "Lord, though Thou knowest I am clear in this matter, yet, alas ! how many things are there for which I stand reprov'd before Thee ! My God, I adore Thee in this which Thou hast permitted." He often repeated, as a lesson of instruction to himself, those words of Kempis, "Thou dust, learn to obey. Thou earth

and clay, learn to denounce thyself. Thou oughtest to be such a little child, that everybody might trample them under their feet in the street.' There was the utmost steadiness in the whole of his religious conduct. The course of the sun, and the seasons, were not more regular than were his successive exercises of prayer, meditation, preaching and study; so that, from knowing how he spent one day, may be gathered how he spent the whole months or years, allowing only for the differences of circumstances, and occasions. Thus it was in things pertaining to God and His service; though, at the same time, his attention to himself, his ease and conveniences, were such, that some have accounted it not less than blameworthy negligence; so truly did he live, not to himself, or the will of man, but to God.

"The love of God was the fountain from whence issued forth those fruitful streams, which rendered his own soul flourishing as the garden of the Lord, and extended their salutary influence all around wherever he came. It was to this he reduced everything. All his things were done in love, and therefore, wrought in God. It was a debt he was ever paying, and from which he was never to be discharged.

"My God, let me love Thee! Jesus, Son of the living God, Thou knowest that I love Thee! O love Divine, what hast Thou done! Oh, that all the world did but love Thee! How would they then love Thee, Thou altogether lovely!" To this effect he often breathed out the warm emotions of his heart; so deeply was he penetrated with the love of God, his Saviour. He was always exceedingly pleased with, and frequently repeated these lines:—

“Eternity, too short to speak Thy praise,
Or fathom Thy profound love to man !”

“And again, without regarding their connection, but overwhelmed with the thought of the dying love of Jesus, he would utter, sometimes abruptly, and with astonishment,—

“Sensations new in angel bosoms arise,
Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.”

“Yet, it was not unusual with him to say, on the closest examination of all he was, and all he did, “If Christ forsook me, but for a moment, I should fall and perish, after all.” Yes, it was from His fulness he received all these good things, and with the dependent helplessness of an infant, he had resource to Him for light, and strength, and love; for everything, in short, which he wanted. He trusted only in His passion, and was inviolably attached to His crucified person. He could be happy only in conversation with Him; delighted peculiarly in those parts of Scripture which describe and endear Him; and from the fulness of his whole soul, repeated often, ‘God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ. To Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be the glory, both now and to eternity.’”

“He thought prayer to be his business more than anything else in this world; and, from the desire he had to redeem the time, he employed a great part of the night, as well as the day, in prayer, meditation, study, and labouring for the good of his neighbour. He was profoundly serious, and always collected at home and abroad. He watched over every motion of his soul, keeping his thoughts in subjection to

Christ continually. He took Jesus Christ as his great model and rule in everything, imitating Him especially in the chastity of his affections, and even the purity of his body. Walking in deep humility before God, he was patient of reproof, nor ever retorted anything with heat or prejudice. There was a steadiness in his proceedings for God and eternity, which all the powers of earth and hell were not able to interrupt. He ate but little, wept much, loved more, received all by faith ; and rarely opened his mouth but about heavenly things."

"Impatient to be truly great
Ambitious of a crown above,
He coveted the highest seat,
He asked the grace of perfect love.
He asked, alas ! but knew not then
The purport of his own desire,
How deep that cup of sacred pain,
How searching that baptismal fire !"

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—LETTERS.

“O! days of heaven, and nights of equal praise!
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
Where soul, drawn upward in communion sweet
Enjoy the stillness of some close entreat;
Discourse, as if released, and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come;
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted rest.”

WE are not exactly informed how long Mr. Walsh remained in London this first time. Perhaps a trifle over two months. He was stationed there on three different occasions, the last one for nearly two years. He was greatly used in the salvation of sinners, but it seems that he was especially used to the children of God. Few paid such minute observation to their inward conflicts and triumphs as he, which thus rendered him capable of imparting comfort to the mourner, courage to the halting, and of building up the Church of God.

In this following chapter we will present the reader with some of the extracts from his diary from the first year he went to preach, to the year of his final departure for Ireland. These selections reveal scarcely any of his outward life. They speak prin-

cipally of the working of his soul in the temptation and victories therein, and of the grace of God made manifest to his waiting spirit. They let us see at once what was the spirit of the man, and all that has been said of his character in the two previous chapters, may be clearly traced to the spirit which breathed in these extracts. There will not be found that jubilant spirit so often found in the diaries of good men and women, but this is because of the seriousness with which he was possessed. He rarely smiled and never was known to laugh after entering the ministry. He was constitutionally grave, and often his head was bowed down like a bulrush. One has said it would have done him good to sing

“Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days.”

He differed in this respect much from the founder of Methodism, who was habitually cheerful and to whom he wrote on one occasion the following letter:

FOUNDERY, Aug. 17, 1754.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—“The reason why I am not so serious as Sister Asphenel is, not because I do not bear so high a character, but because I am not so high in the grace of God. There is no moment wherein I am not serious and circumspect, but I am condemned by my conscience, or reproved by the Spirit of God. There are three or four persons that alarm and entice my natural propensity to levity. You, sir, are one, by your witty proverbs. However, I praise God at this present time, that I have power over my own spirit; and I heartily thank you, sir, for your kind and reasonable reproof; and the more-

so, because I find no one besides you, that uses great plainness of speech in telling me what is unbecoming in my conversation, I desire sincerely to do all the perfect and acceptable will of the Lord. And so much so as in me lies, I desire to be subject to your directions, and conformable to your example. My natural will is stubborn, I have taken up arms against it ; whether I shall overcome and receive the crown, God only knows.

“I have been employed all week in visiting the classes. Mr. Matthews says they meet as well as usual. Some are alive to God. Many are strangers to the power of godliness. There is much need still to preach, ‘Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.’ I have hitherto spoken plainly and largely to those I meet. My soul has not been ruffled at all, nor do I apprehend that many have taken offence at my manner of speaking. When I have finished I can give a more perfect account. We stand in need of help. We must give up more places, or else disappoint the people. We pray for the health of your body and the comfort of your soul. Pray for us, and advise us, I am, Rev. and honoured Sir,

Your dutiful son,

T. WALSH.

The peculiar abruptness in his writings, especially in the latter years of his life, is due to the genius of the Hebrew language, which comprised his chief study and also to the rapid flow of his soul. At the close of the year 1750 he writes, “I examined myself how I had lived the past year ; and could only say, I had not wickedly departed from my God ; but was

heartily ashamed that I had not glorified him better, resolving to watch for the time to come. I prayed to God for quietness and humility of mind; and found assistance against this evil man, myself. O for a heart constantly fixed on God! I was reprov- ed in spirit this day for an idle word." On another occasion he says, "The Lord was with me all this day, I desire to be with the Lord continually, that my conscience may be stronger with Jesus than ever. O, it is heaven upon earth to have Christ in one's heart! It is the beginning of the glory of God to receive the lovely Jesus: and with the joy of the Holy Ghost. O that I had the tongue of an angel, to praise my God! Hasten, Lord, the glad hour, when I shall see Thee as Thou art.

'When shall the long expected hour
Of sacred vision be,
When my ascending soul shall make
A near approach to Thee!'

Saturday 23rd.—"My soul enjoyed sweet repose in the blood of the Lamb, while my heart was engaged in meditation on His dying love. O, where can we find an instance of such love as that of God to men on Calvary? Where the innocent died for a guilty world to bring them to God!

"What are all mysteries to love like this!
Should man more execrate, or boast the guilt
Which roused such vengeance? Which such love inflamed?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A mystery no less to God than men!"

Wednesday, 27th.—"I was not alive to God to-day. Unnecessary talk brought deadness upon my soul."

Sunday, March 3rd.—"Great part of this day I lived as in heaven. Heaven was within me. God

was in my soul. The influence of His spirit wrought so powerfully upon me that my joy was beyond expression. O, the length, and breadth and height of the love of God! Well may it be said to surpass knowledge. The spiritual man may discern, but cannot set forth in the manner he feels it. These words of Isaiah 61: 10, lifted up my soul as in a fiery chariot, above the fabric of this world: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." I could say that the Lord had so done for my soul. O, what enemies are the children of God to their own souls. They deprive themselves of happiness here, and of eternal glory hereafter; imagining that earthly enjoyments are above what religion can afford. But, alas! it is because they know not the religion, which brings such happiness to the soul."

"They part with all for that which is not bread;
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more,
 To beings of sublime immortal make,
 How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!"

"O, how sweet was Jesus to my soul! The rose for sweetness, the lily for whiteness, the apple tree for fruitfulness; what are they all to Thee! Entering into my closet, the moment I bowed my knee, the Lord poured down a blessing into my soul. O where shall I find words to praise Him! How am I lost in the ocean of the immensity of Thy mercy! Lord, I know not how to give Thee thanks. Where

to begin, I cannot tell. O my soul, fall into silent amazement. Let all I have, or am, drop into nothing!"

March 8th—"This was a day of much temptation, but God, for my support and confirmation, was pleased to give me a fresh manifestation of His love. Reading and prayer were of little comfort to me. If it were not that I find the abiding witness of the spirit in my soul, my bondage would be very great. It is the goodness of God which preserves me in the faith. The enemies of my salvation are thrusting at me from day to day. Defend and keep me, O my God, for Jesus sake."

Another day—"In prayer I saw the great difficulty of being a Christian in reality. There are many who eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel, (Isaiah 4 : 1) and are not willing to be called by the name of Jesus, to take away their reproach, the abomination of being called heathen. But they love, notwithstanding, the ways of death and darkness, rather than light, and do what heathens would not do. The ninety-first Psalm was made a great blessing to me; the ninth verse especially."

Tuesday 17th—"This morning the Lord gave me language that I knew not of, raising my soul to Him in a wonderful manner. After preaching, however, in the evening, at my return to my room, I felt no life in my soul, but a spirit of slothfulness. O, what a poor creature! How incapable of thinking a good thought, or doing a truly good action! Sinful dust and ashes!"

Friday 22nd.—"In the morning I had an earnest desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. I wanted to see Jesus, who bore and suffered so much for me."

Monday 25th,—“My soul was very dull, I had a desire to pray, but could not, through the deadness of my heart and wandering of my thoughts. This is a thing I have to complain of, in general, namely; wandering in prayer, want of earnestness and fervour.”

Tuesday 26th—“I cannot say that, till three o'clock, I had true communion with God; but the Lord clearly manifested Himself to me.”

April 6th, 1751.—“I had not much of the presence of God, nor of the comfort of the Holy Ghost; yet my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God! O what an aversion I had this morning to study, and follow the Lamb! If it were not for the promises which the Gospel affords, I should often be brought into bondage. Very often is my soul cast down, and my spirit disquieted within me; so that I must needs utterly faint, if it were not that I firmly hope I shall yet praise God for the help of His countenance. I felt neither comfort nor power in preaching. O, what a poor creature am I, when left to myself! how dark of conception! how slow of heart and speech! It sometimes has happened that while I am thus writing down my condition, the Lord appears to my help; so it is now; for God has been pleased to manifest Himself to me! and O, what a welcome guest! At His coming, my veins and my heart rejoice, my troubles are done away, my soul is greatly refreshed, my faith strengthened, my life confirmed, and my love increased. Glory be to God most high!

“God and His ways were sweet to my soul this morning. Great was the peace of my mind, and the joy which arose from considering what the Lord had done for my soul. O, how did I long to be altogether like Him, in righteousness and true holiness!

Throughout the day I enjoyed sweet repose in the blood of the Lamb. In the evening I preached on 1 Cor. 1 : 30, and God did indeed pour of His precious spirit into my soul. Truly we had a heaven upon earth ! O, that I had the tongue of an angel, to glorify Thee for all Thy benefits !

Thursday, May 23rd.—I was in great trouble, going to preaching this morning, My temptations were sore, and my trials exceeding great ; occasioned partly by the condition of some, who, for a time, ran well, but are turned again to the flesh pots of Egypt. While I preached, however, on Psalm 23 : 1, my Shepherd gave me to feed upon His “hidden manna.”

Another day—“I found it hard word to be wholly set apart for God this day. I preached comfort to others but lay hold on little of it myself, I am often like a day in Spring, the sun shining for a little time and soon withdrawing again. The “Son of Righteousness” often shines upon me with His bright beams ; but, alas ? the light is soon clouded, and the joy vanishes away. Yet still, blessed be God ! my heart stands fast believing in the Lord. For I take it for granted, that want of strong light and joy no more argues want of faith, than the absence of unclouded day argues no sun in the firmament.”

“An unusual fondness for company brought deadness upon my soul. The vanities of the world importunately intruded upon me. If God were not on my side, I should have been long ago “as Sodom and like unto Gormorrah.” Such vanities crowded in upon me at prayer, that even I forgot what I was saying, I am a man sorely distressed with the wanderings of my heart, I arose from prayer, and read, and prayed again. The Lord at length met me, and

instantly released me from my sorrow, and gave me power to wait upon Him without distraction."

Saturday, June 12th.—"Great was the comfort which I had with God, I had the full assurance of faith, that God was my God, and Christ my Saviour. O the happiness of knowing this !"

Friday 17th.—"The Lord was in all my thoughts, I had not felt so much comfort for three days, I had communion with God all the day, though chiefly in the evening."

Tuesday 28th.—"I was deeply convinced of my depravity. O my God, I see the impurity of my heart in such a manner as frightens me. I know that Christ can have no communion with Belial, neither righteousness with unrighteousness. Lord, break not the 'bruised reed,' nor quench the smoking flax. Rather send down Thy Holy Spirit, and set me free from the power of indwelling sin. Consume it, O God ! Cast out the spirit of uncleanness for Christ's sake."

"This afternoon I walked in the fields, and had a sweet meeting with my Lord. He gave me His love."

Sunday morning.—"I was so stupid that I could scarcely pray, wandering thoughts crowded in upon me. O for a heart to pray ! I find, in general, that, under the most afflictive trials, when I can in fervent prayer, pour out my soul before the Lord, He gives me instant relief. But when I cannot pray, O then is my life burdensome to me ; I cannot bear myself."

Another day, possibly the following Sunday.—"The word this morning was sweet to the souls of the people. They seemed to drink of the fountain of the water of life. I had a glorious manifestation of the love of God to my soul. My delight surely

is in the Lord, and in His Son Jesus Christ. Thou art my God, my love, my joy, my help, my health, and my all in all! Blessed be Thy name! Amen."

Another day—"Too much given to talk, I had not the usual longing after prayer and meditation, yet the Lord helps my infirmity."

June.—"I had great joy in my soul, and longings to be with Christ. O that even now I could behold His lovely face and amiable countenance!"

Friday, July 9th.—"I had a lively sense of the Lord's having blotted out my former transgressions; and that He had promised to give me a pure and a clean heart. I had great peace, my soul being filled with the love of God."

Saturday 10th—"I was exercised this morning by false accusation, my only concern was, lest it should hinder the work of God. But in the consideration of His overruling power and providence, I rested patiently in His will. My Jesus was made perfect through sufferings. O that I may be enabled to follow my Master in the way of the cross!"

Monday 12th.—"Walking in the garden to-day, God made it an Eden to my soul; pouring His love into my heart, I partook of the water and the tree of life; and the hidden manna was rained from heaven into my soul."

Monday 19th.—"All the day my soul thirsteth for the living God. I was transported, and exceedingly rejoiced, in reading some Divine meditations. O my God, what shall I say? Angels cannot praise Thee worthily. What then shall I, who am a worm of the earth, do? O that I had wings like a dove! Lovely Jesus, when shall I see Thy face, joining the rest of the Redeemed to celebrate the wonders of

Thy redeeming love! O that this were the moment! My soul shall, ere long, take its flight to the mansions which I firmly believe my Saviour is preparing for me! O my God, my Saviour, my all!"

Thursday, 25th.—"I had but little light or power. The Lord humbled, and showed me my own weakness; but did not leave me to it. He showed me clearly, that it was neither to my graces, humblings, desires, doings, nor sufferings, I must trust for happiness, and salvation, but in Christ alone. Oh, Lord, who is sufficient for these things? O let me die that I may see Thee! Whither is my Beloved gone? Return, Lord return! I am a feeble and helpless creature, yet rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! for though I fall into temptations, heaviness, and trials, I shall rise again. O proud Philistine, deceitful Delilahs, inbred sin, pride of heart, anger. Who can remove these? Lord Jesus, Thou canst, and Thou alone."

Sunday.—"At the sacrament, O, how did my soul banquet in Jesus! What Divine consolation did I feel in God my Saviour!"

Wednesday, 23rd.—"I was tempted to laugh on my knees. O Lord my God be my Rock. Hide me in Thy wound and deliver me from myself. O Jesus, I cry out of the deep: hear my prayer, and let my cry come up before Thee. Sure I am that if my salvation depended on aught but the changeless love of God my Saviour, I never should see the Lord. Alas! I am all weakness, unbelief, disobedience, and darkness. My soul was weighed down with inbred sin, But I no sooner began to complain and bewail myself before Him, than He poured His love upon me, and gave me sweet access to Him."

January 6th, 1722.—“I could hardly account to myself how my thoughts had been to-day. O that they were every moment taken up in the contemplation of Thy wondrous love and compassion to me, and all the fallen race! O for an humble, lowly, simple, pure and perfect mind! What shall I say to Thee, Thou delight of my heart. How much fairer art Thou than the sons of men! When I look back upon my life, I can see nothing that does not need to be washed with the blood of Christ. My best actions are imperfect, I have need to fly to my Saviour, that from Him I might receive that robe which is pure and complete. My whole desire is to be devoted to Thee.”

“Ashamed to lift mine eyes to heaven, I fell down before the Lord my Maker: and I may well say that He waited to be gracious; for before I could utter many words, His love filled my heart. I could then look up with confidence, and see my Father, God smiled upon me, and my dear Redeemer at His right hand, full of grace and truth for me. O, how sweetly did the ever blessed Trinity join to bless me! Help me to praise Thee, O Thou strength of Israel!”

Friday.—“This morning, at breakfast, the Lord left such a Divine impression upon my heart, as, I think will never wear off.”

Saturday—“God was much with me in private. O what a heaven upon earth is it to commune with Him in prayer, holy reading, and Divine meditation! Jesus is the well of life. How blessed is it to hold intimacy with Him! This is Paradise indeed.”

Sunday.—“It was a glorious Sabbath to my soul. The light of heaven shone upon me. Part of this

day was the happiest I ever yet saw, I could freely depart to be with Him whom my soul loveth. Truly I seemed to antedate the sweetness of the celestial felicity which the glorified spirits enjoy above ! My song was praises to my God."

Tuesday.—"I had calm repose in God. It was a day of sore temptation, I was kept, but through the momentary watching unto prayer. O, what am I ? How weak, how blind, how poor ! As to strength, a bruised reed ; for love and zeal, as the smoking flax. But Thou, O God, art strong, and in Thee is my hope."

Thursday.—"I was ill in body, dark in mind, dead in affections, and sorely troubled with temptations. Yet I was preserved from inclining to iniquity with my heart."

Sunday.—"My soul agonized to enter the rest of the people of God, I saw Him by faith, and the promises were strongly brought to my remembrance; especially, 'Ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you.'"

Friday 20th.—"I was surrounded with various temptations. O the levity of spirit, weakness of my faith, and deceitfulness of my heart."

Saturday 30th.—"My soul tasted of the sweetness of paradise to-day."

March 7th, 1753.—"In the morning there was open free intercourse between God and my soul, which for some hours remained undisturbed. About noon I felt sore war between nature and grace, so that I was brought low, nature would have me manage for myself ; grace was for casting all my care upon God. O Thou author of every good gift ; send me help from Thy holy place, to subdue the old man ! Take

away the perverseness of my own natural will, and make me lowly and patient as Thou my Lord, art. Thou art the source of grace and of goodness. In Thee, O Lamb of God is all I want."

Thursday 8th.—"I poured out my soul before the Lord, who gave to me feel hearty contrition, with earnest desires to be sanctified wholly. For

"O, how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!"

"Son of God, set me free and knit my soul to Thyself!"

Saturday 10th.—"The Lord sweetly refreshed my spirit, I was strongly moved to pour out my soul for my enemies, and all that forget God. There was a burning in my heart after all the life of God. Nothing appeared so desirable as holiness. O God, take the whole capacity of my soul and possess it by Thy Spirit."

Mr. Walsh was now returned to Ireland and laboring in Cork, where he encountered stern hostility from the Roman Catholics, mention of which has been made in a previous chapter.

Sunday 25th.—"I have a proof to-day of the vanity and uncertainty of human friendship. Some who greatly loved and esteemed me when I left Dublin, about ten weeks ago, will now, at my return, hardly speak to me. O that I may seek friendship, and all good in God alone! Yes,

"For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow here."

Tuesday.—"Some words I heard this morning

pierced me to the very soul. Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, I fly to Jesus, the Just One, to hide me in His wounds, He is my sanctuary, the ark of my covenant, and the true altar. Come my life, my treasure, and my God, shine into this drooping breast. Have I not an interest in Thy blood? Am I not a child of Thine, O God? Hast Thou not said of me, Live? O that Thy powerful voice would now speak to my soul, and bless me, O my Father! How little do I know of God, or of myself! O, what a mystery is man! How difficult to find, and then to lose himself! Lord I long to be settled and fixed in Thee. O, how does this mortal body press down the soul!"

Saturday, April 21st.—"I was strengthened in the hope of full redemption. Jesus, forsake me not, or I shall be of all men most miserable."

Wednesday, May 4th.—"I awoke with the presence of God, Jesus was amiable and altogether lovely to my soul. My heart was carried out to Him in praise for redeeming me, and making me His own forever, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

"I earnestly longed for inward holiness; the image of God brought it into my soul: for then only shall I be truly happy, when self-love, self-will, and all the roots of bitterness, are rooted out of my heart, and the pure love of God overflows my whole soul. When Jesus is the supreme and sole Governor, and all things within are subdued by His grace, and the heart rests in peace, and all things rest in their proper time and manner. The soul is retired, though in the midst of hurry, and sweet peace and joy flows from Jehovah their source. This is the victory, the

salvation, the liberty, the deliverance from sin, which very few believe, and which no one can know, save he that receiveth it. But it is the privilege of the children of God ; and everyone who sincerely seeks, and with all his might strives for it, shall surely attain, by the Spirit of the Lord ; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

“At the Lord’s table the bloody sacrifice was impressed on my heart. The fruit of the tree of life was sweeter to me than honey and the honey-comb.”

Friday 31st.—After preaching I gave myself to my usual study. O freedom of heart, and contempt of the world, how great blessings are ye ! Plentifully did our Lord shower His love into my soul this day, in our public meeting. Verily, Thou art the pleasure of my soul, the hope and desire of my heart.”

June.—“This day God prepared me for a sore trial, by giving me sweet repose in my soul. I lived, as it were, in heaven. My soul was ravished with His sweetness. So was I enabled to bear, with calmness, and patience, the abusive language of one who came to my room, breathing out threatenings against me. Alas ! how many are they who are great friends in profession, but not such in reality ! “O the unspeakable comfort of having an assurance of the love of God !”

Saturday.—I was very happy in my soul, and read God’s holy word with great delight, I cried unto the Lord to make me holy. This is the thing which I long for, Lord, grant me my heart’s desire. Answer Thy Spirit’s cry for liberty.”

On Saturday, Aug. 29th.—“In the night I was grievously tempted of the devil. He injected such

blasphemies, and then such fiery darts, as I never experienced before, I was sore amazed, and cried unto the Lord Jesus. He heard my cry, and bruised his head, and delivered my soul from his rage and fury. Lord, Thou upholdest me, or I should fall, O, stay with me till I arrive safe in Thy kingdom !”

Sunday, September 1st.—“Was a day of feasting and rejoicing to my soul. I had sweet converse with my Beloved, while I gazed on His salvation, I proclaimed His name to thousands, from Jer. 6 : 10, and never felt more freedom to preach my Saviour. O my Lord, Thou art precious to my soul, and Thy service is my reward !”

Sunday, March 3rd, 1754.—“At the Lord’s supper this morning, my soul was dissolved with Divine love, I could bless God that ever I was born to such a happy and glorious an end, as to love, and praise, and serve my Redeemer. Yes, Jesus, Thou art precious to my soul. Thy yoke is easy, and Thy commandments holy, and just and good. I desire to keep them with my whole heart.” “The more I see of the world, the less happiness I can discern in it. Happy are they who are well out of it. “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” It is a great thing to be a Christian in truth.”

“There’s not a day but to the man of thought
Betray’s some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.”

I used the means of grace to-day as usual, but cannot say that I had communion with God in them. Alas ! what are means when Christ is absent ? How often do I find heaviness and deadness succeed

much joy and freedom of Spirit! 'Poor, alas! beyond expression poor!'

Wednesday—"I wept and rejoiced that God had given me a soul capable of loving Him. In reading and meditating in the open air, my soul tasted of the joys, in part, which those spirits enjoy who behold His face continually. My soul vehemently groaned and longed for full redemption, while it enjoyed sweet converse with my Lord Jesus."

"I removed from amongst us some who walked disorderly, Alas! how few are willing to do and suffer all the will of God!"

Tuesday 17th—"I heard a sermon to-day at church, in which my Lord Jesus was not as much as named, Alas! that 'the way, and the truth, and the life' should be entirely forgotten!"

Friday 22nd—"I was heavy and ill all the day. I thirsted for the salvation of all men, as for my own soul. I was also deeply troubled before the Lord, seeing myself the most vile, and unworthy of all His creatures. He also made me willing to be despised and evil spoken of by the others. And I cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of God in so preparing me for what soon followed. One of my acquaintance, that went with me to the house of God, laid to my charge things which I knew not. I sent for him; but he could say nothing to my face. His mouth was stopped, and he seemed quite ashamed. I felt much patience and pity towards him. Lord Jesus, give him repentance, and take prejudice out of his heart."

Saturday, April 20th—"Was a day of joy and sorrow by intervals. O, how did nature and grace

strive in my soul ! What conflicts with myself do I daily experience !”

Friday, May 3rd.—I had a feeling sense of the treasures of grace and glory, which are laid up for me, both here and in heaven. O, what a heaven did I experience in being able to call God my God, and my Father !”

“To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O ! bear me, ye cherubim up,
And waft me away to His throne !

Dissolve, then, these bonds, that detain
My soul from its portion in Thee,
And strike off this adamant chain,
And set me eternally free.”

CHAPTER IX.

APPOINTED GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF IRELAND

—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—LETTERS, ETC.

“What’ere pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee :—
On Thee, my God, on Thee !”

“Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe ’neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be.
That all I want I find in Thee ;—
In Thee, my God, in Thee !”

AT the Conference held in Leeds, May 6th, 1755, Mr. Walsh was appointed General Superintendent of the work in Ireland. This was the time of so much agitation among the Methodists, caused by a desire to have the sacrament administered in their own places of worship by their own preachers. Many persons had been converted, and in many places there was no church near them, other than the Roman Catholic. Walsh, with other preachers, urged the claims of the societies to have this rite administered to them in their own places. Mr. Wesley admitting many of their claims to be just, yet

thought that the time had not come for such a step. The Irish preachers, notwithstanding their strong desires to meet what they thought to be the spiritual necessities of their societies, yet with good grace yielded to Mr. Wesley's wish. Charles Wesley was more alarmed at this strong desire on the part of the preachers and people than was his brother John, who wrote to Charles in a letter, dated June 10th, 1755, "Do you not understand that they all promised, by Thomas Walsh, not to administer, even among themselves. I think that an huge point given up; perhaps more than they could give up with a clear conscience. They showed an excellent spirit in this very thing." And again, a week later; "Thomas Walsh, (I declare it on the housetop) has given me all the satisfaction I desire, and all that an honest man could give."

Sunday, June 2nd.—Continuing his diary, Mr. Walsh writes: "All the afternoon I was raised above myself, and lost in God. Heaven, as it were, came down into my soul, and I saw the glory of the world to come! I beheld all the glory of this world as the mire of the streets. But, O! the views I had of heaven, and the foretaste of these ravishing joys that flow there, so transported my soul, that I could bless God that ever I was born."

Tuesday, 4th.—"My soul was transported this day to such a degree as greatly affected even my body. I do not recollect that I ever before felt such a sense of the presence of God. Surely, if He should manifest Himself a few degrees more to me, I could not live in the body."

Sunday, 9th.—"I gave myself up to God. I heartily desire to give my whole heart, cheerfully and

without reserve, to Thee, my Lord! Many things would alienate it from Thee. But, O my Saviour, keep Thou my every desire. Knit me closely to Thyself, and suffer no false fire to abide in my heart. I acknowledge, O my God, that it is an amazing instance of Thy love; that Thou hast made me a child of Thine. Let, I beseech Thee, Thy goodness be the strongest tie to keep my heart stayed upon Thee."

"I lay down in peace, because I have an Advocate with the Father."

Tuesday, 10th.—"I was so low in body that I could hardly speak or think. O, how does this corruptible body press down my soul! Yet I can praise God for His dispensations towards me. He afflicts me, that I may be a partaker of His holiness."

"At the Lord's table I was in an agony for holiness. My soul and even my body were ready to faint with desire, and longed for all the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

"With me I know, I feel, Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise."

Saturday, July 20th.—"O how my soul labored with God in secret prayer! I said in my heart; 'If I am indeed a child of God, why have I not greater desires to depart, and be with Christ?' I prostrated myself before the throne of grace, and cried to God to answer me as by fire, and He soon silenced my despondencies by answering in my heart, "My Son, thou art Mine."

"In the autumn of this year, Walsh was labouring in the Limerick district, where his exposure to the weather brought on a severe attack of illness which

laid him aside for a time. His desire to preach is unabating. In writing to Mr. Wesley, he says, "I find, as it were, an infinite desire to preach the Gospel, and, if I could, set the nation on fire. But the providence of God keeps me weak, and often visits me with afflictions of body. I do not murmur, neither do I count my life dear unto myself; but I find need of patience, because I have not more health and strength to preach the Gospel, which I love more than my necessary food."

Two weeks later he writes again, and gives some idea of the work, and his anxieties as Superintendent.

LIMERICK, October 8th, 1755.

TO REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY :

HONORED SIR AND DEAR FATHER,—

"My last gave you an account of my illness at Shronill. I have had a relapse since, but it continued only two days, yet I am weak and spent, altho' I endeavour to preach once a day, sometimes twice. If God did not remarkably comfort my soul at this juncture, the various internal and external exercises I have, would certainly make me miserable. My sorrow, indeed, is not worldly, nor on account of any perishable thing. It is for the church of God. Passing by, then, all bodily pain, I will give you some brief hints of my inward trouble."

I. "On my own account, because I am not more holy, because I have not a clean heart. I have not that strength to do, much less to suffer, what I am fully convinced a preacher of the Gospel should be

endued with. I have not strength to travel as I desire, and as it seems, many places want it.

2. "On account of others; as (1) Bro. Oddie is ill of a fever in Dublin. (2) Bro. Morgan, after labouring usefully for a time in Waterford, is running away from the work, from a consciousness of his inability. Yet it seems he has more extensive gifts than some who have preached for years."

3. The Athlone circuit has only Bro. Swindells on it; for Bro. Fisher is gone to Dublin, and I understand he is ill too. Bicornb, for whom I wrote to meet me here, is gone to Castlebarr. The North and Cork are pretty well supplied, the former having Bro. Deaves and Kead; the latter Bro. Cownley and Haughton. I often wondered of late how your soul sustained the burden it has borne for years, but I consider the power of God, which was with you. This is a specimen of my present state. I am comforted on the other hand, because, 1. God is over all. 2. I know He is my God, and I love Him, and according to my little grace and strength, do Him the best service I can. Our congregations here are very large. This day I have appointed an hour to meet with some of the army. There is a prospect of doing good among them. Many of them attend the word. They are Scotts, and it is hard to get them to submit to our discipline. When I shall leave this, and where I shall go, I cannot devise now. Dear Sir, pray for us, and for your ever affectionate son,

T. WALSH.

Wednesday, September 21st.—"I longed to be dissolved, and yet more to be holy. God so overpowered my whole frame, that my body fainted under the outpouring of the Spirit of Christ."

Saturday, 26th.—“My heart was quite melted with a sense of the goodness of God, and of my own vile-ness. I think I now begin to repent. To have a godly sorrow for sin, of this I am well assured, that thoughts that were in my mind a year ago, are now a grief to me; the Spirit of God brings the sins of my whole life to my remembrance. I read them all, but especially whatever has been wrong in me since I was converted. My spirit within me mourns, and my heart feelingly says, ‘O, that I had never sinned! O, that my soul and body had always been pure before Thee! O that I had always the same light and power that God has given me now!’ But although I am vile, yet this, blessed be God, I know there is now no condemnation to me: the blood of Christ hath washed away all my sins. I have the Spirit of adoption and the peace of my God, I love Him and all His dear children; yea, and my enemies likewise. I hunger and thirst after righteousness, I rejoice in my God and delight in doing His will. I know in whom I have believed. My name is written in heaven. Hallelujah!”

“I write this account Nov. 8th, 1755, being pretty free from bodily pain; at peace with God and all mankind; desirous, and determined to live wholly to the glory of God, to be a servant of all, giving my life, time, strength, with every other talent intrusted to me, to God, and to the church, which my dear Jesus purchased with His blood. To Him with the Almighty Father, and eternal Spirit, be ascribed the kingdom, power, and glory, forever, and to eternity.”

“When one knows,” says he on another occasion, “that God is for him, and that he has redemption in the blood of Christ, then, whether he be rich or poor,

in sickness or in health, he is happy and can rejoice. Have I recovered my strength? and am I freely forgiven my former trespasses? Does the Spirit of God dwell in my heart? and can I, by faith, behold a reconciled God, and an interceding Saviour at His right hand? Well then, welcome sickness, contempt, poverty, and death. If I meet with worldly troubles it is to make my crown the brighter. If I bear the cross I shall wear the crown. Is my body cold? I am warmed with the flames of sacred love? Naked? I have a covering of wrought gold, the righteousness of my Saviour. Hungry? I have meat to eat that the world knows not of: 'the hidden manna, and the bread of life.' Let me suffer then with Christ. Man may kill the body, but it would only send me the sooner to heaven."

Friday, November 22nd.—I enjoyed a fulness of God in my soul: and had infinite sweetness in communion with my Saviour. Lord, I am not worthy of these manifestations, but I see all is of free grace. I receive all things through Christ the righteous. He drank the bitter cup that I might drink the cup of consolation. Lord, I would love infinitely, if I were able. My whole soul cries out for power to do Thy will perfectly."

October, 6th.—"I arose with much sorrow and concern; and with shame and much brokenness of heart; bowed my soul before the Lord. My heaviness endured, as it were, but a moment, and the Divine light shone transcendently bright upon my soul. Praying with a few friends my joy in the Lord overcame my feeble body, and it proved to be a preparation for a trial, which came soon after. I had sweet communion with Jesus and three of His re-

deemed ones to-day. In the evening I pressed upon the people the necessity of inward life from Acts 5 : 20."

Sunday, 22nd.—"All the day long my Lord was wonderfully present with me in every ordinance. Truly my soul longed vehemently to be and live like my Saviour, the holy Jesus. This is indeed the thing I aim at ; and I believe, according to the sure word of promise, I shall attain. O, what depths and heights of holiness do I discern attainable in this world !"

"My soul was mightily encouraged while I expounded John 14 : 21-23. Inward and constant liberty is what I want ; to be always recollected, having my mind stayed upon God. I would live like an angel below. For some moments, indeed, I often love and rejoice in a wonderful manner ; but alas ! how soon it dies ! I become comparatively cold, and can neither pray with freedom, nor rejoice with reverence."

Mr. Walsh traveled some with Mr. Wesley during the former's preaching life. The father of Methodism was fond of this young man and enjoyed his company, though they were of such opposite dispositions. Mr. Wesley thought also that he saw in Mr. Walsh the man Providence might be raising up to help him bear the burden and responsibilities of the already great and increasing body of people under his care. Writing to Miss Furly, under date of Jan. 18, 1761, he says, "I have sometimes wondered that not one of all the clergymen we have known should ever cleave to me for God's sake. Nor one man of learning should ease me exceedingly. Tommy Walsh designed it ;

“But death had quicker wings than love.”

Perhaps it was not best, because I am so immeasurably apt to pour out all my soul into that love.

We must not here accuse Mr. Walsh of a froward design. It sprung from a pure desire to assist a great and good man whom his soul clave to as Jonathan's to David's. A greater portion of the year 1755, was spent in Ireland, and from April to August he travels with Mr. Wesley. The latter had on Tuesday, March 30th, landed at Howth and walked to Dublin, where he remained one month ministering to the society with whom he held the first covenant service, four hundred members attending. At this time he also held the second Irish Conference of preachers, and says, “I never before found such unanimity among them. They appear to be not only of one heart, but likewise of one mind and judgment.

On Sunday, April 11th, he further says, “I met about an hundred children who are catechised publicly twice a week. Thomas Walsh began this some months ago, and the fruit of it appears already. What a pity that all our preachers in every place have not the zeal and wisdom to follow his example.”

On May 8th.—“He is with Mr. Wesley at Waterford, where “Thomas Walsh preached at five ; but the room being too small they were obliged to go into the yard.” Here Mr. Wesley leaves Walsh to continue the work for a few days, while he himself goes on to Clonmel.

On July 17th, he is again with the founder of Methodism at Tynall's Pass and preaches at five.”

At Belfast on Monday 20th, he meets Mr. Wesley again, and gave him the following account of his ex-

perience at Newtownards the day before. While at prayer, just before his sermon, "Mr. Mortimer came with a drunken mob and seized him by the throat, and dragged him along, till a stout man seized him and constrained him to quit his hold. Mr. Walsh, having refreshed himself at a friend's house, began a second time! But in a quarter of an hour, Mr. Mortimer, having rallied this mob, came again. On which Mr. Walsh gave him the ground and walked away over the fields."

Mr. Wesley thought it best to have Mr. Walsh again stationed in London, accordingly arrangements were made that when Mr. Wesley's tour of Ireland was finished, Mr. Walsh should proceed with him to England. This was his third and last appointment to that place. In bidding his parents farewell, he writes, "I prayed with my kindred at taking leave of them. My brother and sister were ill, and my mother weeping after me, I found a great struggle, and believe I should have stayed, but for these Scriptures; 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.' My heart felt pain and sorrow; but I took up my cross, and went immediately to Ballygaram (where were a colony of Germans) and preached that night. O, what is needful for a minister of Jesus! what faith, love, purity, Divine light, life, and strength, to finish his course with joy!

"Meeting the penitents, I could hardly speak in the last prayer, I was so overpowered with the presence and majesty of God. I arose early this morning, after watering my pillow with tears more than ever I remember to have done before. Throughout

the various exercises of the day, I had a strong assurance that the Lord would eternally save me; especially as I sat at dinner, conversing with my brethren on the things of God."

"Having this evening to myself without preaching, I shut myself up, and sought the Lord with prayers and tears. Shew me, my Lord, Thy glory; or let me die that I may see Thee! If I cannot perfectly love Thee, and do Thy will upon earth, send for me and take my soul to heaven. But Lord God, hast Thou not spoken by Moses, Deut. 30: 6, and Ezekiel 36: 23-32? If these are Thy words and promises, I pray and plead that they may be fulfilled in me according to their utmost extent. O, come and baptize me with fire!"

"At prayer with some friends, the Lord applied powerfully to my heart, 'Go and sin no more.' Now the Lord has answered for Himself. I believe it is His will that I should sin no more, and that I should have such a faith as never to depart from this moment, from Christ, in thought, word, or deed; that so being inseparably one with Him, I should walk in the spirit, and sing and praise Him evermore! Angels, praise my Saviour!"

On Tuesday, August 10th, Wesley and Walsh arrived in Dublin. The next morning the latter preaches his farewell sermon before embarking for England. The day following, in company with Mr. Wesley, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Morgan, he went aboard ship for Holyhead, arriving there the next morning at 9 o'clock. From here they ride to Bristol, where about fifty preachers assembled in Conference. From here he, with Mr. Wesley, proceeded to London.

For the year 1756 Mr. Walsh has left few personal

remarks. The cause of their absence is not known. In February 1757 he is at Norwich for twelve or fourteen days where, says Mr. Wesley, he laboured, "not without a blessing." They together return to London.

Continuing his diary it reads : Sunday, 1757.— "All the day I was happy in the Lord, rejoicing in confidence that He would save me eternally. I could pray, and love, and weep. It was a day of great blessing and of great trials. I came home through much snow and rain, but it was all sweet through Christ. I called on the strong for strength; and, after meditation, laid me down in peace. "I employed all this day in reading the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; save some time which I spent in endeavouring to convince a man, who contended much, that there is salvation for a person, though he does not use the Church of England's Liturgy. I had many comforts and strong temptations."

"With a heart full of matter, I preached from Eph. 6 : 11. I could truly say, that the law of Thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

"Wide as the world is Thy command!
Vast as eternity Thy love."

"At dinner my soul was sweetly drawn out after God, I felt such an assurance of eternal salvation as I never had before; not with such a degree of clearness of evidence."

"Prayer, and reading the Scriptures, are my daily delight. O Jesus, Thou holy Lover of my soul, unite me more closely to Thyself. Be Thou my glory, my joy. Thou art my all in all. Still, nature, the devil and grace are striving with me. Christ,

however, has the upper hand ; but I want Him to live and reign the Lord of every motion in my soul."

"I wept and prayed before the Lord that He would make me entirely pure in heart, and bless all His children. It was a happy day. I felt great love to all mankind. My soul pleaded with God in their behalf. O Jesus, hasten Thy kingdom. Come and put a period to sin and misery ! O my God, suffer not a vain thought to live in me. I can never rest till Jesus has poured His humble, pure, and happy mind into my soul. For some moments I did taste of the felicity of heaven, but through pain and unbelief, it was of short continuance."

Friday.—"It being the public fast I preached from Isaiah 58 : 3. It was a day of feasting to my soul. With great delight I rested in my God ; and it seemed to me that the people of God were not yet to suffer. Hereafter, it will be ; but, at present, the grand controversy is with Antichrist. Jesus will avenge the quarrel of His covenant."

Saturday.—"I seek perfection and uninterrupted communion with the blessed God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. True, I am not worthy of the crumbs under Thy table ; yet I look through Thy rich grace, for all the precious and eternal blessings of the new covenant."

Sunday.—"This was a glorious day indeed. Great and marvelous were the blessings which God bestowed upon me. He blesses me in every duty : All is useful : All work together for my good. I go on my way singing the hundred and thirty-eighth Psalm. They shall sing in the ways of the Lord ; for great is the glory of the Lord.' Jesus was with me in all that I did. He gave me light, love, help, joy, peace,

and strength in all. In His Spirit I went to rest."

"Wherever I was, (another day), and in whatsoever I did, my soul delighted in God: never had I deeper, or more sweet, manifestations of His gracious presence. I could not, but praise Him, and thirst for more perfect union with Him! Surely this is the foretaste of glory! O, if Christians did but rightly understand, the nature, power, and extent of the kingdom of God in the soul, I am persuaded they would not rest satisfied with the bare pardon of sin, and some joy, and peace, when they may have perfect and uninterrupted rest! If once sin be totally destroyed, and the spirit filled with the light, and love, of God, it is then neither hurt nor hindered by any person or thing; but steadily goes on its heavenly journey, uniting to Christ more and more daily. 'It does not yet appear what we shall be,' even in this world."

"O Christ! What hast Thou done for me? What shall I say of, or, do unto Thee? This, I say, that I love Thee! O, let it be with all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength! At intercession, I felt such a degree of the presence of God as utterly amazed me. O glorious Lord, how shall I bless Thee?"

"My heart continually rested in God, and drank of the living waters; yea, my very body was supported by the joy, wherewith my soul was refreshed; so that after preaching three times to-day, beside visiting the sick and well, my strength was more than when I arose in the morning."

Friday.—"A day of feasting. At prayer with Brother M—n, my soul was greatly humbled before

God. Entire resignation without much joy, was the state of my heart this day."

Saturday, March 12th, 1757.—"Preparing for a short journey to-day, and laying up my books, I felt some little distraction, I could bless God, however, that I had not money to lay up. Alas! for the rich of this world! How are they to be pitied? How hardly can they be saved! Jesus, make and keep me poor in spirit; nor suffer this world ever to defile me. Suffer not my soul to cleave to the dust, but cause all my affections to flow towards Thyself, I would not live upon earth. I desire, pray, and labour, that my heart may be in heaven, with Christ my head."

"Each act, each thought, he questions, what it weighs,
Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?
And what it then appears he deems it now;
Hence pure are the recesses of his soul."

Sunday, 13th.—"I conversed with one to-day who told me, that for fourteen years, last past, she never found any unhappiness, but always rejoiced in the love of God. Before and after sacrament, I found such a desire, as, almost made my heart break. My soul and flesh cried, mourned, and wept for the perfect love of God. There is a beauty and excellence in holiness, which has quite won my heart."

"I felt a deep necessity of constant habitual preparation for death."

"All day, both in reading, prayer, and conversation, I felt something of that promise, John 4: 14. I look for religion to possess, and entirely to change me. I see and feel that Christianity is something Divine, living, generous, powerful, and eternal. It is God dwelling in the soul of man."

Friday, 18th.—“I prayed and read till twelve. My body began then to complain. It does not like fasting, but my soul did banquet on the rich delicacies of the love and promises of God. I am in the way to heaven ; but I want a heavenly nature, heaven within me. My soul can be satisfied with nothing less than God. Jesus, my blessed Jesus, let me ever esteem Thy blood and righteousness above the whole world ! Through Thee I come to God. By Thee I enter heaven. Thou art heaven. From the labours of this day I was truly tired in body ; but thankful and serene in Spirit. I had no ravishing joy, nor overflowing of love.”

“My heart was penetrated with the love of God. I see still more clearly, that love is the fulfilling of the law, supreme, constant, and perfect love to God, and pure benevolent love to the whole of human kind.”

‘Happy soul when once renewed
 God in thee and thou in God,
 Only feelest within thee move
 Tenderness, compassion, love.
 Love immense and unconfined,
 Love to all of human kind ;
 Love, which willeth all shall live
 Love, which all to all would give ;
 Love, that over all prevails ;
 Love, that never, never, fails :
 Stand secure, for thou shalt prove
 All the eternity of love !’

“There is, there can be, no higher, no better, no sweeter Divinity than this.”

“My Beloved is mine, and I am His ! O my soul, rest in this ! Be satisfied and safe in the protecting, sanctifying, and reviving love of Immanuel, God with us.”

At this time, he wrote the following helpful and searching letter, to Thomas Oliver, another of Mr. Wesley's preachers, and, who had lately, been exceedingly stirred over the subject of Christian holiness. It seems Mr. Oliver had communicated an account of his earnest desires to obtain this blessing to Mr. Wesley, who handed the letter to Mr. Walsh to read. The latter with his usual frankness and earnest zeal tenders a reply.

CANTERBURY, March 26th, 1757.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

“I saw your letter to Mr. Wesley, and rejoice and praise God for so glorious a work of grace as you relate. Mollurness' words are truly verified, ‘Many poor women, (saith he, speaking of perfect love,) have this gift, when men of learning and great abilities, miss it.’ Your notion of it, is very consonant to what I have learned from Scriptures or from experience. I give God thanks for giving you a desire to seek a pure heart. But, my dear Brother, let me ask you a few plain, pertinent. questions. (1) Are you universally upright? (2) Have you conquered flightiness? (3) Does not pride live and reign in you, though, perhaps, against your will? (4) Are you inwardly and deeply convinced of unbelief against Christ the sanctifier? You must down with your top sails. You and I must learn obedience from the things we suffer. There is a saying in Clemens Romanus's Letter to the Corinthians, that has often cut me to the heart: ‘Self-praises, God hates.’ Wherein I caution you, I bitterly condemn myself. At present, there is a vehement cry in my

soul. (1.) That God would make me innocent, whiter than snow, by taking away all pollution of flesh and Spirit. (2.) That I may never more grieve the Spirit of God in desire or intention, in thought, or word, or deed. (3.) That I may have daily growth in grace, in wisdom, and goodness, in the holy and happy image of God. (4.) That the Holy Ghost will bear witness, that these things are so, John 4 : 14, 17, 18, have lately been the subject of my meditation. Read, on the former Mr. Shaw, in the Christian Library. Do not cease to pray for me. O, that the amiable and holy, the high and glorious Lord Jesus, would come and form Himself within our hearts, that we may love Him, (perfectly,) as naturally and constantly as we breathe. We should think no price too great for Christ, and yet, He gives Himself, and all His invaluable blessings freely. He is God's storehouse. All are welcome, that come to the water and Bread of Life, to a covering and a crown. We may become rich by begging. Covet, O Covet the best gift. Love never faileth. Plead with God till He hath emptied and filled you. Methinks, (says Mr. De Renty), that I break myself in pieces before God.' O, let us do likewise, and with wisdom and calm zeal, purified by love, and guided by knowledge, urge onwards all believers to seek this, 'pearl of great price.' You do well to warn them against whims and unscriptural notions. Yet, faith hath more to do than reason. Many who can reason little, yet love much. O, the heart, the will, and affections! Take, O Christ, our hearts, and never give them back to us again. Read John 17: last verse. How soon I shall be in Ireland, I know not. Give my kindest love to all my dear friends

that inquire for me. O, that God would pour upon them all the blessing of the everlasting Covenant!"

I am, your affectionate brother,

T. WALSH.

"The 23rd Chapter of Exodus, came in my course of reading to-day. And, O, what pleading and communion between Moses and His God! Happy man! who conversed with the glorious Jehovah face to face. And yet, St. John seems to express something higher and sweeter than this: 1st. Epistle 1: 3. For, certainly, eternal union with God, and a fulness of His Spirit, are more excellent than any external manifestation can be. This was one of my blessed days, wherein I had a foretaste of the powers and glories of the world to come."

"I retired a few minutes after five, to wait for the coming of Jesus. My soul is all desire after Christ. I am resolved to love and serve Him so as I have never yet done. Come Holy Ghost and kindle the fire within my breast."

"From a quarter past four this morning, till ten, I spent in prayer, and reading the Scriptures; and such humiliation of soul, and such a sense of my vileness, I hardly ever felt. It was genuine, godly sorrow, indeed, with a clear sight of the odiousness of sin. I believe the first time I ever sinned was brought to my remembrance. My head was as waters, and my heart as wax, before the fire. But, all the time, I had a clear sense of the love of God; a witness that I was accepted in the Beloved; and all the day after, my soul delighted itself in the Lord. I ought to esteem myself unworthy of any comfort, my sins having greatly deserved damnation.

The blood of Christ is of infinite value and efficacy; otherwise, I should never be saved. Infirmities, so-called, which once I passed over without much remorse, now appear heinous, black and damnable; and if God did not bear witness with my Spirit, that they are all forgiven, they would sink me into misery. People are seldom sufficiently sensible of the odiousness of pride, anger, internal concupiscence, or an inordinate love of the creature; together with the neglect of self-denial, and bearing the daily cross. These are overlooked; yea, some even pleaded for, and attempt to justify them. Lord, let me never be an advocate for the devil. Give me grace heartily to love those who tell me of my faults. Search out my sin till Thou find none. My whole trust is in the blood of Jesus. I have no other plea; for this one is enough, it will, it doth prevail with God, and bring my soul to glory."

From the middle of April to the end of July, Mr. Wesley is in the north of England, during which time Walsh was left in charge of the work in London, and its immediate vicinity. The following letters will indicate the way he was engrossed with its several responsibilities. The first is to Mr. James Vim of Sevenoaks, and the second to Mr. Wesley.

LONDON, April 29, 1757.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

"I am bound to meet the society to renew their tickets; so that I cannot leave London for a day, till this work is finished. But on Tuesday next, I expect Bro. Davies will be with you. We are scarcely

able to supply the places in London, especially on the Lord's Day. Mr. C. Wesley is gone to Bristol, and another preacher leaves us next week. If judged expedient, Bro. ———— may visit you again; but, for the present, it seems proper for him to stay in this city, that he may have the benefit of conversation, and sometimes of hearing preaching. I rejoice that God has stirred up the Spirit of the people. May the Lord of the harvest send forth more labourers—men after His own heart, full of "wisdom, goodness, love and zeal."

"If I had more lives or men, than one, I trust all should be devoted to the service of Jesus Christ. To feed His lambs and sheep, is, at present, the delight of my soul. And this I pray, that ye may do no evil, but being enlightened by the Spirit of Christ, justified by His blood, sanctified by His truth, and perfected in His love, ye may be presented without fault before the throne of God. O, my brother, be thou exemplary, walk upright in all wisdom toward them, that are without; and at length others will be provoked to seek and glorify God. Strive, wrestle, fight, watch and pray; so shall grace and peace be with you, as part of the Israel of God."

I am, your affectionate brother,

T. WALSH.

On the following day, he wrote, to Wesley, giving him an account of the different preachers and the work under his charge.

LONDON, April 30th, 1757.

HONOURED SIR :

"Thank you, for your letter. I longed exceedingly-

ly to hear from you. Your account of the good women in your Journal, was refreshing to my soul. What I have to say at present is as follows :

1. Mr. [Chas.] Wesley is gone to Bristol. He met us on Monday morning, and upon the whole, all was well. We parted in much love. 2. Mr. [Fletcher] goes on well. I converse with him when I can. 3. The Lord is powerfully carrying on His work. Sinners are alarmed and saints edified. This day in visiting the sick, my soul was greatly comforted, by hearing of God's dealing with their souls. 4. Bro. [Maxfield] is gone to Bristol; and B. F.— talks of leaving us next week. B. D.— and the local preachers are with me, and as Mr. [Fletcher] gives us such assistance, I hope the places will be supplied. Mr. B.— I hear has preached lately at ———; several are offended. I dare determine nothing; but ask what shall be done? 5. On Monday I begin to change the tickets, etc. God give me integrity, wisdom, meekness, and love. I think, considering these particulars, I cannot leave London yet. It seems Providence keeps me here still."

"You have the prayers of your children. I don't forget you. A son honoureth his father, and a father loveth his son. Let it be so till death, and the devil can get little advantage. Your preaching has been often, and exceedingly blest to my soul. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that, He may make us partakers of His holiness."

"DEAR SIR,—I trust your soul, will in time, and eternity, partake of that great salvation you have preached in the name of the Lord. Oh, may it please God that we may meet full of holy and happy love! I feel, my soul, this moment, strongly drawn

after God ; but there, is yet, something that keeps me out of perfect rest and liberty. Jesus, take my whole heart ; confound, overpower me by Thy grace. Requesting your prayers and counsel, I remain,

Your very affectionate son,

T. WALSH.

“In my closet, the former part of this day, it was made, indeed, a time of love, I felt such sweetness and Divine felicity in my soul, and by faith, beheld the glory of God in such a manner as words cannot describe. I saw and tasted God in all things. My Lord Jesus appeared wonderful to me indeed. Praise, blessing, honour, and thanksgiving be ascribed to the holy and adorable Trinity.’ What could I have believed, what understood of Thee, unless Thou, my Lord, hadst revealed it to me ? O, love Divine ! O, the wisdom and power of God ! Human tongue cannot express, nor angel minds conceive, how great and wonderful ye are ; by whom God is glorified, and in whom Christ is justified by the Spirit ; to whom heaven is, as it were, let down, and whom eternal glory momentarily waits ! They now drink of the river of pleasure, of the well of life ; and are warmed with the beams of the Divine Sun ! They are delighted with praises, allured by pleasures, clothed with light, and filled with God. Hallelujah ! Amen.”

“I was up before five ; read and prayed till I went to Chapel. I felt much. The Lord knows ! In the evening, we, (the society), met together, in order to devote ourselves to God afresh, by renewing our covenant with Him, — My soul was greatly humbled before God, and felt that, for my backslidings, He

might greatly have cast me off; for although I have not wickedly departed from my God, yet for my blots and shortcomings I was made to blush. Jesus, however, I know stands my Advocate; and because He lives, I live also."

"I found, in retirement, some struggles and deep consolation. Although love and joy lived and flowed in me, yet, I wept and made supplication, being strongly tempted of the devil. Ah, Lord! Thou knowest my state and trials, and my groanings are not hid from Thee! What conflicts with myself do I feel!"

"I believe great things are at hand for me. This was one of my best days. Nothing will satisfy me till John 14: 2, 3, is more fully than ever fulfilled in me. And my Father will love him, and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him.' Jesus saith, 'I come quickly!' Lord Jesus come! My soul burns with desire. I pant for the living God. O, strengthen me to do always the things that please Thee. I believe Thou wilt fully and finally save me."

"I rose early; and after prayer and the sermon, I communicated. The adorable Saviour gave me a taste of His sweetness, and a sight of His glory. I read, prayed, and conversed with Christian friends, the rest of the day; waiting for perfect love and exhorting others, to seek after the same. Surely nothing is so desirable as this,—God in us, and the very perfection of Gospel holiness. No man can be thoroughly blest, till this unmixed love of God purifies his heart and fills his whole being."

"Although my employment is various, yet, I refer all things to God. In all I did to-day, God was

my life, my joy, and my strength. His love was as a fire within me. I never felt such a burning in my heart before. O, Jesus, what hast Thou done for me !”

“I saw this day, on a very trifling occasion, the necessity of having supernatural light, and a witness from God in all things, even in the common affairs of life, that please Him. Some things occur which seem to be in equilibrio, so that one may reason for hours, and not be able to turn the scale. O, may I never want light from God, whereby, I may clearly discern what I ought to do, and what avoid ! And, O, let me have Thy strength also ; or the light which is in me will be turned into darkness ; for, alas ! I often see my way, but am lame, or dragged on heavily. Yes,

**‘Experience but too plainly shows
That man can act against the truth he knows !**

“Happy man who gives up all for Christ ; who, having discovered that the favor and enjoyment of God, is the pearl of great price ; sells all earthly loves, and longs that he may buy—freely receive the unspeakable gift of God.”

“Soon after ten I lay down, but could not sleep, through a deep comfortable sense of the love of Christ. His Spirit rested upon me, and made my heart flame with love to my God, and my all. It never entered into my heart to conceive the loving Him with all the heart, till He revealed it to me by His Spirit.”

“Throughout the whole of my progress, I feel that Satan is my enemy, but Jesus is my friend. I fear

not then : my Lord will save me from every evil work, and preserve me to His heavenly kingdom."

"The fire of Divine love burned incessantly in my soul, yet I perceive I must still wear some of the marks of my captivity ; namely : sickness, infirmity, and death. My soul would fain fly up to God ; but I am yet detained. I conversed with some eminent Christians ; and Jesus fulfilled His word being with us of a truth."

"This day, was as yesterday, only much more abundantly. Indeed, I can declare how greatly the Lord abased my soul, and broke me, as it were, in pieces. I could not perceive that any sin had a place in me ; but I wait for a stronger evidence that I am made pure in heart. O, God, show me what by grace I am. Show me if there be pride, anger, or unbelief in my heart. Jesus, Son of the living God, send down the Holy Ghost from the Father, to bear me witness, and so to shine upon Thine own work. Humble and prove, but strengthen and comfort me too. I am Thine. There is not one doubt in my heart, but that, Thou wilt save me forever. I sing praises ! TE DEUM is sweet to me ; so is the MAGNIFICAT, and the NUNC DUNUTTIS. O, what has God wrought for me ! I am safe in Thee ; Thou art my work ! Salvation is unto me for walls and bulwarks !"

About this time it was reported that he professed to be entirely sanctified. This report seems to have arisen from some expression, he made use of, while preaching. Mr. Morgan, who was at Bristol at the time, heard this news, and knowing that when they parted some weeks previous, Mr. Walsh was 'earnestly seeking after 'perfect love,' weeping and praying

almost day and night." He, wrote to him, asking if it was really true. We will close this chapter with Mr. Walsh's reply.

LONDON, June 17th, 1757.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

"What you mention concerning me, I answer thus:

1. I feel the constant witness of the Spirit of God, that I am forgiven, and that I love God and my neighbour. 2. I do not feel any evil temper. 3. I firmly believe that God will eternally save my soul. But, whether all sin is taken out of my heart, and the possibility of grieving the Spirit of God, I do not determine; neither do I think that I love either God or my neighbour as I ought, or as I shall, I am helpless, but God is my strength. I live by faith. I am ashamed. I have no wish that anyone should believe that I am saved from all sin, indeed, I ought to justify everyone who believes the contrary, supposing it was so. But, alas! if Christ did not pray for me, and keep me every moment, I should go to the devil. I understand Gal. 3 : 10, as I never did before; and Gal. 2 : 19, is what I feel, Jesus Christ is all in all. I have written simply, make the best use you can of it. But say nothing of it to anyone. This, I request. O, let me be forgotten; not of God, or of His children in prayer, but, as I desire, no good to be said of me, I would not have anyone sin against God, in thinking or speaking the evil my heart abhors. It is much to the glory of God, to save a proud, angry, self-willed, fearful, unbelieving sinner; therefore I almost say, that I glory in my infirmities, that the strength and grace of Christ may rest upon me,

and save me from them all ; and this He will do as sure as He is faithful and true. I would not have Mr. — to mention anything about me ; but as Providence permitted it, I am not concerned, leaving myself, and the event of all with God."

I expect to hear from you quickly, I am,

Your affectionate brother,

THOMAS WALSH.

CHAPTER X.

HIS ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION — EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

Impatient to be truly great,
Ambitious of a crown above,
He coveted the highest seat,
He asked the gift of perfect love :
He asked, alas ! but knew not then
The purport of his own desire.
How deep that cup of sacred pain,
How searching that baptismal fire !

C. WESLEY.

WE have traced this saintly man, in his religious experience, from the first strivings of the Spirit, with him, up to within a few days of his entering into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The reader will have already noticed the gradual advancement in Spiritual things which so characterizes his life, especially since the time of his conversion. It seems like one grand uniform march, to gain a goal, and the last clipping from his diary, leaves him within reach of the coveted prize. True, he fought with the devil, on the outside, the remains of depravity within, and with a weak and diseased body, but never once in this conflict of seven years duration,

was he overcome so as to fall into sin. He was brought low many times, and it would seem that his enemies, especially those within his own breast, would prevail over him; but by the help received from above, he came off victorious. Often was he thrust, as it were, into a corner, and defeat seemed inevitable, but the foe was overcome, at least, for a time, and we find Him rejoicing in the God of all grace, who, so wonderfully assisted and preserved His soul. But these inward enemies became greatly weakened as the fruits of the Spirit increased in his heart, and for weeks before the total death of sin was experienced, and his soul restored to the full image of God, he never seems to have been conscious of sin in him. It had become so weakened by the powerful workings of the Holy Spirit, that it was on the point of death, if not dead indeed. His soul seemed to wait in joyful expectation for the full revelation of the glory of God—the testimony of the Spirit to entire cleansing. But his waiting was of short duration. According to the sure word of prophecy the Lord whom he sought came suddenly to His temple and spoke with quickening power “the second time, be clean.” It was a blessed day for Thomas Walsh. He says, “Having preached on “obtained promises,” and having met the society, I retired about ten. It was a festal day to my soul, I do feel from experience and Scripture, that God hath indeed changed my heart, and destroyed the works of the devil. My heart cried for humility and love,—the whole mind of Christ.” This is the first written testimony to the work of entire sanctification. It is simple, but sufficient. His struggling soul, had, at last, found a place where “sin expired, cast out by perfect love.” The

reader cannot but notice the great change in the spirit of his language as given in the following clipping from his diary :

“The love of God still increased more than ever ; the fire burned vehemently within me. I saw more clearly that God had confirmed me in His favor ; and that all was quietness and assurance forever. I am astonished at the gift of God ; am willing, if it please Him, to be hated of all nations for His name’s sake. I will sing of mercy and judgment.”

“This day, I was sorely tempted. Lord Jesus, Thou knowest what my temptations are. I would rather die, than deny Thee by sinning against Thee. Thou seest my simple heart. O guard and cover my head ! My enemies are many, subtle, and powerful, and malicious ; but Thou art greater than they all. O God, Thou art my friend and strong helper. I will trust and not be afraid.”

These two days’ trial and temptation is no proof that he has been deceived in his mistaking impressions or good feelings for the testimony of the Spirit. Nor does it speak unfavourably of this great work of Christian Perfection, as implying little, if any more, than regeneration. It is generally known that those who enter this rich experience, usually soon after, encounter sore temptations, and of a character never before met with. These temptations are principally concerning the feeling of the soul. It would seem that the Lord withdraws, for a short time, that fulness of exulting grace, that transporting joy, and the billows of Divine love and glory, and the soul is comparatively empty and feeling less. An alwise Father sees there is danger of His happy, joyful child trusting in the inward blessing which springs up within

the heart like an artesian fountain and so causes them to cease that the heart may learn to lean on Him, and Him alone. Nor does the following day's account which was also written at this time, betray a lack of perfect love."

"Eager I ask I pant for more."

Is the continued cry of every sanctified soul until he enters the portals of glory, and, perhaps, continues even there.

"I sensibly felt the Lord impressing His image on my soul. O, perfect love! It is all in religion. I want it above everything, even the fulness of God in Christ."

"O, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God."

"The Lord gives me to drink of His love, as out of a river. All things work together for my good. May everyone that is godly praise Him for this, and trust in His name forever."

"I took to my bed, through violence of pain in my head, and other symptoms of a fever. I resigned myself to God, and was renewed. I wept with gratitude to my good God. My fever soon abated, and in the night I got rest. So graciously does He deal with me."

"At the Lord's table, I had not only a clear witness that all sins were forgiven me, but, likewise, strong assurance, that God had purified my heart by faith. My soul was deeply effected with His love. The blessed Jesus is present with, and precious to me. O, let my soul adore the Lord, and tell of His works with gladness. Let this be written for the

generation to come. I love, and rejoice and give thanks. I can truly say, that Thou, O Lord, art my God forever and ever. I cannot be truly content, but, when I feel my heart penetrated with Thy goodness. I would be always praising Thee, and telling of Thy love. O, Jesus, Thou makest my cup to run over."

"I wept, with a sense of the goodness of God to me, and found all my dependence on Christ,—Christ alone! He makes me to rejoice in His salvation. His blood, and not my holiness or usefulness, is the only cause of my acceptance and final justification. O, who can bear praise, or rejoice in contempt? Only he, that is fully crucified with Christ. This is my aim to burn and flame with pure love to God. Nothing less than the full enjoyment of Him shall ever satisfy me. Thy presence makes my heaven. O, praise the Lord, ye servants of the Lord, all ye that do His pleasure! Why am I not lost in astonishment and love? O, the goodness and condescension of the blessed Jesus!"

"I was, this day, extremely ill in body: there was a burning all over my flesh. But God was the rest and life of my soul; Who, notwithstanding my sickness, enabled me to continue in prayer and reading His word; yea, there was a burning of love in my heart. O, may I sink into the boundless sea, and lose myself in God! Trials being just at hand, that word was remarkably applied to my heart, 'I will be with thee in trouble.'

"This afternoon, taking a view of my whole life, from my infancy, the manner of bringing me up, etc. I could not but admire and adore, with weeping, the goodness of God for His dealings with me. I was

an ignorant, poor sinner, having no knowledge of God and little of this world. But the Lord looked upon me and said to me, Live ! My soul doth praise and magnify His name forever ! O for an enlarged heart ! Jesus, Thou art my strength."

"O, what a mystery is the love of Christ. How sweet a banquet ! How delicious a wine ! Lord, Thou hast ravished me with Thy love ! Death is now sweet to me ; and eternity affords me a most blessed and glorious hope. O, what has God done for me ! Holy Lord, accept of my heartiest praise, and the most perfect love that I can, at present, give. I feel the life which never shall have an end."

Both my body and soul were affected with the great power of God, resting upon me this day. My whole nature bowed before the present Deity ; and His high praises were in my mouth. He said unto my soul 'Thou art made whole,' I replied, 'Lord, I believe.'

"In the midst of a variety of critical circumstances, my conscience was kept pure. 'He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.' 'And what can harm you if ye be followers of that which is good ?' 'My soul longs for fuller union with God ; for more of the root and fruit of holiness, faith, and love. O, let me lean on Thy breast, and kiss Thy feet.' Keep me, my Lord, in Thy bosom."

"Humility was my delight this day. I feel within me that power of love which shall never fail, Jesus will be my full, my everlasting Saviour. All day my cup ran over. I came to my room both wet and weary, and laid down happy. My Spirit still magnifies the Lord. I rest in Him. He giveth His beloved rest."

“To rejoice evermore, is my portion, under the sun. My heart dissolves with the goodness of God. Truly, Thou art to me, ‘a place of broad rivers.’ Blessed be the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! A stranger intermeddleth not with the happiness which I feel. The half cannot be told. O, it is heaven upon earth! After several exercises of faith, love and prayers, I lay down in peace. My heart is full, and yet,

“A point my good, a drop my store;
Eager I ask, I pant for more;
So strong the principle Divine!”

“O, how sweet it is to retire from the world; yea, even from converse with the holiest Christians, to wait upon God alone; and get closer acquaintance with the blessed Jesus! Happy the man who can go to God at any time; praying to Him with faith and frequency. My God, all my soul cries aloud for more of Thy light and love. Manifest Thyself inore fully within! Lord, I know not that there is anyone living that has greater cause to love, and serve Thee in truth, than myself; for Thy laws of love towards me have been, and still are very wonderful. O, how many sins hast Thou forgiven me! How many snares of the devil hast Thou broken and delivered me from! How many pains and afflictions hast Thou supported me under! How many fears, and sorrows, hast Thou, from time to time, vanished from my heart! Thou hast given me also of Thy gifts, and with reverence, I speak it, Thou hast given me Thy grace. Thou hast sent me to preach Thy word, and given me favor in the eyes of the people, neither have I spent my strength in vain. I believe, Lord, Thou hast given me Thyself, and that Thou wilt give in, and with Thee. both grace and glory!”

"Come, Lord, Thy Spirit bids Thee come ;
 Give me Thyself and take me home !
 Be now the glorious earnest given
 The counsel of Thy will fulfill,
 Thy kingdom come, Thy perfect will
 Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven."

"I retired to fast and poured out my heart for my own soul, for the Church of God, and for mankind in general, that God would reform the whole world. Days of fasting become sweet to me. I find more and more delight in them. But by grace I am saved. Jesus is my righteousness. Through faith in His blood, I offer myself, and all I do to Him. The favor of God I obtained by His death ; the image of God is stamped upon my heart by His Spirit; through His intercession I obtain everlasting life. And, yet, will He reward every man according to His works."

"I was, this day, sensibly convinced of the danger of following impulses of any kind, unless supported by the express authority of Scripture. Nature and Satan suggests a variety of things, which, having a show of truth and goodness, often lead persons into extravagance and error. It seems, however, a sure rule, that whatsoever increases purity and meekness, love towards God and our neighbour, must be from heaven. And, whatsoever, does not tend to do this ought to be rejected. But, O, what need is there of Spiritual discernment to distinguish between the real grace of the Holy Ghost, and the counterfeit appearances of the devil and self-love ! God of truth and love, lead and establish my soul in the paths of justice, mercy, and truth, and humility. Make me of quick understanding in Thy fear ; nor leave me one moment to my own wisdom and strength. My help

cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Praise the Lord, O my soul !”

“I adore Thee, O my God, that Thou hast made it lawful for me to pray to Thee. O, how great is Thy condescension, to regard such a poor creature as I ! I will extol Thy goodness, O Lord, my King.”

“All day long my heart burned with the love of God. My desires were unutterable ; but, He who knows the mind of the Spirit, will grant me all my petitions. I had close trials, but the consolations of God were so many, and so strong that I was borne above them. My soul and body were exceedingly strengthened by the Divine grace. The baptism of fire I experienced more than ever, but still I am a poor creature.”

“O, how soon will this dream of life be ended ! Lord, I long to see Thee as Thou art. Give me patience, gracious Lord.”

“For about two hours in my room, I found such communion with God as my pen cannot write. No, it is beyond the power of words to describe the happiness which I felt. Alas ! that men should be so ungrateful to God, and such enemies to their own souls, as not to seek happiness in Jesus. O, the delight of a soul fully united to God !”

“At His table, the Lord met me this day in a wonderful manner. My whole frame was so affected and overpowered, that I was ready to resign my soul into His hands.”

“I was still more deeply sensible of God’s presence. My desire was so strong, that it even pained my breast exceedingly. Indeed, I cannot tell what I then felt. It was the work of God ; but He knows in what manner and degree. The fire spread ; and

the light shined ; and the power wrought, in short ; God within me lived ! Sing a new song, O, my soul ; sing with a mighty voice ! Proclaim to angels and men the goodness of the Lord ! Jesus, help me to praise Thee, yet, more and more !”

“I met with several trials to-day ; but it was given me to bear them cheerfully, and to praise the Lord, who has given me integrity of heart, and simplicity of intention, in all my ways. Lord, I love Thee. I will praise Thy name, yet more, even for ever and ever ! O, how plain it is, that God reveals to babes those gracious things which are hidden from the wise and prudent ! So doth He magnify His name, and stain the pride of human glory. In my closet, I wept much, that I may be more filled with God than ever. I thirsted and prayed to be with Him. My soul was in a flame for God. O, for more faith, to see Him continually !”

“Lord, I am sorely tempted ; but Thou comfortest me. I am happy in Thy love. Still open Thy kingdom more fully and more powerfully within me. In all things I come short, but I have the testimony of a good conscience. I stand as in the presence of God. The awe of God I feel rests upon my soul. O, how dreadful, and yet, how joyful, is this place ! Lord Jesus, Thou art Immanuel, God with me !”

“I mourned for the sins of the people, and found a willingness even to lay down my life, if that would save them from hell. Many wept and trembled. O, the depths of the love of God ! I felt this day an ardent desire to suffer for His name’s sake, though I am conscious of my own weakness. Being much disturbed by dreams, I arose early and called upon God, I continued reading, praying, and weeping,

until seven in the evening. I was mollified and deeply humbled. My soul adored Immanuel, and desired to die, rather than offend Him. O, Holy Ghost, abide with, and in me forever! A short sentence which occurred this day in reading, and which I made the subject of discourse, deeply affected me, namely, "O, God, Thou art my God." Blessed be Thy majesty, and exalted be Thy name! Let the earth and the heavens praise and proclaim Thy greatness and glory, Jesus, I love and adore Thee. My soul's delight is in Thee."

"I was told of some who talked evil of me, I prayed for myself and them, and truly the love of God was as a mighty fire in my soul. O, what a heaven is this."

"Although love and joy lived, and flowed in me, yet I wept and made supplication, being strongly tempted by the devil. Ah, Lord, Thou knowest my state and trials. My desire is before Thee, and my groanings are not hid from Thee. Hast Thou not made me pure and sealed me Thine forever? Shine on Thy work, and bear Thy witness with my heart. Suffer not thy servant to be of a doubtful mind."

"I had a most comfortable morning; God did indeed bless, comfort, and establish my soul. And I continued in this fervour of love all the day."

"I see that I ought to be much in prayer, for the Holy Ghost; I plainly perceive that to be taught by Him for one hour is more profitable to the soul than many days spent in reading. I was extremely ill with pains in my bowels. However, I visited and exhorted the people; and God gave me entire resignation."

"I spent several hours in private, begging of God

to enable me to fulfill the law of love. I feel, so as I cannot write, the extent of Christian obedience. How deep, how wide! O, what a day of trial and consolation was this. Deliver me, O Lord, from the strife of tongues, and from the ungodly, who are a sword of Thine. I found in retirement sore struggles and deep consolation. How great is the profit of simple prayer, and diligent reading of the Holy Scriptures! They are, I find of singular service to me. My soul is calmed, sweetened, melted, invigorated, and sensibly strengthened, in the exercises of these duties. I wept, and prayed, and gave thanks; yet still I want deeper repentance, and much more humility. I would be penetrated with the sense of my own helplessness; and I do not find power equal to my will. I live, however, by faith, and find God unspeakably and continually present."

"My soul was solidly happy, and longing for humility this day. I desire to be simple and filled more abundantly with love to God and my neighbour. I never felt such a gratitude to God for bringing me from the idolatry of the Romish church. My heart was grieved in reading some of their horrid doctrines about saints and images. O, God, Thou hast done this for me; and Thou hast done many thousand things beside; and now I beseech Thee, do this for me—give me an humble, thankful, and penitent heart."

"This was a feast and fast day to my soul. All the ordinances of God were exceedingly precious and profitable to me. I was all day deeply engaged with God! I wept much, and prayed earnestly, yet, I had not much joy. I had a full and firm confidence that He would fulfill His word of promise to my

soul. My weakness can do nothing without Thy power. I lay hold of Thy strength, and offer myself to Thy Holy will. O, let me glorify Thee, as well by suffering as by doing."

"This morning, I met with a woman, where I had breakfast, who was exceedingly happy in God. A few weeks ago I met her in the same place; but she was then utterly dead and careless. I spoke plainly to her; and at parting after prayer, said, 'I pray God you may never rest till you rest in Christ.' The words, were applied to her heart, and her burden increased every day, so that she was brought to black despair, when God revealed His love in her heart. She could now scarce tell it, through weeping. O, what a God is the God of the Christians!"

"In prayer my soul was happier than ever in the thought, I shall live with God forever!"

"Dullness and wandering would creep upon me, but prayer scattered every obstacle."

Sunday, Jan. 1st, 1758.—"We met at four, and after prayer, I preached on Psalm 90:12. We had the good Mr. — at the chapel, whose humility and fervour, more than compensated for the irregularity of his sermon. I have had much more happiness on other days than on this sabbath, though not more sincerity and resignation. I feel my weakness, and confess my ignorance, and implore the wisdom and goodness of God."

"After being some hours in my room, the fire from heaven went through me, and I could praise the Lord continually for his goodness to me. I find such an impression of His power and love, as cannot be expressed in words."

"This whole Sabbath was both a delight and hon-

ourable to me. Such a revelation of God's goodness, such manifestation of His Spirit, and such operations of His love, I never felt. My very outward man was affected and refreshed. It cannot be declared what I then felt. O, there is much in these words, 'Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' Whatsoever I did, the Lord made it to prosper. O, Holy Father, let all the host of heaven praise and adore Thy name! As I walked through the streets He inflamed my heart with desire to live to Him more than ever I had done."

"God is love. This is the foundation of all my hopes. I feel much shame, because of my infirmities, but I have also sweet consolation."

"Sunday.—"My joy has not been to-day as much as the last Lord's day; but my faith is more confirmed. I was seized with a violent pain in my stomach, and was exceedingly ill. However, by the mercy and power of God, I went through the duties of the day with delight, and I could thank God for pain, so as I never could before."

"As I read my Greek Testament this morning, my soul magnified the Lord for the description and progress of His work, contained in the Acts of the Apostles. And now while I am writing, my soul is so cheered with the fire of love, as I cannot describe, unless to such as experience the same."

Sunday.—"Lord, I have not publicly preached for Thee to-day; but I have had many blessings from Thee, and my heart has been in Thy work. I beseech, bless the labours of Thy more faithful servants whom I have heard."

"I have great cause to praise God, that I am free from worldly care. Surely, I am appointed to this

work in which I am engaged. O, that I may obtain mercy of the Lord, to be found faithful! O, Jesus, plead Thou my cause in the heavens, and fill me with Thy grace here upon earth. All my hope of heaven stands in Thee! O, that I could love and obey as fast as I learn. Truth appears to me every day with new lustre. New springs are opened, and the best wine kept until the last."

"O'er lightened minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old resolves
 In that for which they long; for which they live—
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame;
 While nature's circle, like a chariot wheel,
 Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
 Advancing virtue in a line of bliss!"

"When, blessed God, shall I worthily magnify Thee."

Saturday, Feb. 18th.—This was a day of close trial, but my God doubly comforted me."

Sunday, 19th.—"After asking help from God, I preached my farewell sermon at the foundry, from Acts 20; 32, 'And, now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.' And in the evening, I bade them farewell at the chapel, in West street, from Col. 2: 6, 'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus, the Lord, so walk ye in Him.' In all the duties of the day, public and private, God was exceedingly gracious to me. I believe I never felt such strength of love. I, was in truth, 'sick of love.' I could not sufficiently praise Him. All words came

far short of what I felt. Lord, Thou hast given me much favor, in the sight of this people. They shew it by their words and deeds ; yea, prayers and tears ! Reward them a thousand fold. Bring me safe to Bristol, that there I may show forth the praises of the Lord, and declare Thy righteousness and Thy salvation, Amen, Lord Jesus ! Those were indeed, his farewell sermons to this people of London, and a happy blessed day it was to his soul. Many had been the seasons of refreshing they had enjoyed together. Many of his severest trials were there, and some of the most precious victories of his whole life were, through Divine grace, gained in the metropolis. It was a much loved and endeared spot to his soul ; not only from the remembrance of those past seasons of sweet fellowship."

"Around one common mercy seat,"

but many of those who heard him for the last time, were his own Spiritual children, he had begotten them in the bonds of the gospel, and they were dearer to him than any natural children could be to their parents."

Next day being Monday, after having prayer with the family, he set out for Bristol. He says, "I read my Hebrew Psalter and the Christian's Pattern. I found great tranquility of mind, and my Spirit was refreshed with the goodness of God. I conversed with three gentleman, my companions, in the coach, on Divine subjects. I prayed earnestly to God before I set out, that my fellow travelers might not swear or curse : and the Lord heard me ; for so it was, they rather approved of Scripture subjects and studies. O, the joy of a good conscience, and the

rest which the soul finds in the love of God! The Lord supplies the absence of friends, and all things that are dear to us. His presence makes our paradise. It is not where, but what, we are, which is the great matter."

Thursday, 23rd.—"At Bristol, I met Mr. William Tucker, under whose preaching, God gave me the clear witness of His forgiving love. Our meeting was for the better. As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man, his friend! We remembered the years of the right hand of the Most High; and how the Lord filled our mouths with laughter, when He brought back our captivity. Lord bless and make him faithful in all things! And now that I have come to this city, to preach the gospel of the kingdom, and spend my life and strength in Thy service, assist me, O Lord, and make Thy goodness known to me. Give me wisdom and strength. O, help me, Lord Jesus, to glorify Thy name. Amen."

"The Lord is my life and my salvation. He is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. I read through, to-day, the Epistle of St. James. And, I do not wonder, that the proud, the sensual, and the lover of the world, yea, all the ungodly of the earth, should find fault with it. In prayer, with the family, the Spirit was poured out from on high upon us, and great grace rested upon us all."

"After prayer this morning, I began to read through in Greek and Latin, the 2nd Epistle to Timothy, and found much instruction and reproof for my soul. O, what a man ought, a minister to be! how holy, and how wise! What courage, zeal, patience, and temperance, are necessary for him, in an especial manner, in order to give an account of

himself and others to God with joy ! O God, my life, make me fully a partaker of my hope."

"Preaching from 1 John 4 : 18, my mind was more clearly enlightened than ever, to see that 'perfect love,' is Christian Perfection. By simple, but powerful faith I desire to retain it, and to live and grow in this love, till my spirit returns to God."

In Bristol his labours did not diminish. As long as strength remained, he preached once, and sometimes twice a day, besides his other work. His earthly house was fast trembling down and could not stand such strains. He was compelled to take once more, to his bed and rest until a degree of strength returned. And so,

A fainting, struggling, dying man,
Full of zeal to do what he can
Must rest a pace, new strength to gain
His journey to pursue.

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSE OF MINISTRY.—DEATH.

Tried to the last, but not forsook,
But honour'd with distinguished grace,
Heavenward he cast a dying look,
And saw once more His Saviour's face:
"He's come! my well-beloved," he said,
"And I am His and He is mine!"
He spake, he gazed, and bow'd his head,
And sunk into arms Divine.

C. WESLEY.

THE last spell of sickness, and the one which terminated in his death, seized him at Bristol. For more than two years he had suffered much in body; but here, the disease seized him with a stronger grasp than before, and never released its hold until it laid him in the grave.

On Friday, 24th, the second day after his arrival at Bristol, after preaching twice, as was his custom, and the rest of the day spent in hard close study, he was seized with violent pains in his head, and bones. He arose the next morning, at his usual hour, and preached at five, then retired to his studies, etc., but says, "my body trembled with weakness; but my soul was happy in God." He strove against his bodily ailments and tried hard not to yield to the

severe pains, still going through each day's work, until March 4th, when he was compelled to take to his bed. Writing on this date, he says, "Good is Thy will, O Lord! Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. Thou reignest in righteousness; though no man can know love or hatred by all that is before him, (Eccl. 9 : 1.) Thou givest account of Thy ways to none; but assurest the righteous that it shall be well with him, and that Thy corrections are with this design, that we might partake of Thy holiness. I am in Thy hands, O, my God! work Thy perfect will in me, and sustain me in this trial. I call upon Thee in the day of trouble; and believe Thou wilt deliver me, and that I shall glorify Thee, and praise Thee yet more and more. Thus I went to bed very ill."

Sunday, 5th.—"My illness continued and increased. I had not much consolation, but was gloriously preserved from buffetings. On Monday, I continued in soul as yesterday, only with more examination. Tuesday, I had scarcely an alteration in either soul or body. I cried to God and He heard me; but the sweet and usual returns of prayer were not. Wednesday, God gave me to weep for the sins of my whole life. Thursday, my pains and pleasures, corporal and spiritual were, as the day before. Friday, I had more consolation of soul. Saturday, The spirit of prayer was plentifully imparted to me. I would plead the mercies, and promises, and merits of God my Saviour, and His love and joy were plentifully poured into my soul. Sunday, I had gracious intimations of the good-will of God, towards me in this sickness."

Monday, 13th.—"I was able to read and pray, and

advise friends to love God, and seek Him in good earnest, while they had strength."

Tuesday, 14th.—"I was better still, and prayed for the increase of love in the children of God, and for the propagation of the faith in all nations. I had a constant witness of the Holy Ghost, that I was a child of God. However, the sins of my life were really brought to remembrance, particularly those of my heart; the manifold backslidings known only to God. For, although, God preserved me from falling, even once, into those sins in which I lived in the days of my ignorance; nevertheless, I saw my pride, desire, self-will, self-indulgence, levity, and misspent time. I may add to these my want of love to God, charity to my neighbour, and more serious concern for my own soul. I saw how wonderfully the Lord had dealt with me, raising me from the dust, and giving me so many, and invaluable blessings, so that I ought, more than all men, to serve and love Him."

Some might wonder how the above language is consistent with the blessing of a clean heart, or perfect love. It will be noticed that, he speaks of the sins of his past life, and not so much if, at all, of the present. All of those sins, he, before mentions as existing in, and troubling him during his justified life. It was considerably less than a year, since he obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, and his mind would not have to travel far back to reach the scenes of his former conflicts, with inherited depravity, and all these might be brought to his remembrance, and he, to bitterly repent of them all without feeling one of them in his heart. The clean and holy heart, is full of repentance and contrition, and

would accuse itself of things which others would not see, and, perhaps, God did not look upon as a deviation, from the law of love. Besides, Mr. Walsh, was such a severe judge of himself, that, he often accused himself of things, which, in the judgment of all others, who knew his manner of life, he was exemplarily remarkable for the direct contrary. Such, for instance, are some of the above; self-will, self-indulgence, levity, and mis-spending time. Every testimony, concerning this young man, given, either by friend or enemy of his doctrine, and manner of living, acquit him of the above charges. I am sure, the reader, who has closely followed the account given in the preceding pages, will be compelled to say, that, in him was the very opposite of self-will; and that his self-denial was, such, as to free him from the charge of self indulgence. And, that a man who seldom smiled, and never laughed, after he began his public ministry, could not be accused of levity. As to the mis-spending of time, he was as wary of this as Mr. Wesley, himself, who complained because he had wasted ten minutes disputing with a man on a doctrinal point. Perhaps, a quotation from Bishop Taylor would not be out of place here. He says, "The highest flames are the most tremulous; and so the most holy and eminent religious persons are more full of awfulness, and fear, and modesty, and humility. And, it is a sure rule, that, whatsoever, heights of piety, union, or familiarity, any man pretends to, it is of the devil, unless, also the greater be the humility of the man."

Thomas Walsh was on the borders of eternity, and in the act of taking the step from time into the great beyond. He realized this, and felt in a short time,

he would stand in the presence of Him, whom no man could look upon and live. He saw human nature, in its true light, with all its infirmities and weaknesses: this filled him with a feeling of abasement, not known, to the ordinary Christian.

Continuing to relate his feelings, he says, "I was, moreover, deeply convinced how possible, yea, easy it is for a person, after having received great light, love, power, and glory, to fall, notwithstanding, into a certain dullness of soul; and, that holy desires, and vehement thirstings after God, and the spirit of prayer, may be lessened, and lost. Truly, we can keep nothing, unless the Holy Ghost help our infirmities continually."

"But, the grand lesson of all, which, in this little interval, I learned, was, the absolute necessity of being free from persons, things, and places. I saw what a tendency the soul has to rest in something besides God. I saw that, even when we give up our beloved sins, and all temporal things, we are apt, nevertheless, to rest in the gifts and graces of God, making them, as it were, our Saviour and Comforter, instead of Christ. Abraham, dwelling in tents, (Heb. XI.), was explained to me in a manner, which I never before conceived."

"I saw, farther, how deeply, the love of life and learning had been rooted in my heart, and that, God saw it necessary to correct me often, to show me the vanity of both. I believe this sickness will be of great service to my soul; and perhaps of more use to the children of God, than my labours could be. My desire is only to live wholly to Him, and to get more of the love and life of Christ. Lord, look upon me,

a weak and inconstant man, and strengthen and establish my heart with Thy love."

His health increased to such an extent, as to render it possible to rise for two hours, and exhort the believers ; in which, he says, "I found much of Divine consolation. O, how sweet were these two hours ; and how short ! Love is a wonderful thing.

Sunday, 26th.—"I was in a high fever ; yet, when I got with the family, I forgot my pains, while we conversed of the love of God. It being Easter Day, I examined what I had gained, since last Easter. And, I trust God has given me more humility, patience, and likeness to Himself."

He remained at Bristol, until April 13th, when he set sail from Pill for Ireland. The passage was an extremely rough one : The winds blew with such severity, and the seas rolled so high, that, even the sailors despaired of ever seeing land ; "yet," says he, "God gave more faith, and patience, and joy, than ever I felt before. I could not see death terrible to me. I prayed, and praised God incessantly : for I could not sleep an hour, while on board ; and neither could I eat, but Christ was with me in all, and supported me. I pleaded with the Lord, in behalf of the passengers, beseeching Him that He would not take them away in their sins. They cried out vehemently, "we are not fit to die." On their account, I did not desire to sleep. I cried aloud to God in prayer, in the cabin ; and they gladly attended there. On Saturday, the wind abated, and the next day we landed safe in Cork."

Mr. Morgan, who was, at that time, in Cork, hastened to see him, and says, "I can never forget the idea, which, the first sight of him, gave me, of a man

in deep fellowship with God ! On my opening his room door, and just appearing, he got up from his chair, being in deep contemplation ; and with a spirit and countenance composed, and solemn as the grave, he, with a low voice, 'God bless you.' We embraced each other with tears ; after which, kneeling down, he prayed, as to a present God indeed, with such melting and moving expressions, and with such reverential confidence, as surpassed all that I had known, or admired in him before ; and plainly discovered his having entered, since we parted, much further into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

"During the time he stayed here," continued Mr. Morgan, "I was a daily witness of his manner of life; and saw with much concern his swift approaching end. He had most of the symptoms of a consumption in its last stages ; which increased upon him every day. He had an intermitting fever, which returned regularly every day about eleven o'clock ; an habitual cough, and most profuse night sweats ; all which had now so emaciated and weakened him, that the marks of death, already appeared upon him. And, yet, notwithstanding this, he still so desired to discourse of the things of eternity, that, while he was at all able to stand, or speak, he could not be persuaded from preaching ; and though, he brought into the pulpit, the very image of death upon his face, so that it could hardly be expected, he should speak ten minutes, he has, nevertheless, preached a full hour, to the astonishment of all who heard him. One would have thought he would have dropped down dead, immediately after." Three days, after his arrival at Cork, Mr. Walsh, wrote the following letter to Charles Wesley.

CORK, April 17th, 1758.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

“God has all power ; therefore, we arrived safely here on the Saturday after I left Bristol. We were tossed with tempest, I may say a day and a night in the deep ; for the sea ran over the vessel. But, as you prayed, Jesus was in the ship. He was my support, and did strengthen and comfort my heart. Oh, that I could praise and love Him, and live more to the glory of His name ! Trials make Christ precious to us. Dear Sir, how shall I sufficiently thank you, for all your kindness ? I know it is God that gave us union and love. To the prayer of faith, nothing is impossible. I trust love will abound.”

“It would give me singular pleasure to hear from you, and to hear that dear Mrs. Wesley, and the child are well. When you write to her, I request you would give my best respects, and to any of those good friends I saw at your house, especially Mrs. Greenfield. I find such union with Bristol people as I never knew before ; and as to London saints, they are written in my mind. Yet, it is just. If you please to write to me, direct for me, to Mr. Thomas Jones, Merchant, in Cork.”

Dear Sir, requesting your prayers and services, I remain your truly affectionate and dutiful son,

THOMAS WALSH.

During this illness, he still kept up the examination of his feelings, and, of the dealings of God, with his soul. The last clipping from his diary, and, perhaps, the last he wrote therein, was written on Saturday, April 29th, of this, the year 1758. It

reads, "My soul truly waited upon God. My body feels pain and weakness ; but my soul enjoys the living fire of the Holy Ghost ! O, may I die the death of the righteous, and let my last end me like his ! I wait for Thy salvation, O Lord, weak as I am, but cannot be removed, while Jesus is my strength. O, that every pain may, but, increase my love to God ! I am supported by the fire within, and, by believing, that Jesus is at the right hand of God."

His stay, in Cork, was not long, as he desired to go to his home and his native town. His own brother, another friend, and Mr. Morgan, accompanied him twelve miles on the way. At the inn, where they stopped for dinner, he discoursed at the table, of the things pertaining to the life of a Christian, respecting particular instances of conduct. His weakness would not allow him to say as much as they desired to hear, but Mr. Morgan says, "I shall never forget our parting. The other persons, having gone down stairs, after he had said some particular things to me, we knelt down and prayed together, for the last time. We then took our final farewell of each other in this world. He went on his way, and I went mine ; each of us expecting to meet no more, till we meet in happier climes, and in a better world."

His body, continually, sank under the effects of his dreadful disease. All that medical science could do was resorted to, but, in every case, failed. In every place he now went, the best Physicians were consulted. They offered their services freely, neither expecting or deserving any other recompense than "the prayers of Mr. Walsh." They all allowed his disorder was brought on by excessive labour, frequent and loud preaching, intense application to study,

want of proper and sufficient rest, and said his case was hopeless.

Mr. Wesley was again passing through Ireland. On Saturday, June 11th, he says, "I met Thomas Walsh, once more in Limerick, alive, and, but just alive. Three of the best Physicians in these parts, have attended him, and all agree that it is a lost case ; that by violent straining of his voice, added to frequent colds, he has contracted a pulmonary consumption, which is now in the last stages, and consequently beyond the reach of any human help. O, what a man to be snatched away in the strength of his years ! Surely, Thy judgments are a great deep."

The week following, Mr. Wesley, held the third Irish Conference in Limerick. Walsh was one of the fourteen members, who attended. In the course of business, some objection was raised to the views, held by one of the preachers, Mr. Davies. Walsh, who knew him well, rose and said, "Bro. Davies is a wise and good man, and these objections to his phraseology will soon be done away, when he becomes more acquainted with the writings of the Methodists."

This testimony was well received by Mr. Wesley and Mr. Davies' character was passed, and he given, a circuit.

From Rossmead, he again writes to Mr. Charles Wesley, whose friendship and esteem he ever had, "Our blessed Thomas Walsh," Mr. Wesley would often say, when referring to him.

ROSSMEAD, October 9th, 1758.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—

"Your letter was very refreshing to me ; and while

I read it, the power of God rested upon me. But, truly, I am ashamed that you should speak in such language to me. It is certain, I pray earnestly for you, being moved thereto, not by a mere sense of duty, but by hearty love, and remembrance of your kindness."

"My spiritual state is this: I have a constant assurance of the favour of God. Secondly, a steadfast confidence, that my present afflictions will work together, for my good. Thirdly, that whenever God calls me hence, Jesus will receive my Spirit. Fourthly, I am tried to the uttermost. All the grace God has given me, can hardly bear the pain I feel. Indeed, my soul is often sorrowful, I grieve, though not enough, that my love to God is so little; and that I do not desire more earnestly to be with Christ. Yet, I live by faith, and, constantly, pray for submission and thankfulness. In prayer my soul is often enlarged, and I am led much to pray, that the God of patience and consolation, would give all His children to be likeminded: I mean, chiefly, that they should love one another. Ah, Lord! Why do not Thy children love and agree as Thou hast given them commandment, and even prayed that they should? When will Thy prayer be answered? Well, blessed Jesus, we will agree in Thy presence."

"It is long since I wrote a letter; but, you have constrained me. I am worse and worse, as to my disorder, I have a violent cough, profuse night sweats, a high and almost continual fever, wind in my stomach. Finally every part is pained in its turn. But, to this day, the Lord has not shown me clearly, whether this sickness be unto death. O, that I may be always ready!"

"My strength fails me. I can only add a thousand loves and respects to my friends at Bristol. Upon you, my dear sir, and the kind wife of your bosom, and all that belong to you, may the blessing of God forever abide! Shall I hear again from you?"

I am Rev. Sir, your affectionate son,

THOMAS WALSH.

P. S.—"O, forget not to pray for me! I believe really, you do make intercession for me. I often, with pleasure, told my friends, Mr. Charles Wesley prays for me; yea, and sings a verse too."

Seeing, he improved none in Limerick, it was thought best to remove him into the country, where, he could breathe the fresh air. All that human aid could do, was bestowed upon him; kind friends everywhere, lovingly waited upon him, and did their utmost, but to no avail. He grew worse and worse. He desired to be removed to Dublin, which desire was granted, but all was now too late, to do his frail body any permanent benefit. His room in Dublin was one of those furnished compartments, known as the lobby, over the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Whitefriar Street. This Church was erected by Mr. Wesley, ten or twelve years after the first Methodist society was formed in that city. Here, Mr. Walsh, spent the remaining days of his earthly pilgrimage. On one of the panes of the window of his sitting room, he wrote with a diamond in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and English, the words, "Never satisfied with myself." It has been said that Mr. Wesley, when referring to the last victories of early Methodists said, "Our people die well." If this refers to their last days of life, rather, than to the last moments and

final victory over the enemy, it was not so with Thomas Walsh. For days before the thread of life was broken, his soul was in intense darkness. Shortly after Mr. Fletcher was ordained, he preached in West Street chapel, London, for Mr. Wesley. In his sermon, he made some remarks on the dying hours of good men. He supposed that, some comparatively weak believers might die most blessedly, while some more strong in faith, for the further purification of their faith, or reasons unknown to us, might have severe conflicts.

At the meeting of the Bands, which took place immediately afterwards, Mr. Walsh opposed this doctrine, and said, he thought, it bore hard against the justice of God, His faithfulness, and covenant love to His children. With modesty, Mr. Fletcher replied, that God's wisdom was sovereign and inscrutable, and, though sorry, he had given offence, yet, he could not with a good conscience, retract what he had said. Mr. Walsh replied, "Be it unto you, according to your faith, and be it done unto me according to mine." Here, the matter rested. Two years afterwards, Mr. Walsh needed in death, the consolatory opinion of Fletcher. During some months he struggled with what were, doubtless, the agonies of a disordered nervous system. "He drank," says Morgan, "the Lord's cup of sorrow, and was in truth deeply baptized with His baptism. He was immersed in affliction's furnace, and plunged into the deepest fires.

His flesh chastised with torturing pain
His soul and sickness clave his bones ;
Keen anguish dwelt in every vein,
And sadly turn'd his breath to moans,

Sorrow was all his soul ; he scarce perceived
But by the pains he suffer'd that he lived !

“He was tempted and sorely buffeted by the devil. The nature of his disorder exposed him to a degree of precipitancy and discomposure, which he was more than superior to, while in health. In short, so did the wisdom of God permit, that through the malice of Satan, the extreme violence of the disorder of his body, and the concurrence of several other circumstances, this servant of God was brought to the utmost extremity of Spiritual distress and anguish of soul, consisting with keeping the faith of all ; in-somuch that it was but a few degrees removed from despair of his salvation.”

“His agonizing soul sweat blood !
With Christ he fainted on the tree,
And cried in death, ‘My God, My God,
Ah ! why hast Thou forsaken me ?’”

“His great soul lay thus, as it were, in ruins, for some considerable time, and poured out many a heavy groan, and speechless tear, from an oppressed heart and dying body. He sadly bewailed the absence of Him, whose wanted presence had so often given Him the victory over the manifold contradictions and trouble which he endured for His name’s sake.”

Perhaps, no heart had been more sensible to the visits of it’s Lord than was his. During his whole life, the shortest absence of his beloved, caused restlessness and anxiety of spirit. Now, however, it would seem that the Lord withdrew the realization of His presence from him and he was left alone like his blessed Master, in His dying agonies on Mount Calvary. Darkness settled over His lowly spirit—

darkness which could be felt, and which, for a time, hid all evidences of Divine approval and helpfulness. His soul was alarmed and to his friends, he was a mysterious spectacle. Public prayers were offered among the Methodists, throughout the united kingdom. How he needed now the consoling remarks of the sainted Fletcher, but, even this was withheld from his bleeding heart. But, we are assured he could say, even now, as he had so often said during his life, that it was good for him, though, he understood it not. And, blessed be God, his deep sorrow was about to be turned into joy; the clouds which hung so heavily upon his soul were about to lift, or rather be scattered by those glorious rays from the Sun of Righteousness. Says Stephen, in his notice of him in *History of Methodism*, "But, as sometimes the clouds, thick on the whole heavens, are rent at the horizon the moment the sun seems to pause there before setting, and the last rays stream in and flood with effulgence and joy the entire sky, so was the darkness lifted from the last hour of this good man."

On Sunday evening, the 8th of April, a few of his anxious Christian friends were gathered in his room to pray with him. As no help seemed forthcoming the dying man requested them all to leave his room. They withdrew, and he remained alone in prayer and deep recollection. At that moment God dropped into this struggling spirit, a lively foretaste of the joys to come and spread the day of eternity in his soul." With uplifted hands and rapturous exclamation he cried, "He is come! He is come! My beloved is mine, and I am His;—His forever!" and ceased to breathe.

"Shout all the first-born church above,
 His full triumphant entrance there;
 Shout, all on earth, whom Jesus' love
 Hath call'd His cross and crown to share.
 Our calling Lord, we calmly see,
 Our burden joyfully sustain,
 And die through one dark hour with Thee,
 With Thee eternally to reign."

C. WESLEY.

Thus lived, and thus died, in the 28th year of his age, one of the saintliest men that ever graced the sacred annals of Methodism, and, perhaps, the entire Christian church. His body was laid to rest in what was known as "The Cabbage Garden," but, subsequently, inclosed as The Burial Ground of the Parish of St. Nicholas without. It is to be regretted that no stone of any description, marks his last earthly resting place, and his grave cannot now be distinguished with certainty.

As we pen the last few words, relating to the life of this good and great man, we say where, O where, are we to find men of his zeal and purity to-day? For learning, mental abilities, oratorical powers, and organizing faculties—in fact, for all that, humanly speaking, go to make great men, can be found in all our denominations, but for heavenly zeal, holy faith and love, true and unselfish humility, men of seraphic spirit, filled with all the light, love and power of a Pentecostal saint, and whose godly life is as ointment poured forth, we must say with shame that they are few and difficult to find. O, may the Spirit of the living God dispel the deadness and coldness of this Laodicean age, and raise up many such holy and useful men, ere we are swept away with the flood of worldliness so fast engulfing the once beautiful and fire-baptized church.

CHAPTER XII.

MANNER OF PREACHING—CAUSE OF DARKNESS.

“All the struggle then is o’er,
And wars and fightings cease,
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace ;
All his enemies are gone ;
Sin shall have in him no part !
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.”

C. WESLEY.

WHEN the Rev. Fossy Tackaberry, an early Irish Methodist preacher, once visited Wexford, he heard that an aged woman lived there, who had heard Mr. Walsh preach, he called upon her in hopes he might obtain some scrap of information, or hear anything relating to that good man. Having mentioned his name, the old lady’s countenance brightened, and her manner became animated. “What do you know about Thomas Walsh,” she asked. “Why, I have read his memoirs with pleasure and profit.” “O ! but I knew him,” added she with deep emotion. And what sort of a preacher was he ? queried Mr. Tackaberry. “O, he was the preacher !” “Yes, but what was the character of his preaching ?” “O, it was he who knew how to preach ! In the middle of

his sermon, he would clasp his hands in an agony of prayer, that the people might be converted now ; and under his ministry God saved my soul." His habit was to make plain and enforce the doctrines he taught by numerous and forcible quotations from the word of God.

In the beginning of his ministry his public discourses, for they could scarcely be called sermons, consisted principally of well chosen passages of Scripture suited to the subject. These texts were interspersed with fiery appeals or warnings, living entreaties or words by way of comment. After a time, as he, by reading and conversing with the people of God, developed his mind, he did not follow this method so much, especially that habit of giving number, chapter and verse, in each instance, which was his custom at the first. This method had formed for him a body of Divinity, consisting wholly of biblical expressions.

The state of his own feelings i. e., his heart feelings, had a great influence on him, in regard to the spirit of his sermons and manner of delivery. He preached with more of what his heart felt, and not what he so much knew by study of books. He says, "When I am in heaviness, I am led to speak chiefly of trials ; when lively and fervent I am led to speak of the comforts of believers ; and when I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I press upon others to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and Spirit, and to perfect holiness. And hence, I learn,—1st. How needful it is for a preacher, to be in a right spirit himself, whenever he speaks to others. And 2nd. The wisdom of God, in so order-

ing, that every soul might receive its portion of the milk of the word in due season."

He did not steal his sermons from other men ; they were all his own, and came from the fulness of his heart, nor did he catch "at trivial incidents to furnish him with an hour's discourse." If, as the case sometimes was, his other labours prevented him from having the necessary time to prepare a sermon before going into the pulpit, he was not empty nor dry. The pouring out of his full soul even on these occasions, were full of freshness and life.

"There was nothing," says Morgan, "whining, light, or trifling in his discourses ; nothing put on ; nothing that could excite an air of levity, much less laughter ; but rather, and which was commonly the case, groans, and tears, and cries. His sermons had in them such a depth of Divine truth, confirmed by the word of God, with such a greatness, and majesty, as begot in the hearers an awe and reverence, which removed far away all petulancy and thoughtless irreverence of spirit ; and produced in many, a solemnity and attention of soul, becoming those who hear discourses for life and death eternal." His grave countenance and modified dignity gave weight to the words of his mouth. He was a "Son of Thunder," but more so, perhaps, during his early ministry when his sermons and appeals were directed chiefly to sinners, than to believers."

After the first and second year of his preaching—since he went to London, where his ministrations were largely among the people of God, his style became somewhat different. We must not think, however, that during the first two years his manner was harsh, or that he lacked in love ; quite the contrary.

None could more effectively pour the Balm of the Gospel into wounded and broken hearts ; and also terrify careless sinners with the dread of God's judgments, and alarm them of their peril, to flee from the wrath to come.

"He fierce on the Philistines flies,
Compels the captives to come in :
Spoils Satan of his lawful prize,
And tears them from the toils of sin."

He aroused the guilty conscience, and his words often pierced the very joints and marrow of those listening. It seemed in him, were the qualities of a Boanerges and also a son of consolation. To the indifferent he was the former, to the conscious-stricken, heavy-laden, he was the latter. To many a weary penitential soul his lips, like an honey-comb dropped sweetness, and into the bleeding heart of the disconsolate, he poured the wine and oil of the glorious gospel in rich profusion of precious promises.

"Refreshing, soft, as vernal showers,
His word on weary sinners fell,
Or like the rapid torrent pour,
While souls to Jesus blood he calls."

It was hard for the cold rocky heart to remain long under his moving, melting sermons, and not be broken to pieces or melted into true contrition. His words, like the flaming sword in Paradise, turned in every direction, and gave a message to all.

To the people of God his preaching was both food and warmth, it comforted and edified those already on the way to heaven, and acted as a mighty inspiration to further their progress. He,

“With strength and utterance from above,
Urged on the saints through grace forgiven,
To scale the mount of holiest love,
To seize the brightest throne in heaven.”

He was a great lover and teacher of the doctrine of holiness of heart and life. Many are the illusions of his teaching on this subject in the lives of early Methodists. Many of whom were led into this rich experience through his instrumentality. His preaching gave the holiness revival in London a marvelous impetus, and to him under God is largely due, the broader and more far reaching aspect that great work of God took. He earnestly taught the doctrine of a clean heart when he, himself, felt the remains of depravity—of the fulness of perfect love, and himself groaning after it. Such was the clear Scriptural grasp he had of the subject. He preached it as an experience necessary for a fitness to do the whole will of God on earth, as well as a qualification for heaven, but his great hold lay in teaching it as a privilege for the children of God, by way of promises and, thereby, excited an intense longing in the hearts of true children for this mighty fulness.

It may be said that he made little use of what is called the “art of preaching.” The rules which some lay down in order to good preaching, were too narrow for his great soul. His eagerness and rapidity of spirit could not wait on these necessities, but sent forth the good news like showers upon the thirsty ground. The earnestness of his addresses and the impetuosity of spirit, were extremely hard on his physical frame. He very seldom preached less than one hour, and at the close, was in a flow of perspiration. He often resolved to guard against such severe killing. Going to the meeting he would promise himself to be

careful, but when he was well into the subject, and his soul warmed up, his resolves had to give way; His panting Spirit could not be bound.

"The sword," says he, on one occasion, "was too keen for its scabbard." When his body became so weak, as it was the last year or two of his life, he was compelled to go more slowly and deliberate. His sermons betrayed no lack of preparation. Most of them were prepared on his knees before God in the closet from which place he usually went direct to the pulpit or place of preaching. Only a small volume of his sermons was ever published. It is long out of print, but each sermon betrays the marvelous soul of this man of God. If they were all like these few, then it is no wonder sinners quailed under them and the saints of God shouted for joy. His sermons tended to make strong, robust Christians. Would that we had more of such to-day.

Different persons have tried to solve the mystery of Mr. Walsh's severe trials, and dark hours, previous to his death. The news of these dying conflicts produced a strong sensation, among his brethren in the ministry, and the Methodist people at large. When Mr. Fletcher heard of it, he exclaimed, in a letter to Mr. C. Wesley, "with a heart bowed down in grief, and eyes bathed in tears, occasioned by our late, heavy loss—I mean the death of Mr. Walsh—I take my pen to entreat you to intercede for me. What! that sincere, laborious, and zealous servant of God! Was he saved only as by fire? and was not his prayer heard, until the death hour was just expired? Oh, where shall I appear? I, who am an unprofitable servant? Would to God my eyes were fountains of water, to weep for my sins! Would to

God, I might pass the rest of my days in crying, "Lord, have mercy on me." All is vanity, grace, talents, labours — if we compare them with the mighty stride, we have to take into eternity!

He often spoke of it with amazement to Mrs. Fletcher, and would conclude by saying, "Be it our care to lead holy lives: the comfort of our death we must leave with the Lord, who will do all things well." The cause of his severe conflict cannot be attributed to any one thing, but in summing up all the true reasons, we will, at once, see, that it is little wonder he was assailed by the powers of darkness and despair. During his last stay in London, he offered his hand to a pious Methodist, a Mrs. King, whom he understood to be a widow. She respectfully declined, saying, though, she had not seen her husband for seven years, and had some reasons for thinking him dead, yet, until she had better authority to go on, she deemed it her duty not to alter her state. In this very sufficient reason Mr. Walsh cheerfully acquiesced, and here the matter should have rested. Unhappily, the good woman did not keep her secret. Ill news speeds rapidly, and this soon spread abroad, and the circumstances were so greatly exaggerated and misrepresented that Mr. Walsh fell into great and undeserved reproach. It was intimated to him that his actions in this respect had done harm to the cause of religion. Depressed by disease, labouring under unmerited reproach, severely judged by some he best loved, and grieved to think the cause of Christ should suffer by his actions, his faith for a time wavered. Now, was the hour of the power of darkness. Satan, who had so often fallen before the lightning of his doc-

trine, and who could not stand against his prayers, rallied his broken powers, and led them, reinforced, by the black troops of death, to a final conflict.

Possibly to the above event Mr. Wesley alluded, when he wrote, "There were some circumstances not commonly known, which might easily account for the darkness he went through before he went to Paradise." And in another letter he says, "Perhaps, one reason why that good man, Thomas Walsh, yea, and John Manners, too, were in such grievous darkness before they died, was, perhaps, they shortened their own lives." However, in a letter to Miss Foxdale, dated, Oct. 5th, 1785, twenty-five years after the death of Mr. Walsh, are the more mature views of his temptations and sufferings. "I believe Mr. [Walsh's] nervous disorder gave rise to many, if not most of those temptations, which many of equal grace, but firmer nerves are utter strangers." There can be no blame attached to Mr. Walsh for his actions in the case of Mrs. King. He, as well as others, thought her husband dead, and as soon as he learned her mind on the matter, withdrew his case. What better could he have done? If others, his enemies, on hearing of the affair, enlarged and falsified the story, in order to blacken his character, Mr. Walsh deserves no blame. And, if on hearing these injurious tales, he was tempted and tried, where is the wonder? He was human, and it would have grieved his tender spirit to think he had in any one thing, so acted as to give the enemy an opportunity to work and hinder his influence for good. Perhaps no man would have more severely criticised himself for such an action.

In Moore's, life of Wesley, the author, who was an

intimate friend of Mr. Wesley's, pens a few words which sheds considerable light on what proved to add to Mr. Walsh's dying troubles. It has already been noticed that the latter's mind was much burdened for the Irish Societies, and that his eager desire was to have the sacrament administered to them in their own chapels.

"Mr. Wesley had firmly resisted for many years, every effort made by those, who were for a more liberal plan, as they termed it. Even Thomas Walsh, in that early day, deplored Wesley's obstinacy respecting the [converted] Roman Catholics. He expostulated with him in the bitterness of his soul, not through any enmity to the Established Church, with which he constantly communicated, but from tender love to those desolate children of his faith, and prayer for whom chiefly he was prodigal of life. "Sir," said he, "they must have the ordinances of Christ; but, they will not go to the Church. They will not hear those men, whose ungodly lives they daily behold; but they will joyfully communicate with those by whom they have been brought to God. You may open the kingdom of heaven to those multitudes, who have hitherto walked in the way to hell. Beware, how you shut it against them." Mr. Wesley revered this man of God—this debtor to all men, this apostle of the Roman Catholics—beyond all men of his day; but he was steadfast and unmovable in his great views, not seeing in this hard case, a good reason for deviating. I believe this conversation was the last they had on earth; and, I am constrained to think that Mr. Wesley's inflexibility hastened the lamented death of that great and good man. Many sorrows compassed him about, while

hard and continued labour shattered the clay tenement ; but this seemed to oppress him more than all."

The consolations of salvation, the elevated Spiritual happiness, the rapture of Divine love, the clear consciousness of his Lord's presence, the freedom of Christian service, the profound rest of faith in the holy word, which, had in former days, been such marked features of his general experience, seemed now all to be overcast. In his exalted and raptured experiences, he was the subject of a severe tension of both mind and body, as is seen in his prayers and the intensity of his spiritual aspiration. Now, however, his worn-out frame was incapable of the nervous strain of those periods. Beside this, his Bro. Dr. Walsh, states that his physician administered what was intended to be a composing medicine, an overdose of laudanum, which, however, effected his mind for some time, added to his mental conflict and gloom. His weak, sensitive and disorganized body yielded to the pressure of so heavy a tax and became itself an additional burden for his already tossed and afflicted soul. His dejected and sorrowful spirit reacted upon his highly strung nervous system, and the thoughts of a premature closing of his ministry and the withdrawal from the excitements and joys of such holy toil, left him a comparative wreck, both in body and mind.

It has been already noticed in the quotations from James Morgan's account of Mr. Walsh's death, that he attributed the gloom and depression of spirit to his being "tempted sorely and buffeted by the devil," and that "the nature of his disorder exposed him to a degree of precipitancy and discomposure which he was more than superior to, in better health." He speaks

also of the occurrences of several other circumstances," those which are previously mentioned.

In all these things, however, he saw the hand of a wise and indulgent heavenly Father at work, fashioning a vessel meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; and of showing His power, as in the case of Job, to succor and uphold against all human and diabolical odds, a mere worm of the dust who like his Saviour.

"Drank in the sad days of flesh.
The portion by His Father given."

And to reveal at the last moment the glory of His power in the full and complete victory over death. When he heard of the afflictive scene in connection with his friend's death, he says, "He was more astonished than at anything he ever remembered to have happened either to himself or others; remaining in dumb suspense, at what could be the cause of so unexpected a procedure; but adds, "I am nevertheless, inclined to consider the whole affair as an argument, rather of his strength than the contrary. His supporting at all, under such extreme sufferings, not a little demonstrates his great soul, and nearness of conformity to God his Saviour."

"Cans't thou, by searching, find out God?" Cans't thou find out the Almighty to perfection? Is a question ever to be answered in the negative. "His ways are past finding out." The sufferings of all past saints have been for His glory, their good and the benefit of the church, though at the time, none but Himself understood. When He was manifest in the flesh, "He learned obedience by the things He suffered," and the greatest of His sufferings were in His

Spirit. "Amazed, sore troubled, exceedingly sorrowful" are expressions which fell from His holy lips.

Mr. Morgan was well acquainted with Thomas Walsh, and knew something of the great trials this young man suffered, during his short Christian life. He says, he was at length inclined to consider it as an argument, in favour of his strength of character than the contrary. That his supporting at all under such extreme sufferings, not a little demonstrates his greatness of soul and nearness of conformity to God His Saviour.

The following lines are the production of Mr. Charles Wesley and from the "Third hymn" composed by this good man on the character and death of Mr. Walsh.

" 'Tis finished, 'tis past,
 His conflict below,
 The sharpest and last
 He ever shall know !
 The fiery temptation
 Hath spent all its fires,
 The heir of salvation
 With triumph expires.

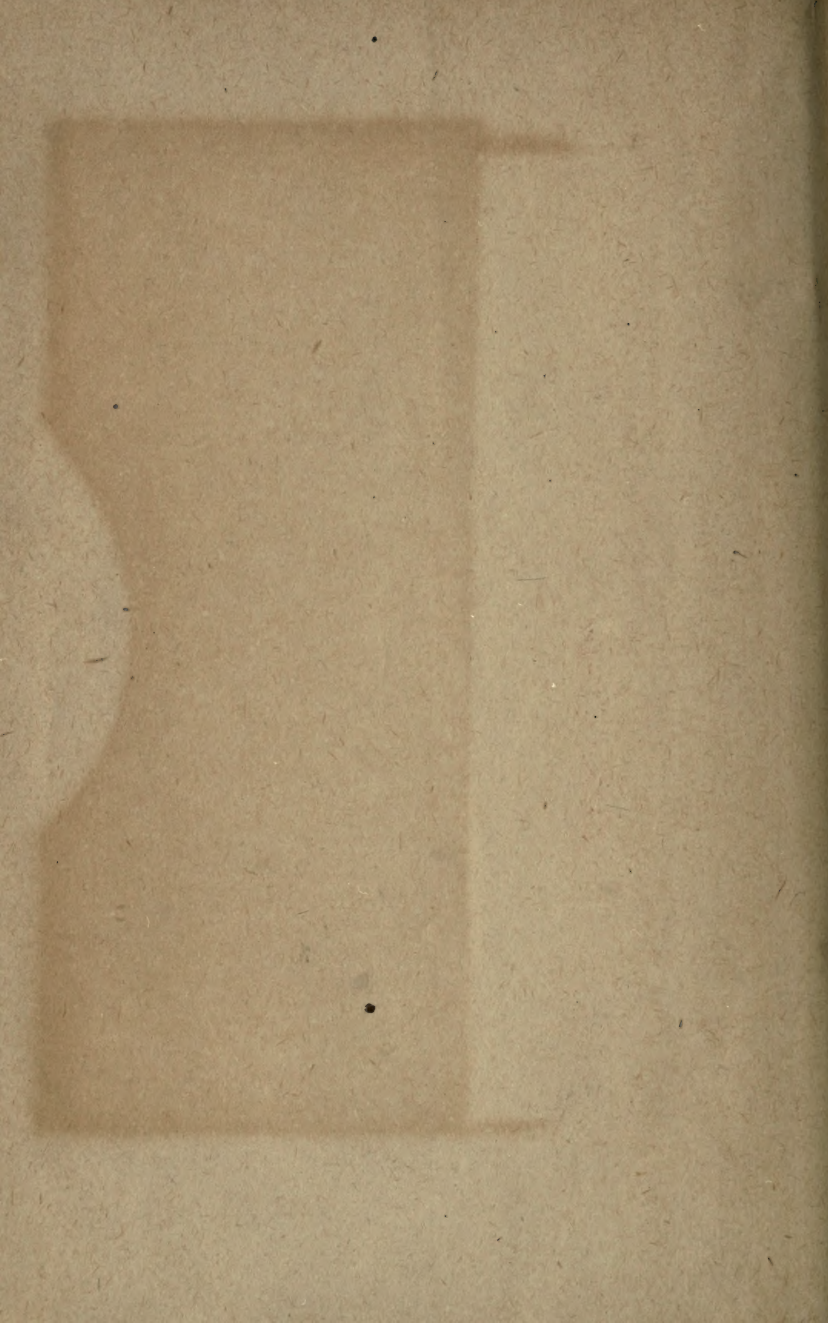
The buffeting fiend,
 Who push'd him so sore,
 And bruised to the end,
 Shall bruise him no more ;
 He trod on his bruise,
 And more than subdued
 Our hellish accuser,
 Through Jesus' blood.

He press'd by this cross,
 He mounted the higher
 He left all the dross,
 And tin in the fire ;
 He brought to the mourning
 The Comforter down,
 And Jesus returning
 Presented the crown.

All praise to the Lord !
All praise to His due ;
His merciful word
Is tried, and found true ;
Who His dereliction
On Calvary bear,
And share His affliction
His kingdom shall share.

Remember us there,
And answer our call,
When turning with pain
Our face to the wall ;
In trouble stand by us,
Till all is o'erpast,
And chasten and try us,
But save us at last."





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Walsh, Thomas

The life and labors of Rev. Thomas Walsh,
the Irish methodist preacher.

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