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RECOMMENDATIONS.

BRO. GRAHAM:—

I think you are engaged in a good work, in preparing sketches of the life of Bro. Phinney for publication. May you have success.

JONA. WOODMAN.

Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 25, 1851.

BRO. GRAHAM:—

I am glad you are preparing sketches of Bro. Phinney's life for publication. I think such a work must be very interesting, and if I can do anything to help, I shall gladly.

D. WATERMAN.

Unity, Me., Feb. 11, 1851.

BRO. GRAHAM:—

I was exceedingly glad to learn that you are about to publish the life of Elder Clement Phinney. I think there are many incidents which ought to be preserved, and which would be of interest to the church and the world. The old man is one of nature's original paintings, and ought to be framed before it is too late.

E. NOYES.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 14, 1851.





J. H. Bufford's Lith


ELDER CLEMENT PHINNEY.

THE LIFE
OF
CLEMENT PHINNEY.

BY

D. M. GRAHAM,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST F. W. BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.



DOVER, N. H.

WILLIAM BURR, PRINTER.

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PREFACE.

LESS than two years ago, at a session of the Kennebec Yearly Meeting, the subject and the writer of this little volume first met. This happened to our lot by the invitation of Mr. ——— Frye, of Lewiston, where the meeting occurred. During the meeting a sermon was delivered, which was more deficient in other respects than in doctrine or arrangement. It was formal—it was without life. Mr. Phinney followed in a brief exhortation. Condensing the whole sermon into a few simple sentences, he delivered it *to* the hearers, whereas it had previously only been delivered *before* them. He breathed into the corpse-like sermon the breath of life. He caused it to burn upon the hearts of those for whom it was designed. It then occurred to the writer that it would be a good service to the church, to write the life of one whose words so easily carry truth to the heart. On the way home next day, this conviction was mentioned to a clerical friend, who not only shared in it, but who immediately urged it upon his incompetent friend to undertake the book desired.

A few months after, at a convention holden at Great Falls, N. H., hopes were excited that the time had come when the F. W. Baptist Connexion *would* sustain a periodical, a leading object of which should be, to record in chronological order, such accounts of the early laborers in the denomination, as time has spared. The biographical feature of the proposed periodical naturally recalled

the thoughts just mentioned concerning Mr. Phinney, and, as it was understood that he had kept no journal, it was felt to be important for some one immediately to set about collecting the materials for a proper notice to appear in due time on the pages where his fellow laborers were to be remembered. With the design of accomplishing this purpose merely, an invitation was sent, a little more than a year ago, to Mr. Phinney to spend a few days with the writer, who then resided in Saco. This had doubtless been the end of the affair, had not Rev. B. D. Peck, of Portland, by whom the invitation was communicated, taken great pains to overcome the old gentleman's reluctance, and to prevail upon him to comply at once with the wishes of his friends.

When he came and related such events as occurred to him, the hasty notes were taken which form the principal portion of this book. In it, therefore, there must be mistakes, but there is ground to hope they are neither serious, nor numerous. The great deficiency that will be felt, especially by those long acquainted with Mr. Phinney, is the omission of the very events that seem to them the most interesting things in his life. This is a source of regret, but to none more than the writer, and he may add, had he not been fully aware of this deficiency, this volume would have afforded no one, except himself, either pleasure or pain, for some years to come. But, however unwise it may appear to others, he permits it to go forth now, with the hope that the regret awakened by the deficiency alluded to, may evoke many valuable reminiscences that would otherwise never appear.

Though the writer owes much to the kindness of many friends whom he must pass in silence, it would be entirely unjust not to mention Rev. Silas Curtis, who has, aside from looking over most of the manuscript, afforded much assistance by furnishing many more facts than he has

credit for in the following pages, where, for the most part, such assistance from others is acknowledged.

It is hoped, whatever views the reader may entertain relative to Phrenology, Mr. Fowler's description may prove acceptable. On the day of the date of the description, the portrait, without name, fact, or hint of any kind, was handed to him. No change has been made in his manuscript, not even in the tense of the verbs, from which it seems Mr. F. thought he was describing the character of one no longer in the land of the living.

It has not been in the power of the writer to see a single page of the proof sheets. He has sent off chapter after chapter, as soon as it was off his hands. These hints, besides being in part an apology for repetitions and incongruities, will lead the reader to make due allowance for any other errors he may notice.

If this little volume, prepared under many embarrassments, shall prove of any service to the Kingdom of Christ, it is enough.

D. M. G.

New York, May 1, 1851.



THE PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER

OF CLEMENT PHINNEY, AS GIVEN BY L. N. FOWLER, FROM
HIS PORTRAIT.

Clinton Hall, April 7, 1851.

THIS likeness indicates strong vitality, power, and a long-lived ancestry. He was prepared to take life more calmly than most men—neither its toils or its allurements, deranged his state of mind, or drew him off from a balance so much as to make much difference with his character. He was generally uniform, steady, stable, and could be relied upon. The nutritive functions appear large, which gave an ample degree of the vital principle, enabling him to go through with severe exercises, if necessary, and exerted a healthy, benign influence over others, and so presented his subjects and conversation, that others became interested not only in them, but in him. He had a fair amount of motive and mental power, giving a good degree of force of character and mental activity; still, he did not often go to extremes, and when he did, there was consistency even in the extreme.

His Phrenological organization indicates a predominance of the intellectual and moral faculties—his head was high, and comparatively narrow,—the selfish propensities must have been rather weak, especially Destructiveness—he was not inclined to cruelty—was more disposed to love than to hate—to create happiness rather than misery—to do good rather than evil—to relieve distress rather than to promote suffering, and inclined to oppose all kinds of violence, and punishment as a matter of revenge, and would worship a God of benevolence rather than a God of revenge. He had control over his appetite, and ate to live, rather than lived to eat. He was naturally frank, candid, open-hearted in the development of his disposition, and yet was comparatively cautious, especially as to what kind of influences he exerted. He was particularly firm, persevering, steady, and had a high degree of moral courage—was not afraid to tell the truth, and stand by it, yet he was not reckless, or extra radical in his actions in this respect. The moral faculties all appear to be prominent, which indicate a high sense of justice, love of truth, feeling of devotion, sense of the sacred, and regard for

law and authority—spirituality of mind, hopefulness and sanguineness of feeling, sympathy, humanity, desire to live for others as well as himself, and to interest himself in the general welfare of mankind. It was comparatively easy for him to spend his time in doing good. He was remarkable, intellectually, for his practical common sense—was not so brilliant, theoretical or philosophical, as he was capable of excelling in history, the sciences, and in all practical off-hand kinds of business. Experience was his teacher—he sought truths from nature, and learned more from observation and experience, than in any other way. The truths he uttered were wholesome, and his teachings practical, and always had an eye on the utility of what he said and did, and was a good judge of things and circumstances. He was naturally systematic, methodical, precise, and had a way to do every thing. He was free in conversation—apt in teaching, and very much disposed to tell others what he knew himself. He was good at describing, comparing, and associating—was apt in criticism, and made many striking remarks. He was a good judge of human nature, and seldom missed in his efforts to do good. The social faculties were probably strong, judging from the physiognomy, and general make of the head; if so, he was lively, warm-hearted, fond of society, and delighted to come in contact with others, was decidedly fond of female society, and appreciated the marriage relation much, also children, and took great interest in their welfare. His selfishness was based in his animal wants—they being fairly supplied, left his mind free to live for the welfare of others.

If a professional man, he would succeed best as a minister or physician; next to those, as a teacher. If a business man, his practical judgment—how to manage men, and buy up stock, and take advantage of circumstances, was his forte.

His jokes were decidedly practical, useful and appropriate; he mingled much useful information with his jokes—was really witty; could be quite sarcastic, yet was so good natured about it, as to give no offence—in fact, he had license by common consent, to say what he pleased, and no one took offence at it, because it was said in so common-sense a manner.

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LIFE OF CLEMENT PHINNEY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS CONVERSION.

CLEMENT PHINNEY was born in Gorham, Maine, August 16th, 1780. To this town, John Phinney, his great-grandfather, removed from Cape Cod, Mass., more than a hundred years ago. That this ancestor of his first settled Gorham, and the date of his settlement, appear from the following copy of a part of the inscription on a block of granite, erected at "Gorham Corners," by public authority :

CAPT.

JOHN PHINNEY

COMMENCED THE

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THIS TOWN

MAY 1736.

To Edmund Phinney, son of John, and grandfather of Clement, though only fourteen years of age at the time of "the settlement," is attributed the honor of felling the first tree cut in the town by the

white man's axe. Tradition makes him the hero of other exploits in equal esteem among pioneers. Of these the following may be of interest to some :

The first inhabitants of Gorham, like those of most frontier towns, especially in those times, suffered from the attacks of hostile tribes of Indians. When Edmund was only twenty years of age, it is related, that to ascertain if the enemy was near, he with two others was sent forth from the fort, which the inhabitants had built upon a spot still known as "Fort Hill." The party had proceeded but a little way, when Edmund, as he stepped upon a stump the better to observe, saw three Indians skulking in the thick under-wood. He had time only to exclaim, "Here they are," till they fired upon him. He fell, and his companions snatching him up for dead, hastened back to the fort. Fortunately, being only stunned, he speedily recovered. Two balls wounded his head, and a third passed through the flesh of the arm. It was ascertained afterward that these Indians were his personal acquaintances and play-fellows ; and, that they aimed at him especially, as they themselves confessed when peace returned, because they feared in him a formidable enemy.

This anecdote, though without the heroic denouement of many that are related of him, gives us a glimpse of the kind of training through which many of our ancestors passed, preparatory to the great struggle for Independence—a struggle which was then approaching, and in which this Edmund served to good purpose as a Colonel.

One of those who carried him to the fort was his future father-in-law, Clement Meserve, whose Christian name has descended to the subject of our sketches. Edmund's third son, Edmund, Jr., was Clement Phinney's father. He married Sarah Hamblen, some descendants of whose family are still residing in Gorham. Of the eight children sprung from this marriage, the eldest is Clement, to whom we now return.

Of his childhood and youth we have but few things to relate, and none of these wonders. There is not often a case of which it may be said with so much truth, however, that he inherited a good physical constitution, and consequently a large share of good nature and cheerfulness, as well as that strong common sense which is so exceedingly rare, notwithstanding its name.

His intellectual endowments present that combination which is adapted to quick and accurate observation, rather than to profound and consecutive reasoning. His talent, as we say, is practical, rather than theoretical—adapted to present visible execution, rather than to operating silently and systematically upon ages. His impulses in youth and middle age were strong, but combined with those generous sentiments which render even a forcible nature agreeable.

His love of music, even in childhood, was excessive. He early learned to exercise his powers of song, by which he attached his equals to himself, and rendered his company desirable to adults. This talent, being cultivated and consecrated to God, has

been, as we shall hereafter see, very instrumental in awakening in the human heart responses to the calls of the Divine Word. Aptness "to teach" he possesses to a degree quite above mediocrity; and another talent, quite as important to the minister, an instinctive capability of acquiring friends, without making at the same time an equal number of enemies.

The other natural endowments by which, through a long series of years, he has been able to hold the undivided attention of large audiences, may be indicated, perhaps sufficiently, by saying that he has in his composition a rich vein of genuine wit, and not a slight sprinkle of enthusiasm, accompanied by an eccentricity, which, though it will not bear imitation, is nevertheless very agreeable, because in him it is perfectly spontaneous. The glow of enthusiasm, and a striking eccentricity, when combined in a public speaker of no more than ordinary qualifications in other respects, while they have no little effect upon the learned, never fail to exercise a controlling influence over the mass of mankind.

His advantages for education, in the ordinary sense of the term, were such only as the district school of New England fifty years ago afforded. The education here received he improved, however, by teaching; but, it must be remembered that the common school fifty years ago was not what it now is. If we judge of the schools of those days by the noble men with which they blessed the world, we shall not, however, come to the conclusion that they were altogether deficient.

To become acquainted with his theological education, we have not to follow him to the feet of any Gamaliel, but to follow him long years in the actual warfare of practical life. So far then, as he has proceeded in his studies — for he has not yet graduated — it is our purpose to follow him. Having introduced the reader to the natural man, we invite him to observe the development of this combination of faculties, under the various influences of good and bad to which he has been subjected, and under the like of which each one, who lives long in this world, must decide for himself whether he will be saved or lost.

The reader rightly infers that in youth he was very fond of merry-making company. Still, amid youthful excitements and the influence afforded by the example of depraved companions, he never fell into the disgusting vice of profanity. For this preservation he still cherishes a lively gratitude for his mother's influence. Happy will it be for our country, when each son can bear a similar testimony to his mother's worth.

When about eighteen, Mr. Phinney was attacked on a side, however, not so well fortified by parental influence. By some vile men, such as yet infest society in great abundance, he was enticed to places for drinking and gambling. Well nigh did his musical talent, in this instance, prove the occasion of his ruin. Under the admonitions of the Spirit of God, he was soon rescued from those places of degradation.

Soon after, he was taken very ill of a fever, from which his friends despaired of his recovery. He

began to reflect upon his religious interests. Beyond the grave there was for him neither light nor hope. In the deep anguish of a soul, conscious of a want of preparation for the exchange of worlds, he vowed, if his life should be spared, to devote the rest of his days to the service of God. His vows, like all others made to postpone present duty, were made only to be broken. Upon his recovery, though no longer found in the company of gamblers, there were few balls within his reach without his presence. In mere pleasure he sought for happiness.

For the age of twenty-one he looked forward with those bright anticipations which are the invariable ushers of disappointments correspondingly sad. A gloom overtook this pleasure-seeker, as, sooner or later, all such are overtaken. It was so marked that his father and other friends inquired for its origin. To them he returned almost any answer but the true one, a want of communion with his Maker. Vainly he pursues the same course, though his mental night becomes more and more dismal.

In his twenty-third year, [March, 1803,] he was married to Joanna, daughter of Captain Josiah Wallace, of Cape Elizabeth. Both with hearty good will left their pleasure-going associations to seek for happiness in the pursuit of wealth. With good prospects he entered upon business in his native town. But success in worldly good cannot banish a sense of internal poverty.

During his twenty-fourth year, under the pressure of his unhappy spirit, he betook himself to prayer for

the first time in his life. This only revealed to him more clearly his sad want of conformity to the divine law. Sin revived in him with unwonted power. His hopes died. But, instead of applying to a crucified and risen Christ to deliver him from the death in which his spirit was struggling, he thought to banish his wretchedness by fleeing to the company of those who spoke of the Savior only to deride. Such, however, is God's mercy, that his Spirit, to increase conviction, often employs the very means to which the sinner resorts to escape from it altogether, and thus leads him who was bent upon destruction to that repentance not to be repented of. Take some illustrations.

In the winter of the twenty-sixth year of his age, Mr. Phinney, with the express design of gaining a respite from his convictions, took great pains to devote one day to the kind of company before named. Friday night he dismissed his school. Having engaged to accompany him a neighbor who, upon every convenient opportunity, was accustomed to become intoxicated, he went on Saturday morning to Portland, a few miles distant. There they met a large company of glee companions. They all gave themselves up to bacchanalian revelry. Of this company Mr. Phinney was leader and life. Calling himself Paul, Junior, he delivered mock sermons, and engaged in mock theological debates with some of those who so much disgrace the cause of Christ, known as backsliders. On their way home that evening his drunken associate

was converted into a real preacher. "Clement," said he, "your wickedness to-day has fairly frightened me." This remark carried to the heart of his hearer conviction, no less pungent than that experienced by John Bunyan, when a wicked woman said to him, that he "was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life." "That day," to use Mr. Phinney's own words, "was the worst of my life. I can scarcely recur to it without a shudder."

Having spent most of two nights and the intervening Sabbath in great distress of mind, he was on his way Monday morning to his school. While passing through a woody vale that seemed to his excited imagination a chosen place for Divine manifestations, he hears a voice which, though deep in the recesses of his own heart, seems to him to come from above. "Whither," cried the voice of the Eternal, "whither, O young man, art thou bound?" "To destruction," he involuntarily responds. "Why press on to that destiny," said the voice, "why not turn and live?" "Lord help," said he, "and I will."

He still procrastinated and still suffered. How the day passed he cannot remember. But he well remembers that a release from cares and the solemn hours of night brought him to a full consciousness of his wretched condition.

At the close of this term he accepted an invitation to take charge of a school at Standish Neck, within himself again resolving, when separated from his wicked associates, to pay his vows. He prepared

himself thus to learn by bitter experience that truth of the Bible, so hard for us all to learn, "Behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

"It is a poor relief we gain
To change the place but not the pain."

By contract he was to board in the family of John Plaisted. He wished to board in that quiet Christian family the better to carry into effect his resolutions. When he arrived he found that his evil fame had preceded him. Mrs. P. consented to take him into the family only till other arrangements could be made.

He commenced his school, and in a few days his pupils, as usual, became warmly attached to him. Among them was an adopted son of his hostess. The time came for the change. The son plead with the mother in his teacher's behalf. The teacher determined to stand upon the contract or leave the school. All the children of the district declared for their teacher, and Mrs. P. herself had seen nothing out of the way in her boarder. It is scarcely necessary to add that, as in most cases, the children carried the day, and the school continued.

Sometimes Mr. Phinney strove to derive from conversation with Mrs. P., some light concerning the way of life. She mistrusts in him only a desire to play the sanctimonious part for his own amusement, and, therefore, afforded him very little instruction. For the same purpose he attended prayer meetings, but with like success. He was regarded as one who came in merely to spy out the liberty of Christians, and, therefore, they took the precaution to change meetings appointed for vocal prayer into those of the

most approved Quaker style. The faith of such Christians never removes mountains.

In the same town, though a few miles distant, resided Sargeant Shaw, a Christian to whom living and walking "in the Spirit," imported something more than attention to forms and dogmas. He believed the Holy Spirit prompted him to visit Mr. Phinney for religious conversation. He obeyed the inward call, notwithstanding some of his friends urged him not to expose himself to the ridicule of "the wicked teacher." He arrived at Mr. Plaisted's a little before the teacher was expected to return. As soon as he heard him he hastened to meet him. "Mr. Phinney," said he, "I have come to converse with you on the subject of religion." "I am glad to see you on that errand," said Mr. Phinney, adding, "I greatly feel the need of religion." He related in full to Mr. Shaw his trials of mind.

This visit gave great strength to the Christian, and to the seeker a determination never to yield till he should experience the pardoning mercy of Christ. Should we always be as prompt to obey the Spirit's call as was Mr. Shaw, how often might we act the part of an Ananias to some groping Paul. Though God speaks from the sky to awaken in the human heart a deep yearning for salvation, he leaves it to his written word and to Christians to give specific directions.

The next Saturday after this visit, while Mr. Phinney was on his way to Gorham to spend the Sabbath with his family, he was overtaken by one of his companions. "Clement," said he, "what makes you look

so solemn?" The unhesitating reply was, "I am seeking God." To his family's inquiries he made similar reply. Sabbath evening while at singing school, (for he was accustomed to teach such,) a very profane man, during an intermission, roughly addressed him as to his seriousness, but the candid reply soon checked the spirit of ridicule. Here is one whose soul is in earnest; he cares not how many or who know that he is seeking for redemption through Christ. Many a one brought near to the kingdom of heaven loses his soul, for want of resolution to face the sneer of some worthless associate.

May [1806] had made the earth glad and gay before he entered upon the last week of his term; but still there was yet no joy in his heart. He felt, as he remarked this week to one of his pupils, that he was "a poor lost sinner." But to his sad heart joy was approaching. He had lost all dependence upon himself. He was wholly intent upon mercy through Christ. Slumber had forsaken his eyelids. As at the midnight hour he wrestled in prayer the burden of his guilt passed away. A glorious light burst upon his soul and filled it with a divine ecstasy. He waited not till morning to communicate the glad intelligence to the Christian family in which he was boarding. Together, till break of day, they praised and prayed.

This morning, as he passed along the shores of a beautiful lake to a grove where, in his darkness, he had often prayed and wept bitter tears of repentance, it seemed to him that literally "old things" had passed away, and all things become "new." All things

seemed to partake of his own joy. The bright waters wear a new smile ; the birds have new songs ; the groves are filled with the presence of a life-giving Deity.

In a day or two he entered his school for the last time. He felt much more like praying with his pupils, and exhorting them to flee to Christ, than attending to his ordinary duties. He commenced his accustomed routine, but soon the scene was changed. One of the pupils while reading began to shed tears at the thought of parting so soon with her teacher. Many from kindred feelings soon imitated her. The teacher found himself unable to restrain his tears. He spent the remaining hour in accordance with his own feelings. "Though more than forty years have passed," said one of those pupils the other day, "I have not forgotten that scene. I never shall. We all wept." Years afterward Mr. Phinney had the privilege of reaping fruit of that day's sowing.

Dear reader, you have seen in this case the sinner strive to sear his conscience by plunging deeper and deeper into sin. But such is the nature of the soul of man, that it can never be at rest till reconciled to God. In a state of alienation it has tribulation, but in Christ it has peace. May that peace be yours, evermore.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS CONVERSION TO HIS UNION WITH THE CHURCH.

UPON Mr. Phinney's return from Standish, the news of his conversion soon spread among his neighbors, and furnished them with a theme for not a little conversation. Many of his former associates took early occasion to call upon him, that they might converse with one after his conversion, who before, had so often made them merry by his witticisms in regard to religion; and, when they found him who once "had the legion, in his right mind," they were not a little astonished. When they left, instead of the idle curiosity which had prompted their calls, a wholesome conviction of their need of a similar change, had possession of their minds; and one of the number soon submitted to God.

Though for no good reason he delayed joining the church, he exercised his influence in awakening the consciences of others, and his own soul made rapid advancement in the new life. But he could not long remain in this condition in safety; for soon he began to feel the need of sympathy and encouragement from others, both for his own progress, and for his highest usefulness toward others. On the other hand he began to fear, that if he should join the church, and be faithful to the grace already operating in his heart, he would be called to a life more public than he desired. Here he faltered. His zeal departed. He

wounded his conscience. He could no longer be at peace among Christians. He forsook the house of God, and the cares of this world choked the germ that had begun to unfold itself in his inner life. This plant will not endure neglect. It seems not to be indigenous to the human heart. It seems rather to be an exotic that requires careful culture. It must strike its roots into the soil of a soul wholly submissive to the Divine will, and supported, under ordinary circumstances, by the sympathies arising from "brotherly love." In such a soil it rapidly absorbs all the energies, till every plant not of heavenly planting is rooted out.

Step by step Mr. Phinney departed till he was entirely conformed to the world. He was however more unhappy than before his conversion. In the year 1809, some three years after his conversion, there was a revival that extended its influence over a considerable part of Western Maine. Under the labors of Elders Z. Leach and Samuel Hutchinson, it visited Fort Hill, to which part of Gorham Mr. Phinney had moved soon after his conversion. During this series of meetings he, by public confession of his sins, returned to his "Father's house." From that time to the present he has led a very faithful Christian life; enjoying almost without interruption, a high degree of communion with God, and, as we shall see, he has been, as a consequence, a great blessing to the church; and eternity itself can only unfold the amount of good the Savior has wrought through him.

During the same revival were converted five young men who became ministers, viz., Joseph White, Zachariah Jordan, David Sweat, Allen Files and Sargeant Shaw, son of the Christian so instrumental in Mr. Phinney's conversion. Of these, one only, Joseph White, has been called to his reward; and it is gratifying to be able to state, that an account of his life will soon be given to the denomination to which he was both a great blessing and high honor.

After alluding to those above named, it is painful to state in contrast, that many, who at the same time and place professedly passed from death unto life, have given us good reason to fear, if we judge them "by their fruits," that the Savior will say to them in the great trial-day, "Depart from me, ye that work iniquity." This revival in the vicinity of Gorham commenced in the following manner: At one of the accustomed weekly prayer meetings, quite a young lady began to pray for the conversion of sinners. She became quite enthusiastic, and at length exhausting her strength to a great degree, she fell prostrate upon the floor in what they called a "swooning fit." Thereupon considerable excitement arose, and soon other similar cases occurred. Not many weeks passed until it was regarded as a great virtue to feel so much for souls, as they called it, as to induce this "swooning." Whenever religion is made to consist in any thing but real submission to the will of God — in any thing but genuine goodness — there religion will have an abundance of votaries. So in this case. Not only did nervous young ladies become subjects of

this folly, but even many able-bodied men. Persons seeking this "experience," would arise in prayer meetings and begin at first, perhaps, quite calmly to exhort; soon, however, by self-moved efforts on their own part, and sympathetic efforts on the part of others, they would become more and more excited, till at last, whirling round and round, they would fall prostrate in "a swoon."

Looking back from this date, it seems to us strange that any but natural enthusiasts should have entertained toward this proceeding any other feeling than regret or disgust; but we are assured by one who has been through a long life, marked for his discretion, not to say too much caution, that *he* even reproached himself because he could not be among those favored by such deep feeling for the conversion of others. He even prayed and struggled for this blessing, as he then deemed it. At length one evening, while in meeting sighing for it, he began to feel "the spell coming over him." To that point did he go, that he felt certain, by yielding to his feelings, he could experience that for which he had been seeking. But at once, like any honest man who is sufficiently on his guard against self-deception, he aroused himself. "The influence," to use the language of mesmerizers, soon passed away, and he bitterly reproached himself for his folly. Thereafter he failed not to bear his testimony against it as a delusion.

This "swooning" did not accompany this great revival in all the towns; and it is a fact worth remembering, that wherever it did appear, there great

declension soon followed; while in other places the converts as a general thing remained steadfast. In Gorham, Standish and Raymond, for instance, where this feature was very prominent, such sad declension followed, that in less than a year many of the converts, as they were called, were in a condition far more hopeless than before conversion; while in New Gloucester, Gray and other towns where this element was absent, the converts have proved by useful lives the reality of their conversion.

These facts have not been given on the authority of one. The two ministers upon whose authority these statements have been made unite also in saying, that they cannot call to mind a single individual subject to this "swooning," who has proved, by a faithful life, the genuineness of his conversion. In a town some miles distant, some preachers went so far in this delusion that they absolutely demanded it of their converts; and, if at any time, they feared that "the burden" was too great for any under this influence, they directed others to relieve them by taking it themselves, which they accomplished by taking those to be relieved by the hand.

This "swooning" appeared from time to time for years in that vicinity; and indeed it is not yet wholly gone, as within a year a few cases have occurred.

One circumstance that greatly facilitated the spread of this delusion, ought not to be passed over in silence. The young converts were regarded as peculiarly holy, and suffered to give mold and character to the meetings; while Christians who had, by years of faithful-

ness, shown that they were living for God, were set aside as of little or no importance. This mistake, to call it by no harsher name, soon brought, as we have seen, no small calamity.

All fanaticism produces sooner or later infidelity; and never have the friends of true religion more cause for sadness, than when her garb is assumed by such a delusion as we have described. But as it will be our painful duty, before closing this volume, to notice another similar delusion, we postpone such reflections as we wish to make upon this subject to a future chapter.

To return. Mr. Phinney, after this revival, soon found a field of usefulness open before him. One day while engaged in his labor he felt impressed with the importance of having a prayer meeting in that part of the town where he resided. He says, he "conferred not with flesh and blood," but started immediately to Mr. Baker's, one of his neighbors, to ask the privilege of appointing a prayer meeting at his house. Permission being given, the appointment was made. Some curiosity was excited to see how the prayer meeting was to be managed, as no minister was to be present. When the evening for the meeting came, Mr. Phinney found the room full, but Mr. Baker was absent praying in secret, as was afterwards ascertained, for the rash man who was to undertake, without any help from a minister, to conduct a prayer meeting. When Mr. Baker returned, he not only found his house full, but six of his unconverted neighbors were on their knees begging for God's

mercy. With such power was the Spirit present in that meeting, that no less than five or six dated their conversion from it. Among these was Mrs. Phinney, who was immediately baptized and added to the church, even before her husband. Mr. Phinney was making another attempt to live without joining the church. He at length became convinced that he would again backslide, should he continue the experiment longer. After various doubts and trials on the subject of his duty as to baptism, he became settled in his course. Some three or four years after his conversion, he was baptized by Elder Samuel Hutchinson, whereupon he joined the church. Thus at rest in his mind, we shall see that important fields of usefulness opened before him.

It will gratify the reader that we are able to give the closing incident of this chapter in his own words, communicated to us in a letter some time last year. We will only remark, that the Catechism it contains is much more efficient for enhancing that religion which is to be judged by its "fruits," than all the dogmatical or sectarian creeds ever proclaimed by far-famed councils.

"It was, I think," says he, "sometime in 1810—11, I was instructing a school in Gorham. One day when I started to my school, I was intending to get a stick on my way to chastise certain insubordinate scholars. While thinking of the discipline of my school, the following questions were presented to my mind :

Are you not a scholar? Yes. Who is your Master? Jesus. Do you obey him as well as your pupils do you? No. Are you not a fallible teacher? Yes. But is not your teacher a perfect one? He is.

With these thoughts I began, in my mind, to invite the world to come and go to school with me. I forgot my stick, and when I arrived at the school-room, instead of punishing my scholars, I sung them the invitation to my Master's school, composed on the way.

THE HEAVENLY SCHOOL MASTER.

Come, come, my friends, where'er you be,
 Come—will you go to school with me?
 Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
 Come deaf and dumb, come blind and lame.
 So heart and hand to heaven we'll go,
 Glory to God who reigns on high.

My Master makes the blind to see,
 Then come, ye blind, the school is free ;
 My Master makes the lame to walk,—
 He can teach the dumb to talk.

So heart and hand, &c.

He, too, can teach the deaf to hear,
 Then, come, ye deaf and lend an ear
 Unto my Master's pleasant voice ;
 He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

So heart and hand, &c.

He'll teach the swearing man to pray,
 Come, ye profane, without delay ;
 He'll change your tongues to praise his name,
 And spread abroad the Master's fame.

So heart and hand, &c.

His school-books are the Scriptures true,
His lessons are forever new,
His scholars nothing shall impede,—
It is a blessed school indeed.

So heart and hand, &c.

Come, brethren, dear, who are at school,
I pray attend to every rule ;
'Tis best for all “ to mind their books,”
Who have all sinful ways forsook.

So heart and hand, &c.

When these frail tenements must die,
Then we shall lay our school-books by,
We'll reign with Master Jesus then,
Glory to God, glory ! Amen.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE TIME OF HIS ADMISSION TO THE CHURCH TO HIS
FIRST TOUR AS AN EVANGELIST.

AFTER Mr. Phinney joined the church, his life was an epistle known and read of all, as that of the faithful, consistent Christian. Many, as soon as received to the church, seem to settle down in a life of indifference and selfishness, as though saying to themselves, "Now that we are saved we have no more to do." — Not so with Mr. Phinney. He always seemed to be on the alert to turn every opportunity to good account in his Master's service. Often did he hold prayer meetings, which, like that noticed in the previous chapter, resulted in the conversion of sinners. He always seemed to have a word of encouragement for his fellow Christian, and a heart yearning for the salvation of sinners. In protracted meetings he soon became a very efficient laborer, both by reason of his singing and his unction in prayer and exhortation. At the earnest solicitations of ministers, he sometimes accompanied them to neighboring towns to assist in these meetings. Before him the field of usefulness and influence constantly enlarged, as indeed it does before every faithful Christian. To every true child of God the Savior says, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you;" and every such one, whatever may be his calling, has, in reality, nothing to attend to but his heavenly mission.

In 1812, he moved from his native town with the design of residing in the town of Phillips, in another part of Maine, some seventy-five miles distant. But, as the part of the town in which he designed to make his home was very newly settled, he took his family to Farmington, one of the neighboring towns, till he could prepare for their reception. Unexpectedly, however, he spent two winters at F. in teaching. During the second winter he was permitted to see a great revival, which owed its origin, in great part, no doubt, to his prayers.

As many of his pupils were young gentlemen and young ladies, and almost every one impenitent, his heart was pained from day to day as he saw them heedlessly pressing their way to ruin. He carried the burden of his heart to the Lord in prayer. Soon he was permitted to see the work of the Lord begin among his pupils, and spread among others till there was gathered in a great harvest of souls.

One evening four of his pupils, young ladies, paid him a visit at his house. After a few minutes had passed he turned the conversation, with a facility almost his own, to religious subjects. His sprightly visitors soon found themselves conversing with great ease, upon topics concerning which they had been scarcely able hitherto to frame a sentence. They conversed freely with their teacher of their own mental states, which they had before held as a profound secret. When he affectionately urged upon them their duty immediately to seek the Savior, he only gave utterance to their own convictions. After

he had offered an ardent petition at the throne of grace in their behalf, they, upon knees that had never before bowed in prayer, besought mercy for themselves.

Next morning, though no report of what had occurred at the teacher's house had reached the school, it seemed at least to Mr. Phinney, to be unusually solemn. One of the young ladies above noticed, appeared so different from what she was accustomed to, that one of her companions at noon inquired for the cause. The prompt reply to her inquiring friend was, "I have been praying to the Savior to pardon my sins, and my mind has been filled with peace." This circumstance was soon understood by all the school, and added much to its solemnity.

Another young lady was so deeply impressed with the importance of religion, that she went home weeping for her sins. Her father, a Universalist, sarcastically said to her, "Have you been whipped to-day, my daughter?" "I am a poor lost sinner," said she; "I must perish unless forgiven through Christ." The father replied, "I expected just such work when Phinney was employed; I'll see to this matter." Giving vent to his passion in profane oaths, he left the house, as if about to seek and annihilate the praying teacher. Before he could reach the teacher's residence his passion, despite all his efforts to nurse it, partly subsided. On the other hand, the teacher, all unconscious of his danger, received his neighbor with his usual good humor. By this time his wrathful neighbor had not the courage to make known his errand.

Soon, Mr. Phinney, with the facility before noticed, gave a religious turn to the conversation. He proceeded to narrate his own experience; his former unsatisfied longings for bliss; his vain search for it in pleasure and worldly good; his vain attempts to hush the voice of his conscience; his resort at last to Christ; the manner in which the Savior had dried up the fountains of wretchedness within him, and filled his soul with a Divine peace. With a part of this experience the unhappy hearer had formed a bitter acquaintance; for the other he had sighed in vain; so that Mr. Phinney's exhortation failed not to reach his heart. During the night he told his wife that Mr. Phinney had laid bare his heart; that he could not live; but "if I do not die," he added, "do not tell any body what I say."

The wife, who was a Christian, feared not her husband's immediate death; nor could she hardly hope for his conversion; he wanted the Christian's comfort without the Christian's character.

The next day he revealed to one of his neighbors the very things which he had desired should be kept in such sacred confidence. Better still, twenty-four hours from the time he went to pour out his wrath upon the innocent teacher, he was in the prayer meeting, confessing his sins; and only a day or two later, he was heard in a similar meeting, praising God, and exhorting his associates to flee to Christ. His heart rejoicing in the Savior's salvation, his head was soon freed from the errors of Universalism.

This proved the beginning of better days in Farm-

ington. Others besides the one noticed, who, at the time the revival begun, exercised the spirit of persecution, were converted before it closed. Many of Mr. Phinney's pupils were among the converts. This work resulted in the organization of a church at F. under the direction of Elder Samuel Hutchins.

How happy would it be for us all as Christians, if from day to day we enjoyed such a fulness of Christ's precious love, as to be able spontaneously to improve every opportunity to awaken in the hearts of the impenitent a sense of their spiritual necessities, and of the Savior's ability and willingness to meet every want! God could then consistently make us the honored instruments of leading many precious souls to His Beloved Son. Most efficiently, too, should we then contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. There are, doubtless, other methods of overcoming heresies, but surely no other is so successful as this. The adversary would always expect us to be engaged in tearing down his kingdom; nor would he be disappointed.

In 1814, after this revival closed, Mr. Phinney fulfilled his intention of making his home in Phillips, in which place we shall see the Lord had a precious work for him to accomplish. Wherever the true Christian is, whether in the forest or temple, if he will, he may be engaged in his heavenly Father's business.

The part of Phillips in which Mr. Phinney resided was, as before noticed, very new. There had been no religious meetings held for a long time. The Sab-

bath was almost unknown. The day which others observed as such, was there devoted to the ordinary occupations of the week, save that here and there one seemed, by his hunting and fishing, to remember that the Sabbath had come. But into the midst of the dwellers there God had sent one by whom he was soon to confer upon them not only the observance of the external Sabbath, but that divine communion also, which is the earnest of the "nobler rest above."

This servant of God found, like one of old, that his spirit could have no rest, being vexed from day to day by the conversation of the wicked—he could have no rest at all events, till he made efforts for their reformation. As at Farmington, so now, he carried his burdened heart to God in prayer, only with greater importunity. At length he appointed a prayer meeting at the house of one of his neighbor's. For a while only two or three attended; still he persevered.

It seems that his neighbors stayed away from these meetings by concert, in order to discourage this attempt to establish the worship of God in their midst. How the human mind, in a state of disobedience, dreads the light of truth. Finding this effort fail, they attempted to break up the meetings in the following manner: As hitherto they stayed away by concert, so now they all attended with one accord. Ladies and gentlemen with one consent kept up their vain conversation and mirth till the time appointed for prayer, with the design of inducing their Christian neighbor to give up his prayer meeting, and to join them in their visit. To add to his embarrassment, the ladies

seemed determined not to desist from their industry at sewing and knitting. Little did they understand the spirit that they had to deal with. Despite every hinderance, falling upon his knees in their midst, he began to pray. Such was his unction in prayer, and such the point and power of his address following prayer, and, most of all, such the depth and earnestness of his emotions as indicated in song, that the spirit of levity and opposition not only was banished, but very solemn impressions were made upon all present. Before the meeting closed, not only did some for the first time confess their sins, but comparatively a large share of them, to the astonishment of Mr. Phinney and each other, confessed that they were wandering prodigals.

The following incident heightened the interest of the meeting: During the day, Mr. H., confessedly a backslider, spent his time in business with Mr. Phinney. Toward evening the latter remarking that it was about time to prepare for prayer meeting, invited his neighbor to attend; but he declined, assigning as a reason that if he should attend, he should lose his disposition to go to law with his neighbor H., with whom he had a quarrel. In thus assigning in words such a reason, he became too distinctly conscious of his rebellion to God to remain at peace. He admitted too much light into the dark prison house of sin in which he was trying to incarcerate his soul forever. He could no longer hush her complaining notes. At a late hour, as if despite his efforts to the contrary, he made his way to the meeting. He arrived just in

time to hear another prodigal confess his wickedness and degradation in consequence of departing from his Father's house. This was too much; he could no longer keep silence. With tears he confessed his sins, spoke of his former happiness as a Christian, and concluded by relating the manner in which God had employed the wicked excuse assigned to Mr. Phinney as the means of rebuking his sins. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in this case, the lawyer lost his fees.

These meetings were held from time to time with such good results, that the community, instead of spending Sabbaths like heathen, soon assumed the Christian character. Those who abide in Christ, and Christ's words in them, however humble their sphere, become the means of conferring unbounded blessings upon others. "The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Though Mr. Phinney had most of his neighbors now to rejoice with him in the mercy of God to sinners through Christ, his heart was not satisfied with the remembrance of past service. The same spirit that induced him to labor in Christ's cause at home, led him to establish prayer meetings in adjoining places, many of which were destitute of any public means of grace. In these meetings his labors, like those at home, were blessed. In these meetings, besides prayer and singing, by the latter of which, many no doubt were induced to attend meeting, who otherwise had spent their Sabbaths in hunting, he

often spoke to considerable length on subjects suggested by passages of Scripture.

But as much as he delighted in these labors, and as much as the Spirit seemed to render his efforts instrumental in the conversion of souls, he had not yet determined to give himself up to the ministry. He was often impressed with a sense of duty so to do; but so keenly did he feel his want of scholastic advantages, that he could but hesitate. Still, as our old preachers were accustomed to say, with a meaning which too few now appreciate, he felt "the wo" resting upon him unless he should devote his life to preaching the gospel. Before this, he had passed, as we have seen, through very severe mental struggles, still, they seemed now to him as nothing, as compared with those pressing upon him in regard to his future sphere of labor. His family, owing to the amount of time he had already bestowed upon others, and losses from poor crops, and the dishonesty of land agents, was in a sad plight to be left without the means afforded by his daily toil. His wife at this time, moreover, found it difficult to consent to give up her husband. But his chief trial was to obtain his own consent.

Under various influences, he was thus kept month after month, in a state of indecision. Sometimes almost consenting in his own mind to yield to what impressed itself upon him as a divine call to a sacred work, he would devote himself with redoubled exertions to leave his family in comfortable circumstances; then he would try to cast off his impressions, as being

temptations from the adversary. As in most cases of indecision, calamity succeeded calamity. Every day he found it more difficult to leave his family than the day before. The world seemed to be nothing but gloom. By his hesitation and want of exercising sufficient faith in God, he lost for a season his own spiritual comfort.

At length he found grace to cast all his burdens upon the Lord, resolving, at all events, to obey what seemed to him the highest call. As to the present, he determined upon making a visit to Westport and Georgetown.* He had long felt deeply impressed with a sense of duty to proclaim there the blessed gospel. When thus fully decided, his peace returned, even to an unaccustomed degree. His wife, also, becoming convinced that he was called of God to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, cheered him in these trying hours.

The following extract of a letter not long since written concerning his state of mind at the time of which we have been speaking, cannot fail to interest the reader :

“I was,” says he, “one evening sitting with my family, feeling under the most solemn impressions in reference to leaving my family, and itinerating, when the following words were suggested to my mind. So was the tune in which I sang them. Before retiring, I committed the words to writing :

* These places, in the Life of Randall, are called respectively, Squam Island, and Parker’s Island.

THE PREACHER'S CALL.

(COMPOSED 1815.)

The blessed Jesus, lovely Savior,

He has called on me to go ;

In the vineyard I must labor,

Or on me must come " the wo."

Farewell, dear wife and little children,

The Gospel Trumpet I must blow,

And sound salvation to poor sinners,

For the word to me is " Go."

O, hark, poor sinners, will you hear me ?

O, come, dear sinners, now repent,

For the blessed Savior calls you,

'Tis by Him to you I'm sent ;

O, come, poor sinners, be entreated !

Say, will you have my Christ, or no !

To you my errand is directed,

And still, the word to me is " Go."

O, come, backsliders, who have wandered,

Come home, come home, to Father's house ;

Come home, come home, you wandering children,

Come home, come home, and pay your vows.

The blessed Savior now invites you,

All things are ready now I know,

And the fatted calf is killed,

And still the word to me is " Go."

Ye little lambs of my Redeemer,

Ye who feed in pastures green,

Follow, follow Christ your Savior,

Ever in his light be seen ;

Ever mind and love each other,

And shun the paths that lead to wo,

And travel on the way together ;

So farewell, brethren, I must " Go." "

CHAPTER IV.

HIS FIRST TOUR AS AN EVANGELIST.

BEING now satisfied as to duty, Mr. Phinney left home to preach the gospel in the islands named in our last chapter. *To preach*, we say, if it be lawful to intimate that one may possibly be a preacher who has received neither a human license nor a human ordination: who, perhaps, has neither heard of "Apostolic Succession," nor been graduated at any Cambridge or Oxford. He of whom we speak, had at this time, none of the qualifications these confer. The call of a world perishing in sin, was his only license; and the promptings of his own regenerate heart, his only ordination; the Holy Spirit, sending life-currents through his heart, was to him in place of priestly benedictions; and a familiarity with God's Word, acquired by the daily study of King James's translation, in place of Ancient Classics. Of education, in the common acceptation, he possessed only that modicum which, by revealing deficiencies, banishes the courage, or rather rashness, of ignorance, and confers a becoming modesty.

By necessity, not by choice, when he set out on this Quixotic expedition, as to many it well may seem, he almost literally kept the injunction given to others, to take "no money in their purse." He rode no famous Rosinante, so romantic as to half partake his master's zeal in fasting and enduring hardships to

accomplish some great purpose, but simply an honest team horse, that must have his daily allowance of rest and provender. It happened well, as we say, therefore, that our traveller the first night reached the abode of an old friend, who kindly provided for himself and horse, without an eye to "filthy lucre." He well might go on his way next morning rejoicing. Nor could it have been less grateful to his feelings to meet, soon after parting, with his worthy friend, a Christian brother, who, upon learning his object and destination, furnished him with the few shillings his own scanty purse would afford.

But this day was still destined to have its trials. By passing ferries and otherwise, he found his money so reduced at night, that he felt himself compelled to ask a charity at a private residence. He was, without hesitation, refused the hospitality which most New Englanders are happy to exercise. "As I left that house," says he, "my heart almost sank within me; but, said I to myself, my name is Phinney. I have put my hand to the plough, and will not look back;—I'll never surrender."

This repulse was of great service to him, as it taught him the important lesson, that whoever is in need of charity must be careful not to reveal his necessity. Though since that time he has been compelled to ask favors, he at the same time has it understood that it is not, so to say, a case of "life and death" with him.

Soon arriving at a hotel, he made himself at home, calling for whatever he wanted, as though possessed

of a large fortune. He determined, if necessary, in the morning to give his horse for the bill—at all events so to manage as not to crush his spirit by his feelings of absolute dependence upon the mercy of others.

“Soon after tea,” says he, “a company entered the hotel to drink, and swear, and gamble. The spirit of a sing came upon me. I sang the ‘Preacher’s Call.’ One by one, being convicted in their consciences, they went out.”

Whatever was the effect of the singing upon the company, among whom was he who, a little before, had so coldly repulsed him from his house, it prepared the landlord and his wife to confess to him, that though professors of religion, they were far from leading Christian lives. In the morning they not only dismissed him free of any charge, but they urged him to call upon them upon his return.

The next night he arrived at the residence of Mrs. Mary Card. This lady, though blind from her birth, was endowed by nature with great intellectual powers, and by grace with spiritual gifts so rich, that in absence of the minister, she was esteemed leader of the church in the town of Woolwich, where she resided. Of her, Mr. Phinney says: “her better never lived on earth; not even Anna, who lingered at the Temple, was dearer to Christ. Having received her blessing and the promise of her prayers, I felt happier than if the favor of princes had been bestowed upon me.”

He had now nearly reached his destination. The

next morning, when he arrived at the ferry, beyond which lies Squam Island, though the waves ran high, he hailed the ferry-man, and insisted upon being set over. Though that boat carried no Cæsar and his fortune, our humble traveller felt it was none the less protected by Him in whose hand is the ocean, and whose will the winds of heaven obey.

The inhabitants of these islands were plain, industrious fishermen. Kind and generous, their hearts were easy of access to those of kindred spirit. Now let us suppose that instead of our frank and generous mechanic, a graduate from some Theological Seminary is about to make his first attempt at preaching, and that, too, among these fishermen. Our graduate for several years has been to a great extent excluded from the converse of plain laboring men. For three at least, he has been upon the Procrustean bedstead; he has been stretched where it was necessary; has been cut off according to exact measure; his memory is well stored with dogmas; his metaphysical powers so trained that, like Butler's hero,

"He can distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side."

Now even if his heart is warm, his modes of thought, and his method of speech are nevertheless such as to separate him so far from the hearts of this people, that weary months and perhaps years must pass, before one sinner will, under his preaching, be convicted of sin against God,—before one will be led to the kingdom of Christ.

On the other hand, Mr. Phinney has none of the advantages conferred by the schools. But his language, though comparatively good, is such as the people are accustomed to every day; his modes of thought are like theirs; such too are his methods of manifesting his emotions, that he gains a ready access to their hearts; they easily believe that his heart is rejoicing in the salvation of Christ; that his soul yearns for their salvation, and that God has sent him on an errand of mercy to them; and, as he is really baptized into the spirit of that very mission, he easily wins them to Christ.

No sooner did he touch the shore of the island, than he began to announce his message by singing the "Preacher's Call" to such as stood upon the beach, trembling for his safety; and, as his mellow notes, indicative of a heart more mellow, rose above the voice of the surging waters, the generous islanders pressed around him; they greeted him; they welcomed him to their homes and their hearts. They all entered the house nearest at hand, and immediately held a prayer meeting. Many were at once deeply impressed; and, before closing that meeting, arrangements for others were made. The new preacher's fame soon spread, and multitudes rushed to hear from him the word of life.

When many on this island had been converted, and when it seemed to him that the work for which he had come here was accomplished, he passed over to Parker's island. In the latter place he received a welcome no less hearty than in the former; nor were

his labors less blessed. On both these islands reside at this day those who were then brought into the kingdom of Christ.

This visit, which occurred sometime in the winter of 1814—15, though of not more than six weeks' duration, was blessed to the conversion of scores of souls. Well might this faithful servant of Christ return to his family, rejoicing in his Master's saving mercy.

It is, perhaps, no more than justice to return for a few moments, to the comparison of our mechanic and graduate. It will at once be conceded by all who know any thing of human nature, that in these meetings, attended by not a little excitement, and perhaps, a little unwholesome enthusiasm, there were some "spurious" conversions, and also some "declension" afterwards. Still it is not difficult to see in this case a wise adaptation of means to a good end. Neither is it necessary, in accordance with this view, to maintain that Mr. Phinney and his like had, at that time, the qualifications best adapted to lead those converts forward in the divine life. For this all readily admit, that one with his heart, his spirit, his sense of a divine call, his adaptation to the state of the people; who, at the same time, was possessed of a thoroughly trained intellect, would be better;—that one thus prepared could more efficiently aid his people in attaining to that state of society in which true piety, true refinement, and true human culture are properly blended—a state which is the highest gift of Christianity to earth. But it is very difficult, if not impos-

sible, to our nature, to combine these qualifications in one person. It is especially difficult to combine in one person *the adaptation* spoken of—the modes of thought, forms of speech, and methods of manifesting emotion, such as are congenial with those of the great mass of the people — and that rigid discipline, which is afforded alone by severe and long continued study. “For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ and every one members one of another.”

Well it must be, therefore, for any denomination of Christians, to appreciate every gift; to cherish those who, though unlettered, are willing to go forth with their lives in their hands, to preach to others that gospel which has redeemed their own souls. Well, too, it must be for those who are willing to invite our graduate to his own office, whatever that may be. If he is a little awkward at first in approaching the hearts of the people, be sure that in that respect he will soon improve. If he has true piety and a true heart, the people will find it out. Not only will he improve himself, but, what is far more to the purpose, the people will, under his influence, improve in their tastes and methods of thought.

Still it will be of no little service to the cause of Christ that this view of the subject has been introduced, if from it our young men, who are preparing by study to enter the ministry, shall again be reminded that, while it is impossible to be too thorough in their studies, still, much, very much depends upon their

spirit, their baptism into the work of their mission, and their acquaintance with human nature, not as it appears in school, but in this suffering world. God help us to be "members one of another."

Upon leaving home, Mr. Phinney had so much anxiety of his own to surmount, that he entirely forgot to consult his neighbors as to what they would think and say about the propriety of his course; or, possibly he thought they would not make it their business. But in this he was mistaken; for no sooner was it "noised abroad" that their good neighbor "had really gone off to preach," than they took the matter under their consideration. Some said that it must be that he was beside himself,—too much zeal making him "mad." Some said, that one who would go off and leave his family so, to spend his life for others, had denied the faith, and was worse than an infidel; others, more charitable, were of opinion that he had only "taken it into his head to be a great man;" and others still, either better acquainted with him, or more disposed to appreciate him fairly, said that God was calling him to a great work, and would undoubtedly provide for the preacher and his family. It is gratifying to state, that a few of the last class were not content merely to say to the family, "Be ye warmed and fed."

One who held a small note against Mr. Phinney, had more to say against the impropriety of his course than any other; he threatened, that in case he should ever return to town, "to sue" him. This threat, he, like others who have no confidence in their own ve-

racity, confirmed by a profane oath. But what of the threatened law-suit? As we have said, Mr. Phinney had been among men of generous hearts. They did not therefore receive of his rich spiritual gifts, and then forget his wants. He was able not only to "take up" the note, but also to lay out a few dollars for the comfort of his family. This, forsooth, furnished the man of threats with a clue to the problem which all others had attempted in vain to solve, and here is his solution: neighbor P. has gone to preaching for money.

We will close this chapter with an incident or two illustrative of Mr. Phinney's method of heaping "coals of fire" on his enemy's head.

During his residence in Phillips, the whole community were thrown into great distress, by learning that they had purchased their lands of an agent who could not make their titles good in law. They had either to buy their lands again, or leave their homes, the toil of years. After Mr. Phinney had secured the title to his land, he called upon the pretended agent, to ask of him the return of a fifty dollar note that he had given in part pay, but got for his pains a "take care of your business and I'll take care of mine." After appealing in vain both to his sense of justice and generosity, Mr. Phinney left him, saying, "I'll not forget to pray God to make you willing to do right." A few weeks after, the note was returned.

At another time, after he had entered upon the work of the ministry, the following incident occurred: He had paid his tax; but by some mistake, he was called upon for the same again. Of course all he

did was, to say he had paid and had the receipt. The collector afterwards, however, wrote to him to call and pay, and "save costs." Mr. Phinney, calling at the office one day, said to the officer, "What does this mean?" He became excited; but Mr. Phinney produced the "voucher." When the officer saw that he had been making a show of his authority at his own expense, he undertook to intimidate the honest man by falling into that kind of blustering, to which those are liable who have a bad cause to maintain; he still insisted upon having certain fees, adding, "pay or I'll make you suffer." "I know my rights, and am not to be intimidated," said the preacher; "but, to show you that I love peace, I'll give you the last money I have for my family." The other, as though he had just made a discovery, said, "Oh, you are that Phinney that goes on preaching expeditions, are you?" "The same, sir." "I shall of course take your money," said he, adding, "I have a perfect hatred of hypocrites." "Take it, sir, if your conscience will let you," was the answer, as the money was handed over.

It may not be best always to yield to such unjust demands, but the spirit in which Mr. Phinney did it, was not without its good results. Some years after this occurrence, the officer heard him preach. At the close of the meeting he not only returned his ill-gotten gains, but, what was much more difficult, he made proper confession.

CHAPTER V.

HIS SECOND TOUR AS AN EVANGELIST.

FOR more than a year after his return from the visit, some incidents of which are narrated in the preceding chapter, Mr. Phinney preached but little, giving his attention for the most part to secular business. During this time, having disposed of his land in Phillips, he had removed to Berlin, a town adjoining, where he was doing his utmost to provide for his family a comfortable and permanent home. Though thus engaged in business, he had not abandoned the hope of entering "the gospel vineyard" sometime as a permanent laborer; but, at present, he found himself unable to make any definite arrangements in this respect, as some debts which would soon fall due must be paid. We shall see, however, that he was soon led in a way not of his own devising.

Some time in June, 1816, he started to Gorham to engage in labor, to procure the means of meeting the demands just mentioned. The first day, arriving some time before night at Farmington, many of his friends who had, as we have seen, been converted under his influence, insisted upon his preaching to them that evening. He consented, and the meeting was not in vain; as two at least of the redeemed will in heaven no doubt, as they now do, look back to it as the time in which they were enabled to make their escape from the kingdom of evil.

Next morning, instead of proceeding directly to Gorham, as had been his intention, he was induced to turn aside to Wilton, a town adjoining Farmington. To this decision he was influenced by learning that — Page, usually called “Father Page,” had recently held there a series of meetings; that, when some had been converted, and many more deeply impressed with religious truth, the meetings had unhappily been brought to a close by the riotous proceedings of certain opposers of religion, who took their wives and others by violence from the meetings, especially those of their friends whom they supposed to be under conviction; and that “Father Page,” broken-hearted by persecution, had relinquished the field; and, as his death soon after occurred, it was supposed it had been hastened by the abuse there received. This was too much for our preacher to bear unmoved. He hastened to bear comfort to the “lambs among wolves.”

When he arrived at the river which he must cross in going to Wilton, he found the bridge borne away by the freshet, by which the river was then greatly swollen. But he was not to be turned aside by so slight an obstacle. By the appropriate use of a voice that can do good service on such an occasion, he soon brought to his assistance a young lady, who ventured to cross the river in a small boat. So swimming his horse before them they passed the river in safety.

After paying due tribute to the courage and skill of the fair one who had ferried him so safely over the swollen river, he spoke to her in his own way

concerning the Savior. "Well, dear," said he, "have you found any one who can safely ferry you across the dark river of death?" When she replied that she had not, he added, "Well, dear, you will soon need some one; there is no bridge across that stream: I have come to lead you to the only one who can conduct you safely." So did the words of the earnest preacher deepen the impressions she had already received at the meetings before alluded to, that, as soon as she had conducted him to her father's residence, she betook herself to prayer, and very soon found Him by whose grace she was enabled to say, "O death, where is thy sting?"

Mr. Phinney next visited the family of Mr. Gammon, whose wife and daughters were among those recently converted. While here engaged in devotional exercises, one of those who had dragged his wife from meetings came in. At the moment he entered, the preacher was singing; and immediately taking the wicked man by the hand, he continued to pour out his soul in praise to God. The man of wrath had now, as he afterwards confessed, met more than his match. Though he was not at that time converted, deep impressions were made upon his mind; at least his spirit was so far conquered, that he never afterwards prevented his wife from acting her pleasure concerning meetings.

He next called upon Mr. B., who was full of wrath because his wife and two daughters had been converted. The preacher had now to take his turn. Mr.

B. immediately began to abuse him with all the insulting language he could command, concluding with emphasis, by saying, "I am mad." Mr. Phinney, who well understands that violent feelings soon expend themselves, calmly waited for the appropriate time, when he politely asked the privilege of conversing with his family upon the subject of religion. The reply was, "You may go in, if you will behave yourself." "I will do just as you bid me," said the preacher. The preacher was invited into the house, and, after a little conversation, even to pray. After he concluded prayer, Mrs. B., the wife of the persecutor, also presented a fervent petition for the conversion of all her family, and especially her husband, and thus in this family established the family altar. At parting a great change was perceptible in the father. To labor for the conversion of such men as have here been introduced, requires great meekness, and especially that wisdom which enables one to keep possession of his own soul under abuse. In these qualities our preacher is not deficient.

Having thus spent the day in giving comfort to the newly converted in Wilton, and exhorting them to steadfastness in the faith, he was next morning on his way again to Gorham. He went no farther this day than Buckfield, where he called on Elder Joseph Hutchinson, who was then residing there. When he came within sight of this place, he experienced emotions similar to those of which he was the subject, as described in the preceding chapter. When Elder

H. met and welcomed him to his home, he expressed the hope that Mr. Phinney had been sent to that people on an errand of mercy.

By his own heart, seconded by the solicitations of the good minister with whom he was staying, he was prevailed upon to remain next day and preach in the evening. Though the meeting was well attended, the preaching was without any marked effect,—a circumstance of no little embarrassment to many of our preachers in those times, as they expected to see at almost every meeting no little impression made upon the impenitent.

Next day being Sabbath, he attended meeting in a town adjoining with Elder Samuel Hutchinson, where the latter had stated appointments. During one part of the day Mr. Phinney was called upon to preach the funeral sermon of a child. On that occasion his soul seemed to attain to more of his wonted freedom, and his hopes rather revived; but, attending meeting next day in company with Elder S. H., in Buckfield, at "The Federal School House," he became again somewhat disheartened, fearing that he had mistaken the path of duty. He determined to start the same day again to Gorham, and for this purpose his horse was even led out. But the following incident changed his purpose: An impenitent young lady from one of the neighboring families, upon learning that Mr. Phinney was about to leave, hastened to entreat him as he loved the Savior, to remain. "The Lord," said she, "has work for you here. I am yet in my sins, and

so are many of my young friends. For my part," she added with much earnestness, "I want religion." Mr. Phinney says, "As I loved my own soul's welfare, I dared not go; I told them to put out my horse, and circulate an appointment for a meeting. How her earnestness rebuked me!"

A series of meetings was commenced. The Lord's Spirit was poured out. The young lady just mentioned soon found the pearl of great price; she also proved an efficient laborer in winning others to Christ. The work continued till many were converted.

Impenitent reader, oft have you felt your need of the Savior's pardon,—oft have you felt that if you possessed millions you would freely give all for the religion of the Son of God. You cannot buy it; but rich or poor you may receive it without money and without price. Emulate the moral courage of this young lady. Express freely your conviction to some Christian friend, or faithful minister. Like her, frankly tell what you want, and ask an interest in the prayers of Christians. What though no revival may follow; be assured that your own soul may be saved.

Before passing, we add a few incidents that occurred in this revival. Mr. Phinney says, "Be sure to tell about the drunkard converted there, for the encouragement of others." It so occurred that a lady well stricken in years, who was professedly a Universalist, attended these meetings. At length her heart was touched; she sought and found pardon. Her husband, an inveterate drinker of the poison-cup,

was by consequence induced to attend the meetings also; he was at length converted. He lead a faithful Christian life, and died in the triumphs of faith.

“Come all the world, come sinner thou;
All things in Christ are ready now.”

The meetings in Buckfield being closed, Mr. Phinney once more set out for Gorham, where he expected to arrive the second day; but the following incident changed his plan: In his way lay Raymond, where Elder Zachariah Leach, of lasting memory among the good, then resided. He found this friend of his just ready to go to Standish Neck to attend the funeral of a young man who had been drowned. The deceased had been a pupil of Mr. Phinney, and he could not resist the promptings of his heart to accompany his friend to the funeral, to offer to the bereaved parents his condolence. That every thing connected with the interests of his pupils affects the teacher's heart not less than if connected with his own, many, not naturally affectionate, are able to testify. But here was an uncommonly warm-hearted teacher, in company with other pupils, attending the funeral of one of their number who had been suddenly snatched from bright hopes, and that too, in the very place where the light and joy of the pardon-granting Savior first beamed upon his own soul. What wonder then that, after an affecting sermon by Elder Leach, he exhorted in words of power his young friends to be also ready. The sermon, the exhortation, the occasion, were not in vain. Many, being deeply impressed, urged Mr. Phinney to remain and hold a

series of meetings. However pressing secular interests may be, he is not the man who can refuse to comply with such a request from such a source.

The meetings thus commenced resulted in a great religious awakening, in which many, not only in Standish, but also in other towns, were converted. This revival at length reaching Gorham, its interests called Mr. Phinney to that town.

Thus, after spending more weeks than he expected to days, he reached his native town; but in a capacity how changed. "In his own country," however, his preaching was not without its wonted power. So large were the audiences he drew, that it was difficult to accommodate them in the ordinary places of worship. In that part of the town called "Horse Beef," it was found necessary to hold his meetings in open air; one of his friends, though not a professor of religion, generously preparing a pulpit and seats in his orchard, to which he invited the preacher and his hearers.

Many zealous Christians worked and prayed with the preacher, staying up his hands by their sympathy, and by manifesting an interest in their own spiritual attainments, and the salvation of the impenitent. The result was, that in a few weeks not less than sixty, who had been without hope, were brought to Christ.

Among those who were very useful in this revival, and whom Mr. Phinney would be happy to name, he mentions Miss Almira Westcott, since Mrs. Jeremiah Bullock.

However unexpected it was to Mr. Phinney to

visit his native town in the capacity of an evangelist, instead of that of a cooper, it was more so, that he was able to return home, as soon as the interests of the meetings would permit, more than prepared to meet his creditors; that he should thus in opposition to a false sentiment, then generally prevalent in that region, and indeed among all our churches, receive temporal blessings where he had bestowed his spiritual labors, was very surprising. But so it was. The grace of God abounding in the hearts of those just brought to Christ, so triumphed over even this sad error of the head, and the pinching economy not unnatural to that cold year, [1816,] memorable for three snowy days in June, that the faithful preacher's debts were paid, and his children did not cry for bread.

On his return, calling again upon his friend Leach, he was introduced to another field of usefulness. A series of meetings was commenced in Raymond, which resulted in the conversion of several, who were baptized and added to the church.

At this place and time he first met that eminently faithful servant of God, Zachariah Jordan, in the capacity of a preacher. From Raymond these friends travelled in company to Berlin, Mr. Phinney's home, and back again in a few weeks, having holden a great number of meetings at Buckfield, and several other places.

We will close this chapter with the two following incidents:

During the revival in Gorham, above noticed, at a prayer meeting, though at a private house, the young

people present seemed so fully possessed with the spirit of the evil one, that they came near exhausting the patience even of our good natured preacher. At all events, he thought, as he could be of no service to them, it was best for him to leave them to their own way; and with this design, he took his hat to start. One of his mischief loving friends, a young lady, in a manner half playful and half serious, said to him, "Are you then going away to leave us sinners to perish?" "The world," said he, "is full of sinners, many of whom not only treat ministers with politeness, but have some desire to be saved: among such I can do more good." "I want religion," said she, becoming at the same time more serious. "Then," said he, "let us kneel and pray."

The season of prayer accordingly began. "They told me afterwards," says Mr. Phinney, "that I prayed very loud, and more than an hour. I presume I did; for I was unconscious much of the time, and when I came to myself I was completely exhausted, and my throat was very sore; but that sight I shall never forget! As soon as I opened my eyes I saw nearly every one present was prostrate, and most begging for mercy in great earnestness. The meeting continued till a late hour, but before it closed fifteen persons passed from death unto life, and thirteen others that were present were soon converted, who attributed their awakening to that meeting. Among the number was the man of eighty years, and the child of fourteen.

Mr. Phinney remarks also that some were so

affected by the intense excitement, that they were not at first able to control themselves fully, and “staggered like drunken men.”

Once when Mr. Phinney was on his way from Gorham to Farmington—a journey that he often made—overtaking a stranger, the following characteristic dialogue took place between the travellers. It may be interesting to some to know that the stranger was Mr. Heifford of Canton, and that this occurred in what was then a forest, where that village now is. After salutation, Mr. P. said, “Do you love the Lord?”

H. O, yes; I always loved him; for “He is kind unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.”

P. It is not so with me. I once hated God and his righteousness. I despised salvation through Christ. I was not disposed to think I needed salvation, and though God was kind to me, I would not allow him to save me. My proud heart would not accept his tender mercy. But now I love him. Would you not like to pass through a like change?

H. There is no need of such a change in my case. I never hated that lovely Being; and He is so merciful that it will be well enough with all hereafter.

P. I perceive thou art in the bonds of iniquity. Shall I pray for you?

H. Do as you please. Do your duty.

No sooner was this banter given than Mr. Phinney began to dismount. Leading his horse to the fallen trunk of a large tree, he knelt, still holding the rein.

Mr. Heifford, from curiosity, remained while the preacher offered a fervent and affectionate petition to the throne of grace for the conversion of his fellow traveller. After prayer, as their roads parted, they took leave of each other; the preacher dropping in his own impressive manner the single expression of the Bible, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Twenty years passed away, and Mr. Phinney, in company with Elder Jordan, was engaged in a revival at Hartford, (Me.,) not far from Canton. Mr. Heifford was present. As soon as he heard Mr. Phinney's voice, he said to himself, "Thank God, that is the voice—that is the man who prayed for me when I was a Universalist." At the close of the meeting, Mr. Heifford pressed forward, and taking Mr. Phinney by the hand, "Did you," he began, "did you pray for a Universalist on Canton hill twenty years ago?"

P. "I did."

H. "I'm the very man. After we parted I began to reflect upon what had passed. I felt that you possessed something I did not. I began to feel wretched. I tried to pray. I went back to the place where you prayed. I looked at the prints of your knees. I often stole up to the hut of a poor man who knew God, to hear him pray. In short, I had no more peace till I was born again. How I did want to hear your voice again! I praise God for your faithfulness to me."

The best logic to use with the self-righteous, is the manifestation of a life hid with Christ in God.

Even in this life we meet some results of our lives—whether good or bad; in eternity we shall meet all. Shall they afford us bliss?

CHAPTER VI.

HIS ORDINATION, AND TRIALS IN REGARD TO THE SUPPORT OF HIS FAMILY.

It is proper to inform the reader that hereafter we shall not try, and should we try, we should be entirely unable, to trace the events of Mr. Phinney's life in the order of their occurrence. Sometimes we shall be wholly without dates. If any feel disposed to complain on this account, let it be remembered that Mr. Phinney kept no journal; that the writer has been compelled to obtain one fact here and another there; that a little more than a year since there was not a single shred of writing in regard to the events he relates, save what is employed in the next chapter. We have no further apology to offer.

In the last chapter, we have seen Mr. Phinney, however without design, fairly enter upon the labors of an evangelist. He henceforth expected to devote his life to that calling. Having disposed of his farm in Berlin, he, in compliance with the solicitation of many of his friends, moved in the autumn of 1816 to Standish Neck. Soon after this the Gorham Quarterly Meeting held its session in the place of his residence. Requests for his ordination came in from several churches. After the accustomed examination, he was duly set apart to the work of the ministry at the same session of the Quarterly Meeting.

It is said that the occasion of his ordination was one of deep interest. It took place, it will be remembered, where he was converted; here, too, he had taught; and here the Spirit of God had been poured out upon his labors for the conversion of his pupils and others. Besides, the ordination sermon from the passage, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the truth," delivered by Elder Joseph White, was one of the happiest efforts of that able minister; and, still more, the ordination prayer was made by Elder Z. Leach, a man who, in his supplications to the throne of grace, always seemed to approach into the very presence of his heavenly Father. More than one at this day speak of his remarkable prayer on this occasion. At its close there was not a dry eye of saint or sinner present.

From the time of his ordination, Mr. Phinney resided in Standish, Gorham and Scarborough, till 1824, or 1825, at which time he moved to Harrison. During the period just named, besides the towns above mentioned, he preached in Portland, Gray, Buxton, Harrison, and many other places, his preaching almost always resulting in revivals. Having been consecrated to the sacred work, he did not feel at liberty to relinquish it, whatever might be the pressure of poverty or the calls of his family. He assured his family as from God, that they should never want for bread while he pursued his calling faithfully as a minister.

We have seen when he began to preach he fared peculiarly well, for those times, in his pecuniary interests. But on this score there was experience in reserve for him that put his faith to severe trial. A few illustrations from his life will not prove unacceptable.

At one time, while his family was residing in Scarborough, he was engaged in a revival at Gray. One day he began to feel uneasy concerning the welfare of his family, notwithstanding they were in the midst of brethren on whom he had bestowed not a little labor. His brethren in Gray tried in vain to dissuade him from leaving the revival at such a crisis. He must go; he feared they might be in want of provisions. One brother said, "Well, if you must go, I will give you a bushel of meal;" others gave him meat and other necessities. He took them upon his horse and started. When he was almost within sight of his house, he met his wife and children. "Well dears," said he, "where are you all going?" "We have started," said she, "to find our dinner; you told us as long as you preached we should never want for food." "You have had your breakfast, have you not?" "Yes; but we have nothing for our dinner." Putting his hand upon the bag of meal, he said, "Here is our dinner; we shall never want for food."

When he returned to Gray, the brethren of that place sent one of their number to take provisions to Mr. Phinney's family. When he arrived, he asked Mrs. Phinney if she thought it right for a man to

devote all his labors to the good of others, while he left his own family exposed to destitution. She had been tried on this point and had given up her husband to follow what she believed to be the path of duty; she replied, therefore, "It is right to obey God." This good brother, no doubt, returned with clearer ideas of faith than he came, and the wonder is that such things did not suggest to his mind and that of others, that it is important to adopt some systematic way of supplying the wants of ministers and their families. But when a denomination commences with false views upon this subject, the covetous are attracted to it, and what is a thousand times worse, those naturally generous become covetous, as if in obedience to religion.

Once certain brethren, prompted by their better impulses, determined to secure a piece of land and build a house for him. The house was begun. He labored upon it himself; perhaps he laid out some money upon it. He and his family began to dream of home and comforts. But stronger impulses overtook these kind brethren, and of course they were under no contract to fulfil any obligations to a preacher. "Cochranism" swallowed them up. What now is to become of the preacher who has been acting upon their promises? He was simply to "take care of himself."

However, he came out of this storm better off than could be expected, as the bare frame of his house was assigned to him, in part payment for the labor and means he had expended in preparing what he

expected was to be his new home. Money enough had been sent to him by unknown hands to buy him a horse, to enable him to travel to his appointments. At length he disposed of his horse, to procure a piece of land, on which the frame now in his possession might be placed. To this piece of land, which was in Gorham, some kind brethren of that town moved his house. He was now well off; he had his land and the frame of a house; but how could his family live there!

But he continued to preach. On his way, on foot, now, of course, to Gray, to fill some of his appointments, he was in Windham driven by a storm into the house of Peter White, brother of Joseph. As he entered the house with a portmanteau on his shoulder, all dripping with rain, Mr. White welcomed him, saying, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; you look like one of the old apostles."

How often some similar commendation is the end of care, with many, for the faithful preacher. They admire and praise the self-denying labors of their preacher. They do more; they trust to the goodness of their preachers to take them to heaven in their covetousness. But not so with Mr. White. He was a man of works as well as words. If the preachers of that day had trained him in the false idea that the church member is never to support the cause of Christ by any systematic efforts; if they had trained him to do his part only by impulse, only when he "felt to give," he was one of those rare men who often "felt," and freely gave. He did not suffer Mr.

Phinney to go the rest of the way on foot. He remembered, too, that the preacher had the frame of a house that needed covering, and a family that could not always live on air. He looked to it that a week did not pass till the family were well supplied with provisions; that lumber and mechanics were on hand to prepare them a comfortable habitation. Not that he did all himself. But when he had done his part, he knew how to stir up others—a kindly office very important, and yet easily accomplished by the man who never hangs back himself. From Windham and Moderation, from Gorham and other places, came lumber, men and money. The work was soon done.

It is not difficult to see that such an event caused no little excitement. It is easily imagined that many, who never before had thought of doing anything by way of supplying the wants of their preacher, partaking of the general enthusiasm, would not on this occasion be found wanting. Among these, one example must not be passed over in silence. One good brother of the church, though possessed of a good property, still never before had *anything to spare*; but now he did not withhold his hand from giving. Though he lived some two or three miles distant from Mr. Phinney's new house, one day, near twelve o'clock, he was seen approaching on horse-back. When he came up he remarked to Mr. Phinney, that he thought he must do something for him, and so had come to bring him and his two workmen their dinner. It would do you good to hear Mr. Phinney tell with

what pride and satisfaction the old gentleman delivered the precious morsel which constituted "his part."

Such was the pressure of poverty at another time, that Mr. Phinney, yielding to the solicitations of others, undertook, in addition to preaching, to teach a district school. This is the only time he ever consented to turn aside in any degree from his great calling. In this step he was unhappy; duty, he feared, after all the wisdom of his friends, called to another field. Before the term upon which he entered was half out, a good man dying in another town, [Scarborough,] made it as his last request that Mr. Phinney should preach his funeral sermon. In compliance with this request, the preacher dismissed his pupils, not to return to school till they heard from him. He never returned to the school; the funeral proved the occasion for the commencement of a great revival, which he did not feel at liberty to leave, however soon the utmost destitution might overtake him.

It was good for the progress of truth that the false principles in regard to the support of the ministry, early adopted in the denomination, so soon led ministers confessedly faithful into trial and suffering. Suffering is to our stupid race the great teacher of progress. The lessons of revelation, nature and common sense are neglected, till the neglect itself, by consequent sufferings, so enforces these lessons, that at last they are heeded. So in this case. Some portion of our ministry, by the severe pressure of want, were, at an early day, convinced of their error. New

ideas in regard to the support of the ministry thus gained a place in many minds. A strife between the conservative and progressive doctrines arose. For the last fifty years, the truth has been gaining. In this important reform, we shall see Mr. Phinney has done his part.

This would be a good place, if Mr. Phinney would permit it, to give the particulars of his greatest pecuniary trial. For the present, at least, it must suffice to say, that it was of such a nature that it *compelled* him to spend the winter of 1819—20 in Portland. But he was not there in vain; as under any trial he still continued to preach the gospel. His preaching in this city resulted in great good; but for the present we pass.

A year or two before this he went to Moderation in Buxton, to hold a series of meetings. The result was a revival, that not only proved a rich blessing to the church there, but it resulted in the conversion of not a few in Hollis.

During these meetings, Mr. Phinney relates, that one evening there knelt some thirteen or fourteen persons who were seeking mercy through Christ. Some were not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, others were of middle age, and others still were, by the weight of years, trembling on the verge of the grave. All but the youngest were soon rejoicing in redeeming love. But he seemed sometimes driven almost to despair. At length, his soul rejoiced with the rest. Whence was this struggle, this despair?

He had slandered a neighbor; he was unwilling to confess; it was only a slight offence; surely, there could be no need of confession; but it was in vain he attempted to climb up some other way. At last he yielded this point and was happy.

“Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.” The whole heart must be yielded; there can be no reserve. Confession and restoration, if within our ability, however mortifying, however trying, must not be neglected by those who would enter into “life.” Many, by neglecting smaller crosses than the one just noticed, have gone on from sin to sin, till at last they have been numbered in that unhappy company that shall at length hear even the Lover of sinners say, “Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that DOETH the will of my Father in heaven.”

Among the converts of this revival were Andrew T. Hobson, since a minister, and others of the same family, still pillars in the church of Christ. “A number of the converts of that meeting, both of Buxton and Hollis,” says Mr. Phinney, “are now in heaven; a few remain unto this ‘present’; but a few more faithful days, and they and this poor dust shall be gathered to our fathers, and our spirits be happy in the company of those gone before us. Will our children fill our places in the church?”

Mr. Phinney was never much given to tears. But as he thus recurred to the associations of other days,

and looked forward with the Christian's hope to the renewal of friendships in heaven, the tears stole over his furrowed cheek. They were not tears of sorrow. The Christian has comfort the world knows not of.

Moderation is among the few places of Mr. Phinney's early labors, that it has been the privilege of the writer to visit, and his visit there will always be remembered with pleasure. The church of this place has been peculiarly blessed with faithful pastors. Not only has it been blessed, therefore, to the conversion of many souls, but is always ready to lend the helping hand to others. The billows of "Cochranism," and other later delusions, have beaten in vain. The faithful Shepherd has protected it. Still, as we write of this place, there is a sense of sadness with our pleasure: for there may be seen the grave of Seth F. Chaney, that star whose light had only begun to beam with blessings upon that church, when it was eclipsed by death.* But on this painful occasion this church were worthy of such a pastor; for though he died far away from them, they did not rest till his remains were sleeping in their church-yard.

We must in our next chapter follow our preacher through a new class of trials.

* Bro. Chaney was ordained pastor of this church in June, 1842, and deceased October, 1843.

CHAPTER VII.

COCHRAN AND COCHRANISM.

To place upon the page of history the errors and defeats of the church is scarcely less serviceable, in securing her true developments and permanent advancement, than to proclaim her virtues and her victories. In this view, it may not be considered entirely without service to the cause of truth, to place even upon our ephemeral pages some account of that manifestation of religious delusion and fanaticism, known as "Cochranism." Besides, in tracing the life of Mr. Phinney, when it became necessary, at least, to touch upon this subject, it was not deemed unwise to devote to it labor sufficient to collect the principal facts concerning it.

Care has been taken not to put down anything as *fact*, which is not supported by the concurrent testimony of witnesses who are familiar with what they relate. Among those upon whom we rely, besides Mr. Phinney, may be mentioned Elder Zachariah Jordan, and Elder Ephraim Stinchfield. The testimony of the latter we find in a pamphlet which he wrote at the time this delusion was at the height of its power, and which was printed in 1819. This pamphlet, as well as other efforts of its author, did not a little in checking the evil to which it relates. For what is probably the only remaining copy of it, we are indebted to the kindness of a lady who not

only is, but who is worthy to be, a grand daughter of Elder Stinchfield, a name of holy memory.

About the close of the year 1816 or the beginning of 1817, Jacob Cochran, from whom this ism derived its name, moved from Conway, N. H., to Scarborough, Me. He began immediately to preach in Scarborough, though we have been unable to ascertain anything as to his character or calling before.

Though a preacher, he belonged to no denomination of Christians; he was however friendly to all; on the one hand, he did not wish to tear down any existing religious organization, nor, on the other, did he wish to add another to their number. He desired rather to work through any or all to restore to the church apostolic religion and the lost miraculous powers. Such were his professions.

Though uneducated, he was by no means deficient in what is called native talent; indeed he seemed to possess a large share of it; but it partook of shrewdness, rather than of sound discretion. If he was not able at once to carry his point, he had that self-possession which can successfully conceal disappointed feelings, till it at length reaps from defeat the fruits of victory. If he possessed not genuine piety, he well knew how to assume the look and gesture of extraordinary sanctity; and, if he had not the powers adequate to true eloquence, he could successfully sway the multitude by vehement zeal and a kind of mesmerism inspiration.

When this new preacher had won not a little upon the attention of the good people of Scarborough, Mr.

Phinney went there, as he was accustomed to from time to time, to hold meetings. Mr. Cochran was among the first and most attentive of his auditors. When the sermon was closed, upon liberty being given to others to speak, as was then the custom after almost every sermon delivered by preachers of our Connexion, Mr. Cochran arose, apparently overwhelmed with holy emotions, and said, "To-day I have heard the gospel in its purity. God has sent this servant of his here for a great work of salvation." After many similar remarks, he concluded by proposing publicly to give up his appointments to Mr. Phinney, reserving to himself simply the privilege of exhorting occasionally, as the spirit might give him utterance. By way of securing for his proposal the more favor, he concluded by giving utterance to a kind of prophetic conviction, that should his plan be acceded to, a most remarkable revival would immediately follow.

Whatever were Mr. Phinney's feelings of repugnance to acceding to this plan, and whatever were his apprehensions of evil, he could not well decline a proposal, thus publicly made, without bringing against himself serious charges of uncharitableness and sectarianism. The event proved, however, that Mr. Phinney did not sufficiently rely upon his own convictions.

Mr. Phinney, entering upon the duties of the proposed series of meetings, Mr. Cochran accompanied him, faithfully availing himself of his reserved privilege: he exhorted sinners to flee to Christ; he often

wept excessively, as he listened and as he spoke. The consequence was that his prophecy was fulfilled, and he won the entire confidence of the people.

Though thus successful with the people, there was still one Mordecai sitting in the king's gate. He was conscious that Mr. Phinney withheld from him his confidence. Other efforts were to be put forth, either to win him, or deprive him of his power among the people. For this purpose he chose an opportunity when he and Mr. Phinney were in the company of several of the brethren of leading influence. "Brother Phinney," said he, "you are very hard-hearted; you do not love me; it is as cruel as the grave; for I never before saw the man I love half as much as I do you." Mr. Phinney, raising his cane to a horizontal position, replied, "Jacob, I love you at the end of that, but I cannot receive you to my heart." This kind of jugglery, however, succeeded too well.

About the same time Mr. Cochran went to Hollis to preach. Here again he resorted to a similar trick to secure influence. "Go to Scarborough," said he to his hearers, many of whom had been converted under the labors of Mr. Phinney, "go to Scarborough, and listen to Mr. Phinney, if you want to hear the precious gospel in its purity. I have travelled in ten States, but never before has it been my privilege to listen to such a man of God."

Though Mr. Phinney was all the time conscious of danger, both to himself and the church, he struggled in vain to break from the toils which were laid before

his own eyes, and in which, notwithstanding that, he was but too successfully taken. The following incident was the source of the most hope for a successful escape: Mr. Phinney having returned to Scarborough, ascertained that Mr. Cochran had grieved even his warmest friend, by an attempt to perform a miracle; for, on this point, he had as yet said but little, and that very cautiously. At this time, however, he undertook to cast the devil out of a man who was under deep conviction. Placing his hand on the head of the subject, he prayed, and bid the devil depart. He then tried to convince the man that he had really undergone a great change, but all in vain; he insisted that he was no better; despite every thing, the exorcist made a complete failure in his experiment; and, as before stated, grieved his best friends, who prevailed upon Mr. Phinney, when he returned, to rebuke the evil spirit in their friend. He accordingly called Mr. Cochran to account in the presence of a part of those who were witnesses of his transgression. At first he insisted that the power of working miracles still remained in the church, and, that all the faithful could exercise it; but, when he found he was losing ground, he made his retreat with such dexterity that his retreat was his greatest victory. Turning his eyes to Mr. Phinney, with great apparent penitence, he said, "I bless God for such a faithful man; O how faithful! I have sinned; I have wronged the cause of Christ; forgive me! What shall I do?" While he thus spoke, tears flowed in streams over his cheeks.

Such penitence, or rather, signs of it, fully restored him to the confidence of his friends. They wondered that Mr. Phinney could not fully forgive such a meek man of God, as they called him. On the other hand, Mr. Cochran ceased not to praise the faithful preacher who rebuked him. Thus at length he succeeded in destroying in a great measure the influence of Mr. Phinney over the people, and then very soon run his miserable career, as we shall soon see.

Here we get a glimpse of Mr. Phinney's weakest side. He never was a man of strife. He was not born for war, however heroic his ancestors might have been. He is so little disposed to war, that his charity is in more or less danger of degenerating into latitudinarianism. Too much charity is a fault, of which, however, we do not often have reason to complain. Every virtue has a corresponding error, into which the virtue, so to say, without much watchfulness, easily passes. On this ground, had it been our object to make the subject of our pages a hero, our hero would have been, at least, out-generaled if not conquered.

But to return to Mr. Cochran. By the sort of dexterity described—by his great enthusiasm, and by assuming an extraordinary degree of sanctity, by praising at first those ministers dear to the hearts of young converts, and by insinuations afterwards—he at length succeeded in destroying, with many persons of a peculiar cast of mind, the influence of those who had shown their character by their faithful lives, and attaching the same to himself in a sort of fanatical friendship, by which he prepared them to go any

length in absurdity, folly and even crime, that his interest or caprice might dictate. "Those who join and become members of this brotherhood," said Elder Stinchfield in his pamphlet, "must renounce every natural connection, and be exclusively under the control of their leaders, who, while they promise them liberty, are themselves the servants of corruption; for, of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought into bondage." Again: "I had, before I left this place," says he, in speaking of what he witnessed in Kennebunk, "such a discovery of the *mystery of iniquity*, working to the subversion of all social ties, between husband and wife, parents and children, rulers and ruled, ministers and people—the rising generation corrupted by the introduction of such vicious practices under the cloak of religion—that it seemed as if I should be constrained to cry day and night against the abomination that maketh desolate." Again: "When I arrived in the upper towns in the County of York, I found this dreadful hydrophobia with all its dire effects—children denouncing their parents; members of churches, their pastors; neighbors, one another."

When Mr. Cochran had organized a party for himself, and had thus become free from his dependence upon the ministers, by whose influence he at first contrived to secure to himself power, he revived his doctrine and practice of miracle-working. "They, like all other enthusiasts," says Elder Stinchfield, "pretend to a light superior to that of any other religious society since the apostles; and the power of healing

the sick, raising the dead, and casting out devils—all of which they said had been literally performed among them. Extraordinary dreams and visions, they asserted, had been experienced, and wonders wrought." Among the "wonders wrought," was a pretended baptism of the Holy Ghost. The preacher, while all around him was intense excitement, placing his hand on the head of the candidate, exhorted him to "Press to the light." An adherent to this party told Elder Stinchfield, that Mr. Cochran, "by only laying his hand upon a person's head, could so effect him that "he would immediately fall to the floor and cry out in great distress; and after continuing in that frame a short time, he would then be delivered from that distress and shout, Glory."

From this extraordinary degree of "holiness," so dependent upon mere states of the body, as induced by fear, the glow of emotions, and various other mental states or exercises, it was no long step to holy physical exercises. Then came logically enough holy dancing, marching, and "reaping;" then a luxurious feast called "the Passover;" then, verging from the sensual to the spiritual, came the spirituality of matrimony—ordinary marriage being proclaimed as of the Pharisees, not of Christ; spiritual ties alone have validity for Christians; then, of course an outer temple for the uninitiated, and an inner for the initiated; then a sanctum sanctorum for the high priest; and last of all, this holy place, like the Romish confessional, became a shrine of Venus.

Let us hear Elder Stinchfield again: "At one time a cry is uttered by him or some other in his assemblies in the language of the angel in the Revelation, *Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe.* A number in the assembly will then be thrown into the greatest agitations; a violent exertion of the arms and body, for a long time together, takes place. These are called *reapers*, and the operation *reaping*. To other violent motions of the arms and body, they give the appellation of *winnowing*, and *separating the chaff from the wheat*; another they call, *gathering and burning the chaff*.

"Cochran pretends to have the power of life and death in his hands, and frightens his pupils into a compliance with any of his injunctions, by threatening to stop their breath in a moment; by which means he takes females from their parents and carries them to his brothel. He declares he has the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and pretends to open it for, or shut it against, whom he sees fit, by stretching out, and making a violent twist with his arm, one way or the other."

To such excesses of crime, especially in violation of the seventh commandment, did this pretended reformer recklessly proceed, that he was soon arrested in his career, and, after due examination and conviction, sent to the State's Prison to suffer its well deserved penalties. Though his arrest took place in Feb. 1819, only about three years from the commencement of his preaching in Scarborough, yet, it

is said, that at one time his adherents numbered more than two thousand ; but before this, even, his numbers had begun rapidly to diminish.

Among those who successfully opposed this destructive delusion was Elder George Parcher, of Saco, where Mr. Cochran at length established his head-quarters. At no great distance from Elder Parcher's residence was Mr. Cochran's gloomy and "dreary mansion, provided wholly with wooden shutters on the outside, the better to conceal, no doubt, the works of darkness practiced within its walls. The general family consists of twelve females, besides those who visit the house occasionally. Some of these are widows, who, with the rest of the females, have surrendered their persons, character and property into the common stock ; and remain in this place, as those declare who have left them, destitute, to all appearance, of any profitable business ; and are, most of them, forbidden to labor with their hands for a living ; and intend, as I was informed in the neighborhood, that the wicked shall maintain them ; though I believe it is generally thought they will be hungry soon, as the property which has been brought together by this religious fraud is nearly spent ; and not much prospect of his realizing his original purpose, of having *all things common*, for any considerable time to come."*

Aside from this new movement, religious excitement, had, in that vicinity and in various denomina-

* Cochranism Delineated.

tions, run to a very high degree in what were called revivals; so that the way was so well prepared for Mr. Cochran, that very many otherwise discreet and even pious persons yielded to this new fanaticism. Indeed it seemed to be carrying all before it. Things in this state, Mr. Parcher, as we were about to relate, was so deeply impressed with a sense of duty to warn his neighbors against their impending danger, that one Saturday morning leaving his field, his horses in the furrow, he went from house to house among the doubtful, and those already gone over, pleading with them, in the name of his Master, to flee from the destroyer. The next day he went to their assembly, and, at length, obtaining permission to address them, he charged them in the name of God to cease from their abominations. His warnings and exhortations were not in vain; for, though many hissed and brawled, gnashed their teeth, and threatened to take his life, so much was God's power in the word of this bold and faithful preacher, that he not only came off unharmed, but he was enabled by these and similar efforts to put an effectual check to the further spread of this fanaticism in that vicinity, to save the doubtful, and indeed to leave the apostate with only a few adherents. These soon ran to the excesses named, which aided not a little in bringing their own abominations to a close.

Under the influence of this delusion, many made shipwreck of their piety, who, under happier auspices, might have been ornaments to the church; some were led into great domestic afflictions,—husbands and wives being parted for life, and the unmarried so cor-

rupted, that some were compelled to drag out life, conscious of guilt, and others in public disgrace. After the imprisonment of Mr. Cochran, Mr. Phinney, in company with Elder John Boothby, of the Christian denomination, went over the fields thus laid desolate. "Never, never," said one of the unfortunate victims, "can I be happy again; I have lost all self-respect." This is only a specimen of what every where made their hearts sad and even sick. Some who had been in affluent circumstances, were compelled in old age to suffer for the necessities of life.

It might well be supposed that a delusion so speedily followed by such sufferings—sufferings that had to be endured without the consolations of conscious innocence—would ere this have lost all adherents. But a delusion once fastened upon the religious feelings, is not so soon cured. Though thirty years have passed since Mr. Cochran went to prison, near the site of his "gloomy, dreary mansion," there is this day the abode of some five or six of "the faithful," who still, perhaps, wait for either their old prophet or a new one to arise and lead them to the substance of the bright visions that fired their youthful imaginations. Besides these, here and there, in Saco and vicinity, may be found one who still lives in hope. These, it is said, occasionally meet to cheer their spirits by a religious dance, so as to enable themselves the better to endure the ills of their sad pilgrimage.

It is said that, notwithstanding this delusion is so ludicrous where it is not too sad, some of its adherents, by a long life of integrity and general good

character, enjoy the high esteem of all their acquaintances. Who that by his own experience knows anything of the frailty of our nature, would deal harshly with such? Who having such self-knowledge does not find it congenial with his heart, to throw around the foibles of such the ample folds of the mantle of charity, as he commends them to him whose judgment alone is without mixture of error. But this exercise of charity must not prevent us from learning the lessons of wisdom which human frailties and sufferings are designed to teach.

As to Mr. Cochran himself, his term in prison so crushed his spirits, or, at least, moderated his hopes, that he completely failed of the honors of martyrdom. By a natural death not long after his release, he was called to his last account.

Thus inglorious, Protestantism suffers most of her enthusiasts and fanatics to die. Had he fallen under the care of "the holy mother," how different would have been his fate! Then might the sacredness of the confessional, or the gloomy walls of a nunnery, have screened his crimes from the knowledge and penalties of justice; the generalship of a new order of chaste monks rewarded his zeal on earth; after-times given to him fame and saintship; and to his saintship might have been muttered the prayers of the devout of coming centuries. To many of no more virtue and not half the talent of Mr. Cochran, are offered up every day in papal churches thousands of prayers.

Only now and then among Protestants can a great

enthusiast attract to himself power and honor. When the church is just arousing herself from a long sleep of formalism and dead works; when she begins anew to breathe the breath of that life offered to his people by the Savior; when this new life just begins to make itself felt; then an enthusiast may lead off great numbers of those who are of peculiarly ardent temperaments, especially if they have not enjoyed the advantages of education.

Just such a state of affairs existed when Mr. Cochran began his movement. He had the warmth of emotion, apparent sanctity and shrewdness to attract, combine and control the elements, made ready to his hand. Already "swoonings," and various other mesmeric phenomena, had begun to be considered indicative of peculiar holiness. Nothing but sheer greediness for sensual indulgence prevented his party from rapidly spreading through the country. But for this, temples of more splendor than those of Kirtland and Nauvoo might long ago have been built to his honor. But the honors, if such we may call them, which he might easily have won, are now associated with the name of the Mormon martyr.

Antinomianism, that keeps the children of the church from the consciousness of the redemption wrought out by Christ, is the parent of that enthusiasm which places all religion and religious blessings in the emotions. This enthusiasm, when the feelings have spent their life, as they soon must, produces in its turn antinomianism and infidelity. Formalism

cannot save the church from over-excitement; over-excitement cannot save her from formality. The consciousness of redemption in the human heart—the gospel itself, in short—can and must save her, if she is ever saved, from both.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO HIS REMOVAL TO HARRISON, IN 1824.

THE Free-will Baptist denomination may be regarded as having had its origin in the great religious awakening that occurred under the labors of Wesley and Whitefield. The last sermon ever delivered by the latter, (in 1770,) was blessed to the conversion of a sail-maker, Benjamin Randall, the acknowledged founder of the denomination. At first, he joined "the Standing Order," as the Congregationalists were then called in New England; but owing to a difference of opinion in regard to baptism, he soon after joined the Calvinistic Baptists, among whom he was licensed as a preacher. Possessed of strong practical common sense, and a judgment unwarped by the theological training of those times, it was, of course, impossible for him to adopt the high toned Calvinism then prevailing in the two denominations with which he had been, thus far, associated. Besides, it was altogether uncongenial with his heart, warmed by the "brotherly love" of a life-giving gospel, to refuse to commune with acknowledged Christians, simply from a difference of opinion in regard to baptism. Hence, in 1780, he was led to form a Free-Communion Baptist church, holding to the freedom of human will. Hence sprung the nick-name Free-will Baptists, and the denomination designated by it.

Soon after the foundation of the denomination, came those times in which the freedom of the State, then so lately achieved in our country, began to react upon the church, breaking down, to some extent, religious aristocracies, and detracting somewhat from the currency of the ideas upon which they were founded. Old men, who had been through the revolution, fought over their battles for independence and equality as they sat in their easy chairs, surrounded by their children and their grand-children. Irregulars in the church as well as in the State gained strength, and, at length, a recognition of their rights from the old establishments.

This reaction of the American Revolution upon the church is a subject of importance to all, and its peculiar influence upon us as a denomination is certainly not enough considered by ourselves. On other pages, if life be spared, we hope to give more attention to the topics here indicated.

The origin of the denomination being such, and in such times, it will readily appear to one, upon reflection, that it was at first peculiarly exposed to various hurtful eccentricities, and especially to the enthusiasm of the religious feelings. Of the truth of this remark, we have already given some painful examples. But these evils, having their origin mostly in the feelings, more speedily pass away than does the influence of false dogmas. The denomination owing its origin in so great a degree, as we have intimated, to the antinomianism then prevailing in the old denominations, it was but human to attribute that spiritual death to

wrong causes, for instance, to an educated and well paid ministry. Would that this *instance* were a mere supposition. Still further, it would be quite in accordance with what usually takes place in all religious secessions, if these false ideas took a stronger hold of the minds of the seceders, by reason of the arrogant bearing assumed by the conservatives toward those whom they regarded as erring brethren.

These remarks may seem, to some, quite out of the way in tracing the life of Mr. Phinney, but we can learn little as we ought to learn, of the spirit and usefulness of a man, unless we keep in mind some of the principal circumstances, in the midst of which he is compelled to act. We must remember that Mr. Phinney was constantly exposed to over-action, in the direction of that kind of religious excitement which owes its origin too little to the genuine convictions of the intellect, and furthermore, that he had constantly to contend against the influence of the false ideas already mentioned. Not only are these things necessary to a proper view of *his* life, but it may be worthy of remark, that he who would be very serviceable to any new denomination, especially as a preacher, needs to study well its origin, and to discern clearly the leading ideas it is struggling to develop and organize. It is only thus, that he can learn its peculiar exposures to evil, present deficiencies, and, what is still more important, how to remedy such deficiencies, without introducing something worse.

The following sketch of a Quarterly Meeting, which one of our oldest ministers, who was present,

relates, illustrates one point above named. The meeting occurred during that part of Mr. Phinney's life, of which we write in this chapter. It was holden in a Congregationalist meeting house at L. On the morning appointed, the house was filled to overflowing; for Quarterly Meetings in those times attracted people from great distances, and great and good were their spiritual influences. Elder Z. Leach presided on this occasion. He entered the pulpit and invited some other preachers to take a place with him. One after another refused from mere embarrassment. Perhaps they had never been in a pulpit; for we must try to keep in mind the true state of things. Mr. Phinney accepted the invitation. As he started he began to sing. So did he sing, with the spirit and the understanding, that scarce one restrained his tears. So the meeting began. In the afternoon the minister, in whose church the meeting was held, was in the pulpit. When Elder Leach was about to enter it to open the afternoon session, the man of the pulpit would not suffer it. Elder Leach then took his stand on the lower part of the stairs leading to the pulpit. But the other, as if fully conscious of belonging to "the standing order," with his long cane, pushed the irregular away entirely from the pulpit and all pertaining to it. To this unchristian course it was well that those who had the charge of the meeting opposed a spirit so strikingly in contrast, that the cause of arrogance lost much, while that of reform gained not a little. The common people, who, for the most part, hear the truth gladly, were so disgusted

with their minister, that they soon permitted him to find a field of labor more congenial to his feelings.

It can but excite the sense of the ludicrous, to think of a minister, in such circumstances, posting himself in the pulpit, armed, not with the brotherly love and spiritual graces conferred by the gospel, but with a huge cane, to guard his sanctum from the contamination of the uninitiated; as though he would say, "True, my people have voted to let these fellows have the house for their Quarterly Meeting, but not the pulpit; this sacred spot is mine, and guard it I will." As straws are said to show which way the wind blows, so this apparently trifling incident may indicate the intolerance with which the fathers of the denomination had to contend. Since, despite many weaknesses and errors, we have at last, through God's blessings, won a respectable standing among our sister denominations, it may be well for us thus to glance at the past. It certainly will, if thus we may improve; if we may learn never to manifest an arrogant spirit toward beginners in such a religious course as their consciences may dictate, however different that may be from ours.

We may not pass without alluding in this connection to the pleasure we experienced in being permitted to witness, only a year or two ago, a very different scene from that above described. It occurred, too, near the same place. At a session of the Maine Western Yearly Meeting, a corresponding messenger from the Association of Congregationalists of the State was received. The object of the correspond-

ence thus begun is to promote brotherly love among Christians of different names. May it continue, till among all who profess to be followers of Christ, substance shall be more cared for than shadow.

When "Cochranism" was at its height, and had quite driven Mr. Phinney from his field of labor in the towns where it was raging, he went to Harrison, to commence there a series of meetings.* His labors were blessed. The revival which followed resulted in the organization of the Harrison church, which yet remains. Already it has done good service in the Master's cause: long may it continue to win souls to Christ.

At the commencement of these meetings there was every prospect of good. Joseph Phinney, brother of Clement, resided there. He was not only impenitent, but very rude. After the first meeting, Joseph gathered his impenitent friends around him to put them on their guard against his brother. "Look out," said he, "or Clement will have you. I know him well. He will have a great revival here." How often the impenitent harden their hearts to resist the influence of the truth, and yet, when on their death-beds, think they have a claim to be converted! But notwithstanding this preparation against the truth, the revival began; the people became deeply interested; scarce could they pursue their labor, although pressed by the cares of harvest. As the preacher went from house to house, and from field to field, to

* This was in 1818.

converse with the people, he found many anxious in regard to their salvation.

Among these was Major Emerson, upon whom the impenitent relied much for their support in opposition to the revival. Joseph heard he was anxious, and had visited him to strengthen him. Mr. Emerson told him that he had determined to seek the Savior. Joseph was not sparing in his ridicule. When the preacher visited the penitent man he said to him, "Your brother will kill me; he gives me no peace." Most earnestly did Mr. Phinney pray that all obstacles to the revival might be removed; he prayed in faith; he believed what he asked would be granted. While he was thus pleading with God, Joseph was just leaving his horse, a mile distant from the place of prayer. God arrested him in his wicked career. He fell to the earth like the persecuting Paul. He cried for help. His wife assisted him to return to his house. As he lay prostrate he lifted up his voice in prayer. A messenger hastened with the glad tidings to the preacher, around whom a company of the anxious had gathered. When it was said to that company concerning the persecutor, "Behold he prayeth," they were overwhelmed as by the power of God.

Mr. Emerson and Joseph soon found peace; the revival rapidly advanced; in it Joseph was very useful. Six weeks after, when Mr. Phinney left, his brother, in absence of preachers, took the lead of the company of Christians there gathered. He eventually became a preacher.

At the meeting in which Joseph first publicly confessed Christ, Mr. Phinney had been setting forth various obstacles that hindered the progress of religion. He said, some professors of religion become pharisaical, they care more about the letter than the spirit; they prevent their children from attending meetings where the life and power of the gospel are manifested. As soon as the preacher took his seat, a lady arose, and in great excitement said, "I don't like to be twitted of my faults in public; strange that a preacher cannot come into the neighborhood, but that my neighbors must run to him each with a budget of tattle. I will not be treated so; my character shall be cleared up." "Dear," said Mr. Phinney, "who are you; I have been preaching about Pharisees; no one has said a word to me about any such here." The lady sent word to him afterwards to come and "clear up" her character, and Mr. Phinney's friends advised him to call and to re-assure her that he was not personal; but of course he had other employment on hand.

This was not the only time that he has been charged with personalities, as every preacher is liable to be who understands human character.

In 1820, in company with Elder Mark Fernald, of the Christian denomination, Mr. Phinney visited Kittery, in the western part of Maine, and a portion of N. H., Portsmouth and vicinity. He attended a large meeting of importance among the people just named. He relates that at this meeting he attempted to preach,

but made, as he considered, a perfect failure. A season of mortification followed, possibly repentance, for repentance is usually more needed than mortification at such seasons of a preacher's experience. The parents of the family he passed that night with were greatly backslidden. Early the next morning he betook himself to a retired grove for a season of prayer and humiliation. He resigned himself to the needed chastisement received the day before. As he returned happy in his soul, he met at the door a young lady, the daughter of his host. "Daughter," said he, addressing her, "do you love the Savior?" "I do not," said she. "You ought to; he has been very kind to you." This simple remark having nothing of cant in it as employed by him, had its effect upon her mind. At family worship that morning she yielded her heart to the Savior. She praised God; her parents were rebuked. In the fulness of her joy she hastened to one of the neighbors to tell some of her associates what had been done for her soul. As she rushed into their midst, she exclaimed, "The Savior is good! the Savior is good." The preacher, (who accompanied her,) gave his hearty "Amen, Amen." A season of prayer was commenced in that family. Soon two young ladies came to the door, being attracted, as they said, by some one shouting "Amen, Amen." Those who heard Mr. Phinney in those days will not find it difficult to believe that he might have been heard at a considerable distance on such an occasion. "Come in, come

in," said he; "the Savior is here forgiving sinners; come, join us."

This resulted in the conversion of three or four young persons besides the one with whom the work commenced. When the mind is enlightened, the work of salvation may be speedy. Neither weeks nor days of distress need pass, nor even hours; let the heart yield, and the work is done. So, too, in a single moment the grace of Christ may be rejected forever. Of this the following is a painful illustration:

A few days later, Mr. Phinney was preaching in the town of Rye, N. H. The audience was large and attentive. A man of more than sixty years entered the house and approached the pulpit; his throat was apparently cut from ear to ear, and the blood dripping therefrom. He gazed a moment, earnestly and wildly, upon the preacher, and then rushed from the church. The feeling of horror that pervaded all present, cannot be described. Mr. Phinney afterwards visited him, and received the following, in substance, from his own lips:

"Some thirty years since, I was awakened to a sense of the need of salvation through Christ. I sought the Savior of sinners and was happy. It was a pleasure to me to pray. Soon my mind came again under the influence of my former habits. I thought of wealth. The issue seemed to be presented distinctly to my mind: 'Will you be a genuine Christian, or will you be a rich man?' I chose wealth; the Spirit

of God left my heart; I was given over. I have wealth, but I have lost my soul; my life is a burthen to me; I would rather be in hell than suffer such torments on earth; I tried to take my life, but was prevented. I escaped from my friends to the church."

His wound did not prove mortal. He would not consent to have any one pray for him; he insisted that he had sinned against the Holy Ghost—that he was beyond the reach of hope. I have understood that he died in the same wretchedness. How truly it will be said to some, "Son, remember thou hadst thy good things on earth." Already they seem to feel the fires of hell in their own bosoms, and eternally, as they reflect upon their fool's choice, they will feel the gnawings of the worm that never dies. Reader, what choice have you made?

At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Phinney met the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. "Though many other preachers were present," says he, "as Dow was about to enter the pulpit, he selected me to take a place with him, doubtless because I was the shabbiest of all in my apparel." Similar poles do not always repel each other.

In this tour, also, he visited Hampton, where he preached in the Calvinistic Baptist church. "When I saw the people assembling," says he, "I felt depressed in spirits. I betook myself to a place of retirement, and asked God for a message. He gave me one, and I delivered it: the people gladly heard and were deeply affected; but much good was prevented by the devil, for he put it into the heart of a

well known hypocrite to take on at a great rate, and pretend to praise God." A distinguished divine gives it as his opinion that the devil, for a similar purpose, put it into the heart of "a certain damsel" to follow Paul and others, crying out, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation."*

During this tour he preached almost entirely in churches not of his own denomination. In several places he witnessed the out-pouring of the Spirit. After an absence of many weeks, he returned home by-way of Kennebunk, where he baptized several, who had been converted under his labors.

Mr. Phinney was a man of faith. When laboring once about this time, in Standish, he perceived that the good work was much hindered by a young man of leading influence among the youth. In secret retreats he prayed God to change this hinderance into a help. It was so. Many were converted and added to the church. "Next," says he, "I looked over into Raymond; I felt my heart moved for the church there in perils." It appears that a great declension had followed a great revival—a fact so often occurring that it should attract more attention than it does. The younger members of the church were in the habit of attending dancing parties, and the older did little if any better. Between two members there had been, not only a quarrel, but a blow on one part. Here he found Elders Jordan and Leach; he told them that

* Acts xvi. 16—18.

he came to weep over the desolation of Zion. He visited from house to house. Saturday, at covenant meeting, many were in attendance; humble confessions were made by many, among whom were the two offenders alluded to. The next day, as Mr. Phinney undertook to preach, he could only weep; his swollen heart compelled him to take his seat. Tears, when they cannot be restrained, are not without their eloquence. The people began to weep for themselves.

Cyrus Latham, son-in-law to Elder Stinchfield, had just moved into a newly finished house. He proposed to have a conference meeting at his house next evening. His invitation was accepted. It was the custom of the young people to dedicate the new dwellings by a dancing party, which they called a "house warming." In mentioning the meeting for the following evening, Mr. Phinney could not pass over the coincidence. So, notwithstanding the solemnities of the meeting, he invited the young people, especially, to be present, as he was about to introduce a new kind of "house warming." His grave associates were shocked, and besought him to apologize, to retract, but in vain.

Next evening the house was, of course, crowded, but too many came from mere curiosity. The meeting was sluggish. Perhaps the over-excitement of the previous day had some influence in rendering it so. The meeting was dismissed in disappointment. Still, many seemed loth to leave. Mr. Phinney began to sing. The cry, "God, be merciful to me a

sinner," was soon heard. The meetings were protracted; the church was healed, and many sinners converted. Some who had been backslidden many years, were reclaimed, and among those baptized, was one who had been awakened many years before, under his preaching in another part of the country. For their encouragement the faithful are permitted from time to time to meet cheering results of their efforts.

In 1822* Mr. Phinney attended a Quarterly Meeting in South Parsonsfield, where he first met Elder Jonathan Woodman, who, though he has endured many years of hard and faithful service, is still firm at his post. Here, too, was Elder John Buzzell, the personal friend and faithful coadjutor of Benjamin Randall. He has done good service in writing the biography of his friend. In his palmy days he was a minister of great power, and many have, through his labors, been made savingly acquainted with Christ. Already he has lived to see generations pass away, and still, for the sake of others, our prayer is, "Late may he return to heaven."

This meeting was protracted, and a revival followed, as was usual after Quarterly Meetings in those times. God be praised that this feature seems to be again returning. Mr. Phinney was pleading at this meeting with sinners to accept the pardon procured by Christ. "In the war of the Revolution," said he, "a soldier deserted; he was pursued and apprehended,

* Elder Woodman writes in reference to the Quarterly Meeting, "I am very sure it was in 1822."

convicted and sentenced to suffer death. Lady Washington heard of the unfortunate soldier; she plead with Washington to grant him a pardon, if possible. The soldier was led out to suffer his sad fate; he kneeled upon his coffin; the soldiers were just ready to fire upon him. At that moment the pardon came. The deserter was saved. With what joy did he accept the pardon! Sinners, you are guilty, and condemned. Already you kneel upon your coffins. Soon you will pass to the world of the lost. But the Savior has procured your pardon. O receive it!" Mr. Lord, a Calvinistic Baptist minister, being present, remarked, that he was an eye-witness of a scene in the Revolution similar to the one related. He spoke of the great rejoicing of all the spectators when the pardon came. A military man was present. All this was too much for him; he arose and said with much emotion, "I know I am guilty, condemned and just ready to suffer the penalty; the soldier rejoiced when the pardon came; the pardon has come to me, but my hard heart rejects it." He soon after, with others, accepted the pardon from Christ.

The next place we find Mr. Phinney is at Waterborough, at a session of the Quarterly Meeting. A revival succeeded it, and spread into adjacent towns. Mr. Phinney travelled around "Ossipee Mountain," as a high hill situated there is called, preaching at various points. He compared these journeyings to the siege laid to Jericho by the trumpeters of Joshua. He called on Elder Pelatiah Tingley, who was spending his last days with David Burroughs, his son-in-

law. The old gentleman was then slowly recovering from a severe illness. He insisted upon having one meeting at his house, so that he could once more hear the gospel preached. His wishes were complied with. At the close of Mr. Phinney's sermon, he exhorted all to seek the Savior. He said he felt the spirit of revival, and that, if like Simeon, he could see the Lord once more, he would be content to depart. Next morning, he insisted upon being placed once more upon his horse. No one could dissuade him, though feeble with disease and the weight of years. He went forth with Mr. Phinney once more into the Lord's vineyard. He witnessed once more the work of the Lord in the salvation of sinners. He seemed to renew his age. This, however, was his last effort; he was soon after called to his reward.

Elder Tingley was one of the oldest men in the denomination. He came over from the Congregationalists at an early day, and rendered very efficient service in those times, when all had yet to be systematized. Mr. Phinney takes great pleasure in telling of one of the old gentleman's prayers. It occurred in a time of great interest, by reason of peculiar responsibilities to be undertaken by a Yearly Meeting. It is as follows: "O Lord, teach us each to know thy will, and do it; teach us each to find our places, and keep them: Amen."

At an evening meeting, during this revival, a gentleman became very deeply convicted. Mr. Phinney exhorted him never to leave the house till he had found peace. His soul was soon happy in the love

of God; he exhorted two old professors of religion who had a strife, to remove that stumbling block out of the way of the impenitent. His exhortations were heeded.

In the midst of the revival came "Thanksgiving," an occasion often observed in a spirit very different from that possessed by those who instituted it. So now, the impenitent determined to make it tell against the cause of God. A ball was determined upon; but God's Spirit had taken deep hold of the public mind. Old men who braved it out, were compelled to attend the ball without their wives, and young men went in vain for their partners. Of course the ball was broken up. Some of the disappointed attended the meeting for the purpose of disturbing it, but they went away praying. When Christians feel their responsibilities, and look to God for help, they become acquainted with that power that overcometh the world.

In Waterborough, Elder Hobbs was pastor. He had just returned from the Legislature, of which he was a member. He was full of politics, and back-slidden, as most ministers and professors of religion are, though unnecessarily, when they have passed a session in such bodies. Mr. Phinney felt it very important that he should be revived before the converts were left alone to his care. Soon the time came when the converts demanded baptism and admission to the church. The pastor's mind was so filled with something besides the Spirit of God, that he felt unprepared for these duties. But Mr. Phinney utterly

declined to attend to them for him. The consequence was, that the pastor, by prayer and humiliation, prepared to lead forth his flock.

Nothing, perhaps, to which we shall refer, presents the character of Mr. Phinney in a more favorable light than the trait brought out in the above incident. In the case given, he acted upon his well-settled principles in relation to the rights of others. He always exercises a care to check all such personal attachment to himself as will injure the usefulness of others. Of the hundreds converted under his labors he baptizes but few, where there is a pastor. Converts often insist upon being baptized by him because his labors have been blessed to their conversion. He says to them, "I am soon going away; your pastor is henceforth to be your spiritual guide; he ought to baptize you, especially if you regard it as a point of attachment." So he utterly refuses to marry those who apply to him, where there is a pastor. By these and other methods he strives to attach the hearts of the people to their ministers. Sometimes persons begin to whisper to him, "We wish our pastor was a man of revival spirit." He quickly perceives the strife to which such whisperings tend. He proceeds to explain the differences between the duties and labors of a pastor and those of an evangelist. "Your pastor," says he, "wears much longer than I could; my preaching is over in a very few weeks; my sermons are few, his are many." Every pastor feels himself strengthened and cheered by him. How different this from what sometimes takes place! Some,

whose labors are even blessed to the conversion of many, either from want of proper care, or a proper spirit, sow in every church they visit seeds of discord.

It would appear from a little attention to the subject, that the rights of pastors in many places might be treated with more respect than they are; but the fault alluded to, may be regarded as an evil incident to a state of transition: it will doubtless pass away in a few years. The pastoral office will soon be more fully appreciated among us.

From Waterborough he went to Limington; from there to Newfield. In the latter place, he labored in connection with Elder Samuel Burbank. All things here appeared at first forbidding, but still they prayed in faith. "The reformation cloud soon appeared, and a good work followed."

CHAPTER IX.

TO HIS REMOVAL TO BUCKFIELD.

IN 1824, Mr. Phinney moved to Harrison. The brethren of that place built him a house; he undertook a pastoral charge, and his labors were apparently blessed; but we never find him long at home, nor happy in constant labors with one church. He says of himself that he could never be anything but what he is as an evangelist, "Not even a good cooper." Though we are not obliged to agree with him in this view of himself, we should appreciate his wisdom and goodness in pursuing so perseveringly the duties of the sphere to which he is so manifestly adapted.

About the only time of which we shall have occasion to speak of any suffering of his from ill health is this: Soon after he settled in Harrison, by excessive labors and continual exposures, he became much reduced in strength. The influenza then setting in, caused him to fear that he should soon be called away from the church on earth. When he could no longer labor in public, he was faithful in his private exhortations to brethren, begging of them, as they loved the Lord, to cast aside all indifference, and serve God with undivided hearts.

While he was yet feeble, being scarcely able to speak above a whisper, a Quarterly Meeting occurring at Moderation, he could not deny himself the privilege afforded by it of meeting his fellow laborers

once more on earth. Though he met, on this occasion, not less than fifteen ministers, the moderator exhorted him with the rest, as the custom then was, "to look for duty." After preliminaries, he arose to deliver the message that rested upon his own heart with great weight. At first he could scarcely be heard, but at length, his voice becoming clear, he proceeded in his discourse with freedom and power. His sickness was gone. When the eye is single to some great purpose, when the soul is swallowed up in self-forgetfulness, man rises above many "ills flesh is heir to."

The last year the Legislature of Maine held its session in Portland, many of his townsmen wished to send him to represent his town in that body. They urged him to take this step, as he could be elected without entering into party strife, and from another motive that sometimes has great force with good men whose families are next door to suffering by poverty, and especially he ought to accept, they thought, this proffered kindness, as he might be of great service by preaching on Sabbaths, during the session, in the city where his preaching had been instrumental in the conversion of so many. Whatever other preachers might think their duty under such pressure, he told his friends that they must look out some other man to "serve tables," as he had given himself entirely "to the ministry of the word." But still, many of his townsmen were determined to elect him, and he only accomplished his own defeat through the efforts of his relatives. Such singleness of devotion to a

worthy object rarely goes unrewarded, even in this life. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Having thus refused to turn aside from the duties of the ministry, he immediately started on one of his "preaching tours," taking his way through Lewiston and Bowdoin to Richmond. When at Lewiston, he was prevailed upon to attend the funeral solemnities of "the oldest inhabitant." At Bowdoin, he preached a few times with good effect in reviving the church, which he found in a "low condition."

At the close of one of his meetings here, a lady confessed herself to be a backslider. In conversation, after this, one of her neighbors remarked that she was happy to hear such a confession, as it had long been necessary. "It was good," said he, "and there is much more hope of a confessing backslider, than of one who does not apprehend his condition." This remark resulted in the confession and reformation of the self-righteous.

At Richmond, he attended a meeting that lasted several days, appointed for Christians of every name, to unite in supplicating God to revive his work. After this meeting closed, in which he labored with all his heart, he continued to preach in the same place. The Spirit of God began to be poured out, but, as the ground had always been occupied by other denominations, sectarian whisperings were begun, which, of course, always endanger God's work. Mr. Phinney had seen enough of human nature to know that

prompt steps must be taken to prevent the progress of this evil. In the public assembly, alluding to the danger, he therefore said, "My Master never sent me to throw clubs, nor to proselyte, but he sent me to preach his gospel. If, in this meeting, minister or layman attempts to proselyte, let him be marked as a transgressor. Permit each to follow his own preferences, but let us all, as brethren in Christ, work together for the salvation of sinners." Such statements are not unfrequently made by the veriest proselyters the earth ever sustained, still, to keep their spirit in its fulness is always indicative of a soul raised by Christ's indwelling love far above the mean sectarian self-seeking that too often appears among so called ambassadors of God.

After this, all worked together in unity, and the result was, one of the most glorious and extensive revivals in which Mr. Phinney has been permitted to labor. It spread to many towns. Elders Robinson, Allen Files, Samuel Hathorn and Andrew Rollin, were faithful and successful laborers in this revival. And as fruits of it, several churches were gathered.

Soon after Mr. Phinney commenced labors in Richmond, being called upon to deliver a funeral discourse, he selected as his text the words, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." There was present a large audience, and his words fell with power upon the hearts of many. Among those deeply convicted was D. R., who was the ringleader of the irreligious in what was then called "the Reed neighborhood," a place then noted for its wickedness, rather

than for its piety. Soon after this, D. R. attended "a raising," and in the evening, was expected to lead in the dance. All were ready and waiting. Oddly enough for him, he hesitated, but being pressed, he exclaimed, "I cannot do it; I have danced long enough over hell; God have mercy on my wicked soul." His earnest words, under such circumstances, were to his companions like a clap of thunder in an unclouded sky. His wife was likewise under conviction, at home. As she thought of the influences to which her husband was exposed that evening, she determined to go for him. She had gone but a little way in her path, which led through the forest, when she heard her husband's voice, and saw by the light of their lanterns several of his companions with him. She hastily returned, and retired to bed. The husband and his company soon arrived. He called up his wife and son; they all cried mightily to God for mercy; the whole family found peace. As they related their experience, it appeared that conviction had fastened upon their minds at the funeral spoken of; the husband had not mentioned his conviction to his wife from fear of her mirth: she had been alike silent from fear of his profanity; and the son from fear of the frowns of both his parents. Often, even the impenitent, might aid each other in finding the true path to happiness, if, instead of the reserve they usually maintain in regard to their own mental states, they should freely and frankly express to each other their desires and aspirations, hopes and fears, in regard to their own religious interests.

Soon, the report spread that God's work had broken out in the "Reed neighborhood." It was strange, but true, and this carried conviction to the hearts of many. Those who considered themselves reprobates, began to hope there was yet mercy for them, if, indeed, the Lord was working in that wicked place. Saturday came, and with it a meeting for inquirers. "Such confession and begging for mercy," says Mr. Phinney, "I never listened to before or since."

After many had made confession of their sins and asked an interest in the prayers of Christians, one lady arose to confess her wrongs toward another, her neighbor; but, concluded in that manner that marks the half-sincere confession, "you, too, have done wrong, and ought to confess." Mr. Phinney, with mildness, promptly rebuked the evil spirit, assuring the possessed, till it was cast out, that she could have "neither part nor lot in this matter." This incident afforded an opportunity of checking that fanatical spirit of confessing in public those things that it is requisite to confess in private to the individuals wronged, or to God alone.

One Sabbath, a C. Baptist minister asked him to preach from the text, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." This preacher, though entirely blind, had proved himself very useful in Boston; but at length, wine, and flattery, that still greater destroyer, especially of preachers, caused him entirely to backslide. In the afternoon, Mr. Phinney announced the words proposed as his text. They made such an impression upon his own mind, that his emotion ren-

dered him unable to proceed: he paused not less than fifteen minutes: indeed, his text constituted mainly his sermon; he was compelled to take his seat; but the very power of God seemed to be in the words as he read them: the whole assembly was moved to tears; then followed a conference, in which each spoke as he was moved by the Holy Spirit, and sinners, publicly confessing God is in you of a truth, cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved."

Among the latter class that day was D. Waterman, now an able minister of the gospel. He arose and said, "I often hear you Christians say, you have a heaven to go to heaven in: however that may be, one thing I certainly know, that I have a hell to go to hell in. Pray for me, that I may escape, and receive salvation by Christ."

Another impenitent man who was accustomed to ridicule the cause of Christ, went to meeting that day, as he said, to get a half dollar's worth of religion. He went home weeping, begging for mercy through the Savior.

There is ground to hope that the backslidden preacher who proposed the text, was also benefited, as he was subsequently restored, and lived a life of faithfulness.

In Litchfield, D. P., a young man, who attended the meetings, appeared for many days to be deeply convicted, but he could find no peace. He thought an associate had wronged him, and he determined to avenge himself. In this state, it was of course im-

possible for him to be forgiven. He attempted to pray in the language of the Lord's prayer. When he came to the words, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," he could go no further. He felt he was calling down the vengeance of God upon his own head. He was at work at midnight in a saw-mill when he gave up the spirit of revenge. So great was his joy, that he hastened to his father's house, where Mr. Phinney was passing the night, to tell him what God had done for him.

Two or three of his fellow-laborers, under whose care the meetings were mostly conducted in Litchfield, rejected the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper. Soon, however, the converts demanded baptism at their hands. The preachers called upon Mr. Phinney to baptize the converts, as they did not like to say to them, "Baptism is an idle ceremony." He utterly refused, urging them at the same time, to attend to their own duties. This resulted in the conversion and the obedience of the preachers.

The closing scene of this revival in Richmond was impressive. After the candidates had been baptized, they, and the multitude in attendance, took position upon the banks of the stream, around the preacher, as he stood upon an elevation of land. After he explained briefly his views as to a few fundamental principles of the gospel, he desired those who wished to be formed into a church to come forward. They, taking each other by the hand, formed a circle about him. He knelt and prayed. They became a church, and appointed their officers. Then he said, "I have

now labored with you fifteen weeks, night and day; many here have been almost persuaded to become Christians; to-day I leave you: before I go, I wish to pray once more, especially for such as design now to seek Christ. Let such form a circle within the church." A great many coming forward, knelt around him. Once more the man of God lifted up his voice in prayer in behalf of perishing sinners. "In that prayer," says he, "I was nearer heaven than I ever expect to be again, till I arrive there."

In concluding our account of this revival, it is worthy of remark, that the brethren did not forget that the preacher has temporal wants. They put into the hands of Mr. Phinney, more, by far, than he would have received for "serving tables," had he gone to the Legislature. In this time of declensions, how needful is that faith which trusts that he who feeds "the fowls of the air," will not see his faithful servants suffer. Should more go forth with the same spirit of devotion, with the same single eye, should we not hear less complaint about temporal wants, and instead thereof hear of revivals!

From Richmond he went to Topsham. Here he was invited to preach in the old meeting houses which the congregations had left for new places of worship. He accepted, and the people said the old gospel was preached in the old houses, and they went in multitudes to hear him. The President of Bowdoin College was among his hearers. Those converted, were all added to other denominations, as there was then in that place no F. W. Baptist church.

After a short excursion to Bath, where he was very kindly treated by the C. Baptists, he returned to Topsham, and there protracted his labors. He still advised those converted under his preaching, to unite with the churches already organized. Notwithstanding this truly liberal course, the anger of one of the ministers was stirred against him, and for once Mr. Phinney was accused of something like sectarianism. "The people," said the complainant, "leaving their pastor, go off after you;" and finally charged him with unchristian conduct. "Have you," said Mr. Phinney, "seen anything in my course that leads you to think I am not a Christian?" "I have seen nothing," the other pettishly replied, "that makes me think you are one." Mr. Phinney proposed to have a season of prayer and then to go into a calm investigation of the complaints. But the other would neither pray, nor stay while Mr. Phinney prayed. The interview closed, and Mr. Phinney continued to labor as before. This is in direct contrast with the treatment he has been accustomed to receive, for the most part, from the preachers of other denominations.

In 1827, he preached in the Christian church, in Portland, their pastor, Elder Rand, being ill at that time. A deep interest among the impenitent was soon manifest; many came forward for prayer, and Christians were revived. The revival that commenced under his labors, reached other churches. The Spirit of Christ being manifestly present, those spirits opposed to him, "Cried out, saying, what have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art

thou come hither to torment us before the time?" But despite the spirit of persecution the good work still went on. He also preached occasionally in an adjoining village, to good purpose. In the latter place, in one of his sermons he dwelt upon the necessity of salvation through Christ, enforcing the truth, that by the deeds of the law no flesh "can be justified." A gentleman of influence being present, who by his good works had been striving many years to cast up a highway to heaven, remarked to the preacher, "Often have I heard that subject dwelt upon, but never till now, understood it,—you have made many sad rents in my mantle of morality." "Bless God for that," responded the preacher, "I am glad, for I want to see you clad in the robe of Christ's righteousness." The preacher's wish was gratified.

He speaks of the conversion of Capt. Stockman, in Portland, with great pleasure. At one of the evening meetings, when the opposers of religion had done their best to create disturbance, the invitation being given for the anxious to present themselves at the altar for prayer, the Capt. and his daughter were the first to press forward. The influence of his example did much in turning the tide of public opinion in the right direction. He became a Christian of that class whose life and property preach the power and excellence of redeeming grace. He has gone to his reward.

Mr. Phinney wishes the following account of Richard Relham, with whom he became acquainted in Portland, preserved. Mr. R. was active in this re-

vival. Years before, he had been noted for crime. He once attempted to escape the penalty due to his crime by fleeing from Portland to Canada. Six men in pursuit overtook him, but he would have proved himself too much for them, and made his escape, had not one of them, taking advantage of him, knocked him down with a club. Being captured, he was, upon trial, sent to the State-Prison. In his lonely cell he gave his thoughts to the subject of religion. He yielded his heart to the truth. His cell became a heavenly place in Christ. But on his release, a trial of his faith awaited him. Suspected, despised and feared, he could find no employment. He was suspected the more for professing religion. He was driven almost to desperation by hunger and cold. But he preserved his integrity. He determined to die, rather than preserve his life in misery by crime. A man who had compassion for a fallen brother, meeting him, gave him five dollars, and, what was more, spoke words of true sympathy and encouragement. The unfortunate man persevered. Providence opened the way before him: he soon won the confidence of all who knew him: he not only obtained, by industry, a competence, but he had something to bestow upon the suffering. Let no one despair of salvation through Christ. It will visit the prisoner in his cell, or the prince in his palace, when sought in sincerity.

Mr. Phinney is one of those, who "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons." He is debtor to all. In this revival he visited merchants and truckmen, rich and

poor alike, to bear them the precious gospel. "It was wonderful to see," says he, "the truckmen weep, as they expressed to me their desire to receive the Savior's mercy." "One day," says he, "I found a merchant at his counter, weeping for his sins: he invited me home with him to converse with himself and family. All were at length converted, and he is now in the ministry."

By this revival, which, it is computed, resulted in the accession of eight or nine hundred members to the various churches, the Christian church was so much augmented, that their place of worship would no longer suffice. Disposing of it, they built the Casco Street church. It seems that such was the prejudice, or what else you please to call it, against instrumental music, that a solemn covenant was entered into never to introduce it into this church. Of course, some soon wanted an organ, and others were as much opposed to it. This circumstance, and, perhaps the want of Christian charity, resulted in the division of the church. One party built the Temple Street church. The other, ultimately becoming involved in debt, sold the Casco Street church to the F. W. Baptists.

The former has always been an evangelical, useful church, notwithstanding the suspicions of some dogmatists, that it is either too long, or too short, for the iron bedstead of their own orthodoxy. In this church, Mr. Phinney has since labored.

The present pastor of this church, Rev. Mr. Brown, wrote, a few months since, as follows: "Elder Phin-

ney came to Portland Nov. 11th, 1836. On the evening of the 14th, four requested prayer. For eight Sabbaths he preached in the morning, and attended many social meetings. * * * * He left the city the 10th of Feb. * * * On the 4th of Jan., I found the number of converts was thirty-seven."

Casco Street church is flourishing, and has every prospect of becoming one of the most efficient churches in the denomination. We shall not soon forget the pleasure afforded us by our visits to that church. This church undoubtedly passed to its present position owing to the acquaintance it cultivated with the Free-will Baptists through Mr. Phinney, in his revival labors. From his labors, too, indirectly sprung a valuable church in Topsham. These are only specimens of what might be named, as fruits in greater or less degree, of his labors.

Mr. Phinney speaks in the highest terms of Elder Rand, who has now gone to his reward. "He was," says he, "a warm-hearted and trust-worthy friend, an humble Christian, and an excellent pastor."

In the Fall of 1827, Mr. Phinney visited Limerick, Me., and commenced preaching with the church in that place, and visiting from house to house. The church was in a very low, tried, and discouraged condition. After preaching with them some three months, during which time the church was greatly revived, and there were signs of reformation among the unconverted, Mr. Phinney left, to fill appointments elsewhere, which he had previously made. The next

evening after he left, a prayer meeting was held by the brethren, which was attended by a young man who had been deeply convicted under Mr. Phinney's preaching. In this meeting, he arose and acknowledged, with much emotion, that he felt the need of religion, and was determined to seek it at the loss of all things. Several other young men, who had also been convicted under Mr. Phinney's preaching, soon united with him in seeking God. These soon found the Savior, and a most glorious and solemn revival followed. One or two of the converts were connected with the office of the Morning Star, which was then published in Limerick; and meetings were held by the young converts in the Star office one evening in a week for some months. These meetings were sometimes attended by as many as twenty-five young men, who had either found the Savior or were seeking him, and they were very solemn, powerful and refreshing seasons. Of these young men, some seven or eight subsequently became preachers of the gospel. Among the converts were William Burr, who was employed as the printer of the Star, S. L. Julian, P. S. Burbank, and M. M. Smart. The three last named are now ordained ministers in the Free-will Baptist denomination. The others who became ministers are connected with the Congregational and Calvinistic Baptist churches. The revival continued for several months, and spread through the town, and into the towns adjoining. Large accessions were made to the Free-will Baptist, Congregationalist, and Calvinistic Baptist churches.

Some time before Mr. Phinney's removal to Buckfield, a revival commenced in Bridgeton, under the labors of Elder Samuel Lewis, at that time a licensed preacher.* Mr. Phinney went to his help. Some who had passed more than their three score and ten years in sin, were, in this revival, brought into the kingdom of Christ; but, a more marked feature of it was, the conversion of the heads of families in middle life. Among those baptized, was George Whitney, since a useful and acceptable preacher. Subsequently, Mr. Phinney and Elder Joseph White, being appointed by the Quarterly Meeting for the purpose, organized a church in this place.

On their way home, Mr. Phinney heard of his father's death. He hastened to the house of mourning. Elder White on this occasion delivered a very impressive sermon. No sooner were the sad rites, in honor of a beloved parent, over, than Mr. Phinney again entered upon his duties as an evangelist.

He mentions that, not far from this time, he held a series of meetings in Sweden. Many were converted, most of whom joined the Methodist church. He was invited to this place by a gentleman of wealth, who had built a meeting house, and given it to the public, and who did not forget the wants of the preacher.

He also mentions in this connection, a revival that occurred in Otisfield. In one of the social meetings here, he observed near him an impenitent lady, weeping. He requested her to express her wishes. "I

* Since writing the above, Elder Lewis has gone to his reward.

am a sinner," said she, "I want religion." He proposed a season of prayer in her behalf, and when about to kneel, the husband said, "Pray for me; I want religion too." Their conviction was apparently deep, but they did not at once find peace. Mr. Phinney having been absent a few days, upon his return called upon them. The gentleman met him at the door, in great joy, exclaiming, "I've found Jesus, I've found Jesus." It may serve to indicate the change that religion produced upon this money-lover, for such he emphatically was before his conversion, to observe that he said to his visitor on this occasion: "Since I saw you before, I have found out that the houses, lands, and money that I called mine, are the Lord's; I am only his steward over these: what of them do you need in his service?" "If you are the Lord's steward," said the preacher, "obey your Master." He has never forgotten to heed this instruction. Many deny in practice the religion they profess; but, if you are of those who possess it, you are sure to let your "light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

CHAPTER X.

SKETCHES OF HIS LABORS FROM 1830 TO 1842.

IN 1830, Mr. Phinney moved to Buckfield, under engagement to preach half the time to the church there; the other part of his time, he was to be at liberty to labor as an evangelist. Under his care, the church at Buckfield, it is said, was greatly refreshed; but no further information concerning him, as connected with that place, has been received.

It is well here to mention that, while Mr. Phinney is able to trace with considerable distinctness, the events of his life up to this time, of those of later years, he is able to give only here and there one, and that not with the same fulness as he can those of earlier years. No one can regret more than the writer, that one of an experience so rich and varied, did not keep some account of his life; but, most men who do hard and faithful service in this world, write their history in *deeds alone*. Both reader and writer, must therefore be content with such scanty accounts as we are able to collect. If we take these as *specimens only*, we may learn the spirit and bearing of the man, from them. Only here and there a date can be afforded, and some of these must be regarded only as approximations to the true. The first incident that he mentions, after his removal to Buckfield, is one that gave him great pain. He was engaged, in 1830, in a series of meetings in Phippsburgh, with two min-

isters of that place, each of a denomination different from that to which he belongs. It seems there existed between these two ministers a sectarian jealousy. However, the meetings proceeded with fair prospects of good. Things being in this state, one of them delivered a sermon, bearing somewhat against the denominational peculiarities of the other. Upon the close of his discourse, he began to invite the anxious to come to the altar. The other insisted upon a retraction on the part of the offender, but he refused to make any concession. In vain did Mr. Phinney protest, in the name of religion, against their sinful course: in vain did he beseech them to desist; each cared much more for his denominational dignity, than for the cause of Christ! Though the meetings continued for some days, all hope of good was at an end. The selfishness at bottom in these efforts, was too manifest to suffer them to be blessed in winning any souls to obedience to the great law of benevolence. With a sad spirit, Mr. Phinney left this once promising field, and labored, not without success, in some places adjacent.

He next revisited Georgetown. An impression, favorable to religious reflection, had been made upon the captain and crew of a vessel, by the loss of one of their number, and their own very narrow escape. The corpse of the sailor, who was drowned, was recovered, and Mr. Phinney attended the funeral. The captain, whose name was Oliver, and three or four other sea-captains, were soon after converted and baptized. Our preacher, by his frank and benevolent heart, and

friendly and unassuming manner, was always a favorite among that class of generous men here alluded to.

Here is a sort of chasm in the life of Mr. Phinney, which the writer has not been able to fill. Besides what has been said of one of his visits to Portland, and what is soon to be said of another to Bangor and vicinity, we have been able to learn nothing of his labors for five or six years, extending from about 1831 to 1837.* Of one thing we may be certain, that wherever he was, he was engaged in preaching.

It was probably in 1836 that he visited Bangor. After enjoying a refreshing season with Bro. Jotham Parsons,† he visited the north part of the town, where he had some good meetings. Thence he went to Dover, where his labors were blessed to the conversion of a few persons, whom he also baptized. Here he was invited by the committee of a Congregationalist church, to preach for them a Sabbath or two, as their pulpit was not supplied; but owing to the movement of a party in the church, much more sectarian than their committee, he felt it his duty to decline the invitation. He therefore, upon invitation, occupied the Universalist meeting house. His meetings were large and interesting, as above intimated. He met here many friends, among whom he mentions Major Whitmore and family.

* Mr. Phinney thinks he visited Topsham in 1831, at which time he thinks there was a revival in that place.

† Bro. Parsons resides now in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a zealous and liberal supporter of our infant cause in the city of N. Y. God grant that he may live to see a flourishing church in his own city.

He next went to Sebec. Here he had the privilege of speaking encouraging words to a young minister almost overwhelmed by trials in regard to his support. It seems that though the young man had been appointed by the Quarterly Meeting, to travel for its benefit, he did not receive enough to keep his horse shod. This is only a specimen of what more than one of our young men, and we might say, old, too, received in former times, to encourage them in the arduous labors of the ministry. On this occasion, Mr. Phinney attempted to teach some of the brethren who possessed their thousands their duty toward the preacher whom they had sent forth to visit the churches of the Quarterly Meeting. To one he said, "What do you mean by letting that young man suffer so? Here you have your thousands; your sons, too, are making thirty dollars a month; the young minister could do as well, and yet, *you* send him off on *your* business, saying to him, 'be warmed and fed;' your blessings are good enough in their place, but a starving man must have food; if I find any body poorer than every body else, I take him to be one of your preachers, and I am never mistaken."

He observes that though this man began by *giving*, as he called it, a single shilling to his minister, it still was the turning point with the giver, as it prepared him to apprehend his duty more fully. Thus by private conversation with those who began their religious life with false ideas in regard to the support of the ministry, has Mr. Phinney opened the eyes of many. His work in this direction has been all the

more successful, because he knows so well how to exercise the charity that hopeth all things, even from those laboring under the most destructive of all prejudices. It is a matter of devout thanksgiving, that the prejudice alluded to, is so rapidly passing away.

Perhaps it was during this visit that he attended a Yearly Meeting in the Sandy River country, that he speaks of attending about this time, where he met Elders Burbank and Lamb; and where, also, he received some valuable donations for Parsonsfield Seminary. Of this tour he says, "It was profitable to me in experience, and, if at any time I had occasion to use the lash, I tried to dip it first in love."

In the Spring of 1837, he was called to Topsham, in consequence of the death of Elder George Lamb, pastor of that church. This excellent minister, whose "praise is in all the churches," was called away very unexpectedly. "There was great lamentation over him by God's people," says Mr. Phinney. It would seem that scarce any man of higher promise has arisen in the denomination, than Elder George Lamb. Of great natural endowments,—of deep, enlightened, and well balanced piety,—of a sweet and conciliating spirit, he exerted an influence for great good upon the people of his choice. Though cut off in a moment, in middle life, *his influence still lasts*.

The following letter from the present worthy pastor of the church in Topsham, gives some particulars concerning the revival there the spring following Eld. Lamb's death.

"In the Spring of 1837, following the Winter of

Elder Lamb's death, there was a gracious manifestation of God's work in the church in Topsham. A mighty voice, though silent, had been speaking since the death of this devoted pastor,—now in glory. This Spring, Elder Phinney went to Topsham, and continued three months with the people. Near the commencement of his labors, a meeting was held in a private house, and, under the sermon preached, a mate of a vessel, just returned from sea, was cut to the heart, and was subsequently converted. This was the first-fruits of the revival. Many others were gathered during its progress. Children were raised up to perfect praise. Juvenile meetings were held. Even in the public meeting, these spoke and prayed, with great power and effect:—the infant was truly 'a hundred years old.' They filled the congregation with wonder, and hardly could the hosannas of infant tongues be hushed, for the older saints to offer their praise."

After the work had been in progress about twelve weeks, he recommended Elder Daniel Jackson, of Waterville, as pastor of the church. He came before the Lord, and delivered his charge into the hands of Elder Jackson, and prayed that the affection of the converts might be transferred to their prospective pastor, and left many of the converts for him to baptize. In his own words, "I prayed God to hand them over to Elder Jackson." Such was his noble principle in relation to the rights of others, and the well-being of all, as exemplified in other places.

In the following June, (1837,) a protracted meet-

ing commenced in Brunswick, under the auspices of Elders Phinney and Rollins. The Calvinistic Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists, united with the Free-will Baptists, in conducting this meeting. More than one hundred were converted in the revival that followed. A sea-captain of influence, kind, and moral, though a stranger to Christ, was among the hearers. One day, at the close of the sermon, his wife arose and said, "Here sits my poor husband, without religion! I have these many years prayed for him! Christian friends, pray for him!" Conviction fastened upon his mind; he was soon rejoicing in the mercy of Christ. Five others, of the same calling, were converted in this revival. Henry Merritt, of Brunswick, says he finds in his Diary the following record:

"August 20, 1837. Almost every Sabbath since June 30, there has been a baptism. I deem it worthy of remark, that in five of the principal baptisms, the company has been lead by a sea-captain, Otis, Merritt, Snow, Sylvester, and Clark." One of those named above, had, like many others, made the differences that exist between different denominations of Christians, an excuse for treating the Savior with neglect. He attended this meeting, and saw Christians of various names, all laboring together in good faith, and rejoicing in their common Lord. His excuse was gone. He said to one who knew the excuse he was accustomed to make, "*I am taken.*" His wife was also converted, and baptized.

In this revival, prayers in behalf of friends were frequently requested. This practice, though often abused, was, in almost every case, followed by the conversion of those made the subject of special prayer. One morning, prayer was requested for a man and his wife, neither of whom had attended meetings of worship for years. Some were shocked at such rashness; others believed that *prayer avails with God*. The same day, that husband said to his wife, as if in derision of religion, "They are making *Christians* down at the meeting house." She expressed a wish to attend the meeting. He consented, and both were there before night. Scarcely had they entered the house, before they were deeply convicted. In a day or two, both were rejoicing in Christ's delivering grace. Mr. Phinney remarks, that when his labors closed in this revival, his temporal wants were very liberally supplied, but it is scarcely necessary to mention this, after what has been said relative to the conversion of "Those who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." He adds, "It was very affecting to see those weather-beaten men weep in those meetings, like children."

In February, 1840, we find Mr. Phinney in Tops-ham again, engaged in a revival, which resulted in another in Brunswick. In relation to these revivals, Mr. Fernald says: "Elder Phinney visited Tops-ham again, in 1840, and was associated in another revival with Elder Jackson, pastor of the church. This revival was quite general among the evangelical

churches of the place. Eighty-eight joined the Free-will Baptist Communion. The meetings continued during ninety evenings. Many children were the subjects of the revival also." In relation to the same revival, we copy a few remarks from the Diary of captain Merritt. He says, under date of February 27, 1840: "A protracted meeting commenced in Topsham in December last. Father Phinney is there in his glory, and sinners are inquiring of him by scores, what they must do to be saved." Under date of March 8, of the same year, he says, "The reformation continues in Topsham; God grant it may cross over our Jordan, that Brunswick may share largely in it." The Diary reads, "March 19, 1840, 2 P. M., protracted meeting commenced in this place,—Elders Rollins and Phinney,—with prospects good.

Saturday, March 28, '40, commences, Wind south, warm, for the season. Snow nearly all gone. Extremely bad travelling, but good times—in midst of *reformation*. The oxen are yoked, and people are flocking to the house of God by sled-loads—starving for the Word.

Friday, April 3, '40. Extremely bad travelling. Meetings are well attended, and a powerful reformation is progressing.

Sunday, April 5. Thirteen baptized and joined the church, most of whom are heads of families.

Sunday, .12. Thirteen related their experience yesterday, and are candidates for baptism.

Sunday, 19. A fine day. Thirty-seven were baptized to-day, near the meeting house, of both sexes, of all ages between eighteen and forty.

May 3. A baptism. Seventy-eight, thus far, added to 161, our former number, makes 239, our *present* number.

Aug. 10. Have taken a collection for Bro. Phinney, who has been laboring with us throughout our revival, and, we trust, he has been instrumental in doing much good. Notwithstanding the extremely bad travelling, and dark, stormy nights, and his great infirmities, for seventeen days and nights in succession, Bro. Phinney was constantly at his post, and *alone*. May God reward him for his labors of love."

Previous to the revivals above described, near the close of the year 1838 a Quarterly Meeting was held in Harrison. "It was," says Mr. Phinney, "a dragging meeting. Preachers and brethren of different denominations who attended, requested that the meeting might be protracted, promising their assistance." For several days, all was discouragement, but at length the reformation cloud drew nigh. Backsliders were reclaimed, and the impenitent requested prayers. The interest continued to increase. The meeting was moved to the Methodist meeting house, in the south part of the town. At this time I reached the place. When I entered the meeting, I heard them confessing their sins,—their quarrels, their hard speeches, their cheating in buying and selling. The work went on gloriously, until nearly

all, in that part of the town, were converted. Then we thought it best to move the meeting to Bridgeton, the town west. Here, one meeting begins in the Congregationalist meeting house, and another in the Free-will Baptist, for one house would not contain all. It was my lot to remain at the Congregational house. The good work began in both houses. The stoutest hearts, and false doctrines, bowed before the power of the Cross. The temperate and intemperate confessed their sins. It was wonderful to hear the old drunkard, and others of vicious habits, praising God." Next, he was invited to Waterford, by the Congregational minister, who had invited another minister of a different denomination, to unite with him in the responsibilities and labors of a protracted meeting. The latter refused to have anything to do with it. The former proceeded. "When I arrived," says Mr. Phinney, "the minister with whom I was to labor, said that a large and anxious congregation would be in attendance, 'but,' said he, 'we here, before God, are in a poor condition. We have great difficulties, arising from building a new meeting house, and leaving an old one. Two parties have thus arisen, and their strife against each other is warm. Those who do not take either side, are greatly grieved. I am afraid that a great many of my church never had any religion.' Well, sir, I said, I have a never-failing Bible-medicine for all such ailings. 'Confess your faults, one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.' This medicine has never failed, and it never can. 'Well,' said he, 'you are

an old hand in reformations, I will give all up to you.’”

Sometimes, the minister who would do good service in his calling, is to be entirely silent, and even, so far as possible, to ignore all strife or differences among his hearers. But not so always. There are times in which he can hope to accomplish no good, until these are attended to directly, and their cause removed. However disagreeable, *it must be done, or all is lost!* Our preacher judged the present to be a desperate case. When he arose to preach, “Brethren,” said he, “I have come to bring you some Bible-medicine, for I understand you are sick. ‘Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed.’ Not a word here about murder, highway-robbery, theft, or anything of the like. It may be about minor offences, faults,—*faults*, just such as you have here about your meeting houses! Now, nothing can be done toward curing you, until these are all confessed; but, remember, brethren, God does not tell you to confess *each other’s faults!* This is the difficulty in *your* case. You are all forward to confess *each other’s faults*. Now, *reverse this*. Begin to confess *your own faults*, one to another! Confess your OWN faults, not your *brother’s!*” He affectionately urged them to their duty, in a few additional sentences, and then took his seat. A physician immediately arose, with tearful eyes, and bore witness to the truth. “Sir,” said he, addressing his pastor, “sir, I have been out of the way. I have lost my interest in religion. I have often come here to sleep,

rather than to listen to the word of God! *Forgive me!*" "Don't confess to me," said the pastor, "I have need, rather, to confess to you! My preaching has not had life enough in it, to keep any one awake. I want you, and all my congregation, to forgive me." Next, a lady arose, and, calling another by name, said, "It is well known I have used many hard speeches toward you, *I have been in the wrong*,—forgive me!" "*I have been most to blame*," said the other, "can you forgive me?" A physician, next, of another church, addressing one of the deacons of the Congregationalist church, confessed that he had held a sectarian hardness against him, and had not, in many other respects, acted the part of a Christian. "O! sir," said the deacon, "I have abused you, how can you confess to me? Forgive me!" Thus they continued to "confess one to another," until all their trials in regard to their meeting house were settled. Only one serious difficulty now remained in the church, and that, a family quarrel. The pastor invited the parties, and Mr. Phinney, to his house. The case was stated. One of the party, an aged mother, began, "O! how I have been abused! You would not blame ——" "Be still," said our preacher, "*be still*, I tell you; you are confessing the faults of others. You must confess your *own*!" At this point, her son approached her, and confessed to her that he had done wrong, that he had not treated her as a son should, and, moreover, concluded by saying, "Mother, will you forgive me?" The mother replied with a reluctant "Yes!" Next, the son's wife

confessed to the mother-in-law, and with tears begged her forgiveness. The old lady, a little moved, replied, rather coolly, however, "I forgive you." Last of all, came the other mother-in-law, confessing and begging forgiveness. The heart of the other, by this time, was quite soft, but she had not fully complied with the text. "Are you now ready," said Mr. Phinney, "to confess *your* faults?" "Yes," said she, "I have done wrong; I am the cause of all these trials." The church was now prepared to labor for the good of the impenitent.

After a short sermon in the afternoon, the impenitent were invited to come forward for prayer. Many accepted, and among them was one known as an infidel, who said, "Though I have had many doubts as to the truth of the Christian religion, my doubts are now entirely gone; the humble confessions this morning, were not of man." Not only were sinners converted, but the minister came to the conclusion that he had many Christians in his church.

This meeting was greatly injured in its influence by changing the place. The minister who at first refused to have anything to do with it, became anxious to have the meeting in his own church. "To prevent hard speeches," says Mr. Phinney, "we complied with his wishes, but in attempting to avoid one evil, we fell into another far worse; the minister we tried to please, got a hardness against the one I was laboring with, and in trying to settle their difference, an occasion was given to gainsayers to say that the ministers had not religion enough to keep them from

quarrelling." He remarked in this connection, that, so far as his experience goes, it is always a bad thing to change the place of meeting during the progress of a revival.

He then visited Bethel, Lovell, Fryeburgh, Norway, and two or three other towns, in all of which he was permitted to see sinners turn to the Lord. In these places, he preached mostly in Congregationalist churches. In Fryeburgh, at the close of a meeting, in which he enjoyed great liberty, a young lawyer was found in a condition so paralyzed as to excite the worst fears of his friends. These merely physical phenomena, soon pass away, but sometimes they serve as a transition point, so to say, to the character. Perhaps it was so in this case.

In one of these places, a lady requested the privilege of kneeling at the altar, and confessing to the congregation her manifold transgressions. Mr. Phinney, perceiving that owing to the intense excitement, her mind was in danger of becoming unbalanced, assured her that the will would be taken for the deed. Caution is to be exercised in such cases, or sad results are suffered. The feelings must not be left without control.

The revival which we have here noticed, was very extensive, reaching several towns not named. It was supposed that in it were converted a thousand souls, that united with different denominations.

We might have mentioned on a previous page, that he was engaged, probably in 1838, in a revival in Lewiston. "Other brethren," says he, "were engaged

with me. One day, after remarkable liberty in preaching, for me, I went down to the altar, to beat up for volunteers. Soon, a colonel, away back in one corner, arose and said, ‘Sir, I accept your invitation. You may think strange, my friends, to see me here; but for many years, I have at times sought for religion; in secret places I have prayed and wept, and then, drying my tears, I have come back to act the hypocrite—to pretend I cared nothing about religion. But I am now determined to seek God consistently. My friends, follow me.’ He then came forward, and with him, young men enough to fill six or eight pews. I continued to exhort till more than one hundred came forward for prayer. Not long after, perhaps the next day, the colonel found liberty. When he returned to his family, he said to his wife, ‘We have lived long enough as heathen; let us hereafter serve God.’ Many others were converted, whom I left in the care of my fellow-laborers.”

Not long after this, he thinks he went to Phippsburgh, where he enjoyed a good season; he went to Georgetown next. In one or the other of these places, Elder J. Fuller was engaged with him, and perhaps also in Westport, to which place he went soon after. “Here,” he says, “we found the brethren laboring with a prospect of good; but there was no breaking away. I exhorted them to greater earnestness. They were great tobacco-users. No decent person would dare to kneel on the floor of their meeting house. I exhorted them to cleanse the house,

and pulpit, for that was stained also. After that was done, the meeting began again, and we invited sinners forward. A goodly number were converted."

"Then I went to assist Bro. Page, of Edgecomb. On my way I met him coming after me. We had a good work in Edgecomb, and then I went to Boothbay. In this place, the Free-will Baptists and Methodists had united to carry forward a protracted meeting. We invited the Congregationalists to join us. At first, they refused, but after a little, their minister called upon me. I exhorted him to come. I told him the reformation cloud was gathering about us, and the people leaving him. He said he would be glad to, but some of his leading members were too rigid to consent. But they at length consented and joined in the meeting. I preached a sermon on Christian union, and their member most opposed to the movement, bore witness to its truth, and invited me home with him. We labored together in love; the meetings were full, and the Savior with us."

During the time over which this chapter extends, he visited Bath, where his labors were greatly blessed. "A reformation," says he, "had broken out among the Methodists in that village, for it was not then a city; the stoutest hearts came forward for prayer, but for reasons not necessary to state, a division arose—a part went to the Town Hall to hold their meeting—this party united with the scattering F. W. Baptists in the place. They sent for Elder Hathorn and myself to come and labor with them. The result was,

the organization of a church there. May it continue to prosper."

Since writing the above, he writes, "In 1839—1840, I visited Phippsburgh, Westport, Edgecomb, Boothbay, Georgetown, Bath and Falmouth." This is in reference to the revivals already noticed. He also sends the following note in regard to some of his labors in 1841:

"I attended the Farmington Quarterly Meeting, held at Vienna, Kennebec Co., the second Wednesday and Thursday in Dec., 1841. After the close of the meeting, tarried several days in compliance with brother Edgecomb's request, and held afternoon and evening meetings, during which, a number of backsliders were reclaimed, and some sinners hopefully converted. From there I went to New Sharon, a beautiful town situated on the Sandy river, in Franklin Co. With the second church in this town brother Edgecomb had labored with good success half the time for three years; the church, which was in a very low state when he commenced laboring with them, had been built up, large numbers added, a house of worship erected, and, in short, God's abundant blessing had followed his labors. But now, he had decided to leave them, and as they had no pastor, he wished me to go and preach to them on the Sabbath, and in case they might desire it, hold a series of meetings. I accordingly tarried more than two weeks, preaching every afternoon, and attending prayer meetings in the evening. God's Spirit was poured

out, and numbers rejoiced in the hope of the gospel. Between twenty and thirty were reclaimed and converted, among whom were some who for years had been hardened Universalists, one, an old man, I am told by one of his neighbors, has maintained a life of prayer ever since.

During this time the brethren had engaged the labors of brother Caleb M. Sewall, of Chesterville. I then visited the fourth church, in the north part of the town, at Weeks' Mills, and witnessed a good revival there. C. P."

In 1842, he again visited Richmond, where his labors were blessed to the conversion of sinners; but, owing to certain circumstances, not proper to publish at so early a day, his visit this time did not result so pleasantly as the one previously described. It should be observed, that some also were converted in Litchfield at this time. Relative to this visit to these towns, we have gathered some interesting particulars, which hereafter may be given to the public.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PHINNEY AS A PREACHER.

MUCH that has been said in the preceding chapters, incidentally illustrates to such an extent the character of Mr. Phinney as a preacher, that only a few words need be added here. His success in winning souls to Christ, is owing to what many regard as a very humble talent. According to their standard, they would give him credit for very little *genius*. His success, it is true, is not to be attributed to what is called *originality* of thought, profound reasoning, nor to eloquence; but rather to the power of causing his hearers to *feel deeply* that which they already know. Call this talent by any name you please, but concede it to him in large measure and you have the truth.

He is not a man of books. His heart has rich experience, however, in the glorious realities revealed for the godly man in the Book of books. He speaks of them as things he sees and knows. His illustrations he draws from the world in which *he* lives. In his delivery, he does not *try* to be natural, but what is a thousand times better, he *is* natural. The following paragraph, which the writer cut from the Portland Argus more than a year ago, is in point here, and alludes in a happy manner to Mr. Phinney's style of preaching:

“ELDER CLEMENT PHINNEY.—This venerable father in the gospel preached at the Methodist Church in Chestnut Street on Sunday afternoon last. He is now quite infirm, but in his pulpit efforts as unique, and interesting and cheerful as ever. He is a warm-hearted man, devoted to the cause, and never fails to keep wide awake himself, and to keep his audience so. His fund of anecdote and incidents of his long life as a preacher, is inexhaustible, and he draws upon it in such a manner as to interest both old and young. We saw the tears stealing down the cheeks of many faces, that tried hard to conceal the telltale of their feelings. The Elder has the true key to the best feelings of the human heart. May his descent to the grave be gentle and happy.”

In his preaching, he never fails to draw largely from the “fund of anecdote and incidents,” of which the *Argus* speaks. Though his anecdotes, almost without exception, are to the point, and well-timed, there is much in his manner of relating them. No matter how often you hear them, they produce their effect. “When I resided in Monmouth, Me., in 1833,” says Bro. Curtis, of Roxbury, Mass., “I sent for Bro. Phinney to come and attend a Quarterly Meeting held in that place. He came and preached two sermons that produced considerable effect upon the congregation. In about two years from that time he attended a Quarterly Meeting in the same place, and preached two sermons from the same texts that he employed before. When he commenced preaching, and began to relate the same anecdotes he did before,

—anecdotes which I had often heard him relate—I thought I would look round upon the congregation, and see if his preaching produced any effect. I saw a great portion of the congregation bathed in tears, and soon, to my astonishment, I found myself weeping with the rest.”

Once he was preaching upon the excuses which the sinner makes to his own conscience for neglecting the calls of the Savior. He followed the sinner from refuge to refuge, revealing the groundless hopes he entertains for his security. He pressed the truth more and more closely. At length, one of the hearers springing upon his feet, exclaimed, “Good God! I can find no hiding place; you have found me.”

Some young preacher may wish to know how he prepared his sermons. The following incident will afford a clew to his method: He was at a Quarterly or Yearly Meeting. The audience was very large, and he was expected to preach. “It lacked,” says he, “but an hour of the time. My mind was uncommonly barren. I had neither text nor subject. I began to be alarmed. I went to a grove to ask my Father for a message. He assured me I should have one. When I was returning, I saw a fly, busy sucking at some sweet substance. I stopped to study. Soon a spider came out cautiously from its lurking place, and threw its web over the left wing of the fly. The fly felt it, and fluttered its wing a little at first, but was soon still, and kept on eating. When the left wing was well secured, the spider began to fasten the other in the same way. Again the fly flut-

tered, but kept on eating, and was soon at rest. I was on the point of killing the spider, but something told me to let it alone—if the fly would not escape while it could, it deserved to die. Soon the right wing was fast. The spider then rushed upon the fly; it attempted to escape, but in vain; the spider killed it, and dragged it off to its house. ‘Bless God,’ said I, ‘for this message; sinners cling to their pleasures while the devil is throwing chain after chain around them. I will go and tell them what the enemy is doing, and warn them in the name of God to escape while they can break his chains.’ I went and told my story. God’s power was in it. Sinners all over the house wept aloud, and many of them fled to Christ.”

It is a source of regret that some of the sermons he delivered in the prime of his life were not reported, if, indeed, such sermons can be reported. But we cannot avail ourselves of such. The best we can do, is, to give the following, which a friend has kindly furnished. This is a good specimen of his sermons at present, so far as can be reported, but the reader must remember the difficulty of representing on paper what such a preacher delivers.

SERMON,

*Preached in the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I.,
Nov. 24, 1850, by Clement Phinney.*

REPORTED BY ELI NOYES.

TEXT—Luke 10:42. But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.

These words, to me, are *weighty*. They are the words of the Savior, when he was here on earth.

At this time, he was in the place where Martha lived, who had received him into her house. Mary, her sister, was sitting at the Savior's feet, hearing his words. Martha, it appears, became jealous, as all worldly minded professors are apt to be, and she says to the Savior, "Don't you care for me, Master?"

Now, the Savior knew well what was the state of mind of his poor erring daughter, and knew that it was important for her to improve this occasion. The Lord Jesus was not there every day. So he calls upon her in language that waked her up, "*Martha!* **MARTHA!!** thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—These little children, when their names are repeated, know that something is out of order, so Martha must have known that her conduct had not been exactly right. Jesus did not mean to be understood that the things of this world were not needful in their place, but he meant to let her know that one thing was *more* needful than all the rest—Mary had made choice of this one thing. She had chosen to sit at her Savior's feet, and to hear his words. She had doubtless investigated the subject before she made choice of this one thing needful. She had looked the matter all over, and had come to the conclusion, that religion was more important than all the things of earth.

But some will say that none but females and old people—the weak minded—make choice of religion. The infidel says it is altogether beneath me to choose

religion. But remember that there are as giant minds as ever existed, who have preferred religion to all things else. There is Isaiah, that flaming old prophet, who, with his prophetic glass, looked down to this day of the Savior, and his good old heart got so animated with the value of this one thing needful, that he cried out, from the fulness of his soul, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters: and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."—Ah! Martha, with all her carefulness, could never prepare a feast like this.

And there, too, is Moses, who, when he was of age, chose the one thing needful. There was, in fact, something very remarkable in him from his very birth. His mother saw that he was a *goodly child*, and lest he should be murdered by that cruel old slaveholder, Pharaoh, she hid him three months, and then, finding she could hide him no longer, she made an ark of bulrushes, and having put him in it, she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. Now, who should first come down to the water but Pharaoh's daughter, and as she and her maids were strolling about, she saw this curious thing—a very curious thing for a slave to make; and so she sent her maid, who brought it to her. When she opened the ark, she saw a babe there, and the babe began to weep. This excited the compassion of the king's daughter, and she determined to adopt him on the spot. I will call him *Moses*, said she, for he was drawn out of the water. She supposed him to be one of the Hebrew children.

Now, Moses' sister, who had been standing, watching, asked if she might go and call a nurse of the Hebrew women, and she was told to go. She now tripped along to the door of the child's own mother; and glad enough was the mother to become the nurse of her own child. O, bless God! what a rod is preparing for old Pharaoh's back.—Said the king's daughter, "I have found a babe, and if you will nurse him, I will pay you wages;" and I have no doubt that a handsome sum was paid out for nursing the child. Now, hear, young gentlemen! This Moses was brought up at the king's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. When a young man, walking about the streets, it would be said of him, this is the king's grandson; and who knows but that such an ambitious little fellow might look forward to the sceptre and crown of his old grandfather. But now, mark you: when Moses came to be of age, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Now, you see, this great Moses put all the afflictions which he knew the people of God must suffer, with the recompense of reward, into one of the scales, and all the pleasures, and even the crown and sceptre of Egypt, into the other, and up went the beam that contained the pleasures of the world. Well, Moses, which weighs the most? which will you choose? "O the recompense of reward, with all the afflictions." He chose that, and he went through with the afflictions like a hero. Now, friends, we must, like Moses, look this sub-

ject over, and count the cost. What will be taken away, if we choose the one thing needful?

In the first place, let us look at the things of this earth. O how many beautiful things in this city! Its fine buildings and streets, and its wealth! But, have riches never been taken away? O what heart-rending scenes I have witnessed! I once met a man who had been a rich merchant in the city of Portland. He took me by the hand and said, "*How do you do, Elder?*" How do you do, dear? "O I have *lost my* all. When you was here in Portland, engaged in a revival, I was worth my thousands; but now all is gone, except the family organ on which my daughter used to play, to cheer me when my mind was harrassed and confused with cares and business." Ah! dear, said I, you should get something that cannot be taken away. I called to see his poor wife, and O what a time I had with her. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, "I have to resort to my needle again, for a living." Thus it is, dear friends. There are those who think their mountain strong as Gibraltar, who fall from a state of wealth into a state of the most distressing poverty. Ah! I have seen the fine carpet done up, and the elegant furniture sent off to the auction.—So insecure are men in the possession of wealth.

And what more may be taken away from us? Honor may be taken from us—O, how taken are many with the honors of this world!—A letter comes from the office, bearing a title of honor upon it—how gratifying to the feelings! But, alas, how vain and fading

are honors! See the great Bonaparte, as he goes forward with his conquests. Why, when I was young, it used to make my blood boil to hear of his exploits. The sound of his approach would make nations tremble. But see him after the battle of Waterloo, disappointed, and brought low. Here, his worldly honor begins to wane, until we find him confined on the island of St. Helena. A few years ago, my two sons, with a large ship's crew visited his grave. As they stood by its side, over which waved the weeping willow, they said within themselves, this is the grave of the great Bonaparte; and here is the end of earthly greatness. Who that witnesses the fall of such greatness will not adopt the language of the poet, and say:

“Farewell honor, empty pride,
Thy own nice uncertain gust,
If the least mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the dust;
Worldly honors end in gall,
Rise to-day, to-morrow fall.”

These words would be an appropriate epitaph for Bonaparte's tomb-stone.

O how strange are the ideas of some men of the value of worldly honors. A Brigadier General, under whom I used to train, said in regard to a Congressman who had changed his politics, “If that man had not changed his sentiments, he might have had a handsome inscription on his grave-stone. How blind, to suppose such an inscription would have done him any good.

And what else may be taken away, if we choose the one thing needful? Our friends may be taken

from us,—O how happy I have seen parents with their dear little children.—Can this group be broken up? O, yes; death enters the family circle, and sad changes are made. How often I have seen the husband weeping the loss of an affectionate wife, and the wife weeping over the remains of a kind husband. I have seen, too, the little children flock around the bed of a dear mother. So it was with the little ones of my eldest daughter. They came around the bed of their dying mother, crying as though their hearts would break. “We cannot give you up,” said they. “O yes,” said their mother, “I am going to heaven, and you must give your mother up.” Death had come to take her away, and he could not be denied.

Mother! that rosy-cheeked daughter of yours, before six months, may fade and die. Father! that noble son, in whom you place so many hopes, may soon be in his grave. I once put up at the house of an old brother, where I had often visited. When I arrived at the door, they came running out, glad to see me. We went into the house, and soon we were seated at the table. I observed that the place of one son was vacant, and I inquired, where is Edmund? The mother dropped her knife and fork, her countenance fell, and the tears dropped from her eyes. “Ah!” said she, “have you not heard of Edmund? Oh! Edmund, our dear Edmund, upon whom we depended for support in our declining years, went out from us with his team, and within 20 hours from the time, was brought home a corpse. His body now lies in the family burying ground.” O what is death doing in

our world! Thus one goes after another. How often I visit a family from which a member has been taken away,—I see the hat he wore, and the farming utensils he used, but his body lies in the grave. We are all hasting onward to our final home. Some youth may ask, why, old man, those withered cheeks, those grey hairs, and crippled limbs? Why go hobbling about these streets with your cane? Ah! the iron tooth of time is doing up its work, and I shall soon be gone.

Go to that grave-yard, and you will find graves of all lengths. Now, as your friends may be taken away, how important to choose what will not be taken away.

But for whom is this *one* thing needful? The youth are apt to say, "It is needful for you, old preacher, and for grandfather and grandmother, but not for those as young as we are. But religion is of the greatest importance to youth. Parents, what is to become of your children who are leaving home? Many such children feel quite strong in themselves, but, ah! daughter, though you have a good education, there are many things you do not know. You need religion to keep you from the thousand snares that are laid for you. Perhaps you will first be invited, by some blackleg, to go to the museum, and from this alphabet of the devil's kingdom, you will go on to ruin. I knew a beautiful female, 18 years of age, who went to live in one of our large factory towns, who was thus led away; and her mother afterwards found her in a house of ill-fame.—Oh, how must

that mother have felt as her poor erring daughter fell down before her, and said, "If I had only got religion before I left home, I should not have come to this place." Take warning, young ladies, and remember the words of this old man when he is gone.

How many young men, too, who have left the parental roof, have been led away, until sin has proved their ruin! There is Robinson and his Helen Jewett, and many others like them—gone down to death, and their beauty with them.

But look at the other side. I once called upon a sister, and asked her, where is your son? She replied that he was in the West, and she had just received a letter from him. So away she tripped with a light heart, and sparkling eye, to get it. The son said in his letter, "Mother, I have got into a place where there is no Sabbath, except what I keep myself; but on Sunday I read the Bible you gave me when I left home, and pray. I try to keep up my religion, and religion keeps me."

Business men, you need this one thing needful. It keeps men in every time of danger. You are not able to conduct the business of this great city, without religion. Parents, you need it to enable you to guide your little obstinate children. Father, what will you do in bringing up that little boy, unless you have religion to enable you to govern him? Mother, you can never manage that bright little daughter as you should, without religion.

And O, it is needful for the aged. What sight is more beautiful than to see old grandfathers coming to

the house, and the flock of little children leaping out and seizing him by his hands and his garments, and he placing his trembling hand on their little heads and pronouncing blessings in the name of his God. Never shall I forget the prayers of my godly old grandfather, as he placed his dear old hand upon my head, when I was a child.

Dear aged friends, what shall you and I do as our eye grows dim, our ear deaf, our feeling benumbed, unless we have religion? O, may we, like good old Jacob, be waiting for the salvation of God.

The President of the United States needs this one thing. Were he here I would tell him so. Ah! we want such men for rulers as we had in our first National Congress. Once when they got into great difficulties, Benj. Franklin said, 'Let us pray.' They had prayers, and found their way out of the difficulty. We want men who fear God, to manage the affairs of our Government. As said Jefferson, "I tremble for my country, when I remember God is just." Unless there is a change in the character of our great men, very soon, I believe I have seen the best days of America.

See old George Washington kneeling down by the side of the fence, lifting his heart to God in prayer for his country. The old Quaker who overheard him, knew that God would hear that prayer, and give victory to America. Washington feared God, and committed his cause to him; but the sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong," I fear will upset this nation! We must have a greater regard for religion

on the part of those who figure in the politics of our country, or we are gone.

Now, friends, after hearing what the old man has to say about the concerns of this world, and the one thing needful, which will you choose?

O dear youth, will you not make the wise choice? Come one and all, and make choice of the good part which shall not be taken away from you.

Brethren, I renew my choice this day—I choose religion for my portion, forever. I know it will be good in death, and good at the great judgment, when the supporters of infidelity will flee as a shadow.”

The following is a sketch of a speech he made at the last session of General Conference. We are indebted to Bro. A. K. Moulton, of Lowell, for it. The subject of the recent Fugitive Slave Law was under discussion. Some of the young men had waxed warm, as well they might, while considering some features of that ungodly law. Some had spoken of the right of resisting by arms in some cases, its execution. It will be seen by this speech that, while the old gentleman is a thorough going Anti-Slavery man, he deduces his anti-slavery from his religion, rather than his religion from his anti-slavery. This speech presents an illustration also of his power of giving an interest to things with which the hearer has been familiar all his life.

ELD. CLEMENT PHINNEY being pressingly called for by the Conference, and being quite infirm in con-

sequence of the weight of years, was assisted to ascend the pulpit stairs, and spoke something as follows :

“I was lately thinking over the condition of the wretched slave, and saying in my heart—what will become of him—things seem to be growing worse and worse. But in the midst of this train of thought, I heard my Heavenly Father say—true, I did not hear any audible voice, but I seemed very sensible of his presence, and it seemed as though his spirit whispered to my soul and said, “Stop, stop, child. I’ll see to it. Just you and the other abolitionists do your duty, and I’ll see to it.” Well, I looked about me, and I could see no possible way by which anything could be done for the poor creatures, when all at once I espied Moses, gazing at a burning bush, which blazed and burned, and yet was not consumed. Moses was gazing in perfect wonder, for though he was skilled in all the learning of Egypt, he could not account for this strange sight. But by and by he heard a sound come out of the fire, which said to him, Moses, pull off your shoes from your feet, for you are on holy ground. Moses stripped off his shoes, and the bush kept burning ; and God said, I have seen the affliction of my people, and I have come now to send you for their deliverance. Moses began to make excuses about it, and said he wasn’t fit to go, he was slow of speech, but God finally told him he would send Aaron with him. Moses had a rod in his hand, and the Lord told him to throw it on the ground, and he obeyed, and the rod became a serpent.

Moses took it by the tail and it became a rod in his hand. He held out that rod, and started on his mission. He didn't take any gun nor any sword, but only his rod that had been made a serpent, and started for Egypt.

Some of our young brethren have been talking about shouldering their guns to fight with the slaveholders. Better let your guns hang, young men; you don't need them. Moses only took the weapon God directed him to. Only do this, and you may defy all the slaveholders that ever lived, from Pharaoh down—all welded together. Glory to God, brethren, by this time, I began to feel better. I watched Moses and Aaron as they went on together. Moses was a stammering man, and Aaron spoke for him, each doing his duty as God directed. They went to old Pharaoh, and did their errand to him. But Pharaoh looked down upon them with disdain. Says he to them: You, Moses and Aaron, do you go about your business. My slaves are in that brick yard at work, and you must not meddle with them. It did not seem as though they could do much. These were all feeble instrumentalities, but still, however dark their prospects looked, they worked on, and did their duty. But they had to have awful work down there before Israel was set free. The old wretch hardened his heart and made the slaves work the harder, and then to be beaten because they didn't make as many brick when they had to gather stubble for straw, as when they had their straw all found. But God sent them judgment after judgment—he

slew their cattle, turned their waters into blood, plagued them with locusts and frogs and hail and darkness, and among other plagues he tormented them with lice; this was an *awful plague*.

Finally, old Pharaoh had to give up. He couldn't stand it any longer; and he said they might go. And so they started, father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, and little children and all. O I thought then I saw them starting out from the southern plantations, just as the children of Israel from Egypt, and old Pharaoh couldn't help it. Moses still held on to his rod. But after they got out a little ways, the old villain said, "I'll have some sport with them. I don't know but that Moses thinks he will lead off those slaves, but he won't do it. I'll follow them and have some sport with them." So on he goes after them, with his mighty army. But when they stood by the border of the Red Sea, crying to God, and the Egyptians pursuing, Moses still holding out his rod—O that did me good, to see how he held out that rod—pressed hard in the rear by the Egyptians, God spake to him and said, "Speak to the people that they move forward." Moses stretched out his rod over the sea, and the sea divided, and gave the children of Israel a dry passage through the midst. Pharaoh pursued. But though the Israelites had a pillar of fire to enlighten them, the Egyptians had to work in the dark, as the enemies of God's people always do, and just as the slaveholders are now doing, while God enlightens his children.

The face of the country was such that the Egyp-

tian hosts, compelled as they were to perform all their operations in darkness, could not tell where the bed of the sea commenced. So when they, by some means, discovered that Moses was on the march, they started too. As soon as they got fairly under way, and had all got down into the bed of the sea, glory to God, the Lord told one of his angels—"Here, do you go down there and pull out that old wretch's linchpins." So down flew the angel, and pulled out the linchpins and their wheels came off in the dark, and the sea poured in upon them, and destroyed the whole of them, and they sank like lead in the mighty waters.

Then I saw Miriam leading forth the daughters of Israel with her timbrel in her hand, and a sweet singer she was too. I have no doubt she was as sweet a singer as Jenny Lind. [Great sensation, and some laughter.] Why, I did not mean to make you laugh, brethren. I am in earnest. I have no doubt she was as good a singer as Jenny Lind. And she led the choir, and they sang gloriously—a glorious song of triumph, and of praise to the living God.

There, brethren, when I saw that, I shouted glory to God. And I said, O Lord, I won't worry any more about the slave laws, only try to do my duty, and stir up the brethren to do theirs, and though the slaveholders try their best, as sure as there is a God, these fellows will have to give up by and by. If they don't give up their slaves willingly, God will take them in hand as he did old Pharaoh—no trouble about it. You needn't take your guns, young men.

With God for our defence, we are safe against all the slaveholders on earth. [Great sensation.] Well, brethren, I had no thought you were going to cheer me; but you may depend, when I saw all this, I felt better; and I thought I would just relate it for the benefit of my brethren. God will fix this matter right, you may depend upon it. Glory to his dear name."

CHAPTER XII.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.—CLOSING REMARKS.

IN this chapter, it is our purpose to gather up the fragments. As by our correspondence with Mr. Phinney's friends, we have continued to receive items of information up to a time when most of the book is in type, some things to be mentioned here, appropriately belong to former pages, both in the order of time, and affinity of subjects.

By the following incident, the reader will be again reminded that Mr. Phinney is keenly alive to the ludicrous. When near sixty years of age, he was conversing at a Quarterly Meeting in presence of several of his fellow laborers, about some aged ministers who had entered upon their "second childishness." "They think," said he, "they know as much as they ever did, and they will not listen to the counsels of those who know them to be in their dotage. If it is not so with me now, it soon will be, I fear; but if I must be a child, I will do the best I can to secure good tutors and governors. I will now choose me three guardians." Accordingly he named three ministers. "Now, brethren," said he, "in the presence of these witnesses, I in good faith, choose you as my guardians. When you see me in my dotage, and that I do not keep my place, tell me, and advise me what to do. I will believe, and mind you. Be faithful; watch over me; I shall be a child before I know it."

Whenever he meets with either of those brethren, he tells them that he is in their hands, but they say they have no occasion to exercise their authority.

A young minister visited once where Mr. Phinney was engaged at the business of his trade. It seems that he was not personally acquainted with the cooper, though he had often heard of "Mr. Phinney, the preacher." He seems to have been as vain a mortal as the young apostle described by Washington Irving in a recent letter. Having attended to the spiritual interests of the family, he turned, with an air of great importance, to our good-natured mechanic: "Well, old man," said he, "how fares it with your soul?" "My proud heart," replied Mr. Phinney, "does not suffer me to follow my Savior with all that humility that becomes a child of God." The young preacher then gave him a long lecture, by which he tried to make "the old man" feel that he was upon the borders of the grave, and that pride does not become poor dependent mortals. This lecture was received with great thankfulness and docility. At the close of the interview, the parishioner, willing to teach his pastor a little common sense, invited the "old man" to pray. Though Mr. Phinney says it is wicked to make the throne of grace "a whipping post," it would be no wonder if he prayed with much unction for the soul of the foolish young man. At all events, when the self-sufficient preacher heard who had prayed for him, either grace or shame enabled him to confess his folly; and since that time, it is said, his walk has been worthy of his vocation.

“One day, while he was preaching in a grove in Buckfield, a Mr. C——, an opposer of religion, who resided in Turner village, went out of curiosity, to hear Mr. Phinney preach. The text on this occasion, was, ‘Incline your ear, and come unto me.’ As Mr. C. was walking round the grove, he heard the preacher name the text. The Lord fastened it on his mind, and it seemed to be continually sounding in his ear, ‘Incline your ear,’—‘Incline your ear.’ He went home in great distress of mind, and it seemed to him that he still heard the sound ringing in his ears,—‘Incline your ear.’ He went into his shop and locked the door, and spent most of the night in great mental agony. At one time he almost concluded to dispose of his property,—leave his family,—and go to some part of the country where no one would know him; but he finally concluded to submit to the Lord, and ‘incline his ear’ to divine instruction. He soon found the pardoning mercy of God, and became a faithful disciple of Christ. Soon after this, he went with the C. Baptist church in the place where he resided, and afterwards he became a deacon; his office he has filled with honor to the cause to this day. Soon after Mr. C.’s conversion, he urged Mr. Phinney to go to Turner village, and preach. Accordingly he went, and addressed a large congregation in that place. At the close of the discourse, an elderly man, who professed to be a Universalist, came to the preacher and thanked him for his sermon, and requested the privilege of asking a few questions. Mr. P. told him he would hear him. The old gentleman then said, ‘Do

you believe any of the grace of God will be lost? I want you to be very cautious how you answer this question.' Mr. P. then answered in the negative. 'Well,' said the inquirer, 'we read that the grace of God which bringeth salvation has appeared to all men. Do you believe that? Now, be careful, and mind what you say.' Mr. P. replied, 'Yes, I believe it.' Then, said the Universalist, 'All men will be saved, or some of the grace of God will be lost.' Mr. P. said, 'I wish you would now hear me for a few moments. We read in the 25th chapter of Matthew, that the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country. [See Matt. 25:14—30.] So you see that the talent of grace was saved, and the sinner was lost. The Lord commanded that he should be cast into outer darkness: *there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth*. Now, sir, have you ever heard that that poor creature has ever been released from that dreadful state?' The man replied, 'I have not.' 'Neither have I,' said Mr. P., 'and if you should ever ascertain that he has been released, I wish you would have the goodness to send me a line, informing me of the fact.' Said the old gentleman, 'I never thought of that before.' 'Well,' said Mr. P., 'think now,' and so saying, he bade him good night. It is well, sometimes, to answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."*

Bro. Curtis also gives the following particulars relative to the commencement of the revival that occur-

* For these two anecdotes, we are indebted to Rev. S. Curtis, of Roxbury, Mass.

red in Brunswick in 1837. Several ministers had been engaged four or five days in the meeting, with little prospect of good. Sabbath evening, Mr. Phinney, and another preacher took tea with Mr. W., an impenitent man. When the conversation turned upon religion, he confessed that he had often been deeply convicted, but still hesitated and postponed. Mr. Phinney proceeded to describe the hesitating man's experience: "You are deeply convicted," said he to Mr. W., "under the preached word on Sabbath; you then think you will certainly give yourself up to the service of the Lord, but you do not fully decide. Monday morning, bright and early, you let the cares of the world rush into your mind: you become wholly absorbed in worldly interests, 'Come, boys,' you say, 'let's at the work;' so on you drive, till your seriousness is gone, and so you get along week after week."

That night, Mr. W. fully decided. When at church the invitation was given to the anxious, he was the first to press forward to the altar; seventeen others followed him. Thus the glorious work began. How much good one hesitating man prevents; how much good one manly act ensures! How reasonable, that for our influence we must give account.

It might have been stated more appropriately in another place, that when Mr. Phinney was returning home from this revival, he spent a few days in Freeport. Sometimes he preached in the Calvinistic Baptist church, sometimes in the Congregationalist. The converts, of whom there were several, he advised to seek a home in the churches already organized.

“Religion,” said he to them, “is nothing to quarrel about.” He remembers the kind treatment he received in that place.

It has been stated that in 1830 he took a pastoral charge in Buckfield. That, so far as we have learned, was his last charge of that kind. Two or three years after that, he took up his residence in Raymond. There, since then, we believe, his home was, till within a year or two, when, in consequence of the death of one of his daughters, it was changed to Portland.

“You doubtless understand,” says one of his friends, in writing to us, “that for the last twenty years, Bro. P. has employed most of his time in either supplying churches destitute of pastors, or the desks of pastors in their occasional absence. A church destitute, invites him to preach till they can obtain a pastor. Revivals often follow his labors in such cases.” Besides this, however, he has from time to time made tours as an evangelist, as in 1841, in New Hampshire, through Tamworth, Sandwich, Meredith, Gilmanton, etc., spending several weeks in each place.

Though many years desirous of visiting Rhode Island, and going over the ground where Colby, White, Lamb, and Jordan, had labored, and though he had started more than once from home, with the intention of visiting that State, he never accomplished this purpose till last autumn. At that time, he was doubly gratified, for he was then permitted to attend a session of the General Conference at Providence. He never attended a session before, and he is persuaded he never will have the privilege of seeing an-

other. How he enjoyed the occasion, his own remarks will show. When Conference was about to adjourn, he, with others of the aged ministers, was invited to speak. The following are the remarks he then made, as reported by Bro. Moulton:

“He thanked God he could say that he could reckon the days of this Conference among the happiest days of his life. He had always known that himself and his brethren were full of foibles, and so he did not look for perfection in this Conference, but he had admired the general order, and mostly the spirit which had been manifest in the Conference in the transaction of all its business. As for the demeanor of young men towards the old, he had reason always to be thankful for the respect which young men had shown to him since he had become aged and infirm. They had honored him beyond what he deserved, but he trusted that this abundance of respect would do him no harm—he would try to keep humble under it. He would say to the young ministers, he hoped they would never leave the walls till death. He hoped that sanctified education would increase among our young men. He was not at all afraid that the young men’s shining so brightly would throw him into the shade. The brethren perhaps had all read the few reflections which he wrote for the Morning Star a few years since, in relation to the big lamp and the little one. Like that little lamp, he would keep shining what he could, however many brilliant ones might be about him. None of the old brethren need fear being

thrown into the shade. Let every one shine his own bigness.

He rejoices that the blessed Master has told all his disciples how to be great—it is by being little. If any one would be great, let him be a servant of the rest. He thought Bro. Knowlton had it right, when he said, the main point was to be good. The best man would do the most after all. We should now part and meet no more here. But when should we all meet again to part no more?"

At another time, when the subject of Missions was under consideration, he made the following remarks:

"He is a missionary. God made him a missionary many years ago, and he has been engaged in the work and the cause ever since. He loves it. He sacrificed the society of wife and children, house and home to engage in it. He did it cheerfully, and has worn out a good constitution in travelling from place to place to preach the gospel, and would willingly do the same thing over again. He is glad he came to this Conference, if it were only to attend this meeting. He has often said he would be glad to live on bread and water, if by so doing he could impart some of his experience to others, especially to the young men of our denomination who are just entering the ministry. He had obtained his education not in seminaries, nor, the greater part of it, from books. But he had been educated in the school of experience. And he thinks that book learning is but a small part of the education which a young man needs to win

souls skilfully. He needs first of all to have the cause of God and the worth of souls uppermost in his heart. If they have this qualification, they will most likely be useful and will be sustained. He has often been reduced in his circumstances, but has usually had enough to supply his present wants, and a little to impart to those who were more needy than himself, and something to aid in the cause of God. He has been pleading earnestly with God to raise up others who would sound the alarm in the ears of a guilty world; and while here assembled with the ministers and brethren, he has felt that in some degree God has answered his prayers. As he has looked on the faces of so many promising young men, whom he has never seen before, he has been ready to exclaim, ‘Whence came ye?’ and he has seemed to hear his Heavenly Father say, ‘I have raised them up, in answer to your prayers.’ He has been looking back meanwhile for his former associates as he has found himself among strangers.

He has inquired—where is Joseph White, with whom he used to lock arms and walk to the house of God? Bro. White used to say to the younger ministers—‘Go to work in the vineyard of the Lord, if he has called you, and if they give you enough, be thankful for it, and if they give you but little, make the most of it and work on; and if you do not receive enough to make you comfortable, we will divide with you to the last loaf.’ He saw Bro. White just before he died, and conversed with him, as he sat in his arm chair.’ ‘Go,’ said he, ‘Bro. Phinney; go and sound

salvation. I can go with you no more.' And then, as the tears were flowing from his eyes, he added, 'My spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.' He felt, as he remembered those who had gone, like exclaiming, Oh! that God would raise up more Whites and more Colbys to supply the place of those who have gone."

Here, having spoken of some of his own trials and God's delivering grace, he proceeded:*

"He assures the brethren, that whether they shall locate or evangelize, God will take care of them, if they shall faithfully discharge their duty. He has always been taken care of. God's hand has been stretched out towards him sometimes in a miraculous manner, and he has not only been supplied with food and clothing, house and home, and a little to bestow, but, thanks to God, has a little left for a rainy day.

He reckons himself among the second crop of Free-will Baptist ministers ever raised. The first crop was Randall and his associates of about equal age. They are gone. Randall did great good. He was a man of God and possessed good native talents; but if he had had a thorough education he would probably have done four times as much as he did. He (Phinney) was made for a Free-will Baptist. Was free-born. He was brought up by Hopkintonian parents. His mother used to take him by her knee and teach him the Catechism, beginning, 'What is the chief end of man,' &c. But one day when so

* See chapter 6th.

engaged, he told her [in regard to the answer to the question on the decrees of God,] that he did not believe it. His good mother was dreadfully shocked, and the first opportunity she had, he heard her telling his father what a dreadful boy Clement was—why, he had contradicted the Primer! But believe it he could not, and did not. After he grew up, he went to Fort Hill once, to meeting, and there he saw an old gray-headed man, and heard him pouring out the doctrine of free salvation. He said in his heart, ‘This is it,’ and he at once formed an attachment to that dear people, which has never been broken.

He hopes those who are called of God into the work of the ministry, will be faithful, and study to know duty, and be found much in prayer. And that none will be set apart to this work, unless they are called thereunto by the Holy Ghost. He thinks ministers sometimes mistake their appropriate sphere of labor. He has been pained to see some, who were never designed for pastors, undertake to settle down with a church. When he has known of some, that they had taken the pastoral charge of a church—some who were useful evangelists—he has said—there will be a smoke in that church; and so it has been. He wants to say one thing to the young brethren, and he wants they should mind him—he wants them to find their proper places, and keep them—for he is fully certain, that they are, many of them, out of their place.

He hopes we shall all be increased in faith, and then we shall see better days.”

Other remarks he made, were reported by Bros. Moulton and Day, but perhaps enough has been copied to show the reader his spirit while at Conference.

Having passed the Sabbath after Conference closed, with Elder M. Cheney, in Olneyville, Mr. Phinney went to Pascoag, where he spent four or five Sabbaths with Elder D. P. Harriman. If we are correctly informed, he was permitted to see some in the last place turn to the Lord. Several other places in Rhode Island, he visited. In December, he returned to Massachusetts. The first Sabbath of this year, he passed with Bro. Curtis, whose pulpit he has often supplied months together, in Roxbury, and other places. Next, he went to Lowell, where he labored with Elder Moulton during a part of the revival with which that church has been recently blessed. Thence to his home in Portland, where we now leave him.

“While I was at Pascoag,” says he, “the people of Harrisville, some miles distant, sent for me to hold a meeting in that place. I complied. On my way back to P., I observed, in Burrillville, an old meeting house, in a state of decay, it having been deserted for many years. On inquiry, the young man with whom I rode informed me that this was a F. W. Baptist meeting house, in which John Colby, Joseph White, Geo. Lamb and Zachariah Jordan had often preached. I told the young man to stop, and let me go in. He did so; I entered the house, and walked up into the pulpit. I stood where my old yoke-fellows in the gospel had stood and proclaimed free salvation to per-

ishing sinners. A few years have passed, and they have all, except Elder Jordan, who is superannuated, gone to their rewards. I am older than any of them. This was a solemn time to me. As I stood there, I thought of my old yoke-fellows, whose bodies are slumbering in the dust, and whose spirits, young again, are with those of Randall and others of "the Fathers," around the glorious throne above. I looked upon the crumbling walls of that old house, and I thought of the decaying old house of my earthly tabernacle. O how glorious to know that I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I had a good, solemn meeting."

A little reflection upon the interesting scene just described, will enable any one to understand how, from the perversion of the best feelings of our nature, arose in the early ages of the church, the invocation of the Saints, veneration for relics, and finally, the worship of images. The more deeply we are read in human nature, the more charitable the spirit with which we look upon the various superstitions of our race, while at the same time we the more successfully guard ourselves against them.

In his denominational relations there is one view of Mr. Phinney that cannot be easily appreciated, until, at least, another half century has passed. In most, if not in all, new denominations, whatever other evils may exist, there is little or no oppression. If by appointment, there is one class of men in *authority*, there is no such thing in spirit. Nor does it make any difference, in this respect, what form of govern-

ment is assumed. By necessity, there is substantially an equality. Affairs proceed in obedience to an unwritten constitution, that is above all letter. It cannot be written. In the next stage of development, the number of adherents increasing, the interests become more varied. Elements of disorder appear. In most cases, now comes the strenuous effort to systematize, for the world has produced only one Loyola and one Wesley. Specific laws, either written or unwritten, must now be enforced. There now arise two classes of men, the one makes efforts to secure system and order; the other, is either opposed to system and order, or, what amounts to the same thing, opposed to all efficient measures for securing them. One part of the former class is composed of those who strive for order, rather by giving the importance of fundamental law to all the customs that sprung up in the former period, though many of them are suitable to it alone; the other, of those who wish to separate the incidental and partial from the essential—who seek to embody in the constitution universal principles by which the rights of all are secured by clearly defined law.

In the strife of these elements, brotherly love is too often forgotten. Passions, not altogether heavenly, are called into play; wills, whose volitions are not always in accordance with the law of love, become fixed in purpose. Some, as if in imitation of the leaders of the former period, become the conscious managers of affairs, while, however, those whom they would imitate, unconsciously fulfilled their destiny.

Others would become heroes of a new denomination, and therefore exaggerate every appearance of evil, that they may become the liberators of the oppressed. This tendency to disunion in a new denomination, is enhanced from the facts that seceders from it have little to lose in comparison with those who secede from a people of long standing, and that others, the founders of the denomination in question, whom the aspirants have perhaps often seen and heard, have achieved for themselves a name that already begins to be venerated. They forget the difference between being driven forward by the uncontrollable spirit of the times, and making one's own occasion. It happens thus in this stage, that the bonds of union of an internal nature, are on the whole, greatly weakened, while the time for those of an external, has scarcely arrived.

It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Phinney, to spend his life in what we call the second stage of development of the denomination of which he is a member. Now, though we may not always approve his position, and though he may have passed from one position to another in his relations to system and order, one thing, every person who knows him will concede to him, viz., the merit of walking in the spirit of charity. If at one time he is borne along too far by the fanaticism of Cochran, he has so manifested the spirit of charity and moderation that he can do much in saving others when he changes his course; if we see him borne onward by a disorganizing spirit till he hesitates in regard to organizing churches, when his duty becomes clear, he is able to save those whom

others cannot approach nor influence to good ; if we see him exerting his influence against narrow views in relation to ministerial support, and ministerial education, we see him patiently wait, as one conscious of possessing the truth, till arguments have time to work a change. If he cannot at once induce his brethren to perform their duty, he perseveres in his own. All who know him will concede that he is among those of whom the Savior said, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He has been a mediator in a time when one was much needed among the people with whom his lot has been cast. The useful office, to which we have just alluded, we might say he has unconsciously filled. This happy result has arisen from that charity that is to outlive faith and hope, operating in a constitution peculiarly adapted by nature to such an office, but let the heart of each be as fully permeated by that charity as his has been, and, whatever his constitution, he will accomplish some end worthy of the Christian name.

The remaining portion of this chapter, though in one or two points a repetition of what he said at Conference, shall be given, almost word for word, as it was taken from his lips.

CLOSING REMARKS.

"I have named," says he, "some places in which the brethren have bestowed upon me liberally. I have neglected to mention many places equally deserving of gratitude. But I desire to say that, during the first years of my service in the ministry, I was fre-

quently compelled to leave reformations at their very height, and resort to my cooper's tools for the support of my family. While thus engaged, as I thought of the reformations I had left, my heart was burdened, and I lifted up my complaints to the Lord. I inquired duty at his hand. 'I am,' said I, 'but one poor man. I cannot be in two places at the same time. I cannot support my family by my daily labor, and at the same time labor in reformations.' At length, my Heavenly Father came to my relief. He seemed to say to me, 'Go preach to your brethren their whole duty. Tell them of their duty to support their ministers, as well as of other duties.' This was very crossing to me. Most of the older ministers had preached against all systematic measures for raising salaries for themselves and others. They barely tolerated private gifts. If they were at any time bestowed, the precept, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,' must be remembered and kept. This doctrine had been sweet to me in former years. I thought it nothing less than gospel. How strange that my early training had so blinded me! How could I, year after year, so pervert my blessed Savior's words. He told me how I ought to bestow alms upon some suffering stranger, perhaps, and I foolishly thought I must treat my minister like a beggar. But I now began to see Paul meant something different from alms when he was writing to his Corinthian brethren. 'For it is written in the law of Moses, thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether

for our sakes? For our sakes no doubt this is written; that he that plougheth should plough in hope; and he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope. If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things, &c.

Soon after I began to see things in this new light, I was riding with a deacon. Just in advance was a minister, whose gray locks suggested to me a text for a private sermon to my companion. 'Deacon,' said I, 'what a faithful man that is; how hard he has labored. He has been sent to Quarterly Meetings and Yearly Meetings: the most of his life he has spent in this town, in preaching the gospel—and all without remuneration. As I had labored in the same town without receiving anything like a compensation, the good deacon mistrusted I was talking two words for myself where I did one for my fellow minister. 'Bro. Phinney,' said he, 'when you come to my place, your horse shall have the best hay and grain my barn affords; you shall have the best food and bed my house affords; and you always have been welcome, and you always shall be.' 'Thank you, deacon,' said I, 'you are very kind; you could not treat me better than you always have; but I never go to your place without wishing my poor wife and children could have some good things, as well as I and my old horse.'

Here a pause ensued. The deacon made no reply. He rode along, pondering what had been said. I think his thoughts were not in vain. Soon after, I visited his town again. He treated me as he had

promised to, and when I was leaving, he sent to my family 'some good things,' as he called provisions and money. Ever since then, he thinks to inquire about the wants of my family.

At another time, I was conversing with a farmer on this subject. I tried to make him see the truth in the following manner: You send your four sons, A. B. C. and D. into the corn-field. You give each an equal number of rows to hoe, as their task. They go at it early in the morning. They all keep along together. By and by, the sun being an hour or two high, they are all thirsty. The others entreat A. to go and bring water to quench their thirst. A. being very thirsty himself, consents to go. He returns, supplies them, and then must take time to put away the vessel in which he brought the water. By this time, his row is far behind the rest. But he goes to work patiently; toward evening, by his hard striving he has gained on them somewhat, but still his row is not quite even. Now, the brothers insist upon sending A. for a lunch. Away he goes again, to bring food for them. They neglect his row, as before, while he is laboring to supply their common wants. When he returns, he patiently works to accomplish his task. Some time before the sun is down, their rows are done. They leave him to toil alone till his locks are wet with the evening dew, and at last, discouraged, he relinquishes the field, though his work is not finished. 'Now tell me,' said I to my friend, the farmer, 'is that fair?' He looked as though a new thought had come to his mind, though he made me no reply;

but afterwards, he occasionally helped me to bring up my row.

When I was pressed in my mind in regard to duty, as connected with reformations, as I mentioned a little while ago, the Lord gave me the assurance that if I would be faithful in my ministry, and never play truant, my row should be brought up. Since that, I have made preaching my principal care. I have more than once seen hard times, but a way of escape has always been opened. Though others have travelled more extensively than I have, it is probable that I have devoted more years to the ministry than any of the ministers, excepting only Elder John Buzzell. Many have relied in part for their support upon sources aside from what they have received for preaching. I have entirely relied, since the first few years, upon what I have received from the brethren. I have been so well provided for, that, aside from bringing up to manhood ten children, I have enough for the present for myself and companion, the sharer of my toils, and if I am called to leave her in this world, I can commend her to the care of the brethren, with the sweet assurance that her last days would be, to say the least, above want.

Here I will say, that the man who is called to the ministry, should make it his principal care. He is not at liberty to engage in other employments to the detriment of his heavenly calling. His study, his visiting, his funerals, his preparations, if he is faithful to his calling, will take up the most of his time. Now, brethren, I do not ask you that A.'s row

should be in advance of the rest, but be sure it is not left behind. Let his chance be an average one. I do not ask that he should fare better than his people, but let him fare as well. On the other hand, I do not wish him to preach *for* money. But if he is faithful to supply your spiritual wants, I hope you will so treat him that, with his own prudence and economy, he and his family may not, in old age, be dependent upon charity. Don't go to play till A. can go with you.

Said a man to me once, 'It is dangerous to *give* much to preachers, they will become proud.' 'Why so,' said I. 'Are your ministers more liable to become proud than others? Many of you are worth your thousands, and I do not see that you are proud. Have your preachers softer heads than others?'

There are various gifts among preachers. Each one should be at his own post. There must be hands and feet, pastors and evangelists, etc. I have seen great difficulties when pastors have tried to be evangelists; and when evangelists have tried to be pastors, I have seen churches broken to pieces. We ought to pray Elder Tingley's prayer oftener. Each should pray for light to find his own place, without reference to the calling or standing of others. Some are able doctrinal preachers; some are able in exhortation; others are revivalists, and others still, missionaries.

Each one should prepare for his own calling. Each one has a born gift. When one is converted, his talent should be devoted to his own work. It is obliga-

tory upon each preacher to gain as much real knowledge as is possible, not that he may neglect his peculiar gifts, but that he may in all humility exercise them the more successfully for the salvation of souls. Let each labor for a sanctified education—not for the sake of worldly fame, or the mastery.

This leads me to remark, I believe some ministers of the present day are as weak as were the apostles. They once had a strife as to who should be greatest. So now, some ministers strive for the mastery. Some are altogether too vain of the titles conferred in these times upon preachers. This is not only a great wickedness, but a pitiable weakness. We ought to praise God for all his gifts, though some differ from us, and others are greater. I have seen men of education and fine cloth, aggravated because revivals sometimes follow the labors of an humble cooper. We ought to know that all these differences detract nothing from the real value of any one. Each one can fill his own place, if he does not wickedly try to pass for much more than he is worth. One day I took from my pocket a handful of money. The quarter was worth a quarter, and the shilling a shilling, though beside a dollar. But there was a fourpence in my hand that had been hammered out so that it was much larger than it ought to be—so thin that it was bent. When I had occasion to employ it, behold, it passed for five cents only. Then, brethren, I thought what a good thing it would be if we should never get under the devil's hammer.

As I have said in another place, I was a Free-will

Baptist in doctrine, long before I was converted. By conversion, I was not changed in this respect, but as soon as I followed my convictions in all respects, as the Christian profession requires, I found my home. But, notwithstanding my warmth of attachment to the doctrines and government of the church of my choice, as well as to the people themselves, I have always loved other Christians, of whatever name.

I could never believe in Calvinism, but I have found among its believers as genuine Christians and in as great proportion as I have found anywhere. I have therefore rejoiced to see additions to them. Under my own labors I have seen hundreds added to them. If at any time we see in Christians what to us are errors, however much we pity them, we must never forget to love. It has always grieved me to see any shyness among Christians of different names. We all ought to be on a level. We ought to be getting rid of every thing that does not necessarily separate us.

I would return my grateful acknowledgments to all my friends, of different denominations, for the many favors they have bestowed upon one so unworthy. They stood by me in my youth; in middle age I was not deserted by them; in old age I am received and treated as a father.

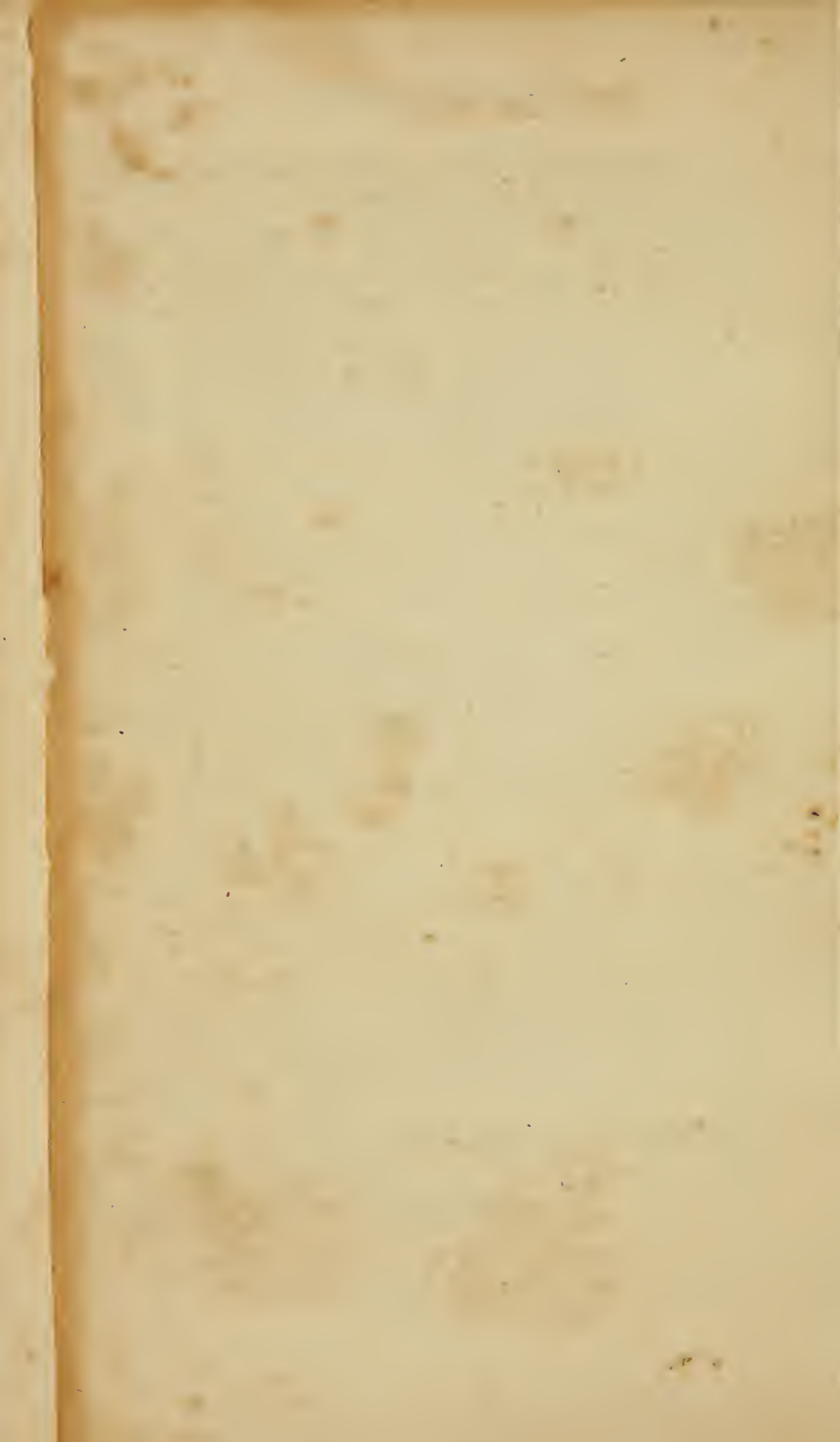
I am not aware that I have an enemy. If I have, let him know hereby that he is forgiven.

My chosen brethren, as I have tried to labor in the Master's cause, the last of my three score and ten years has been unexpectedly numbered. I am now

living on borrowed time. It affords me great pleasure, however, now that I am so near the close of my pilgrimage, to see around me so many evidences of increasing intelligence, liberality, and Christian self-sacrifice among those with whom I have labored, and whom I am about to leave. There is much yet to be done, but, thank God, take courage and press forward.

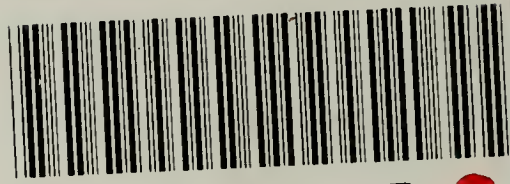
Though the shades of death are gathering around me, I shall still labor for the salvation of sinners while any light remains; I still hope, through Christ who has redeemed me, to do something to augment that happy company that shall come up in robes made white by His blood. Owing to my age and infirmities there are thousands of you I cannot expect to meet again. My hope of meeting all the faithful where there is no more pain, and no more parting, is unwavering. Of all such of you as I shall not meet till we arrive in that happy world, I here take my leave. Farewell."

Dear reader, we may or may not live to hear of one more important event in this pilgrim's progress toward his Heavenly Inheritance. Beyond that event there is no light for the natural eye, but to the eye of the genuine Christian's faith, there are glorious visions. Let his faithful example stimulate us to double our diligence to run with patience the Christian race, that in the morning of the resurrection, awaking in the likeness of our Redeemer, we may receive the incorruptible crown of righteousness.





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