REMARKABLE EXAMPLES

OF

MORAL RECOVERY,

SHOWING THE

POWER OF RELIGION IN EXTREME CASES.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.

St. Paul.

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PREFACE.

The following narratives are all facts from real life. They are also what the title of the volume purports,—examples of the grace of God in extreme cases. The case of the Earl of Rochester is well known, through the narrative of Bishop Burnet; the other sketches are mostly new in this country. They are all well adapted to their design—namely, the encouragement of penitent sinners, even if among "the chief of sinners."

A more remarkable instance of moral recovery can hardly be found than that from intemperance here given.

A work like this is liable to one serious objection: its examples may lend encouragement to the neglect of religion till a "more convenient season." The sufficient reply is, that as matters of real fact in the history of Christian experience, they should not be suppressed on account of any such unjustifiable use; that while the reckless

may thus abuse them, there are many cases of sincere but despondent penitence to which they may afford necessary encouragement and guidance; that as examples of "the goodness of God," they will more generally lead to repentance than to hardness of heart; and that the mournful warnings against the procrastination of religion, given by these redeemed sufferers, will tend much to avert such an abuse.

The narratives are given in the simple, unadorned language in which they were mostly found; for they are designed for the humblest minds, while the astutest may, nevertheless, find in them some of the sublimest revealings of the human soul.

Take this little book, fallen and broken-hearted man, and learn the infinite compassion of thy heavenly Father, who has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked," and whose angels rejoice "over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

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REMARKABLE EXAMPLES

OF

MORAL RECOVERY.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THIS nobleman was distinguished in his life as a great wit and a great sinner; and, in his last illness, as a great penitent. Such he is described by the excellent Bishop Burnet, who personally knew him, and attended him on his death-bed.

Before this period, he had advanced to an uncommon degree of impiety, having been a zealous advocate in the cause of atheism. He had reveled, likewise, in the depths of debauchery, and had openly ridiculed all virtue and religion. But when, like the prodigal in the gospel, he came to know himself, horror filled his mind, and drew from him the keenest self-reproaches. He was, in his own eyes, the vilest wretch on earth; and often wished that he had been a beggar, or a captive in a dungeon, rather than that he should so grossly have offended God.

On a journey into the west of England, some time before his end, he had been arguing with peculiar vehemence against God and religion; not, however, without feeling, even at the time, the sting of an accusing conscience.

One day, at an atheistical meeting in the house of a person of quality, he undertook to be the champion of infidelity, and received the applauses of the company; but here again his conscience reproached him, and he exclaimed to himself, "Good God! that a man who walks upright, who sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his reason—that such a one should bid defiance to his Creator!"

These successive convictions, however, gradually wore off; and it was not, as above hinted, till his last illness, which continued about nine weeks, that he appears to have been truly convinced and savingly converted. Then he saw the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," and learned the value of the atonement on which his hopes of pardon were founded. "Shall the joys of heaven," exclaimed he, "be conferred on me? O mighty Saviour, never, but through thy infinite love and satisfaction! O never, but by the purchase of thy blood!"

The Scriptures, which had so often been the subject of his merriment, now secured his esteem,

and inspired delight; for they had spoken to his heart: the seeming absurdities and contradictions, fancied by men of corrupt and reprobate judgments, vanished; and he was brought to receive the truth in the love of it. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which was repeatedly read to him by Mr. Parsons, was made particularly useful to him. Comparing it with the history of our Saviour's passion, he saw the fulfillment of a prophecy written several ages before, and which the Jews who blasphemed Jesus still kept in their hands as an inspired book. He confessed to Bishop Burnet that, as he heard it read, "he felt an inward force upon him, which did so enlighten his mind and convince him, that he could resist it no longer: for the words had an authority which did shoot like rays or beams in his mind; so that he was not only convinced by the reasonings he had about it, which satisfied his understanding, but by a *power* which did so effectually *constrain him*, that he did ever after as firmly believe in his Saviour as if he had seen him in the clouds."

He had this chapter read so often to him, that he "got it by heart, and went through a great part of it," says the bishop, "in discourse with me, with a sort of heavenly pleasure, giving me his reflections on it, some of which I remember.

'*Who hath believed our report?*' 'Here,' he said, 'was foretold the opposition the gospel was to meet with from such wretches as he was.' 'He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.' On this he said, 'The meanness of his appearance and person has made vain and foolish people disparage him, because he came not in such a fool's coat as they delighted in.' Many other observations he made, which were not noted down; enlarging on many passages with a degree of heavenly pleasure, and applying various parts of it to his own humiliation and comfort. 'O my God,' he would say, 'can such a creature as I, who have denied thy being and contemned thy power, be accepted by thee? Can there be mercy and pardon for me? Will God own such a wretch as I am?'

"His faith now rested on Christ alone for salvation, and often would he entreat God to strengthen it; crying out, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' In this state, however, the grand enemy of souls failed not to assault him with many temptations, often suggesting ideas highly prejudicial to that happy temper of mind with which God had now endued him. 'But I thank God,' said he, on one of these occasions—'I thank God that I abhor them all; and by the

power of grace, which I am confident is sufficient for me, I have overcome them. It is the malice of the devil, because I am rescued from him; and it is the goodness of God that frees me from all my spiritual enemies.'"

He gave many proofs of the sincerity of his faith and the soundness of his repentance; among which, his earnest desire to prevent the evil effects of his former writings and example is particularly to be remarked. He gave a strict charge to the persons in whose custody he left his papers, that all his profane and lewd writings and pictures should be burned; and he desired all who attended him to publish abroad, that all men might know, "how severely God had disciplined him for his sins by his afflicting hand; acknowledging that his sufferings would have been most just, had they been ten times more heavy." His former visitations, he confessed, had produced some slight resolutions of reforming, arising from the present painful consequences of his sins; but now he declared that he had other sentiments of things, and acted upon other principles; that, in short, he possessed so great an abhorrence of all sin, that he would not commit a known one to gain a kingdom.

To his former companions in sin he sent awful messages, and to some, who visited him, he gave

the most solemn warnings. To one gentleman in particular he said: "O remember that you contemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins; and will, I hope, in mercy touch your conscience, sooner or later, as he has done mine. You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while; therefore I am the more free with you. We have been all mistaken in our conceits, and our persuasions have been false and groundless; therefore, God grant you repentance!" Seeing the same person again the next day, he said, "Perhaps you were disobliged by my plainness with you yesterday: I spake the words of truth and soberness;" and, striking his hand upon his breast, said, "I hope God will touch your heart."

Knowing the rock on which himself had foundered, he expressed an earnest wish that his son might never prove one of those profane and licentious *wits* who pride themselves in denying God and scoffing at religion; but that he might become an honest and religious man, and that all his family might be educated in the fear of God.

Further, that none whom he had been the instrument of drawing into sin might lose the benefit of his sincere repentance, he subscribed the following recantation, and ordered it to be published to the world:—

"For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am to be judged, that, from the bottom of my soul, I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life; that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have hitherto lived without hope and without God in the world; have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, doing the utmost despite to the Holy Spirit of grace; and that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is to warn them, in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being or his providence, or despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever-blessed Redeemer; through whose merits alone, I, one of the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness. Amen.

"J. ROCHESTER."

"Delivered and signed in the presence of

"ANN ROCHESTER,

"*June* 19, 1680. R. PARSONS."

We now return to the death-bed experience of this converted nobleman, and mark the power of religion upon his mind in that important season. He seemed to have no desire to live, except to testify the truth of his repentance, and to bring glory to God. "If God," said he, "should spare me yet a little longer here, I hope to bring glory to his name proportionably to the dishonor I have done him in my whole life past; and particularly by endeavoring to convince others, and to assure them of the danger of their condition, if they continue impenitent; and to tell them how graciously God hath dealt with me."

And when he came within the nearer views of death, about three or four days before his departure, he said, "I shall now die. But O, what unspeakable glories do I see! what joys beyond thought or expression am I sensible of! I am assured of God's mercy to me through Jesus Christ. O how I long to die and to be with my Saviour!"

Thus died this eminent subject of regenerating grace, July 26, 1680, being only in his thirty-fourth year: yet, so was life worn away by his long illness, and the effects of his former licentious course, that nature gave up without a struggle. In him was strikingly verified the

remark of the apostle in another case, that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The account published by Bishop Burnet gives the particulars of his conversion more at length, and the various conversations on divine things between them, under the title of "Some Passages in the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester;" of which the late Dr. Johnson entertained so high an opinion that he says, "The critic ought to read it for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

Mr. Parsons, chaplain to Lady Rochester, preached and printed a funeral sermon for his lordship; in which, after mentioning many of the same or similar circumstances with the bishop, he makes the following remarks:—

"Having thus discharged the office of an historian, in a faithful representation of the conversion and death of this great sinner, give me leave now to bespeak you, as an embassador of Christ, and, in his name, earnestly to persuade you to be reconciled to him, and to follow this illustrious person, not in his sins any more, but in his sorrow for them, and forsaking them. If any have been drawn into sin from his example, let them be persuaded by the same example to break off their sins by repentance. God knows

there are too many that are wise enough to discern and to follow the examples of evil, but to do good from these examples they have no power. Such as these I would beseech, in their cooler seasons, to ask themselves, 'What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death.' Be persuaded, then, with a humble and obedient heart, to meet the blessed Jesus, who is now on the way and comes to us in the bowels of a Saviour, beseeching us to accept the pardon and peace offered in his holy gospel."

On this affecting story let us reflect:—

1. How awful is sin against God! Though grace abounded in the case of this profligate man, yet what agonies did it cost him! and how dreadfully did his sin find him out, in bringing him, through painful disease, to an untimely death! Nor let any sinner abuse the grace of God, by continuing in sin, because this vile wretch found grace at the last. Remember, such instances are rare;—few, very few sinners truly repent on a death-bed; we have but one such instance recorded in all the Scripture. To-day, then, while it is called to-day, O turn and live! "Harden not your hearts, lest he swear

in his wrath that you shall not enter into his rest."

2. Reflect upon the power of the Holy Spirit in teaching and convicting sinners. This was that power which did so effectually constrain him. O, sinner, pray that the Holy Spirit may thus work effectually in you!

3. Remark and admire the extent of divine grace here manifested. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin;—that blood is of infinite value;—it is sufficient for the vilest;—Jesus is a Saviour to the uttermost. O wretched sinner, or miserable backslider, who art ready to despair at the greatness of thy sins, come to Jesus;—he will in no wise cast thee out!

4. Remark the effect of real conversion. Lord Rochester did all he could to prevent the evil consequences of his wickedness. It is a mournful reflection that he could not undo them: indeed the baneful effects still remain. O make not light of sin, though it be pardoned, and you who profess religion beware of deceiving your own souls! If ye love not Jesus, nor honor the Father, nor are influenced by the Holy Spirit dwelling in you, so as actually to forsake your sins, to make all reparation in your power for them, and to make the holy law of

God the rule of your conduct, it is because you have not the spirit of Christ, and are none of his. May God give us grace, like the example before us, to receive the truth in the love of it; and in our dying moments to receive, as we hope he did, the consolation of the gospel, and enter into peace through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

THE LAST DAYS

OF

THE HON. ROBERT MAXWELL,

OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY HIS BROTHER.

MAY 9th, 1841.—I much regret not having earlier kept a diary of my intercourse with my dear brother Robert. His windpipe being extensively diseased, he has been able to speak but little, and only in a whisper. I could wish that I had recorded his remarks ever since I first saw him, on his return from sea; they would have exhibited a most interesting state of mind; for every successive interview has developed how graciously God has been preparing him for a peaceful departure.

Robert, in his twenty-fourth year, was very little known to me. For the last twelve years he had been at sea, and for seven years had never left the Mediterranean. I had been long in expectation of the arrival of the ship to which

he belonged; and, ignorant of the state of his health, I was anxious to get him afloat again as soon as possible. For this purpose I had written to some naval acquaintances, and among others, to my dear Christian friend, Admiral ——, who lived near Portsmouth. I was very anxious to make Robert acquainted with him. I wrote to him to call on the admiral, who, I said, was a pious man, and desired much to see him. It was in reply to this letter, that Robert gave me the first intimation of his feelings on the subject of religion. He wrote to me from Sheerness, dated April 4th, 1841:— "If I go to Portsmouth, you may depend on it I shall not fail to see Admiral ——. I am sorry to say I am not religious myself; but I love religious people. Mine is a curious state: it is one that worldly people would call religious; but I am not so. I would dread to take God's name in vain, or to do anything of that kind. I have a fancy that if I say my prayers of a morning, all will go well during the day. The same of a Sunday; I would not miss church for fear the following week would not prosper; but, still, I am not religious. I feel I am not; I think more of the world than of my soul; yet I would as soon think of mocking religion openly, as I would of shooting myself this moment. I

have at first told you this, that you may know what kind of person you will find in me."

I blessed God for the hope which this letter gave me; and I felt doubly thankful for it on learning his physician's opinion of his delicate state of health, the extent of which I had not known, nor, indeed, had he himself.

He came to me. In my first conversation with him on eternal things he showed a meek and docile spirit, and a thirst after that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. Feeling God's word in the hands of the Holy Spirit to be the great instrument of conversion, I selected the Lord's message to David, by the mouth of Nathan, as the first passage to bring before him. He listened with intense interest, while I endeavored to point out how the first movement in a sinner's salvation comes from God. David was in a hardened, indifferent state. God sent his word by his prophet. David was ready to apply it to any one but himself, until the Spirit, whose office it is to convince of sin, brought it home to himself, personally, saying, "Thou art the man!" Assured that the success of all my efforts, under God, on behalf of my dear brother's soul, must depend on his being enabled to appropriate Scripture to his own case, I endeavored to show him how "whatsoever

things were written," even in the historical parts of the Bible, "were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Rom. xv, 4. I then proceeded to point out, in the case of David, the blessed effect of thus receiving and appropriating God's word to ourselves; that the immediate result of so doing was to bring us into the presence of an offended God, in the spirit and with the language of the fifty-first Psalm; to give us, as therein contained, the true estimate of sin, as committed "against God," and traceable to the corruption of our common nature as its source; a true view also of the character of God, not only as a God of mercy but of justice, who, as such, is to be approached, as David approached him, only through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus; the terms, "blot out," "wash," "cleanse," "purge," pointing forward to the blood to be shed on Calvary, just as we now, with clearer light, look back, by faith, to the same purifying fountain.

He had not, as yet, given me any opportunity of knowing his views on the great essentials of divine truth; but I was not long left in doubt: he took an early occasion of unbosoming himself to me; and I found that a deep conviction of sin had taken place in his mind; and that God's

Spirit had not only performed this his first work, but had also directed him to Christ, so far as to see him to be the sinner's only hope. In one of his first conversations, he complained to me that he feared his repentance was not of the right kind. The Lord enabled me to direct him to portions of his word which gave him light on this subject, and much subsequent comfort. I shall briefly allude to them.

I felt that a solemn duty had devolved on me to direct my dying brother to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I told him that the repentance which he sought was to come from Christ, who was exalted to give it, (Acts v, 31;) that gospel repentance, which meant a change of mind, was the result of knowing the evil of sin, as exhibited in the crucifixion of Christ. I referred him to Zech. xii, 10, where God's Spirit enables the convinced sinner to look upon him whom, by his sins, he has pierced: and the immediate consequence is the mourning of true repentance—that "godly sorrow" which "worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." 2 Cor. vii, 10. I directed him also to Jeremiah xxxi, 19: "After that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh." During this conversation, dear Robert's frequently

uplifted eyes, filled with tears, bespoke the interest with which he entered into all that was said.

Being anxious to know something of his experience before he came home, I asked him if his mind had been directed much to the subject of religion on board his ship. He said that about eight years ago he was under very serious impressions; that they passed away, leaving, however, a small voice, which kept him from running into the depths of wickedness into which others had plunged; yet he felt now that he was as bad as any of them; that he was worldly and careless, with far greater light than others possessed; and there was a pang often in his conscience which told him he was not right. He added, that he had long entertained a particular respect for religious people, and greatly envied them. He mentioned the many narrow escapes he had had, having four times fallen overboard when he was unable to swim; that his feet had often, while aloft, slipped, and he would have been precipitated sixty or seventy feet, had he not caught hold of a rope; but that no providential deliverancce of himself or of others had left an abiding impression on his mind.

As long as he was able to bear it, he was driven out for an hour or two dayly, and he

greatly enjoyed himself on these occasions. He could see a Father's hand in all the beauty which surrounded him. During one of his first drives, he gave to the person who accompanied him the following simple expression of his feelings, which, at my request, was at the time committed to paper: "Although I feel very ill, I am very happy; and how thankful I ought to be to God for bringing me home to friends whose conversation on religious subjects gives me such comfort. I often ask myself where I should have been if I had been cut off in my sins; and I feel thankful for this sickness, as it has brought me to think of eternity. O how hard the human heart is! We see many sad scenes and awful deaths at sea, which, for the time, make an impression on us; but these are very soon forgotten, and we think no more about them. I never was a swearer or blasphemer; I have heard much of this, but it made me shudder; nor was I ever an open profligate. All this proceeded, not from love to God, but from fear. I once fancied this was religion; but it was only morality. If it please God to restore me to health, (which I do not expect,) I trust I shall be enabled to return to my profession a different person than I was when I left it. When at C——, there were serious impressions on my

mind; but when I returned to my ship, I could not resist the scoffing and ridicule of my companions." He mentioned also the great pleasure he took in the quiet hour which I gave him after dinner, when we read Scripture and prayed; he remarked, they were the happiest hours he had ever spent; and he added, with animation, that he could not now imagine how people could call the subject of religion gloomy, as it gave him such comfort and delight.

May 13th.—Before receiving the Lord's supper, in conversing with Rev. Mr. ——, he said, "It is an awful thing for a sinner to appear before God whom he has long offended." He seemed to derive much comfort from being reminded that the Saviour who died for him was the Judge before whom he was to appear. The memorials of the dying Saviour's love refreshed his spirit.

He expressed some very remarkable sentiments on the subject of prayer, which showed how very precious Christ was to him, and how taken up he was with a sense of his glory. He said that he had been always in the habit of addressing God the Father in prayer; but he had been thinking that, as Christ was God, direct prayer ought to be made to him also; that he thought he was wrong in not praying more to Christ.

We talked over many of the instances of prayer to Christ. He seemed much struck with the remark that CHRIST could not be overlooked when the FATHER was addressed in prayer, as it was only through him any could approach the Father. John xiv, 6, Eph. ii, 18, Heb. vii, 25, also much struck him, where the sinner approaches GOD; while the ability to save is represented as devolving on CHRIST in his intercessory character.

May 16*th.*—I found him perusing Romaine's "Triumph of Faith;" (the only human book he had read during his illness:) he said he liked it greatly; "but," added he, "there is nothing like the Bible; I never tire of that; I never feel lonely or weary while reading it."

After an absence of some time, I found him, on my return, in a delightful state of mind, having evidently made rapid strides in his heavenly course, which is well described in a letter, an extract from which is inserted, as it gives an insight into his state: "Robert is still left with us; and though we should not be surprised if his happy spirit were to take its flight any day, yet he may last some time. His chief suffering has been from severe cough and soreness of throat, and he labors under great oppression, almost amounting to suffocation; yet he is kept

from acute pain, for which he expresses himself most grateful. It is quite impossible to give you any idea of the blissful state of this dear youth. There is no excitement—nothing approaching to enthusiasm; but all is unvaried calmness and tranquillity. Never, perhaps, did a dying believer more fully exhibit in his experience the truth of that Scripture, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' Isa. xxvi, 3. He has been given a deep sense of his own sinfulness in the sight of an infinitely holy God, and, therefore, from within himself he can derive no material for comfort; but it would do your heart good to see him raise his eyes to heaven, and, with a smile of extraordinary sweetness, thank God for the gift of his dear Son, whose finished work and perfect righteousness not only afford him an assurance of safety, but yield an abundant source of rejoicing to him. His eyesight is very good, which he considers a great blessing; for he is able to read his Bible, which is never out of his reach; and he says that his sleepless nights are very happy, for he is able, then, specially to realize the promises which he has been reading during the day. The following anecdote will interest you, and show his great love for the Scriptures. I was inadvertently taking his Bible away from

his bed; and he said, with a playful but very expressive smile, 'Don't take that; if you do, you take my all!' And, in truth, that blessed book has done great things for Robert. He returned from sea, I will not say ignorant of, or indifferent to, its contents, for he was neither; but he knew not Christ Jesus, as the only hope of a sinner; but now his acquaintance with Christ, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, enables him, even in the recollection of all his past sins and under a sense of all his present unworthiness, to take up the triumphant challenge of the apostle, (Rom. viii, 33, 34,) 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' &c., and this silences every disturber of his peace."

On my return home, I noticed that his "desire to depart and to be with Christ" had greatly increased; and he often told me that he felt much need to struggle against an impatient spirit. He remarked that he needed patience to abide the Lord's own time, and that he was much assisted in his conflict by considering the patience of Christ, and his entire submission to his Father's will. A remark was made, that it was common to say of persons in affliction, that they were "patient and resigned," and that it was too often supposed that the whole of religion

consisted in this frame of mind. This drew from him the following striking sentiment: "O, patience and resignation are great blessings; they make the sufferer pleasant to himself and others; but they can only carry us to the grave—they cannot do more. Christ must carry us beyond it!"

On going to his room one day, as usual, to bid him good night, I found him dozing, with his Bible open before him, and his finger resting on the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel. He suddenly started, and said, "I like to have this blessed book open before me; for I can only sleep a few minutes at a time, and when I open my eyes it is so pleasant to light upon some sweet passage;" and he alluded to the sheep and shepherd mentioned in this chapter, a simile under which he very often loved to contemplate the relation between the believer and his Lord. He mentioned, as a signal mercy, that his dreams were of a pleasant kind; that the subject-matter of them was generally some portion of Scripture; and that, in sleep, he would often pray in language which he could distinctly remember on awaking.

At another time he said it was extraordinary how new light broke in upon the believer's mind as he advanced; that, at first, he had been

occupied, to the exclusion of everything else, with those passages of Scripture which spoke of the great salvation which had been wrought by Christ; but that now he dwelt very much on those which directed him forward to the resurrection. Speaking to him further on this subject, I found that it was not so much the resurrection of the body, as the thought of being with Christ the moment after death, which was his source of consolation and rejoicing. I admitted that the last dying believer before the death of Christ, and the first we read of after it—the thief on the cross and Stephen—both seemed, at their last moments, to derive joy from the source whence he was seeking it; as did St. Paul, in the expression of his desire to "depart and to be with Christ;" but that Scripture abounded with passages to the effect that the believer's joy was by no means completed until the reunion of soul and body. He replied, with an energy beyond what I thought he was capable of, "O, I know that the resurrection of the body is a legitimate source of hope and comfort; but still the glorious fact of being with Christ, and thus separated forever from sin, and freed from conflict, I consider a mountain which will eclipse every blessing that is beyond it. My poor body has been such a hinderance to me, I

love to think of getting rid of it; I am sure that if once with Christ, the redemption of my body, and every other blessing, will come in due course; but I love to allow the first to occupy my whole thoughts." After telling him that the resurrection included this view, and that we should receive the whole of what Scripture held out to us for comfort, he concluded, much exhausted, yet very feelingly, "I have been but a short time a true believer; I have had time to know but little; my views must, therefore, be very simple; and I feel assured that to be with Christ includes every blessing which follows it."

August 8th.—He broke a long silence by saying, "What a free gift it is! We are apt to think God is love, only on account of Christ. Christ was the gift of his love." He dwelt on God's pardoning and pitying for his own name's sake, when he could see nothing in the sinner to induce him to do so, and pointed to Ezek. xxxvi, 22.

On a Sunday, he said he never was so much struck before, that the day was a type of eternal rest. On some remark being made on the submission of Christ to his Father's will, he replied, "If we could always keep Christ before the mind, we should find all in him: humility—patience—love"—dwelling on each word, until, at

last, his voice failed him. Again he said, at the prospect of beholding Christ, "It is a *glorious* rest for creatures such as we are; it seems almost *too* wonderful, but it is all for his glory; if it were not so, it could not be!"

He wrote the following letter to a brother, about whose spiritual welfare he often expressed himself much interested:—

"I thought you might be pleased to see the handwriting of your dying brother; I cannot write much; but what I would say is, think of the love of God. See it in me; he has pardoned me, and, in my dying hour, has given me a knowledge of Christ. O, don't be like me and wait for sickness; begin at once and glorify him. I thought, once, that I could not be a sailor and a Christian; but, dearest brother, you can be both a soldier of Christ and a soldier of your country. Good-by; God bless you!"

August 30*th*.—For many days he has been hardly able to articulate, his throat being intensely sore, and his cough and every other symptom much aggravated; and we often leaned over his bed, eager to catch what we conceived would be his last word.

At all times, even when under his greatest sufferings and oppression, he would sweetly smile an affirmative to the inquiry if he was in

"perfect peace." He said that he had been thinking of "the wretched creature possessed with devils whom Jesus had cured, and who wished to be with him; but Jesus sent him away, and told him to go back to his friends," &c. He thought he could apply this to his own wish to be with Christ; but Jesus told him, as it were, still to stay a while here with his friends, to tell them "how great things" the Lord had done for him. In the evening, on being asked if he was in perfect peace, he said, "Yes; but my thoughts are weak; my body is a burden."

For some days before his death he suffered much from a sore on his back, caused by friction; his agony during the dressing of this was extreme. On one occasion he could not, for a moment, refrain from showing his uneasiness; he soon, however, rallied, and when he had in some measure recovered himself, he sent for me, and requested me to pray with him and for him; evidently flying to prayer as an oft-tried and never-failing resource, when the pressure of his poor body bore heavily on his mind.

A verse which had, throughout his illness, yielded him much comfort and support, was now a rich treasury of both to him: "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Psa. ciii, 14. This often cheered his drooping

spirit, weighed down beneath the burden of the flesh. As his end approached, he looked forward with much anxiety for the day on which the doctor was to visit him. When he had last seen him, he received, with very evident sorrow, the opinion that he might last for weeks; but his disease had taken such a turn since then, that he expected to hear much more welcome tidings on his next visit. After the interview was over, he asked me the doctor's opinion; and when I announced to him that he thought he could not last many days, and that he considered this his farewell visit, he exclaimed, "O, delightful!"

On Sunday, the 12th of September, (the day preceding his death,) he several times put out his arm to me to feel his pulse, accompanied by an anxious "Well, will it be long?" The oppression on his bodily frame almost overwhelmed him; he ceased to expectorate, and gasped for breath, the failure of which seemed now to constitute his chief suffering, which was very great. He requested that the servants, who had come to bid him farewell, should kneel down and join in prayer. Seeing —— crying, he said, "You must not cry, you must not; we shall meet again:" and, several times during the evening, a smile would invite one after another

of us to his bedside, that he might press our hands in his.

We did not expect him to outlive this day. Late at night it was said to him, "He will never leave you." "No!" he replied, "I am sure he never will." About midnight, I asked him if he was enabled to look to Christ alone. He answered, (and they were his dying words,) "To WHOM ELSE CAN I LOOK? I HAVE NO ONE ELSE!"

The agonies of death commenced at about half-past twelve; he put out his arm for me to feel his pulse; I told him it would soon be over. By a great effort, he partially raised himself forward; and then followed the farewell scene between the dying saint and those to whom he had become inexpressibly dear. His calmness and perfect collectedness were astonishing; but these were quite in character with the whole of his deportment throughout his long illness. He cast his eyes around the room; and as soon as they rested upon D——, who had been his greatest earthly comfort during his illness, a peaceful smile irradiated his countenance, seeming to dissipate the gloom which approaching dissolution had cast on it. It invited her to receive his farewell, and, doubtless, though unexpressed, his blessing. I took her place next, and was fol-

lowed by a brother whom he dearly and justly loved, on being similarly invited by him. But perhaps the most touching scene was the summons, to his bedside, of one of his attendants, who had greatly endeared himself to him by his unremitting and affectionate care, and who had attracted his notice, and greatly excited his interest, by his frequent and attentive perusal of the Bible during the night-watches. To this servant he had, some days before, given his Bible, saying that it was the richest treasure he could leave him, and that he had seen how it had supported him in the hour of trial.

After an affectionate farewell to his other attached attendant, he evidently bade adieu to this world and all things therein. His intellect remained perfect until his last half hour. This was evidenced by his joyous smile and nod of assent, when asked as to his peace. But, from the moment he had taken his last farewell of us, everything here below was manifestly dismissed from his mind. The last was a solemn moment never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, all kneeling near his bed. As long as intellect remained, his uplifted eye showed that in prayer he found his refuge. After much convulsion in the upper part of his frame, he became perfectly quiet; his countenance assumed a

placid expression; and after a few sighs, with considerable intervals between them, his long-cherished wish was gratified—the earnest and oft-repeated prayer of his soul was answered. At a quarter past two, on the morning of September 13, 1841, he fell asleep—he was with Jesus!

THE CRIPPLED SAILOR.

CHARLES E—— was born in a small village in Suffolk, England, in 1804. At that time his father was a sailor; but when peace was proclaimed he lived on shore, and got employment in farm work. At the age of about fourteen, the lad began a seafaring life; and by the time he was twenty he had made several long voyages.

In the winter of 1826 he sailed on a voyage to the Mediterranean, in the brig "Rapid." All went on well till she reached the Gulf of Lyons, when an event occurred which nearly cost the young man his life. It was blowing a smart gale, and the brig was scudding under two double-reefed topsails. The watch on deck were all asleep, except the man at the helm; when, about two o'clock in the morning, they were roused by the loud cry of Charles, who had fallen overboard. In a few minutes the alarm was given all over the vessel, but before anything could be done the struggling sailor was

left a great distance astern. The captain, at the first alarm, ordered the ship to be put about; and when he thought they were far enough to windward, he tacked again, ordered the long-boat to be cleared, and hung lights over the bow of the brig, hoping that, if the poor man was still afloat, he might see them and make toward them. And so it turned out; for shortly afterward he hailed, and called out to them not to run over him. The long-boat was then lowered and manned; but the night being very dark, with a heavy sea running, nothing could be heard or seen of the man for some time, till he called out again to them in the boat not to strike him with their oars, for he was quite near them. Even then it was long before he was rescued; for when at length they caught sight of him and were about to lay hold of him, a wave came and washed him away to a great distance, and this happened again and again; but as he was known to be an excellent swimmer, the sailors did not despair of saving him; and, after great trouble and exertion, he was picked up almost exhausted, having been in the water an hour and twenty minutes.

It was a great wonder to all how his strength could have lasted so long, for when he fell overboard he was very heavily dressed in a thick pea-

jacket; but while in the water he managed to pull off his jacket and trowsers and shoes, which enabled him to keep afloat much better than with them on. Still it was a great wonder, and only by the mercy of Divine Providence, that he was saved at this time; and yet he did not regard God as his deliverer, but attributed his rescue entirely to the exertions of the captain and crew, and his own superiority in swimming; at this time God was not in all his thoughts, nor indeed in any of them. He had long been a hater of the Bible, and had given himself up to all the follies and vices to which sailors are particularly tempted. It was with him as it is with multitudes besides, who, as the psalmist says in the 107th Psalm, "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep;" yet they do not "praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

It was some time after this accident, and when he had come home from that voyage, that he met his old captain in London, and was prevailed on to accompany him again to the Mediterranean; but on the passage out Charles E—— fell ill; and on the vessel arriving at Trieste, he was conveyed to the hospital. His condition there was

very wretched; so that he made several unsuccessful attempts to escape, ill as he was, and regain his ship. At length, hearing that the ship was about to sail, and that he was to be left behind, he made his escape, and in a fit of desperation, swam off to the vessel, and reached it just previous to her weighing anchor: he was, therefore, of necessity brought back to England, and remained in London until he regained his health.

Shortly afterward he embarked for the Brazils, and while there deserted his vessel, on account of bad usage from his officers; and fearing to seek another berth in that port, lest he should be discovered, he formed a resolution, destitute as he was of both money and clothes, and ignorant of the country, to travel to another port, five hundred miles distant. After making some inquiry, as secretly as he could, respecting the route he must take, he began his toilsome journey; but he soon repented of his rash undertaking, and had he not dreaded the derision of his former shipmates, he would have returned to his ship; but looking upon death itself as more welcome than this, he persevered.

The first part of the journey lay across the country, where he was exposed to continual and imminent danger from wild beasts and venomous

reptiles, against which he had no means of defense; but from these he was mercifully preserved. This, however, was not the only, nor perhaps the chief evil the wanderer had reason to apprehend. His sufferings from fatigue and hunger were often intense. The only food he could obtain was such as could be gathered from the bushes, and now and then a cocoa-nut. On one occasion, when much pressed by hunger, he saw a cocoa-nut tree at some distance, and hastened to the spot. It was with difficulty that he could climb the tree, so weak was he with his previous exertions and privations; and when at length he reached the fruit, he had scarcely power to break off a single nut from the stalk. At length, however, he succeeded, and secured his prize. The poor wanderer had to carry it some miles before he could find a stone large enough to bruise and remove the husk of the nut, and to break its hard shell; and then what was his agony at finding the shell empty!

Still he passed on, occasionally obtaining relief from the natives of the country; and after wandering nearly three weeks, scarcely knowing whither, he reached the sea-shore. The sight of land to a weather-beaten mariner, after a long and dangerous voyage, is not more welcome than was this prospect to Charles E——. Though

still far from the port to which his steps were directed, he had now a sure direction toward it; besides this, he frequently fell in with fishermen, who relieved him, and lodged him at night.

At length, when not many miles distant from his port, the progress of the wanderer was unexpectedly barred, and his hopes frustrated, by a river nearly three miles in width, which there flowed into the sea. If he had, at this time, possessed but half the strength and power of endurance which supported him in the Gulf of Lyons, this river would have been but a slight hinderance; but exhausted with extreme toil, and the effects of privation, he could do nothing but sit down on the river's bank almost in despair. After waiting three days for means to cross, a native passing by on a raft was prevailed upon to convey him to the opposite bank. A few hours afterward, and the perilous journey was safely finished.

The sailor's sufferings were not, however, then ended. Instead of being able to sail immediately from that port, as he had hoped, he was seized with a severe illness, and for nearly two months was dayly expecting to die. But the same kind and gracious Providence which had watched over him in his wanderings, and delivered him from destruction, still provided for his

sustenance and recovery. The people of the town had compassion on the perishing stranger, and supplied him, without prospect of recompense, with food and shelter; and, by the blessing of God on this disinterested kindness, health and strength slowly returned.

No salutary impressions appear to have been made upon the soul of Charles E—— by all that he had now passed through. He could feel, and afterward recount with gratitude, the kindness of these strangers; but he felt no thankfulness to the Giver of all his mercies, his Preserver and bountiful Benefactor. He was yet far from God, though God was "nigh unto" him. Are you, reader, in a like position?

In course of time he was enabled to leave the country where he had passed through many dangers, and experienced many mercies, and worked his way to India; thence, after serving for some time on board a man-of-war, he returned to England, shattered in health, and still hardened in heart against God.

At Sheerness, the crew of the ship in which he had sailed was paid off, and he took a passage to London in a packet-boat, intending to return to his native place to recruit his health and see his relations. Having no confidence in his own prudence, and fearing that if he retained in his

own possession the money he had received as wages, it would be squandered in "the pleasures of sin," he intrusted it to a shipmate. This man deceived him and disappeared, and the poor sailor reached London almost penniless, after years of toil and privation.

To add to his distress, he was again seized with illness, and unable to return home; he gained admittance into the Dreadnought hospital-ship, where he continued a year and a half, until he was pronounced to be incurable. Even then the poor and destitute sailor had no proper conception of that far more dreadful, and, though not incurable, hitherto uncured soul-disease with which he was afflicted, and for which only one remedy can be found. He believed that his body was at the point of death, but that his soul was on the brink of *eternal* death appears to have given him no real concern. He longed to return home to his native village to die; and though for years he had neglected to write to his friends, so that they supposed him already dead, he now made known his wishes to them. Great was their joy (though it was joy mingled with sorrow) to know that he, whom they had mourned as dead, was yet alive; and, though in circumstances of poverty themselves, they contrived to send sufficient money to him to bear his charges

homeward, where he arrived after an absence of more than ten years.

The wanderer's native air, and the kind attentions of his relatives, did more for him than medicine had done. He recovered his health so as to be able, two years after his return home, to go again to sea. Some time after this he married. But he was yet to be the sport of winds and waves; or rather, he was to be led through other dangers and hair-breadth escapes, that in the end he might be brought to a knowledge of himself as a rebel against God, and of Christ as a great and merciful Saviour. And it is thus that the wise and gracious God often leads men by a way that "they know not," and a way which they would not have chosen, but which, at length, they find to have been "a right way."

Some time after he had again gone to sea, when returning from a voyage, and within a few hours' sail of port, a heavy squall of wind struck the vessel, and snapped the foremast, so as to tear up the deck, and the whole crew were thrown into sudden confusion. As speedily as possible the wreck was cleared; but the sea ran high, and the wind continued to blow with fury, so that the crew were in great peril, for the vessel labored heavily, and shipped much water.

In a few hours almost everything on deck was washed away—boat, cook-house, bulwarks, and stanchions; and in this condition, with an almost unmanageable wreck, and the storm still raging, the crew were dismayed at discovering breakers ahead, and land at no great distance. With great difficulty the anchors were let go, and then the remaining mast was cut away; but death seemed inevitable to all on board. In this extremity, however, they were delivered from their fears. The wrecked vessel still floated, and she was kept from striking on the rocks, which every minute threatened her destruction. After three days of fearful suspense, the storm abated, and a steamer was sent out to their rescue.

During the whole of this critical and anxious time, Charles E—— was perhaps the only one on board who expressed no alarm, and gave no token of a desire to be saved from the violent death which seemed so near to all. He exerted himself, indeed, so strenuously that his strength gave way, and he became, for the following three years, a helpless invalid; but to these exertions he was not driven by fear: so far from this, he declared to his shipmates, during the storm, that if the ship went down, he should make no effort to save himself; and that, for his

part, he was perfectly indifferent as to whether she rode out the gale or not. Frequently, in subsequent dangers, while priding himself on doing his duty to the owners of the vessels in which he sailed, he showed the same indifference to life or death. On one occasion especially, when, as in the present case, all hope seemed lost, he professed himself very little concerned about his own safety, saying that if putting out a hand would save him, he would not trouble himself to do it. It is difficult to account for such insensibility as this; but it is certain that Charles E—— was, at these times, hardened by the deceitfulness of sin; and, being reckless of consequences, he cared but little how soon his life was ended.

It would take long to recount all the adventures this sailor passed through, and the many great dangers in which his life was preserved, indifferent as he was to its preservation. Having been offered the command of a small trading vessel, for which his former experience had well fitted him, he undertook it, and held the appointment for several years, at the end of which time he met with an accident which entirely disabled him for further service. His small vessel coming in contact, at night, with a large brig, the violent shock of the collision

knocked him down, and so injured his spine that thenceforward, as he said, "his death-warrant seemed sealed." It was indeed strange that he or any of his small crew were saved to tell of the disaster of that night; but they were enabled to get their vessel into port, while the larger and stronger brig received such damage by the shock as shortly afterward to sink. He reached home crippled and hopeless of recovery.

He was at this time about forty-three years old; but the various hardships of his life, and the sufferings he had endured, had long since robbed him of the vigor of youth, while the last stroke had produced more than the decrepitude of age. For some time, indeed, he kept his bed entirely; by degrees he gathered sufficient strength to sit up a few hours in the day, and at length, by the aid of a stick, to walk a short distance from his home. But regardless alike of judgment and mercy, the disabled seaman was an enemy to God, and a derider of the way of salvation, as revealed in the Bible—without Christ, without hope.

A few years ago, Mr. V——, a home missionary, was informed that a poor crippled sailor was

living in the town in which he labored; and some accounts which he received induced him to seek the man's acquaintance. This crippled sailor was Charles E——.

Several attempts to obtain this acquaintance were made by Mr. V—— in vain. It was the avowed belief of Charles E—— that all the ministers of religion were either hypocrites or enthusiasts, and that the Bible was a fable; and he determined to have nothing to do with either the one or the other. His wife, and the family with whom they resided, begged him to receive the visits of the missionary; but many weeks passed before he yielded to their wishes, and then it was with an evident determination to resist all attempts for his spiritual welfare. Nevertheless, he allowed the Scriptures to be read, and prayer to be offered in his apartment.

By slow degrees, and after many visits, the missionary so far gained the confidence of the poor invalid as to induce him freely to converse on his past life, and on the feelings of his mind with respect to religion. On this latter point he spoke with great reserve and caution, occasionally giving utterance to those common-place objections to Christianity which have again and again been satisfactorily answered by its followers. After some months' acquaintance with

Mr. V——, however, he became more open and unreserved, and began apparently to take pleasure in asking a variety of questions about the Bible; but evidently with a wish to puzzle his visitor, and obtain a momentary triumph over him, and not with a desire of finding the truth. Mr. V—— then loaned the crippled seaman several books which he thought adapted to remove doubts, and to furnish materials for consideration, accompanying the loan with earnest prayer that the eternal Spirit of truth would sanctify the reading of these volumes, and make them the means of enlightening the poor man's soul.

The circumstances in which the sailor was now placed were so far favorable as to give him ample time for reflection. It was evident to himself, and to all around him, that death could not be very far distant; and probably it was with more solicitude than he cared to express, that he entered upon the studies which, until now, he would have repulsed with disdain. There are very few indeed who so completely disbelieve the Bible as to have no fears lest, after all, it may be true; and who cannot, consequently, look death in the face with entire composure; and though, in times of danger, and when actively employed in devising means for meeting

it, this man had been remarkably unconcerned about the future, it is not unlikely that now he would have been glad of some satisfactory evidence that his principles were safe and immovable. Reader, are you one of those who make a boast of infidelity, and profess to look upon the Bible with contempt? Permit us, in all kindness, to ask, first—Are you really acquainted with its contents? and next—Have you no unwelcome and lurking suspicion that, after all, it may be true? And if it be true—what then?

Whatever were his secret thoughts, the sailor read the books which had been loaned him by his Christian visitor; and the more he read, the less was there of the air of defiance which had marked all his previous intercourse. Especially did this disappear when Mr. V—— spoke to him of the love of Christ. When this subject was introduced, the poor invalid began to listen with eagerness and emotion; and ere long, the tone, manner, and earnestness of his questions were changed from those of exulting skepticism to apparently genuine anxiety to know the truth.

But the man who has willfully hardened himself against the mercies of God, and resolutely given himself up to a determination to disbelieve, if possible, the gospel of his grace, may find it hard to bear up against the current of infidelity,

even when he discovers that it is carrying him onward, with fearful rapidity, to wretchedness and despair. It was so with this man.

"I would give the world," said he passionately, "if I *could* believe; but my wretched heart is as hard as a stone! Do you think," he added, inquiringly, "that a man *can* believe what and when he pleases?"

He was told by his visitor, in reply, that there is in the Scriptures such internal evidence of their truth as to command the belief of every sincere inquirer; and that, if he were sincere and earnest in his desire for the cordial reception of the truth, his doubts would be removed, seeing that Christ himself declared, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

While the sailor's mind was in this state of doubtful obscurity and painful toil, seeking for light and rest, but perplexed and harassed by those skeptical thoughts which he had once courted and harbored, a Christian lady visited the town for the benefit of her health. Mindful, however, of the higher concerns of another world, and desirous of attempting something for her heavenly Master, even while among strangers, she turned her attention to the abodes of poverty, sorrow, and sickness, and thus was

introduced to the crippled sailor. The state of his mind—trembling, as it seemed, between hope and apprehension, faith and unbelief—greatly interested her; and to impart the information which he needed, she loaned him "Newton on the Prophecies."

The first volume was read with apparently little effect; but after entering on the second volume, his attention was arrested, light broke in upon his mind, and diligently comparing what he read with the Scriptures themselves, every previous doubt of their divine inspiration vanished. His mind being thus convinced, his former prejudices were completely dispersed, and an intense eagerness for a more intimate knowledge of the Bible turned him from every other pursuit. "How much—O how much have I to do!" was his frequent exclamation; "and how short a time to do it in!" And with these feelings, it was not unusual for him to employ half the night in reading and searching for the truth like one who searches for hidden treasure.

And he found it; but the discovery was inexpressibly painful. If the Bible be true—and of this he never again doubted—what must be his own personal condition? Guilty and lost! If heretofore his rest had been broken while doubt-

ing God's truth, and seeking intellectual satisfaction, it was doubly broken by the knowledge which that very satisfaction had imparted to his soul. He was perishing eternally. His own willful blindness and rebellion had brought him to the very borders of everlasting destruction. The more convincing the proofs were of the divine authenticity of that book which all his life he had neglected and hated, the more certain was it that he, the neglecter and hater of the Bible, was in a condition of most awful danger. He had no doubts now;—they were changed into appalling certainties.

But while the gospel wounds, by the grace of the Holy Spirit it heals; and the heart which sovereign mercy renews, is first, by the same mercy, broken. If the sinner be shown his lost condition, he is also pointed to One who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, and is told that there is strong consolation for those who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them. And if the soul be pressed down with the weight of a burdened conscience, it is directed to Him who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi, 28.

In the midst of his deepest distress the sailor was not utterly hopeless. His feelings and ex-

pressions were something like those of one who said, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have showed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these." Judges xiii, 23. Thus this penitent sinner could say, "What an awful state men are in, and I among the worst! But I can now see God's hand to have been with me throughout my whole life, though I would not see it before. I bless him that he would not let me perish in the midst of my wickedness; shall I perish now—now that I have been led by him to see my guilt and danger, and to seek for his mercy?"

At length it was his happiness to obtain that "strong consolation" which the gospel alone can give; and he could adopt the language of the apostle as his own, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Rom. v, 1, 2.

The Apostle James tell us that "faith without works is dead;" but true faith—that which is the gift of God, and leads the sinner to Jesus, as the only Saviour—is always shown by its peaceable and holy effects. The Lord himself declares that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii, 3.

And when this change has been wrought by the Holy Spirit, the man becomes "a new creature; old things are passed away—all things are become new." 2 Cor. v, 17. Thus was it with Charles E——. A great and extraordinary change had taken place in him, which filled with surprise all who knew him. In the place of haughty pride they beheld humility. Instead of daring contempt of God's authority and claims, they saw an earnestness to know and do his will. The mind which once delighted in impurity, and reveled in the recollection of past transgressions, when the lusts of the flesh were fulfilled, now shrank with horror at the remembrance of his former conduct, and magnified the forbearance of God which had spared so vile a sinner. The tongue which once blasphemed was now employed in prayer and praise; and he who once hated the Bible, and would willingly have banished it from the world, could now say, with deep emotion, "I love this precious book more and more every day I live. I wonder at my former ignorance, when I could see nothing right in it; but now, read it as often and as carefully as I will, I can see nothing wrong."

A few months more, and Charles E—— was dying. Had he deceived himself, and had others been deceived in him? Was it to be credited

that after a long course of sin and unbelief, God would accept the last feeble remnants of the sinner's life? Was a clean heart created within him, and a right spirit renewed? Was he indeed being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light?—was heaven the port for which he was bound? These were some of the questions which the sailor asked himself while death was advancing upon him with rapid strides. And well might he solemnly and tremblingly question himself thus. Happy indeed is it for the sinner who even at last seeks and finds mercy in God's appointed way; but far happier is he who has in early life given himself to God, and served him through the best years of youth and manhood.

But "at evening time" it was "light." Casting his soul upon the grace of Christ, trusting in the atonement once offered for sin, and relying on the promises of God's word, he died "in hope of the glory of God—desiring to depart, and to be with Christ."

"In looking at this case," writes another missionary, who visited the sailor while on his death-bed, "we are constrained to say, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'—a miracle of sovereign mercy? Here can the hand of God be traced in the transforming influences of divine

grace, and a fresh proof is given that our great Redeemer is 'mighty to save.'"

Reader, the same Saviour is still waiting "to be gracious;" and the language of heavenly mercy to you is, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. lv, 7.

THE CONVERSION AND EXPERIENCE

OF

WILLIAM HOWARD.

Mr. Howard* was born at Westmeath, in Ireland, in 1721. In early life he was intended for the ministry; but as he was of a dissolute turn of mind, he soon disappointed the expectations of his friends; and, after spending some time at the University in Dublin, he grew more and more abandoned in his conduct. In 1755 he was Mayor of Drogheda, where he carried on a very extensive business as a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; at the same time indulging in the most riotous excesses. He was engaged, after this, in various scenes of business and pleasure, till May, 1772, when, having spent his all in London, and being supplied by a friend with a small sum of money, he determined to retire to some obscure corner of the island. Providence directed him in his wanderings to North

* This sketch is abridged from a narrative by Milner, the Church historian.

Ferriby, in Yorkshire. Being delighted with the situation of the place, he lodged at a public-house, and continued there about a year, unknown to every one. He caused in the neighborhood various speculations, but was generally supposed, as was really the case, to be a person hiding himself from his creditors. His moral conduct, however, appeared not at all reformed; he frequented every fashionable vanity as far as he was able. He was, indeed, abstemious in the use of liquors; but this, he has since owned, was the effect of necessity, on account of his health. In other crimes, however, he was so notorious that few who had any regard for their characters would dare to associate with him. His conversation was particularly corrupt, and even shocking to some of those who were by no means remarkable for their purity of sentiment. During this time, indeed, he was pretty constant at church; but received no serious impressions till, about the end of the winter, he happened to ask his landlord what advantage the minister received for his attendance at the church to preach on the week-day once a fortnight. Being assured that this was without any emolument he thought, "This cannot proceed from the man's own fancy, nor would the devil instigate him to such practices; it must be the

work of a good spirit. I have hitherto been used to despise him as crazy, but I will attend, and endeavor to understand him the next time." He did attend accordingly, but his thoughts were diverted, and no good effect ensued. The next Sabbath, however, was the time when it pleased God to send the arrows of conviction into his soul. The subject of the discourse was the last judgment. He heard for himself, and was so affected that the scene appeared to be realized before him. In the distress which was now brought upon him he could not conceal his emotions, and that night he was unable to sleep, through fear. For six weeks after this he labored, prayed, read, meditated, and was alive for eternity. The country all around was astonished at the outward change which had passed upon him. He gave up all his former evil practices, could no longer bear vain company, and affected solitude and retirement.

At the end of six weeks he made his case known to me, in the presence of several others. The emotions of his soul on this occasion were past all description. His words conveyed very strong ideas, but his looks and gestures much stronger. His abhorrence of himself for sin was very remarkable. I never saw in any one more vehement longings for *the grace of Almighty God,*

as he expressed himself. He declared that neither loss of money, nor anything else, affected him in the least. He said he saw from the Scriptures that he who believeth in Jesus hath everlasting life; but then he thought he must first get his heart softened. That notwithstanding he had labored for softness of heart, *his* was more flinty than any one's; that he had been so vile, he feared God would not hear him; that he had formerly, in a dangerous illness, made a strong resolution to be good, but was so far from keeping it, that he had grown more hardened than before; that he had now reformed, indeed, from his gross practices, but was certain a change of heart was necessary; and, till he obtained that, all his outward reformation would signify nothing. To love God heartily was what he aimed at, but was at a loss how to perform it. These and many other affecting things he uttered with many tears, and with a pathos beyond expression. I could not but remark in him, as in all who turn to God, a very strong propensity to self-worthiness. I endeavored to fix his thoughts on the love of God in Christ to sinners; and it was with difficulty I could engage his attention to this, so much was he taken up with thoughts concerning the acquisition of love to God, in order to procure his favor. It pleased

God at length to give me the liberty of uttering, and him the spirit of attention to the latter part of 2 Cor. v. I represented to him the source of all his sinful practices in the corruption of his nature, and endeavored to lay before him God in Christ, as beautifully described in that passage; and in a solemn manner, in the name of God, invited him to be reconciled to God, since it appeared to me that both God and he were desirous of being reconciled to each other; God from his own book, and he from his words and behavior. He left me for a little time to pause in reading the chapter twice over by himself. On his return, how amazed were we to find the sudden alteration. He said he had now attained that particular softness of heart, and love to God, which he had wanted; that it was the view of God in Christ which had given it him. He was sure that the Holy Ghost had revealed the redeeming love of Christ to his soul; that he was now completely happy; that he had been on a wrong track, and never saw the way till now. The fear of wrath being now quite gone, he loved God more than he could express.

During this scene, the story of the woman in the seventh chapter of St. Luke, who had been forgiven much, being mentioned, he was in such

a joyful rapture as exceeds the power of language to describe. All the graces of the new man, by turns, showed themselves in his discourse and behavior. I never had so strong an idea, from any human description, of a sweet filial fear of offending a reconciled Father, as from his conduct on this occasion. His knowledge of divine things amazed me. Not a hint could be started, but he understood and improved the thought before one had time to explain it; and many of those observations which are usually made by sound divines on vital religion, he now uttered with astonishing clearness and heartfelt power.

All this was the more wonderful, as he could not be supposed to be much acquainted with religious books, and knew very little of the Bible.

The next morning, being Sunday, he came to me, and told me how he had been filled all the night with joy.

Mr. Howard now, for several weeks, continued in the same frame of love and joy. He would not willingly talk on any subject but divine things. He was always exhorting others, and praying for them most affectionately. He took private lodgings, being no longer able to bear the disturbance of a public-house. On occasion

of seeing a corpse in the grave, he declared he wished much, if it were God's will, to be in that corpse's place, that he might see his Jesus. He wrote letters to his former companions in wickedness. In short, his whole life was devoted to God and to his Redeemer.

He had all along been full of joy, when, on a sudden, he was tempted to disbelieve the Scriptures, by an imagined contradiction in the different accounts of the two thieves who were crucified with our Lord. The divine wisdom by which he was enabled to overcome this temptation was remarkable. He felt himself perfectly helpless. He went to bed in heaviness, but committed the matter to God in prayer, and endeavored to take no notice of the suggestion. In the morning it was gone, and he recovered his wonted peace.

Mr. Howard's residence among us, after his conversion, though not constant, yet gave us large and frequent opportunities of discovering his spirit and temper. Those who rejoiced at the change, and those who were displeased, (for there were those who were displeased,) each had an opportunity of observing whether it was some transient notion which had seized his imagination, or a solid abiding alteration, which made him quite another man.

I have seldom seen a more affecting proof of human depravity than in the language of some at the time of his conversion—that it was only a sudden fit of religion; he would soon return to his old practices. Their malignant wishes were, however, disappointed. He lived for years a shining exemplar of every Christian virtue, and had time to give us the most convincing proofs of the solidity of his conversion. I am aware of that rant and hyperbole which are the usual rocks of panegyrists. I hope to avoid them in this narrative, and to say, not what a warm imagination, or the effusions of friendship, may dictate, but what the severe laws of historical truth require. After all the abatements which the most severe critic may make to my supposed partiality, it must be allowed, by every one who knew him, that his religious joy was extraordinary; that his fear of God was very exemplary; that his faith, both for things spiritual and temporal, was of the most lively nature; that his charity was uncommonly fervent and steady; and that, in genuine humility of soul, he was an edifying pattern to the Church of Christ.

Mr. Howard for a number of years—till toward the eve of his life—lived in a state of joyful communion with God. Not a day passed, as he told me, without some exquisite taste of

heavenly bliss. He could scarce dress himself, in a morning, with sufficient haste, so eager was he to pour out his soul in thanksgiving to him whom his soul loved. His delight in public worship was, I am well assured, little less than rapture; his whole soul was exerted in it. His assurance of divine favor continued unclouded and vigorous long after the first impressions were gone off. His love of God, in his word and in his providence, appeared to be the result of a new taste and spirit; and he so naturally and freely indulged it, in every company and conversation, that any one might see his heart was always set on things above, while his body was here below.

That which particularly demonstrated the solidity of his joy, was the spirit of thanksgiving with which it was accompanied. Wonder, gratitude, and love, were the constant effusions of his soul whenever he spoke of the Most High. His language was a continued series of blessing and praise, and that not in a formal manner, but with a spontaneous ease and liberal dignity of mind, as occasions and circumstances offered. I remember once walking with him in Hull: when he observed the hurry of business, and multitudes of people employed in it, he broke out into this ejaculation: "O what a family has

our God dayly to provide for!" This is one instance of that spirit by which he was constantly influenced, and of that joy in God which was ever breaking out in reverential admiration of the divine perfections.

His godly fear was no less evident than his joy in the Lord. It is remarkable that in the accounts which we have of the primitive Christians, converted under St. Peter's first sermon at Jerusalem, it is said, "Fear came upon every soul." Acts ii, 43. This, I apprehend, was a very distinct perception from that compunction and remorse with which they were seized at first, and which is described by their being "pricked in their heart," and saying to the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Whatever distress might attend this sensation, it was effectually removed by the joy of faith and the comfort of forgiveness, and left only in their souls a filial, reverential fear, which had no torment, 1 John iv, 18—was consistent with the sincerest love, and preserved them in a state of son-like obedience. Amid the overflowings of his joy he retained a constant fear of sin, and particularly of that sin to which he was most exposed—I mean spiritual presumption. His constant remembrance of what he had been, and still might be if left to himself, had an evident tend-

ency to preserve all his affections in their due equilibrium, and to temper his joy for the distinguished favors which he had received.

The strength and simplicity of his faith in God deserves also a distinct consideration. How this divine principle, the root and the instrument of all that deserves the name of virtue, operated in the production of his peace and joy, has been amply disclosed already. I would now consider it as a practical principle, diffusing itself over the whole of the Christian's conduct, and disposing him to exercise an unreserved confidence in God, even in the most trying circumstances. It is certain that the true secret of a happy life is to make everything we meet with an exercise of our dependence on the Son of God. As by faith alone the Christian is first made happy in the consciousness of divine peace and favor, so by the same principle, universally extended, he receives every good thing. While others depend on their own understandings, contrivances, and works, for happiness, he only trusts the Lord for everything, and as he trusts he finds the event to be. And to preserve this lowly, self-denying frame of faith, is of infinitely more consequence than to grow in doctrinal accuracy of knowledge: though this, if its ends are holy, deserves to be cultivated; for a man may contend earnestly for the faith as

a system of doctrine, who is an entire stranger to the exercise of it in the heart. Did we more closely examine ourselves from time to time—"Do I rely on the Lord in this or that particular? am I going continually out of myself, to receive of his fullness?"—we should feel more powerfully the importance of this distinction; and faith in God, the singular, but much despised principle of a Christian, being brought into our whole conduct, would keep us under continual impressions of the divine perfections; would endear Christ to us perpetually as a Saviour; would mortify all that self-sufficient and self-righteous pride which is so contrary to its nature, and would be accompanied with the sincerest integrity of manners, and the most genuine exemption from the spirit of the world.

Such, I have abundant evidence for saying, was the life of Mr. Howard. He knew well the force of that Scripture: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Rom. viii, 32. His calamitous and involved circumstances had, doubtless, brooded over his heart, and embittered his spirit with many a deep corroding care; but, after his heart had found peace in Christ, he was enabled cheerfully to leave all his affairs in the hands of a

gracious Father, and he passed through such scenes of distress and perplexity as would have saddened any heart that was unacquainted with God. He felt God was with him, his sure Friend and everlasting Portion. He could trust him in every exigency, and he was never disappointed. His little pittance of earthly support, from some relations in Ireland, was providentially continued to his death; and his experience afforded, even in temporal things, the truth of that Scriptural adage: "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

What remains concerning the manner of his death shall be said in a few words; for the extreme languor into which he fell deprived him of an opportunity of showing that which, in disorders that admit of more vigorous intervals, he doubtless would have done. Finding himself rapidly decaying, he wrote to his daughter, then in Ireland, a letter, which he desired might not be transmitted to her till after his decease, in which he expresses, among other things, the strongest confidence of his expectation of being soon called to his Father's house. Very soon after he was seized with slumberings, and continued increasingly in this state till his death; yet he gave very strong proofs where his heart was amid all this debility. A friend of mine

asking him if he had anything to say to me, he uttered a very pathetic wish for spiritual blessings to be showered on my soul. He was observed amid his slumberings, at times, to sing hymns, and, a very little before his death, expressed his grateful wonder that God should ever take notice of such a rebel as he was. The last time I saw him, after waiting some time in the room while he remained insensible, he suddenly opened his eyes, and looked seemingly with some peculiar meaning at me. I told him he would soon go to Jesus; to which I heard him distinctly answer, "I hope I shall."

And a little while after he was called to his eternal rest, March 2, 1689.

RECOVERY FROM INTEMPERANCE.*

It is now more than eleven years since I was plucked as a brand from the burning. When very young I often had serious impressions, which continued until I was in my twentieth year, and then I sought the Lord day and night for several months, until at last I was willing the world should know that I was seeking the salvation of my soul, and was willing that the reproaches that the world casts on religion should rest on me, for God spoke peace to my poor heart, and I was made to rejoice.

My mother wept for joy when the tidings came to her ears; and had I only been faithful to God I should have saved one of the best of

* This remarkable case of recovery from intemperance will show that there is hope for the most wretched of men. It is given in the language of the restored man, as best adapted to its purpose. It appeared originally in the Christian Advocate and Journal, New-York, 1835, and was signed "*A Brand plucked from the Burning.*"

mothers many months of pain and grief. But I was unfaithful to God. For about three years I tried to believe that I was a Christian, but the most of that time I only had the form of godliness. I commenced business for myself when but nineteen years old, and as it was customary in those days to use liquor, and the business I followed was hard and laborious, and the men whom I employed expected their grog, as it was called, I formed a taste for it, and after a while I could take my bitters and grog without any difficulty; for I got so that I wanted them in the morning, and then again at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon; but I little thought where they were leading me.

Often did the Spirit of God try to convince me of my danger; but I had a shield against its call, which was, "Old professors do the same."

I was much hurried in business, and neglected secret prayer, and at last I could spend the Sabbath at my boarding-house, which was a tavern, and the most of my time in the bar-room, but not without my conscience accusing me; and sometimes I would feel so condemned that I would get away in some secret place, and try to pray, and promise to reform. But while in this state I received a letter from my oldest brother,

requesting me to pray for him, saying "he believed in the prayers of the righteous." This was like thunder to my heart. "What," said I, "must my brother think of me when he knows that I have left off prayer?" I resolved from that time to try and do better; but my resolutions were soon gone, and my oft-repeated vows broken, until adverse winds began to blow upon me. I owed considerable money, and had money due me. I had just begun to fancy that I should be rich; but one failure after another, and one loss after another, came on me until I could not meet my payments when due, and my creditors showed me no favor. I had writ after writ, and warrant after warrant, and execution after execution, until I was obliged to stop my business and go on the limits. My property was sold for less than half the value, and I found myself involved in debt to a considerable amount. In this state I knew not what to do. I had forsaken the Lord, and almost every man that had pretended friendship to me now treated me with coldness; and the Church, instead of trying to win me back to God, now slighted me. But religion was at a very low ebb in the place, as the best of the professors that I knew did not scruple to do many things on the Sabbath that would, in the State I was raised in, have been

sufficient to have indicted them. But I have no one to blame but myself. I cast no blame on any one.

I might have reformed even then; but instead of reforming, I gave vent to my feelings, and tried to drown my troubles with strong drink. I did not get beastly drunk, nor stagger about the streets; but it was one continual practice every day, and a number of times in a day. I drank; but still I should have shuddered at the idea of being a drunkard. Some of my friends saw my state, and warned me against such a course; however I heeded none of them, but continued my course until at last I threw off all restraint, and after a while made myself believe in the doctrine of universal salvation. I finally got pretty well established in that doctrine, and then my mind became more easy, as the fears of hell were gone, and from that I tried to be an infidel in full, and at times I was so.

I followed this course for several years, until all my relations, except my mother, gave me up for lost. My friends were ashamed of me, and drunkards and infidels were my associates. None but drunkards can tell the feelings of the drunkard, and if you, my dear reader, are on your way to be one, O read this history with

care; for, blessed be God! there is yet hope in your case.

Are you slighted by your relatives and given up for lost? So was I. Have you undertaken to reform, and in a few days got worse than you were before? Do not be discouraged. Try again and again, for I broke a great many promises, and even oaths in this way. O, poor drunkard, my heart is pained for you. I know how you feel in all the stages of your course, for I continued that course until I had come to the gates of death. Several doctors told me if I broke off from drink all at once I could not live, as my life was kept up by the liquor, for when the operation of that was going off I thought die I must. My nerves were much affected. I trembled like a leaf in the wind. My breath was short, my appetite was gone, and I dared not go to my bed without taking some liquor with me.

I was in a business by which with little labor I could furnish myself with as much liquor as I wanted to drink. About a year before I stopped my course I went to see my mother, and she, dear woman, pitied me, and clasped me around my neck, and wept over me. O, the love of a mother! My hard heart was broken. I promised faithfully that I would reform, and I meant

to do so; but how to set about it I knew not. I meant to; I was fully determined to break off by degrees, and made an attempt, and for four or five days I made some progress; but the first I knew I was still deeper in guilt than before. My thirst for liquor was such that I would have parted with my coat for rum sooner than have gone without it. O the feelings, the awful feelings, of the poor drunkard! Who can paint them? They would be glad to reform, but, poor souls, they have lost the power. They stand and reason, and at times will start with the spirit of a man and say, "Am I not a man, and can I not overcome this besetment?"—"Yes, I *can*, and *will*." And then they try their strength, and for a while are masters; but there is that hankering for liquor left, and they reason again with themselves: "I can use a little, and it will do me good;" and the devil tells them that they can do it, and not get back into the old track, but use it for their health. But soon, to their shame and sorrow, they find as did our first parents, instead of being wise and like gods, they are more like devils. O, how often did I fall in this way! and the least trouble I had, I increased the dose. O, what a mercy it is that I am out of hell! While I am now writing, my heart rejoices in the great goodness of God.

After I had conferred with several doctors, and they had told me I could live but a very few months, and some that I could live but a few days, and that when I did die it would be suddenly, and that they should not be surprised if I did not live a week, my feelings were like death; but my appetite was not gone, and I suppose I drank at least three pints of brandy in a day, and sometimes half a gallon. But still I was not staggering about the streets, except in the morning, when I was so weak that I could not walk straight; and I have in two or three instances heard men say, "What! drunk so early?" But by nine or ten o'clock they would think differently; for the liquor would operate to brace the nerves and help me to walk. I now began to think of death, and felt that my time was short. I had relations that were respectable, and their characters were as fair as any, and the disgrace I was like to bring on them gave me pain. I could not bear the thought. I had tried to steel my heart against everything that told me my soul was in danger of eternal damnation; for when I could not hold on to my infidelity, I would fly to Universalism.

But all these props began to fail me, and I concluded that I must be damned; for me to

hope in the mercy of God looked like presumption and mockery. O, how my poor sin-sick soul cried out for help! No one but you, poor drunkard, that art now on the very verge of hell, can tell how I felt when closing my eyes at night. I would take some water to wet my parched throat, and say to myself, "Perhaps before I wake I may be in the torments of the damned, and never taste water again." Yes, I have looked at the water, and as I put the glass to my mouth, felt as though I was drinking for the last time.

Now, reader, you may try to paint my feelings, but you will try in vain. Here I was at a stand. To go forward was death; to stop was death. I thought I had but very little time to consider what to do. To ask God to have mercy on me I dared not, and in this extremity I called to the devil to come and help me. For a while I would have made a league with him; but I called in vain. I was far away from my friends and home, and I came to the resolution to put an end to my life, and know the worst of my state; but this God prevented.

Yes, I was on the point of performing this deed by jumping overboard from a steamboat; but some gentlemen, observing my actions, saw that I was insane, and caught hold of me; or

no doubt, instead of giving a history of the affair to this world, I should have been in the torments of the damned. Glory to God for his interposition, by which I was saved from a watery grave, and my poor soul from the damnation of hell. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Now, reader, I am coming to that part of my history where I resolved to do better. I had often come to this resolution, but not as I now did. Liquor had a different effect on me from what it had before. I was miserable all the time, both day and night, and at times I was delirious. I saw no peace. My poor soul was troubled, but for what I hardly knew. I increased the quantity of my drink, and several times to that degree that I was helpless and senseless.

O what a mercy it is that God kept me alive! I wonder—yes, it appears a miracle to me—that I did not die; for I thought I had taken enough to kill four or five men. But still the blessed Jesus was seeking me, and not willing to give me up. O the boundless mercy and love of Jesus Christ! Well might I adopt the language of the poet and say:—

"O to grace how great a debtor
Dayly I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee."

I came to the determination while I was under the influence of liquor, that I would drink no more. Yes, when I took the last drink of rum, I said, "Now I have done, and in a very little time I shall die, and I deserve to die;" but if death was all, and when this poor body should lie a lifeless lump of clay, that was my end, death would have been a welcome messenger; but there was a dread of future evils.

The first night I slept until about daylight in the morning, as I had taken a good dram, as I called it, to wind up on. I arose, and was weak and trembling. The first thought was of my vow made to stop. I walked about until breakfast was ready, but not without being tempted to drink. I almost yielded to the temptation, but thought I would try to eat my breakfast without, and take a cup of coffee. My hand trembled so that I could scarcely hold my cup. I drank one cup of coffee, but could not eat. I arose from the table and walked out. Minutes were hours to me. Several times I was about drinking, and then I would stop. My breath was short. I got out of my chair many times, thinking that I never should breathe again. The people asked me what was the matter with me, and told me

I looked like death—that I looked frightful. I told them I was sick, but did not tell them what ailed me, nor how I felt. In this way I passed the first day. Night came on, and I walked out and in until about ten o'clock, and then time came to retire. I was among strangers, and went to bed; but sleep was gone. Several times I got up to breathe, as my breath would stop. I got into a doze several times, and felt as though there were a hundred pins sticking in my flesh. I would take the water I had taken to my bed in my hand, and view it by the lamp I kept burning, and then take a drink of it. O how good it tasted to my parched throat! Then I would say to myself, "Perhaps this is the last water that I ever shall be permitted to drink. I may soon be in hell, calling for water in vain." Then I would try the strength of my infidelity, and say, "There is no God. When I die, that is the last of me. The Bible is all a hoax; there is no truth in it." But then the Spirit of God would again shine in my heart, and I looked back to the hour that God spoke peace to my poor soul, and I was driven from that foundation, and found myself adrift on the fearful waves of despair. Then I would reason for universal salvation, and say, "God is love. Surely my punishment is enough to satisfy him. Every man is

punished here for his sins. Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, and it is his will that all mankind should be saved, and he hath all power. His blood was spilled for all men, and he will save all. I need not fear to die. The power of Christ is above that of the devil; he will save me."

In this way my mind would, for a few minutes, be more easy; but then again it would sound in my ears, "The wages of sin is death;" "And in hell the rich man lifted up his eyes, being in torment;" and the lost are "reserved in chains against the day of judgment, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." And then again I would find myself deprived of every prop. To ask God to have mercy, I dared not; but I still resolved that I would drink no more; I would die sober; and if my wretched death would alarm any one, that they might not come to the like peril, I should be glad. The night appeared to be as long as any year I had ever seen; but at last the light of the morning broke forth, and, as I went out, all nature seemed to mourn.

I had eaten nothing through the day past; I was very weak; and everything I saw seemed to be clad in mourning. People looked like shadows, and sometimes I thought I was among

ghosts, and then I would start at the fearful approaches of death. I tried to take some breakfast, and the people seemed to pity me, and tried to get me to eat; but I could swallow but very little, and what I did made me worse. I walked about in one place after another to find peace: but O how true that Scripture that says, "There is no peace to the wicked!" I suffered many sore temptations that day to drink, and consented many times in my mind before I was aware it was a temptation. The enemy brought new pleas to me that I could harldly resist. He told me, as did the doctors, that I ought to stop by degrees, and then I might live; but I surely would die if I did not drink a little. If I took a little, I might wind off in that way, and then, when my mind was settled, I might seek for religion; but as I was, it was of no use to pray, for it would be presumption for such a poor wicked wretch as I to pray—I must stop gradually, not all at once. This argument had like to overcome me, for I thought if it would put me in the way of salvation I ought to yield to it: for I thought it was from God. But then my oft-repeated vows came to my mind: I saw how many times I had tried to gradually break off, and could not, for just as soon as I drank one glass, I had no more power to resist. Sometimes

I would drink cider or beer, and try to break off on them; but, ere I was aware, I would be deeper in the mire of intemperance than before I tried to stop. When these thoughts came to my mind, I again resolved to die as I was, rather than return to my old course. But O what a day of suffering! I dreaded the night that was approaching; it made me shudder for fear of the consequences that might attend it; but it passed off much the same as the second night had. On the morning of the third day I would have thanked God, if I dared, that I was alive; but I dared not take his name on my lips, nor so much as indulge one thought of mercy from him. This day passed off much the same as the day before, only I felt worse. I had many pains that I had not had before. The fourth night came on, and O what feelings with it! I felt a degree of gratitude that I was out of hell. I dozed a little; but, the first I knew, I would be on my feet, ready to run I knew not where. In this way I spent five nights and days, growing worse and worse.

I thought the second day was as bad as it could be, or that I could not feel any worse than I did; but my feelings were worse than I have language to express. On the fourth day I gave myself up several times to die, and won-

dered, when I came to myself, that I was not dead. But the fifth day arrived—memorable day for me! In the morning, O how I suffered by being tempted to drink. I went to a tavern, and had almost asked for rum. I was so feeble that I could scarcely walk there; and a thought was suggested to me to ask for milk, which I did, and drank about a pint, and was going away, when the landlord called me by name and said, "Take a little bitters; you look like death: are you sick?" "Yes, I am sick," said I. "Well," said he, "take a little bitters; it will make you feel better." But I refused; and how I hardly know; for the temptations were such, and my feelings such, that I could hardly resist, for I believed that it would make me feel better, and my agony of body and soul together was about to overpower me. I was about to tell the landlord my vows; but then I was afraid that I should break them, and my hell would be the worse. So away I went. In the afternoon of this day I had such feelings as I cannot describe. God had begun to shine in my heart, and show my wretchedness more than I had at any time seen before.

I saw the justice of God in my damnation. I stood on the very verge of hell. My poor distressed soul began to prepare to leave its clay

tenement. Several times I fainted—but all alone I came to myself again—and what was it to see and feel? O how my poor fallen spirit sought for refuge from the wrath of God! David says he felt the pains of hell; but if ever a poor fallen being was allowed to feel the pains of the damned, I was. Something seemed to whisper, "Pray;" but that looked like mockery, and made me more miserable: for it appeared to me that God could not be just and pardon such a wretch as I was. Now, dear reader, you may think you have a frightful picture; but I tell you that there is as much difference between the picture drawn and the feelings I then had as there is between a shadow and the substance. But finally the Spirit of God pleaded with me to pray so often, and so powerfully, that I resolved to begin. I commenced, and my prayer was, "O God, have mercy on me, the worst of sinners. Save my poor soul from the damnation of hell." I prayed aloud—and when I had got to the house where I stopped, I fell down on my knees in the middle of the floor, and prayed with all my strength.

The people tried to stop me, and said I was crazy. I told them I was not, but I stood on the very borders of hell, and my poor soul before the next morning would be shrieking in tor-

ment. I tried to get them to pray for me, but none of them had ever prayed in their lives. They became alarmed, and were about to send for a doctor. Some of the neighbors' children were sent; one ran one way, and another another; but I, like the blind man by the wayside, cried the louder for mercy. I spent the night, the most of my time on my knees, praying for pardon; but just before day, by much persuasion, I went to bed, fell asleep, and slept until after sunrise.

They asked me how I felt. I told them I felt wretched beyond description. This day, while praying, for the first time I felt tenderness of heart, and wept aloud. They again came around me, saying, "You are crazy;" but I knew better. I had a little more confidence to pray, and spent the most of the day in praying and reading the Bible. I slept more at night than I had for five nights before. I continued to pray for four days and nights, and sought God with all my heart. I came very near making way with myself.

One day I met a professor of religion, and instead of comforting or encouraging me, he almost drove me to despair. He told me he believed God had given me up, and that my doom was fixed; but I do not blame him, as I had so often and so greatly sinned against God; and I

have no doubt that he was sincere in what he said. My own dear brother in the flesh gave me up for lost; yes, my praying brothers and sisters have since told me that they felt as though they grieved the Spirit when they tried to pray for me. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ had not given me up; my dear mother had not given me up. She had made a vow to God never to give me up nor give over pleading with God till he had blessed me. Christ heard and answered those prayers, and sent the holy Comforter to my poor disconsolate soul. Just as the natural sun was setting the Sun of Righteousness arose in my heart, on the ninth day after I forsook rum, and the fourth day after I dared to try and hope in the mercies of God. It is now better than eleven years since, and blessed be God I am still on the way to the kingdom of heaven. My business called me among the world, and I was every day in the week with those that tried for some time to entrap me and get me to drink; but God gave me grace, and I was not overcome. But those that tried to entrap me soon got sly and shunned me for fear of being reproved; for as soon as they began to tempt me to drink, and tell me of our old friendship, and say, "A little cannot hurt you, and I shall think you are offended with

me if you do not drink with me;" I would say, "I know well what our old friendship was, and who our master was; and he had like to have got me shut up in hell. But blessed be God, He hath helped me to break the snare and set my soul at liberty, and his service is so much the best that I will serve him; for the service of God gives me peace of soul, and makes me happy in prospect of a better world." Then I would try to entreat them to flee from the wrath to come, and forsake their cups. Some of them turned to God, and are now in the happy road; but others are on their way down to the gulf of misery, and some have died drunkards, and God hath judged them; so I forbear saying more of them. But those who I was afraid would lead me astray fled from me, for they could not withstand love, and I always addressed them in that manner.

O the boundless love of God to poor fallen man! Who can fathom it? who can measure it? who can tell it? But, bless the Lord! all may feel and enjoy it—yes, bless the Lord! the vilest of the vile may come; for he has made provision for all, or he would have passed by me. If he could save such a hell-deserving sinner as I was, none need despair. Now, my dear readers, and you in particular that are on

the road that I traveled, I entreat you to stop and think before you stir from the place where you are, and see whither the road you are traveling will lead you. You are either on the way to heaven or to hell. If you are not aware, you will take one step too far toward that place prepared for the devil and his angels. One step more may prove your ruin. But you may say that you are such a poor, miserable drunkard you cannot come—you would be glad to reform, but you cannot—you have tried a hundred times, and as often have broken your vows, and are now further from God than before. But stop, poor drunkard. You can reform—you can come to God. Though you have broken a thousand vows, yet God will not cast you off. I broke many—yes, oaths and vows made on my knees before God—but still God had mercy on me. But you say you have no power to resist. Try it. Put some arsenic in your rum, and then see if you will touch it. You can resist it. God will help you to do it.

But perhaps your doctors have told you, as they did me, that if you stop all at once you will die. Do not fear. God will not let you die, if you flee to him with all your heart. Do you feel as though you were dying? So did I. Yes, I thought several times that I should never

breathe again. Now let me say to you, poor, wretched, miserable man, there is yet hope in your case. Bless the Lord, you are out of hell, and the arms of Mercy are outstretched to embrace you.

You may say that you have no praying mother or friend as I had. You may not have a praying mother. Your mother's gray hairs may have been brought down to the grave with sorrow for you, or you may never have had a praying relative; yet be assured, my dear friend, you have the prayers of every sincere child of God. My soul is often in an earnest struggle with God in behalf of poor drunkards. My heart almost bleeds when I see one. O could I help them, how soon I would do it! But you say if you should now reform, you have lost your character—no one would have any confidence in you—the people of God would shun such a poor wretch as you are—they would not believe you if you should tell them you want religion. Do not fear. Go to some pious man and let him know that you want to reform, and see if he will not pray for you and comfort you; and if he should not, what is that to you? Your poor soul is at stake, and if you do not mind you will lose it. Jesus Christ will not reject your plea, although man might do it. I

was told by man that my damnation was sealed. But what said Jesus to me? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and, "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." No, for no reason. You may see many good reasons why God should cast you off; but be assured that for none you can bring will he cast you off. He will receive you, and then by your reformed life you will soon have friends enough that will be friends indeed.

When I obtained grace I owed over one thousand dollars, and had not the value of two shillings to help myself with. I believe I had one shilling in my pocket, and I could not have got credit for a glass of rum before this; but I commenced work, and instead of spending my money for rum, and my time in drinking it, I paid my debts, and in about four years I was able to pay every man. Yes, I established my credit by my life, and now my property is worth over four thousand dollars clear of all the debts I owe. God hath given me not only peace and joy in my heart, and a happy little family that causes my heart to rejoice, when I see them all bow, morning and evening, with me at the throne of grace, but he hath given me of this world's goods; so that I can bless the Lord

I am enabled to make the heart of the poor widow and orphan rejoice. I hold nothing as my own. I am only a steward; and when God says, *Give!* I do it with cheerfulness, and he gives to me peace and joy in so doing.

Reader, if you are not a drunkard, and never was, you have reason to be thankful. You ought to pity the poor drunkard. Many men may, by kind treatment, be reformed. Now fix your eye on one, and use all the influence you have for one year, and see if you cannot make a family happy, and be instrumental in the hand of God of saving a soul from hell. Do not be discouraged by some failures, but be bent on it, and make it the burden of your prayers, and see what God will help you to perform. Surely you can do much. Do not get weary, but use all the means you have in your power, and God will crown your efforts with success. You may think that what you say to the drunkard is of no use—that he is past feeling; but you are mistaken. If you do all you can, though he may make light of it, what you say to him in love he will feel when alone, and will often weep. The most miserable being on earth is the drunkard. He may feel rich while under the operation of liquor; but when that is gone he will feel, and no one knows how he will

feel but himself. His character is gone—he is despised and shunned—he is discouraged, and the least disappointment or trouble will send him to the glass for help; and thus the poor man is hurried on by his own appetite and the devil. But had he friends he might be saved; that is, the most of them. I have often felt as though I would be willing to bind myself to any man that would have undertaken my reformation. Yes, I have gone further than that —I have been on the point of going to the state-prison, and offering to stay there two or three years to wean myself from my cups. I started several times, and once I got in front of the prison, and was about addressing myself to the keeper, when it was suggested to me, "They will think you are a lunatic, and will not pay any attention to you. I might as well try to break off myself. I can, and I will." I would say, "Begin to taper off;" but soon something would come in my way to cross me, and then I would double my dose. O that the poor, unhappy, intemperate men only knew how willing Jesus Christ is to help them, how soon they would make an effort to get to him!

Now, dear man, let me say a few words to you, to encourage you to set out with all your powers for a reformation. You need not think

your case too hard for Jesus Christ, or your sins too many or great for him to undertake your cause. He will not reject your suit. He will hear your prayer. It is the devil that tells you you are too bad to come to Jesus. Though your sins are as scarlet or crimson, you may come. If you are out of hell, blessed be God! the arms of mercy are now open to embrace you. You may yet be happy, and make your poor wife and children's hearts rejoice—yes, your father and mother, your brothers and sisters—yes, and all who know you will feel pleased, even the drunkard himself will be glad; and the Church is ready to receive you with open arms upon your repentance. You may yet be a useful citizen, and an honor to the name you bear.

I said God had blessed me with both temporal and spiritual blessings. Yes, when I embraced the religion of Jesus Christ again I was poor, as I said before—much in debt—my credit was all gone. But now my credit is good, and I will tell you how I established it. In the first place, I resolved not to ask any man to trust me at all if I could possibly avoid it; and in the second place, to save all I could spare from my earnings, and pay every man that I owed as fast as I could. I owed several hundred dollars in

small debts, and these I paid as fast as they called on me; for it so happened that I had the money as fast as they called, and my larger debts I discharged by small payments, until they were all paid. In the third place, I was resolved to be perfectly honest in every sense of the word; on one occasion a merchant's clerk, in exchanging money for goods that I had bought, paid me one dollar too much. I soon found it out, and at once made up my mind to return it. Previous to this I had asked a little credit of the merchant, which would have been a great advantage to me, as I could have finished my work to much better advantage. I had traded with him considerably, and paid the money. But he very politely refused me. I asked him to let me do work for him for goods, as he sold the articles I manufactured; but this he said he could not do, as he had to take work from several persons. As I was going into the store to return the money, the enemy told me that they would think I had done it to establish my credit; but I silenced the temptation by coming to the determination not to accept of credit if offered. I paid the money, and that day they gave me work to the amount of over one hundred dollars, and it helped me much. On another occasion the merchant made a mis-

take in weighing, which made about seventy-five cents in my favor. This I paid; and after that he urged me to buy a larger quantity, and said he would take my note at five or six months, and give me a chance to pay it. I accepted the offer with reluctance, and it was fifty dollars' profit to me. This is the way I started, and I paid at the very time it was due. When I owed and had promised payment, the money was ready at the time, and I did not wait to be called upon for it, but carried it myself. This is the way I have endeavored to do, and ever mean to do.

And another thing: I never undertake anything without asking the blessing of God; and if I feel that I have not the approbation of God, I let it alone. He that told us to ask for our bread day by day, has told us to make all our wants known by supplication and prayer. May the Spirit of God attend this history, and let it have the desired effect on every reader!

Now, reader, if you have relations that are the worst of drunkards, do not give them up, though you have tried a hundred times to stop their course, and have as often been disappointed. Try a throne of grace. God can hear prayer—he does hear prayer, and answers prayer. O what cannot be done by mighty prayer! Your

friends will be awakened—they will be miserable—God will trouble their minds, if you pray in faith. O may God help every one to do all he can to stop the progress of intemperance! and when the whole Church is alive to this subject, rumsellers will be scarce and despised. I do not believe a man that loves God can give his custom to a grocer that sells rum. No; if he will only reflect on the evil that alcohol has done, he will not pass a temperance grocery to buy of a vender of poison that perhaps is about to be administered to some of his near relations.

A "Reformed Tavern Keeper," on reading the preceding sketch, called publicly for the publication of it in a more permanent form. The author, in order to make it more complete for this purpose, published the following fuller details:—

In looking over one of the numbers of the Christian Advocate and Journal, I saw a request from one of your subscribers, calling himself the "Reformed Tavern Keeper," for you to publish in a tract the narrative of a man that had been brought from the lowest state of intemperance, and is now trying to work out his salvation with fear and trembling. I am that man; and as I

have thought it likely the first piece would be published, I have supposed it would be expedient for me to write more, and I submit the following for your consideration. I have tried to excuse myself from it for want of learning. I need not tell you that I am a very poor penman and a worse grammarian, for that you already see; but with a warm heart, and a soul invigorated by the love of God to do good, and try and counteract the evil of my former days, I have taken my pen again to write; and O may the Spirit of the Head of the Church direct my pen and warm my heart, and attend this little history wherever it may go, that it may prove a blessing to the world, and, like the stone from the sling of the shepherd-boy, smite down that Goliath that hath so long defied the armies of the cause of temperance, and cause his blood to run into the earth instead of its being drunk by the deluded sons and daughters of fallen man, to cause them to be a burden even to themselves, and a curse in the world.

There is no being on earth more miserable than the drunkard. Men feel for the heathen world that has not the light of the gospel, and they ought to feel for it; but the poor drunkard is in a worse state, both for time

and eternity, than even the Hottentot or the negro on the sands of Africa. The man that has fallen a victim to intemperance is more wretched than even a prisoner kept in chains in a heathen land, that has been taught to fear God; for in that state he will call on God, and God will hear and answer his prayer. And if he is not relieved of his chains until death, that will break the bands asunder, and his happy soul will fly to rest with God in heaven. While the drunkard feels his chains galling him here, and his poor weak frame trembling, he is deaf to all the calls of mercy, and is exposed every moment to death, both temporal and eternal. When the operation of liquor is gone off, he in a small degree sees himself, and would be glad to reform, but cannot, he thinks. Yes, thousands are exposed in this way, and if they had worlds at their command they would be willing to give them to be put on the same ground that they once stood on; but the devil and their own thirst for happiness has led them on, step by step, until they find that they are caught within the walls of that strong prison, Despair, while very few ever escape when once they fairly get caught in it. They cry and weep, they mourn and try to pray, at times. They resolve and

re-resolve that they will break off. How often does the poor deluded man say, "I will drink no more;" and he really thinks that he shall keep his promise. He means to keep it, and struggles for a while against his appetite. Fearful forebodings are running through his mind. His brain is affected; his mind is distempered; he calls all his reasoning powers to work to assist his escape, but his feelings increase. "What shall I do?" he says. The doctor, the devil, and his appetite say, "You must take a little, and taper off by degrees." He listens, and is glad of an excuse to drink; and if the doctor says he must, he then feels clear to do it, and takes a little, but is still bent on overcoming. He feels better, and takes a little more. His resolutions are all prostrated. He is shorn of his strength again, and soon is worse than before he undertook to reform.

How often does every drunkard make resolutions to do better? It is a very easy thing for a man to resolve to do better; but the thing is to perform. We see many drunkards in our neighborhood and country, and some of them may be our nearest relations—a father, a son, a husband, or a brother. O how it makes us feel, often, when we contemplate their end! It makes us shudder to think of it. We have

talked to them time and again, and they have promised to reform and do better; and at times we have felt encouraged, and thought that they would; but, of a sudden, our hopes have been blasted—we have seen them worse and worse, and bidding fairer and fairer to plunge in misery. Shall we give them up, and let them go on in this way? No! Now I will tell you, my dear reader, something more about my wretched state while I pursued the road to ruin; and if you then say you will give up your friends that are drunkards, although you may have tried again and again, I fear that your hearts are not right in the sight of God. And you, poor drunkard, read with care, and may the Spirit of God help you, by the time you have read these lines, to say, in the strength of God, "I will go and do likewise." If you take this advice, you are as sure of success as of your existence. There was, in my opinion, but one step between me and death. Yes, death eternal as well as temporal. For about five years the operation of liquor was not off of me but a very short time, if at all. In my first sketch you have read the manner in which I began. It was one steady, onward course of intemperance. For the first three or four years my nerves kept pretty strong; but at the latter part of the third year, I began to

tremble and shake as soon as the operation of liquor was off in the least. I drank excessively of brandy every day; but it was not strong enough to keep me steady; and the last thing before going to bed, I had to take a glass of liquor; and as soon as the light appeared in the morning, the first rum-hole I could find open I was in. But O how I felt after I had one nap! The rest of the night I only dozed, and often felt afraid that the devil would come and carry me off before morning: although I was striving to believe that there was no devil, yet I feared one. At the commencement of the fifth year, I had to begin to take some liquor to bed with me, often putting in peppermint or something else, saying to the landlord that I had the colic, or the like, to blind his eyes, for I did not then want people to think I was a drunkard. I have started hundreds of times to reform myself, and often made solemn vows to God that I would stop. Yes, even oaths have I violated. At one time I took a solemn oath not to drink anything stronger than cider for one year. I kept the oath for about six months; but during that time I poured down the cider instead of drinking it. Cider, however, began to be scarce, and I found I should soon have to go without, yet I thought it would not do at all to break my

oath; but the devil helped me to tell a lie to hide my shame. I had said I would not drink any liquor except it was ordered by a doctor. I pretended to be sick. I had a pain in my breast, and I told the doctor, and he said a little good brandy, with some roots he would give me, would do me good, and my appetite would return and I should be better. Then I took it, and thought I had cheated the devil; but the devil had cheated me. At another time I promised God, if he would only still that trembling of my hands and limbs, so that I could get along with my work, that I would never drink any more. That night I was really afraid I should never see daylight again; but in the morning I arose, and, to my astonishment, my hands were steady, the trembling had left me, and I ate my breakfast with a better appetite than I had for months before. I went in this way for two or three days, and began to feel like another man; but I ate some fruit, or something that made it necessary for me to take medicine. The doctor proposed castor-oil, and fixed some in a glass. He put in some gin, and then the oil. I took it in my hand and smelt of it. I knew what it was, and told the doctor I would rather take it in water, or alone; but he said that the gin was best for me. I drank it, but not without such

feelings of soul that I trembled from head to foot. I left the office of the doctor, and O how I felt temptations come on me anew! I lost all power to resist, and in less than one hour I had drunk several small glasses of liquor. O what a mercy it is that I am out of hell! From that time I had to take liquor to bed with me every night. My friends pleaded with me to reform. I would promise to do it, but I had not the power. I began to fail. Large blotches, or sores, came out on my face, so much so that many were afraid that I had the small-pox. In this state I passed day after day; but none but the poor drunkard can tell how I felt. At times I felt as though a thousand needles were stuck in me at once; and when I began to get asleep, all at once my flesh felt as though pins or needles were stuck all over me, and I would increase my quantity of liquor until I fell asleep. Then people said my eyes were open the most of the time, and that I was constantly talking or springing about. It sometimes happened that I had some one to sleep in the same room with me, and they have said that they were afraid to go to sleep, for fear I should die; for they said my breath seemed to be gone for a minute or more at once, and that, when I did fetch a breath, I would scream out and start as though I would

have jumped out of bed. Frightful dreams tormented me while asleep; and when awake, I felt like a devil tormented within, as I said in my former sketch. I began to feel that my end was nigh. I asked the opinion of several doctors about my leaving off drink all at once, for I was well convinced that I could not leave off any other way. But they all said it would be dangerous for me to stop all at once. I should bring on the brain-fever, and fall a victim to death at once. They further said it was death for me to continue in the way I was going; and some of them said they should not think it strange if I did not live one week. They all said I could not live two months longer if I pursued the course I was then going. In this state of mind the information was near proving fatal to me, for I was resolved that it never should be said to my relations, "Your brother or son died a drunkard." My relatives were respectable, and I felt for them. I left New-York on board of a steamboat, with the intention of going to the south as far as my money would carry me, of destroying all my papers that would give any clew to my name or where I was from, and of going by some fictitious name, and then of taking laudanum or brandy sufficient to put me into that sleep from which

I should never wake again; but before we had got to the first stopping-place I became crazy. Men on board have since told me that I told them what I have just stated, and that I said, as no one knew me on board, it was no use for me to go that distance to commit suicide; that I was on the point of jumping overboard just forward of the wheel, and that the man that caught hold of me had to get help to pull me back into the boat. O, what a mercy of God! How near I was then to the lake of fire! I now came to the resolution to die sober, if I could live to get sober. I expected to die. As I have already given many particulars of my history down to the day when God spoke peace to my soul, I shall only tell of some of my feelings that I omitted before, in hopes that if any poor creature undertakes to reform, he will not get discouraged, and fly to his cup for relief. The afternoon that I began to cry aloud to God for mercy, it appeared to me in my delirium that I saw and conversed with what I then thought to be men for several hours. I had retired to the woods, and these men, as I took them to be, used the most awful blasphemy that I ever heard. They kept me there for several hours, hiding from one place to another, until I started on a run

as fast as my poor feeble frame could carry me away, and I looked not behind me until I had got out of the woods into the highway. I expected every moment to be cut down. After I had got out I looked back, and could see them dodging about in the woods, and hear their oaths that I should not see another day. I went to my boarding-place, and they came off into the fields before the house; but no one could see them but me. I went into a bedroom and thought I would lie down; but as soon as I sat on the side of the bed two of them came through the glass window. They then dropped the form of men for that of devils. I screamed aloud, and left the room. One of them came two or three times and blew smoke into my face, and said, "Smell of hell!" It seemed that it would stop my breath the last time it was done. I verily thought I never should breathe again. Whether what I saw and heard was a reality, or imagination, it mattered not to me. I thought it was all just as it appeared to be. I took the Bible from the shelf, and held it as with a death-gripe; but those monsters told me it was of no use for me, for my damnation was sealed, and that that very night I should be among the damned in hell. But that made

me cry the harder for help. At that time I was on the very verge of eternity; I expected to die: my poor soul began to flutter like a bird in its cage, and the clay tenement began to totter, and was on the point of falling. I took a view of eternity, of eternal pains. The pains of hell had got hold of me. Minutes were hours to me.

Now, reader, just try to imagine yourself on the point of leaving the world, and devils standing around you ready to seize your trembling spirit, to drag it down to misery and pain without the least shadow of escape, if you can; and then you will have a little idea of my feelings. At one time my breath stopped, and I fell to the ground for dead, and how long I lay in that state I cannot tell; but when I came to myself I was surprised that I was not dead. I had given up all hopes; but as life was left, like a man drowning I held up my hands for help, and again began to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Then I would open the Bible, and try to read; but the devil seemed to stand at my side, and would read faster than I could, and then interpret it to suit himself. I got some of the family to read for me, but dared not let my hand be off the Bible. At that time I took a

solemn oath on the Bible that I never would drink any more liquor of any kind, nor wine, cider, or beer; and if I did perish, it should be at the foot of the cross, crying for mercy. A voice spoke to me in language the most loving that I ever heard, "No one ever perished there." My soul was filled with love. I was as happy as I before was miserable; but it was for a moment only, and I was again in misery. But I had a little hope of obtaining mercy. The devil seemed not to come within several feet of me any more; but O how venomous he looked at me! and after a few moments some ten or fifteen demons seemed to stand together, and talked so low that I could not understand them; but they would turn and look at me, till at last they gave an awful howl—a noise unlike every other noise that I ever heard—and fled. I could hear them for some minutes, till the noise at last ceased; and, blessed be God! they have not returned again.* That night I spent in praying until near daylight, and by much persuasion I lay down without the thought that I should get to sleep; but I did fall into a sleep, and lay until the sun was up. When I arose, the neighbors had got together, several of them, to see what

* These "horrors" are familiar to medical men who have attended such cases.

strange thing had happened; for the family thought I was a second Faustus, and that the devil would carry me off, soul and body. They were much alarmed—so much so that they dared not leave the house that night. They asked me how I felt. I told them like a devil in torment. Some of them said I ought to be ashamed of myself to act as I did the preceding night, frightening the family; for they seemed to believe that what I did was all to gratify my malice. I tried in vain to make them think differently; but some others believed me, and tried to encourage me.

I had learned that morning that a camp-meeting at Haverstraw was to be kept over Sunday. I proposed to go; but they would not agree to it, for still they thought me to be deranged. They kept a watch over me every time I left the house, for fear that I should commit suicide, or start for the camp-meeting. I walked about seeking for rest or ease of mind, but found none. No, I could not even shed a tear. My heart was hard, and I felt as though I should burst asunder. O who can paint with a pen the feelings of my heart! I was expecting every hour would be my last. My poor soul was crying for help, and, like a bird trying to fly from its pursuer, was fluttering to

depart from its clay tenement, the walls of which were tottering to their fall, and eternity was just at hand. The thought of eternal pains, and the justice of that sentence, was so plain to me that I felt it was my due, and my just reward. The throne of God was clear—I alone was guilty before God. But although I saw it was just, O how my poor fallen spirit sought for help! This was on Friday. About noon I went into the garret, and got in behind the chimney on my knees before God, and there I tried to pray. The thoughts of former days came to my mind. I saw the days of my early youth, the care of a pious mother, the hour of my espousal to Christ, the happy hours I had enjoyed in my closet, the love of God to me, and my ingratitude to him. My hard heart began to soften more and more until the hardness was all gone, and a flood of tears came from my eyes, which were the first that I could shed. I cried aloud for mercy again. The family heard me, and came around me to try and stop me. They said I was surely crazy; but like the blind man by the way I cried the harder, until I was exhausted; yet no relief for me was to be found. I again tried to get some of them to go with me to the camp-meeting, but in vain; and they would not let me be out of sight a moment

after, that day. I slept a little on Friday night, if I might call it sleep; but it was only for a few minutes at once. I came to the full determination, that night, to go to the camp-meeting the next day, at all hazards; but said nothing about it. On Saturday morning I said but very little, but walked out a number of times, some way from the house, and returned, until they got tired of watching me so closely; and then I started through the woods, for I dared not keep the road for fear of being pursued and brought back. Every noise I heard made me start. I was afraid the devil would again come and take me off, soul and body. I ran until I was out of breath and got into a thicket of bushes, for a little while, and prayed again to God to help me to get to the meeting. O what temptations I had while I was going! The devil told me that I was so bad no one would pray for me after I had got there; and that it was of no use for me to go. I had no money; for they had taken my money all out of my pocket, to keep me from going, and I had to cross the North River to get to the meeting. They even said, "When you get to the river you cannot cross without money; and if you attempt it, they will not land you, but take you back again." I was on the point of giving up a number of times; but,

bless the Lord, I did not. A thought came to my mind that a man owed me a few shillings, on the way, and I started for his house. He had no money, he said. I plead with him to borrow it for me. At last he gave me an order for seven shillings on a store; and I took it and gave him a receipt in full, and went with a much lighter heart than before. I presented the order; the man said I owed him three and sixpence, and he would deduct that and give me the balance. I consented, and he gave me three and sixpence, and offered to treat me; but it was no temptation to me. That money was more precious to me than any I ever had before; for it appeared to me my salvation entirely depended on my getting to the assembly of the people of God, and I could not get there without money. It was now night, and I was several miles from the river, and there would be no chance for me to get there that night. The store-keeper observed that something was the matter with me, and invited me to stay all night with him free of expense. I consented, and he invited me to tea—I ate a little.

That night, while kneeling by my bed, praying to God to help me to the meeting, it appeared to me that I ought to pray to God for help then; that I should look to Christ just as I was, and I should be saved. But I thought it was a

temptation, and dared not do it. I have since seen that it was my privilege and duty; but such a great sinner as I was I thought could not come unless he had a great many good men pleading with God for him at once; and I thought for their sakes God would hear me. I have since seen that it is only for the sake of Jesus Christ that he can or will pardon the sinner; and that for his sake he will pardon even the chief of sinners that will plead in the name of Christ, and depend solely on the merits of Christ for help. But I must be more brief.

On Sunday morning I started for the encampment again. I got there a little past twelve o'clock in the day. The first man that I met on the ground was a local preacher. He asked me what I had come for. I told him that I had come to see if God would have mercy on me; but that I feared my day of grace was gone, and that I should be damned. He said he should not think it strange if that was the case, for I was a great sinner, besides a backslider; and that I had trampled under my feet the Son of God, as it were, and he thought it likely God had given me up to believe a lie, to be damned; but that I had best try to pray, for the mercy of God was very great. The man was honest to me; he said just as he thought. He knew

me, and knew of my embracing infidel principles, and I verily believe that he thought my damnation was sealed. He did not know what had happened to me.

What he said to me well nigh proved my ruin. The devil took the advantage of it, and I started into the woods with a full determination to commit suicide. "Now," said the devil, "I told you that they would not pray for you. The Methodists have given you up a long time ago, and they are the last people that will give any one up." It looked all true, for no Methodist that knew my principles had for a year said anything to me of my danger, but all seemed to shun me.

You of my readers that have visited the camp-ground at Haverstraw will recollect a mountain south of the ground. I bent my steps toward that, to try and climb to the top of a ledge of rocks, from which I meant to throw myself down headlong, and dash myself to pieces; but my strength failed me to climb the hill. I then tried to climb a tree, but was too weak. I then took my knife from my pocket, but it was dull. I feared that I could not perform the deed with it if I tried. O my God! what a critical moment this was with me! My guardian angel was on the very point of leaving me. I stood on the brink of eternity; and if angels are permitted to feel for the

woes of those they have guarded, the angel of mercy that had watched me from my infancy up to that period, and had rejoiced at my espousals to Christ years before that period, and had for a few days been watching and guarding me with the expectation of my return to Christ, to see me on the very eve of taking my own life, must have fetched a sigh,—yes, and I have thought was taking his flight when Christ again sent his blessed Spirit to plead with me. The devil triumphed around me, no doubt; but O, blessed be God—yes, glory, and honor, and power be ascribed to him forever and ever—for his interposition at that time. I held the fatal weapon in my hand, felt its edge, and was on the very eve of stabbing the large artery of the neck. I had laid off my cravat and put back my collar; and nothing but the goodness of God saved me. Well may I say, "My enemies were too strong for me; but the Lord helped me." The Spirit of God led me back to the encampment again.

I came to a praying circle, and heard the mourners crying for mercy. I stood and looked on, but felt worse and more hardened. I never had such feelings before nor since. I believe that it was the spirit of the devil; for I felt as though I would have been glad to destroy every one around me. I could hardly keep

from swearing right out at them. But while I stood there, a little boy, about ten or twelve years old, was awakened by my side, and fell down on his little knees, and with streaming eyes looking toward heaven, with one hand on my knee, cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "O God, have mercy on me a sinner, a great sinner." The sight was too much for me. I began to tremble. A young man that loved God saw me, and came to me, and asked me if I did not want religion. I told him I did, but that my day of grace was gone by. He said it was not, and that he was sure God would again accept me, if I would but return to him. I could stand no longer on my feet, and fell prostrate before God, crying for help. I prayed the most of the night and day following, and on the evening of Monday, in the very place where I first kneeled, my burden was rolled off, and my poor troubled heart was again cheered by the lamp of life.

Now let me say to every one that is yet this side of eternity, Though your sins are as crimson or scarlet, the blood of Christ can remove all the guilt and set you free; and to you, poor, despised man, who hath ruined thyself, and hast for a long time given up all hopes of better days, There is yet hope in your case.

You are out of hell—that hell which will be eternal, if you go, perhaps, another step that way. O stop and consider for a few moments. Poor man, you are in misery. All your thirst is for rum. As soon as you awake, your first care is to get your bitters. Your stomach almost heaves as you take it. But you are in misery; you feel that you are despised, and perhaps none you see speak kindly to you, but all shun and despise you. While you have money, the rum-dealer will be friendly to you, or at least make you think so; but when you have no money, you see his friendship is gone. Now, drunkard, my heart bleeds for you. Yet the very worst of you may come to Christ, and without money; yes, bless the Lord! his arms are extended to help you. O come!

I am fully satisfied that the greatest drunkard now in the city of New-York might reform, if he would only use the means God has blessed him with. Now, dear man, stop and let us reason for a few moments on the subject. I say, if you are alive, there is a chance for you to reform and save your soul. But you say that you have often tried, and as often been defeated; and that you have followed a course of intemperance so long that now you cannot stop without causing immediate death. Perhaps your

doctor tells you the same. You tremble at the thought of death; you look around on your friends, if you have any—perhaps a broken-hearted wife, and poor, almost naked children. You are filled with horror at the thoughts of your own and your family's situation; you feel a hell within, and say to yourself, "I am undone, and it is too late for me to reform;" and as soon as the light opens, away you go for your bitters. Instead of providing for your hungry children, the money is spent for rum, or you contract a debt with the grocer, to be paid out of your week's work, that amounts to as much as the bread for your family. When you consider this, you in your heart pity your wife and children; but how often does that woman whom you pledged your vows to God to protect, meet your cruel treatment! Yes, although she is your best friend, yet, while under the influence of liquor, you take her to be your worst enemy. But I do not want to harrow up your mind too much in this way. I said there was a cure for you; and that wife and those children of yours can yet be made happy. Yes, your fireside can yet be made to smile, and you take comfort, and be a comfort to your family, and an honor to your neighborhood.

Now for the cure. In the first place, you must

come to this resolution: *I will never drink any more liquor.* And that is not enough: you must not drink wine, cider, or beer, nor take any drug that will in any way cause excitement or intoxication. But you say, "I have often made such resolutions." Stop—how did you resolve? Your resolutions were good as far as you carried them out. You kept from drink for a while; but you had that hankering thirst left for drink, and you reasoned with the enemy and your own feelings, instead of resisting the temptation. "A little will do me no harm, but good," your feelings say; and the devil will help it on. Now, as often as you thus reason, you are growing weaker and weaker until you fall. But resist the devil and he will flee from you. Use violence with your feelings. Say, and continue to say, "I will drink no more, let my feelings be what they will." You had better suffer a little while here than suffer eternal pain. Do not reason any more with the devil, nor the doctor, nor your own feelings. I am certain you can and will overcome. Hold on. But you begin to feel like death: yes, you think you are dying now; your breath is short and trembling; you feel that you are sinking. But hold on—do not be alarmed at all at that; call on God, in the name of Jesus Christ, for help; and although

you may feel as though the heavens were brass to your cry, yet hope in the mercy of God, and say—and not only say, but feel—that you will die before you will again take one drop. Keep repeating your vow, and call on God for help, and say, "If I do die and perish, it shall be at the foot of the cross." Recollect the voice that spake to me, that no one ever perished there. But you feel worse and worse; strange voices are breaking in on your ear; fearful figures are presented to your vision; you fancy you already hear the howls of the damned; but do not despair. Your friends may call for a doctor, and he will be sure to order you something that will stimulate. Touch it not at your peril. You have come to the worst of it if you are fixed in your mind to drink no more. I told you that at one time I thought I was dead. Yes, I fell to the earth, and how long I lay in that state I know not; but, blessed be God! I am alive yet. Do you say, "How long shall I feel thus?" Perhaps several days; but what are days to years? and what are years to hundreds of years? and what are hundreds of years to thousands and millions of years? and what are thousands and millions of years to eternity? O eternity! who can calculate or reckon it? When compared to time at the greatest extent

we can calculate, it dwindles into a mere cipher, and leaves the astonished mind lost in the calculation. Now a few days of pain are wonderfully grievous. Days and nights appear like months or years. Now you hope for better days; but if you enter the eternal world in your sins, your hopes will be gone; if you yield, you are gone; but if you hold on for a little time, God will give you strength, and those impossibilities will vanish like a shadow. You have not always to undergo such feelings. No, you are near the kingdom; so do not, for your soul's sake, let go your hold, nor reason for one moment whether you may drink or not. I fancy I see you, poor man, now about to halt; but stop, call on God for help, and he will deliver you. I see you have at last overcome. You begin to feel better; you have found relief; you feel like another man; you rejoice that you have overcome; you look back with a shudder to see where you were, but with gratitude of heart to God for your deliverance. Yet do not think the devil is dead; if you do, you will be much mistaken. He is going about seeking whom he may devour. He will attack you again, and in a way that will assuredly deceive you, if you are not very careful: you may be unwell, or exposed to the cold, and in danger of getting sick. In that way the devil

may prompt some of your real friends to advise you to take a little, for they do not know the consequence. But do not forget the charge: you must not reason with friends or foes on that subject. Be firm in your integrity, and be not shaken in it: if you do, you are gone again. Now with me it would be no temptation to drink, if the most skillful doctor in the State of New-York should tell me that I would die in an hour if I did not; for then I would die, if nothing else would save me, for I had rather fall a martyr to my resolution than risk my soul. I fancy I see you now established in faith—you, who but a little time ago was a monster, are now clothed, and in your right mind, and walking in wisdom's ways. O may the Angel of his presence go with you! and though you never in this life know the feeble instrument that God hath been pleased to bless to you, yet in eternity we shall meet; and my prayer is that this sketch may prove a blessing, and not a curse; for if you do not get to heaven, your damnation will be more intolerable for all the invitations you have had. O may the Spirit of the Lord accompany this, and save the poor drunkard from that vortex of misery to which he is fast tending!

A few words to professors of religion and the

temperate, and I close. Much can be done if such will, with one united effort, come up to the help of the Lord against this worst of all evils in existence; for it leads to every vice almost that can be named. You may inquire, What can I do that I have not done? I answer by saying, Set your mind on some person, and labor for the salvation of that soul as you would for gold and silver, or honor and applause, and there will be but little doubt that you will accomplish your end, and save a soul from death. Pray to God to awaken and convince the poor drunkard; and God will do it if you pray in faith, and do not doubt. God will answer your prayer. Do not get discouraged, but be resolved that by love and goodwill to the poor deluded creature you will win him over; and though you have tried hundreds of times, be resolved that you will follow him to the very gates of death and hell, and hedge up his way from ruin if you can. "Be diligent in business," says an apostle; and this ought to be every good man's business, to save poor souls from the damnation of hell, and a hell of misery here; for the poor drunkard has a hell to go to hell in.

But again: you may encourage the cause of temperance by buying of those that do not sell liquor. Our servants and our children are in

danger of being corrupted by sending them to such places; and can you, reader, feel justified in buying of a man that is selling poison to your friends? Look at the misery they have brought on your own relations or neighbors! O look to it, and may God help you to look aright, is the prayer of one that has felt the evils of intemperance, and been saved from the very jaws of death! O consider the subject well! It is a very serious one, and eternity is just at hand. You are, with me, near, very near. One or two days, weeks, months, or years will bring us to our account. The eye of God, as a flame of fire, sees and surveys all our actions. A little sin, as it looks to us, like the worm unseen by Jonah, that destroyed his gourd, will, if not repented of and forsaken, shut us out of heaven. O that God would bless this sketch, although it is feeble, to the awakening up of the attention of both believers and unbelievers to stop the progress of the worst of evils in existence!

H—— G——; OR, A STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE INFLUENCE OF DIVINE GRACE.

THOUGH the grand evidence of those truths upon which our hopes are built arises from the authority of God declaring them in the Scriptures, and revealing them by his Spirit to the awakened heart, (for, till the heart is awakened, it is incapable of receiving this evidence,) yet some of these truths are so mysterious and repugnant to the judgment of depraved nature, that through the remaining influence of unbelief and vain reasoning, the temptations of Satan, and the subtile arguments with which they are attacked by some men reputed wise, the minds even of believers are sometimes capable of being shaken. It is not, then, at all wonderful that persons who are already in love with the world, and desirous of indulging with greater liberty in its delusive gratifications, should be ready to receive principles which promise temporary relief from the remorse of conscience and the restraints of reli-

gious obligation. But there is, perhaps, no better corroborating evidence of the truths of the gospel, than the testimony of such persons, who, through the mercy and goodness of a gracious Creator, are, on a death-bed, brought to see that they have been trampling upon the convictions of his grace, and, by the deceitful workings of the grand enemy of man's happiness, have been induced to believe a lie. At this awful period, the soul being furnished with a view of the transcendent value of an interest in Christ over everything else, and enabled, through the renewed visitation of his love, to experience that sorrow which "worketh repentance not to be repented of," succeeded by an evidence that it is now received into his favor, it is, at such a season as this, qualified to give unquestionable testimony to the truth of those doctrines most surely believed. An instance of this nature will be found in the following account:—

H—— G——, of Philadelphia, was a young woman of extraordinary natural endowments and sweetness of disposition. Her benevolence was in proportion to her power of doing good; and cheerfulness of mind, and easy affability, rendered her an object of esteem and affection to most who knew her.

Happy would it have been for her, if in child-

hood these gifts had been properly cultivated and directed: happy, had they been subjected to the government of that divine principle of light and truth in the secret of the heart, which is freely given to every one to profit withal, and is the "crown of glory and diadem of beauty!" But her aspiring mind could not stoop to the simplicity of the truth. "She stumbled at the *Cross*, and at that *wisdom* which is foolishness with men;" and "the still, small voice" of the "Teacher sent from God" was rarely listened to, and less frequently obeyed.

She chose for her companions the gay and the volatile; the books of her choice were novels, plays, romances, and Paine's Age of Reason; but the Sacred Volume was seldom opened, save to cavil at some parts of its inspired contents. Thus did her reading embrace the doctrines of *infidelity* in all its delusive forms, and her conduct was without hypocrisy, consonant with her faith. She attended no place of divine worship, but spent many of her precious hours at the theater and other similar places. Religious characters were sedulously avoided, and their friendly admonitions disregarded.

Some years were thus unconcernedly spent, when it pleased her Creator to blast her prospects and her health by consumption. Long

did she linger, yet long were her old companions and books the exclusive objects of her attention.

Her situation excited the sympathy of some who were not ignorant of the deplorable state of her poor *soul;* but these *real friends* could find no access to her. The writer of this, however, unburdened his mind to her in a letter, which, he has cause to believe, she condescended to read; and one evening, a few weeks previous to her decease, called at the house in hopes of being invited into her chamber, but was disappointed. He inquired of her mother what was the state of the daughter's mind, now in the prospect of hastening dissolution? Her answer was: "She is quite *resigned* and *willing* to die, and says she don't know that she ever did any harm." The friend replied, that if she rested her hopes of happiness on such *innocence* as this she would be miserably disappointed; and that unless she felt an interest in Christ Jesus, the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, her misery was inevitable; that HE alone was the *mediator* between God and man, and that he doubted not, when she had a proper sight of herself, she would abhor that righteousness in which she now trusted, and in the bitterness of *repentance* would cry out in language like this: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!"

The secret operations of the unspeakable GRACE of the Redeemer, notwithstanding, brought about a new state of things in her soul; she became seriously concerned to know her true situation; requested one who sat by her to bring the BIBLE, and read to her; talked of the awfulness of *death* and *eternity;* asked some questions concerning the *Saviour,* the object of his mission, birth, sufferings, death, resurrection, &c., and grew pensive and sorrowful. Divine light shone, at seasons, on passages of the Holy Scriptures, which now became her only book. She sent for a female friend, to whom she expressed her unworthiness to claim the merits of Jesus, and said, "Dost thou think that such a one as I may hope?" Her answer tended to encourage her to hope, provided she trusted in the righteousness of Christ alone; and after a solemn pause, the friend knelt in supplication by her bedside, and was thus the instrument of much consolation to her.

She now with her whole heart sought Him whom she had "rejected;" she "mourned because of Him whom she had pierced," and he mercifully manifested himself to her longing, almost desponding soul; and therein shed abroad his *light* and *love,* whereby she was enabled to testify of his goodness, "who willeth not the

death of a sinner, but rather that he turn from his wickedness and live!"

A few days previous to her dissolution she sent for the writer of this memoir, who gladly obeyed the summons, and, for the first time, entered her chamber, where he found her supported in bed by her father, and surrounded by her weeping relatives. On seeing him, she said, "Dear ——, how I did want to see thee! I know thou wast always my friend." He replied that he had felt much interested for her, and was glad of the present interview. "O!" said she, "I have been eager after knowledge, but have neglected the *only true knowledge.*" "Yes," answered he, "thou hast neglected the only *mean* of obtaining substantial knowledge, namely, CHRIST JESUS, who is the *way,* the *truth,* and the *life,* and who came to seek and to save, not the righteous, but *sinners.*" "Ah!" replied she, "I have been a sinner, a great sinner; how have I misspent my precious time; how have I wasted my talents, which should have been improved to the glory of God; and can it be that he forgives such a sinner as I?" On her friend repeating the declaration, "Thy sins and thine iniquities will I remember no more," and observing that his promises are *yea* and *amen,* she exclaimed, with all the fervor of

which her sinking frame was capable, "He is not a man that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repent; is he, dear father?" turning her face toward her weeping parent, while love beamed from her languid eyes. "What a dear Saviour! Is he not, dear friends?"

There was a sweet serenity which made her emaciated countenance appear lovely, and her endearing expressions to all around her evidenced the change within. A solemn stillness followed, when the writer was bowed in vocal supplication and thanksgiving in her behalf. She shortly after bade him a last farewell, in the mutual expression of a hope to meet again where the tempter cannot enter; where sorrow and sighing shall cease, and we shall no more say, "I am sick."

A very intimate female friend of hers, in whose arms she expired, has favored the writer with the following interesting particulars:—

The great change that was now evident was truly wonderful, and it might be said as of old, "Stand still and see the salvation of God;" for not much of *human* agency appeared to have been the cause of such extinction of self-righteousness, such unbounded love, such humble hope and confident faith in a dear Redeemer. Such a tender concern had she for her brother

and sisters, that she repeated her dying injunctions in the following manner: "My dear sister E——, attend to my dying words; perhaps I never shall speak to thee again. Be kind and obedient to thy dear father and mother; do not, I charge thee, neglect going to meeting. O that I had not neglected it so much! Do n't do as I have done, my dear sister; put off gay clothes, and dress plain. What are the gayeties of a fleeting world, a dying hour can best show. Do all thou *knowest* to be right; we oftener err from *neglecting* what we *know* than *not knowing*. Do not forget what I have said to thee at this awful moment; let it have weight when I am gone."

She was now much exhausted; her cough was almost incessant; yet, in the most severe suffering, she said,

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Then putting her arm, as well as her weakness would permit, round her friend's neck, she said, "Do not, my dear friend, weep for me: I am going to *my* Father and *thy* Father's house. We have had many pleasant hours together in this world. I was long a wanderer, but I trust we shall meet in that pleasant land of rest, to part no more." She then asked to hear the

12th chapter of Luke read, many passages of which afforded her subject for rejoicing, even in the extremity of pain; especially that one which begins, "Behold the lilies how they grow," &c. She said, "How consoling! how soothing! how have I lived so blind to the beauties, the excellences of *this blessed book!*" laying her hand on it as she spoke.

After an interval of most distressing convulsive coughing, in which she appeared departing, she revived, and desired to see her brother, to whom she thus addressed herself:—"My dear brother, I wish once more to speak to thee before I die. Wilt thou remember all I have said to thee when I am laid in the grave? Thy time, I know, is much occupied; but thou canst go to meeting on First-day afternoons. Use the plain language, and do not follow the evil course of those who live only for this world. Obey thy dear parents in all they desire of thee; they never will ask thee to do anything but what is for thy advantage. Be a kind brother to thy sisters: O! always live in unity with them, and, my dear brother, *never forget that thou must one day die;* prepare for it in season; do not let thy last hour come as a thief in the night. I have had a sore trial, but my hope is in Him in whom is no change. Dear brother, do not put it off as

I have done; let me be a warning to thee to begin early to seek the true Friend of sinners, the sure help in time of need. Dear, dear G——, remember what I say, when this hour shall be passed. I have loved you all dearly; but O how manifold is my love increased for you now! how much better I love all my kind friends and the whole world than when in health. The hour of *death* is an *honest hour*." She was again much exhausted; but her least sister coming into the room, she desired to have her brought near her, and clasping her arms around her, thanked her for giving up so much of her time to her during her illness, and said, "I know the Lord will bless thee for it; thou art an innocent good girl now; O mayest thou always remain so! Dear L——, farewell, farewell! Remember thy sister."

She then desired to hear the 5th chapter of Matthew, and the words, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," were a balm to her mind. She said, "I have obtained mercy; I cannot deceive myself now. Although I went from my blessed Saviour, his mercy never left me." Many other parts of the Holy Scriptures had her attention, even in the severest pain; for although her body was wasted to the extreme, yet did her mind retain its

strength and clearness, and even increased in vigor as it approached the moment of final freedom.

She spoke much at intervals of comparative ease; thanked her friends for all their kind attention to her; and one remarking that it was an advantage to be with her, she said, "How thankful I am that I can be of use to any one; it makes dying more easy to think I am permitted to do a little good, and very little it is. Have I not come in at the eleventh hour, and can I presume to take the wages of the whole day? But the blessed Lord of the harvest did freely give it to as great an idler as I. O how wonderful are the mercies of the blessed, lowly Lamb of life! All unworthy as I am, I yet will trust my all with him."

Her pain now appeared very grievous, and her departure at hand. What she suffered, she said, was beyond expression, but she would endeavor to be patient. A friend said she thought she could not suffer much more. "O!" said she, "that is pleasant tidings; but I will try to bear all; the Lord of life bore with me long, very long." She often said,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers," &c.

She asked her mother if she thought she had anything more to do. "Tell me *now*," said she, "my strength will soon be quite gone." The friend in whose arms she had, from the beginning of her serious illness, expressed a wish to die, she now desired to support her. "I will soon cease," said she, "to trouble my dear friends, and this is the greatest favor and the last I shall ask of thee." It was now about seven o'clock in the evening, and her friend sat behind her, not thinking her change quite so near. She still continued in that sweet confiding spirit; still, amid her severe agonies, expressed that fullness of love which had been so great the last few days; and her friend observed her lips move, and could hear, at intervals, words, as if in earnest prayer. She motioned to be raised up, which was done, and she faintly whispered, "Farewell, dear M——, again farewell. I shall soon be at rest in Jesus." Her weeping friends now thought her gone; but she that held her, subduing her own emotion as much as possible, motioned them to be silent. Again the dear saint revived, and her mother thought perhaps she had but swooned, and brought her some water. She said, "No, dear mother, no more drink in this world;" but wetting her lips with her own hands, to the surprise of her relatives

and friends, repeated softly the following prayer, as nearly as could be recollected:—

"Come, blessed Jesus, O come, and receive a poor penitent wanderer home! Blessed Jesus! thou bleeding, dying Lamb, O come!—come with thy banner of salvation, and receive my departing soul! O receive it to thy holy habitation, where it shall find peace and rest! And O, thou God of love, pardon all my transgressions against thee, and remember my sins no more! Be with me in this my hour of sore trial; shorten my sufferings, Heavenly Father, if it be thy blessed will. Yet I will try to be patient until my appointed time. Come, support me with thine outstretched arm of love, and enable me to say, Not my will, but thine be done. Of thy manifold mercies forgive all my shortcomings, blot out my many sins, and let my name be found written in the Lamb's book of life. Come, blessed Jesus, give me the white robe; O give me the white robe, and be with me through the deep waters! O make them shallow until I have clean passed over! Dear *Jesus*, forget me not, nor leave me while in the dark valley of the shadow of death. Let the light of thy countenance shine upon me now and forever. O come, dear Jesus, come! Take my departing spirit to thy holy habitation, those man-

sions, many mansions, in my Father's house. Come, dear Jesus, come—receive my—departing spirit—receive—my—receive—my—my—soul."

After this exertion she sunk on the bosom that supported her dying frame. It was now ten o'clock, and, to the view of those present, she seemed to expire without a sigh; but, as if she had just beheld the glorious haven of rest, and still in the spirit of pure love for her friends, wished to comfort those who wept the privation of her society, (for she was in her life very pleasant to many,) she once more opened her eyes, and with a smile of celestial radiance passing over her fixed features, said, very faintly, "Happy, happy, O how happy!" and when she perceived she was understood, breathed no more. It is not in words to express the solemnity of such a scene. It was as if the portals of heaven had opened to our view, and we had seen our loved friend enter the abode of happiness and peace. Long, long may the impression abide with all who were present, and be remembered as a monument of the unbounded love of Him who is the salvation of the world. Her decease occurred the 13th day of the 12th mo., 1816.

PERFECT PEACE EXEMPLIFIED

In the Religious Experience of

MR. JOHN WARREN HOWELL.

The following case, taken from a work recently published, entitled "Perfect Peace," &c., by the Rev. David Pitcairn, is an instance of conversion where character had been fully developed, at a comparatively advanced stage of life. It is that of Mr. Howell, who was born at Bath, in the year 1810. Possessed of uncommon vigor of intellect, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge, he made remarkable progress as a medical student. At the conclusion of his studies he commenced practice in his native town, and soon attracted the notice of many eminent men by his public lectures and contributions to various scientific journals. His mind had been cast in a noble mold. He was richly endowed with those high mental qualifications which constitute the true philosopher. There was not only much that was purely intellectual, there was also about him a moral loveliness that greatly elevated his

general character. His conduct was blameless in the sight of men. The refinement of his mind, and his extreme delicacy of feeling, made vice odious to him. He had at heart an abiding theoretic reverence for the Divine Being, and he conscientiously professed belief in a revelation. Some might have been prepared to pronounce him to be all that was needful to render him an object of God's complacency. The case is, therefore, a most valuable one, as it shows us how much had yet to be done, and how different mere *respect* for religion is from an *experience* of it. Mr. Howell *practically* forgot God; the fear of God was not before his eyes; the love of God was not in his heart; the glory of God was not the object he had in view, nor the end at which he aimed; the day of holy rest, which God had set apart for his own special service, was desecrated by secular occupations; the public worship of God was seldom attended, and family worship was not thought of; the welfare of his immortal soul was overlooked; the great concerns of the eternal world were neglected. This is no exaggeration. It is the substance of his own tearful confession on a dying-bed. He made no profession of religion: he was too honest to profess what he did not feel. God, however, had his eye on him. Symptoms of

consumption began to manifest themselves, and he was induced to visit Torquay in the hope of recovery. Here he was introduced to a circle of pious friends, and thus the subject of religion was brought prominently under his notice. His health improved, and he once more resumed his professional duties. In a few weeks, however, he again became worse, and was obliged to return to the place where he had formerly been benefited. Business detained Mrs. Howell some days behind him; and, when she did arrive, she found him in a state of great uneasiness, from the apprehension that his death was drawing nigh. That evening, after his wife had read a portion of Scripture to soothe and comfort him, he asked her to pray with him. This request took her by surprise. She was unaccustomed to pray aloud, and felt obliged to decline. "Then I must do it myself," said he; and he did pray with her, which he had never done before. He was in distress, and felt that God was his only refuge; he felt that prayer was more than a duty—it was a privilege. On Sabbath morning Mrs. Howell went to church, and it startled her to hear the name of her husband read out as a sick person desiring the prayers of the congregation. He had written a note to the minister to that effect. Everything now indicated

that Mr. Howell was in earnest. He read his Bible with a wish to understand it; while his correspondence and conversation with friends partook much of a religious character. Partial recovery, followed by relapse, filled him with great distress; and he could now only look to God and cry for mercy. The Rev. Mr. Pitcairn paid him frequent visits. He found him alive to the importance of salvation; but he did not seem to have an experimental knowledge of that *one* way of a sinner's acceptance with God, which the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ reveals. He was urged to rest his hopes on Christ alone. This he complained he could not do. He confessed it was what was right, and what he indeed desired—but he could not believe; and he felt himself without comfort, because he was without hope. It was manifest, however, that he was an earnest and anxious inquirer after gospel truth. He spoke with great kindness of the Christian friends who had visited and instructed him. He confessed that his understanding went along with their statements, but that his heart remained untouched. Was there not need for the Holy Spirit's work here? His teachableness was very striking. There was no disposition to start objections, nor any of that captiousness which one has so often to encounter in

dealing with men of talent. Another day, on entering his bed-chamber, Howell flung out his arm and grasped the hand of his faithful spiritual instructor with a cordiality that intimated how thankful he was for the visit. But he could not speak, and his fine countenance was expressive of inward agony. It was quite an appalling spectacle. "I silently gazed upon him for a minute or two," says Mr. Pitcairn, "and then said: 'God is our refuge in every time of distress and trouble. Before we attempt to converse we had best cast ourselves on God.' During the prayer it was very affecting to be continually interrupted with his whispered 'Yes, yes; Amen, Amen.' We were very earnest in our supplications; and, while we were yet speaking, it happened to us, as to Daniel of old, that God heard and answered. Indeed, I never was so sensible of an immediate answer to prayer."

When prayer was over, the dying man was able to speak. He acknowledged, that after the former visit of Mr. Pitcairn he had experienced the purest happiness. The excitement, however, had debilitated his frame; and amid this weakness of body, "a cloud of horrible darkness," as he described it, had enveloped his mind. He could not believe anything. The truths which had been the joy and rejoicing of his heart van-

ished from his hold like unsubstantial shadows. This had been connected with deep convictions of sin. As his wife sat by him, endeavoring to administer comfort, he had exclaimed: "O, I have been a great sinner!" and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This was, no doubt, a preparatory process, in order to show him his own sinfulness in the sight of God, and to give him a more thorough appreciation of the "great salvation." Conversation upon the leading doctrines of the gospel was the means of restoring his mind to its former calmness. On another occasion the subject of conversion was discussed; when he said, in reference to himself, "I do feel that a great change has taken place." From this acknowledgment his progress in the divine life was most marked. By day his time was spent in religious conversation, reading the Scriptures, and other religious exercises; and by night his waking moments were spent in sweet meditation. One day Mr. Pitcairn compared the blessed alteration in his religious state to that of the groveling grub which has become a winged insect. He had burst the shell and escaped from a chrysalis condition; his soul, now emancipated from the dark prison-house of ignorance and unbelief, was soaring above sublunary things, on the newly-expanded wings of

faith and hope. This idea charmed him exceedingly, from his peculiar fondness for natural science. He said it was a beautiful idea, and he rocked his head on the pillow, and almost wept with delight. About three weeks before his death he again relapsed into a state of deep spiritual apprehension. Upon Mr. Pitcairn calling, he said: "I know that doubts *will* spring up unbidden, even when I am endeavoring to repress them." In allusion to a tract that had been left him, entitled "The Bliss of Heaven," he said: "I see that to be with Christ, or to have Christ with us, is heaven. The place where is of inferior moment. But I cannot subdue a continually rising idea that it is premature in a person like me to entertain the hope of this bliss. All my former pursuits have been so exclusively of a worldly character, and my whole life has been marked by such forgetfulness of God, and indifference to the salvation which is by our Lord Jesus Christ, that I wish for your opinion whether I am not deceiving myself in this matter." Mr. Pitcairn looked at him with earnestness, and said: "Do you, as a poor perishing sinner, really believe from the heart in the Lord Jesus Christ?" "O yes," he replied, and appeared somewhat surprised at the question being put. "Are you sure you

are not deceiving yourself in this? Have you *the consciousness* of believing in him and trusting in him, as the Son of God and Saviour of sinners?" "I am perfectly conscious of doing so. I am as conscious of believing in Christ as I am of being alive." "Well, then, my dear friend, it is your faith in Christ, which the grace of God enables you to exercise, that gives a relish for the bliss of heaven. Whenever he gives us grace to believe, it cannot be *premature* to hope for what is promised and provided. And there must be a turning-point in the history of every man who is brought out of the darkness of his natural condition into the marvelous light of the gospel. I believe you have passed that point." Here he interrupted his kind friend, and said with eagerness: "I see it! I see it! I am sensible that the whole state of my views and feelings, in regard to religion, has undergone a great change; but I only feared that I might be indulging a false hope." Then, after a little, in reply to his friend assuring him that he ought not to doubt the fact of "the good work" having been begun in him, he said: "No; I ought not to doubt, and indeed I cannot doubt it. But I thought that your theory of salvation was too simple; *it seems too easy a way of getting to heaven.*" Thus they got upon new ground. His

friend spoke of the simplicity that distinguishes all the works of God, as contrasted with the complexity of human contrivances; and, as an eminent naturalist, he caught the spirit of this remark, and felt its weight. A few days before his death, a new symptom of his complaint appearing, he said to his wife: "Ah! my love, there are so many steps toward the last bourn." To which she replied: "You do not fear?" "No," he answered, "blessed be God, all dread is taken away. I rely wholly on the merits of my Saviour." "Can you say, *My Saviour?*" "Yes, *My Saviour.*" His path was now that of "the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day." His conversations evinced the experience of the humble yet rejoicing believer. "Perfect peace, perfect peace," was his dying testimony. With his latest breath he testified, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, to the wonderful work which the power of divine grace had wrought upon him. Thus, on his death-bed, did John Warren Howell, in the thirty-third year of his age, find mercy through faith in Christ.

THE VESSEL OF GOLD;

OR,

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.
Isa. xlviii, 10.

Holy Scripture abounds with striking figures and graceful illustrations of its sacred truths. It has pleased the Lord, by the use of such similitudes, to engrave a more lively and lasting impression upon many a reader's mind of the important lessons which his word sets forth. The "vessel" made "unto honor" is one of these graceful figures. The most precious metals are the materials he employs in his divine illustrations. The silver and the gold, taken from the caverns of the earth, are represented as undergoing, beneath his sacred hand, the preparation and the process by which they become vessels of honor, glorious and beautiful to behold, meet for the Master's use. The precious ore is put into the furnace to be tried by its refining fires, that the dross may be purged

away, and that the gold may be purified and refined, even as the fine gold of the sanctuary. We are plainly told that the Lord himself is occupied in this mysterious and wondrous work, intently watching over the refining process, taking care that not one coal too much should be added to the furnace, lest the fire should exceed its necessary heat—lest it should burn too fiercely. His eye is ever on the molten gold, that when every bubble shall cease to rise, and every wrinkle shall subside, and when his own image shall be clearly and faithfully reflected there, as on the surface of a polished mirror, he may pronounce the process ended, and the work accomplished. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," says the prophet Malachi, speaking of the sanctified sufferings of his peculiar people, "and he shall purify and purge them as gold and silver." And one of the most illustrious of his suffering and patient saints, who when put into the furnace was subjected to its most fierce and fiery trial, exclaims, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job xxiii, 10. Thus also the Divine Refiner is heard to speak by the words of the wise man: "Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer." Prov. xxv, 4.

But the Lord has not only his furnace-fires

here below, but, according to the quaint but spiritual language of Leighton, he has his jewelry and his workshop; and there his vessels and jewels of gold are fashioned and gracefully molded; there they are adorned and engraven and polished; and those which he especially esteems and desires to make most resplendent, he has oftenest his tools upon, that they may be fitted for his palace-mansions above, even as the vessels of pure gold and beaten work were wrought by the skill of Bezaleel, and fitted for the sanctuary of the Tabernacle in the wilderness. "In a great house," says the apostle, continuing the same figure, "there are vessels of gold and silver;" and he afterward adds, "If a man purge himself from these,"—that is, from the evil things of which he had been speaking,—"he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use." 2 Tim. ii, 20, 21.

About four years ago, I became first acquainted with Mary ——. There was nothing remarkable at the time about her manner or appearance, except that she was pleasing and amiable, and, though extremely neat in her person and dress, evidently more anxious about her outward adornment than about the inward graces of the Spirit. There was much of gentle courtesy in the reception she gave me, as the

minister of the place; but her conversation was common-place, and she seemed to take no interest in spiritual things. She was a mere woman of the world, a faithful wife, a watchful, tender mother; industrious, thrifty, careful, and "troubled about many things;" generous and open-hearted, but impatient and high-spirited, and at times of a fiery temper. Though no longer a young woman, her large dark eyes, delicate and finely-formed features, and clear complexion, still bore the trace of much personal beauty; and her gay attire showed that vanity had not lost its hold upon her mind. She was in the world, and of the world. The little religion that she had was nominal and formal. Her temper was irritable, and she was easily provoked. I have been told by those who knew her well, that, though a kind and worthy woman in the main, she was at times extremely impatient, and even fiery in her temper, and that it was almost impossible at such times to please her. She would not brook control or interference; and if any of her household opposed her, or caused her any annoyance, she would make them flee before her. But it is the lovely effect of the grace of God to transform the nature of the lion into that of the lamb, and such a transformation was exhibited in the present instance.

It is a wonderful work, this work of transforming grace; and it has seldom appeared so wonderful to me as in the case which I now bring before the reader. It was wholly of God—of his word and Spirit. It commenced and it went on secretly and quietly, without noise, and "without observation," till all at once the first sign of it suddenly appeared, but even then in so slight and scarcely perceptible a form, that it was at first awhile almost unheeded. I heard that she was ill and confined to her house; and when a visit was paid to her, I found that a fatal disease, which she had kept secret for many years, had already made fearful inroads upon her constitution, and that her long-continued silence and concealment, even from her medical attendant, owing to a shrinking feeling of delicacy, had rendered recovery, humanly speaking, hopeless; and her death, however long her sufferings might be protracted, appeared to be inevitable. I read a portion of Scripture and prayed with her; but, though she seemed pleased with my visit, I should not have said—from her manner, or from her replies to the remarks which I made—that she felt any real interest in the word of life. She was very ill; but though her sufferings were intense, even then she made no complaint. Gradually her

heart seemed to open to the reception of the word of God; but she still said little, and her manner was not that of one who felt deeply.

Many months had passed away, when one evening, on my visiting her, she spoke with more animation than usual, and told me that she had received great comfort from a chapter of the New Testament which had been read to her by one who had long shared in these visits. It was a portion of Scripture peculiarly suited to her state, and was, I have every reason to believe, the first which had come with power to her heart. I turned to it, and read it with her; it was the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, in which the apostle compares the mortal body to a tent or tabernacle to be taken down, and speaks of the joy with which he looked forward to being clothed upon with a house—not a tent —"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Verse 1. She had been peculiarly struck with those words which the apostle dwells upon and returns to: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Verse 4. How well did the description agree with her own experience and suffering! These words had caught her attention on that very account, and awakened her mind to the consideration of the whole passage. At the conclusion

of the visit, she said to me, "Pray leave the book open, sir, that I may mark the place, and may ask my son S., when he comes, to read it to me again." And this I heard from him she did, listening to it with a still deeper interest than before.

Here I would remark that what struck me during the whole course of her illness was, the way in which Scripture lay like a seed in her heart. She listened with a quiet, solemn attention; but having heard the word, she kept it: it became rooted in the depths of her heart. Silently and secretly it took deep root, and it was gathering strength, and its vigorous growth was going on, as it were, under ground. After a time we saw the plant rise above the surface, yet it was at first as a tender blade. She now felt deeply the priceless value of the word of God, and it was evident to those who knew her well that she felt as deeply also its unspeakable importance. The book was not closed, nor the passage which had been read forgotten; it was kept before her eyes, it was pondered in her heart; her thoughts would, as it were, feed upon it, as she read it over and over again, when by herself; and if her sons came in from their separate homes, they were called upon to read again the chapter she had marked, while there

were always those in the house whom she could ask to read the desired portion to her. Sometimes, when the words came close in their application to her own case, she would raise her hand and wipe away the quiet tears which filled her eyes. Her remarks were few, but always to the point; and I could plainly see that they came from her heart. But it was only by slow degrees that these signs of the Holy Spirit's work in her heart were so plainly evident; and on several occasions I and she of whom I spoke before, came away from visiting her, desponding as to the reality of the change, for we stood in doubt of her. But we were mistaken, as we afterward found; we were looking too anxiously for the ear, when as yet the green blade only was visible.

Such protracted and intense suffering has seldom been the lot of any human being, especially during those last three years, when she was no longer able to leave the house. She never knew what it was to find rest, except when, worn down by ceaseless pain, she sank into a short slumber, and this seldom lasted more than an hour at a time during the whole night; for her nights were sleepless as her days were restless. On no occasion of our frequent visits did we find her otherwise than in this restless state.

Many passages of the Scriptures engaged her attention, and she might be said to be occupied with the statutes of her God by day and night. Often as I saw her, I scarcely remember a time when I did not find her with her Bible open on the table before her. "I do not wish to see any company now," she would say. "I like to be alone with my Bible. This is my enjoyment." She complained on one occasion of the worldly conversation of some of her acquaintance who had come to sit with her on the previous Lord's day. Once she had enjoyed their society; but she now felt grieved, and disturbed by their coming, and wished herself alone with her Bible. I may here mention another passage of Scripture which God had brought home to her heart with much assurance and comfort, on which she loved to dwell, and to which she often referred: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." 1 John iii, 2. There were many more precious portions of the word of life which were life and peace to her soul. I would note especially the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, and that repeated promise, that most gracious assurance —"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Death had no terror in her eyes. Her chief desire was to depart and be with Christ. She would gently chide her children when they spoke, as they would naturally do, of her recovery, and their hope that she might yet be spared to them. She would say, "If you wish to see me happy, you would not wish to keep me here."

Her illness had now advanced rapidly, and we all supposed that she could not be much longer among us. In no position could she obtain ease from the incessant suffering she underwent. Vainly did she seek relief from changes; sometimes standing, then sitting, then lying down; at times kneeling, and pressing her chest against the rim of the table. Her appetite failed her, and she began to dislike every kind of meat, and could only eat light and delicate sweet things which came unexpectedly to her. But even of these, or of any kind of food which she might afterward fancy, she took little. That which would have been quite insufficient to satisfy the hunger of another person, afforded her several meals. Her weakness was very great, and she seemed gradually fading away; but she had yet a long time to suffer on, though we often expected from her appearance that a few weeks would close her mortal course. Still not a mur-

mur escaped her lips, and her testimony to the Lord's goodness was not only the submission of her will and the acquiescence of her mind to that which he had appointed, but one strain of rejoicing and thankfulness for his mercies to herself. This was her constant theme, on which she delighted to dwell when conversing with a very few to whom she spoke of her inward state; to those few her testimony was clear, and decided, and unvarying; it was all love, praise, and thankfulness. As for her suffering, heavy and protracted and wearying indeed it was; but she would smile when we brought before her the inspired words of the apostle where he speaks of this "light affliction which is but for a moment," as if by faith she also was enabled to attain to the same experience.

A single eye to Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and a simple faith in him and in him alone, was the one chief point on which from first to last, and during the whole course of her illness, we endeavored to fix her attention—this, I repeat, was the first thing, and the last thing, and the chief thing; we desired to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, in our long-continued intercourse with her; and she was enabled by his grace to receive him as the light of life, and as the hope of glory, into her sink-

ing heart. We were permitted to see her grounded and settled in the faith of Christ as on a rock. He had indeed become all and in all to her. Weary and heavy laden, she had gone to him and found rest to her soul; and Christ having thus become the ground of all her hope and all her faith, the effect of this is here related.

We, however, had but little to do in this work: we did but "tell her words whereby she might be saved," and "the Lord opened her heart, that she attended unto the things that were spoken" by us; we did but simply set before her the bread of life, and she gladly and thankfully received it as her food, and was strengthened with food in her soul. But we prayed with her and for her, that God would strengthen her by his Holy Spirit. She joined in our prayers with all her heart, and those prayers were heard. She was enabled by the Spirit to receive the things of the Spirit of God, which had before been foolishness unto her, neither could she know them, because they are spiritually discerned. We loved our Divine Pastor, and we loved her, and it was our privilege to set before her the Bread of Life, which if a man eat, he shall live forever. But it was altogether a quiet and almost a secret work; the

Lord had withdrawn her from the glare and glitter of this poor disappointing world into the gloom of its shady places, there to lift up the light of his countenance upon her. He had brought her into the wilderness far from the noise and din of the busy haunts of men, there in the silence of that desolate solitude to speak with a still small voice in the depths of her soul, and to speak comfortably to her; and there was no display made before men, no voice of commendation heard—he made himself and his abounding consolations all-sufficient to her.

She was truly a living illustration of that divine parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Matt. xiii, 33. The leaven pervaded the whole character, the principles, the temper, the words, the actions—all was thus leavened. We saw in her the truth and reality of that Scripture—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." 2 Cor. v, 17.

I pass over a long space of time, and of protracted suffering. It was marked alike by the sure and steady progression of her fatal disease, and by the sure and steady advancement of God's work of sanctification within her. And

as death, inevitable death, was to be the end of the one, so life, eternal life, was to be the issue of the other. To common observers little was known of the one or of the other. She was withdrawn so entirely from the world and the observation of the people of the world; she was seen by so few beyond the loving circle of her own family, and the weary season was so protracted, that she was almost as one forgotten. But doubtless all the while the angels of heaven were watching with intense interest the work of grace and spiritual growth, in its progression and development, rejoicing that another heir of glory was preparing for the courts above. And He who was sitting as the Refiner over his own work was dealing more and more tenderly with her as its painful consummation drew nigh.

Her suffering was so great, and her state—I mean only that of her poor, weak, wasted body—altogether so truly pitiable, that she told me she could not help praying that her gracious Lord would remove her, and hoping that the time was now close at hand. She might well have poured forth the plaintive lament of Job, "Have pity, have pity on me, O my friends;" but when it might have been expected that some expression of complaint or murmuring would

escape her lips, she began with deep fervor of spirit to bless and praise God, and to say that surely no one was so blessed or so favored as herself, that she met with nothing but mercies from his hand—and a faint smile played over her face as she spoke; but it was always with smiles that she told of that holy joy which had been so abundantly shed abroad in her heart by the Divine Comforter. Ill as she was, and suffering from ceaseless pain, and tried by the peculiar character of her dreadful disease, she was really happy. Often when asked whether, if the choice were given her of returning to the world, to ease, and to health, and to enjoyment in this life, in her formerly ungodly state—or to be as she then was, never free from pain and suffering, and yet blessed as she also was with the saving knowledge of Christ—often has she joyfully declared that she would not exchange her state for all that the world could offer to her. Earnestly as she longed to depart and be with Christ, there was no impatience in her desire. She did not wish, she would say, to hasten God's time; she felt that it was "good that she should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord;" and thus we, who went to speak to her of the Lord's mercies, and to instruct her in the saving truths of his gospel, came back feeling

that we had been the learners in that sick chamber, and had been taught by her.

There was indeed a marked difference between the commencement of the life of God in her soul, and its advancement as she drew nearer and nearer to the end of her pilgrimage. Her growth in grace was very remarkable. The full corn in the ear was fast ripening for the garner. The vessel of gold was about to receive its last and most exquisite finishings, before, like the pillar in the mystical temple of God, (Rev. iii, 12,) it was to be removed to the temple "to go no more out."

From this period she passed the greater portion of her time in solitude, till within the last week of her life. She wished to be alone; it was at her especial desire that no one remained with her. If her young and gentle daughter, the only unmarried child at home, or if her kind-hearted sister-in-law, who had come to nurse her, took up their needlework after the household duties of the day to sit by turns in her chamber, she would ask them not to stay; she felt even their presence an interruption to her constant communion with her God. "She lay there praying," said the latter to me: "she seemed to fall asleep in prayer and to awake in prayer." Her sleep, as I have said before, was

of short continuance, and the long hours of the night were usually sleepless hours. But she spoke of them as a delightful season, for they were cheered and brightened by sweet and pleasant thoughts of Christ and of his love; and her merciful and gracious Lord more than made up for that bodily suffering which knew no cessation, by the rich and inward consolations with which he abounded toward her. He might be truly said to supply all her need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. "He giveth songs in the night," said one of her visitors to her. "He does indeed," she said, "and I am never lonely. I always feel God near me."

But the time drew near when she was to die. It seemed wonderful that so slight a thread of life should have held on so long. It was evident to those around her, that now she could not possibly survive many days. She was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which lasted a long time, and was succeeded by such a prostration of all her faculties, that it appeared as if their dissolution had already commenced. Every tinge of color faded from her countenance, and she herself was convinced that the hour was near at hand, and that she should never rally again. She now entreated her sister-in-

law never to leave her, though she grieved to keep her in the atmosphere of her chamber; for her disease had made extensive progress; part of her body was already mortified, and it was now necessary to keep the window always open. This was not the least of her trials, from the peculiar and delicate cleanliness and neatness of her own habits. She was scarcely able to bear herself; and two of her relations who were most with her were seized with illness after her death, owing to the effluvia of the sick room. "I was obliged to pray," said another friend, "the last time I visited her, lest I should be overcome as I sat by her side, and she should perceive it and her feelings be hurt." She gave strict injunctions during those last few days to her dear old friend, as she always called her sister-in-law, that her children, particularly her youngest daughter, should seldom be permitted to come to her, and when she did come she forbade her to stay beyond a few seconds. Wonderful strength and support were given to that true and devoted friend to bear all and to be with her constantly to the last. Strong love and deep piety were indeed needed to nerve her for so trying a service, and that service was made the more onerous from the fact that not a nurse among her poorer neighbors could be in-

duced even for a few nights to supply her place. For nine days and nights this real friend never took off her clothes, nor lay down upon a bed.

She had loved to have me and my wife with her; and on one occasion, soon after the commencement of her illness, she sent us a touching message, saying that she had seen us pass, and that her heart had sunk when she found we did not come in to see her. But when the rapid change took place which immediately preceded her death, she had charged her sister-in-law not to send for us. We had at times called at the door, and had not been admitted, and we were kept in ignorance of her state, or nothing would have kept us away from the chamber of the dying saint. "Give them my kind respects and my love," she said, "but do not let them know till I am gone—do not send to them, it would make them ill." And thus we were deprived of what we should have deemed a high and delightful privilege, watching and praying beside one whom we had constantly seen during the last few years of her weary pilgrimage. How touching and how kind was the proof she gave of her sweet, unselfish spirit! but how gladly would we have borne all, to have waited at the brink of the dark river when the cheering words were whispered to her inward spirit, "The Mas-

ter is come, and calleth for thee," and when she passed joyfully over the river like a triumphant conqueror through Him that loved her and gave himself for her!

The day before her death, it was the wish of her relations that a medical man should be sent for. To please them she consented, though all medical aid had long been considered useless, and given up. After he had seen her and left the room, she said to her sister-in-law, "Go down after him, and ask him how long he thinks I shall continue." The answer she received was, "Not many hours: she may live out to-night, but she will scarcely see another night." She received the message with a smile of welcome: but her faithful friend sat down by her and said, "Now consider seriously; you know that you are now going; can you say from the bottom of your heart, that if you might recover, and be as well as ever, you would not accept the offer? Are you really ready and willing to go?" She lay quite silently: she did consider seriously, and said nothing for a little time. Then the smile came over her face again, and she said, "Yes, I have considered, and I am willing. I desire to depart, and to be with my Jesus." "She loved, she doated upon her husband and her children," said her old friend; "but she

turned to me and said, 'I can leave them all without a tear.'"

After all that has been said, I feel that I can have left but a faint and imperfect impression on the reader's mind of that wearying and painful suffering which continued without any intermission by day and night, and was spread over the whole course of those three long years, while all the time the more heavily the weight of pain pressed upon her, the more clear and bright became her faith and joy.

I spoke, at the commencement of this account, of several passages of Scripture which were peculiarly precious to her, and on all of these her spirit seemed to rest the whole term of her illness. But there was one of those passages which toward the last she could not bear to hear read for very joy. Like Fletcher of Madeley, when dying her heart seemed to her too narrow to contain the fullness of the joy that was poured into it, and the dawning of the glorious light upon her spirit too dazzling to be borne by her: and she bade them read no more. This was the Scripture: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." 1 John iii, 2. O that we

could all realize the experience to which she was brought by the grace of God! With what cold hearts, with what languid desires, do we too often read these glorious words which brought such rapturous joy to the soul of this expiring saint! Yes, even the vessel of gold, meet as it seemed for the Master's use, needed to be removed to the sanctuary above, before it could be found capable of containing the fullness of joy for which it was prepared.

But let not the reader suppose that the great enemy of souls was absent from that hallowed chamber. She had told me long before how much she suffered from his temptations, how he would fain have instilled doubts and fears into her mind, and have persuaded her that her hope was a delusion, that she was not really a child of God, not washed from her sins in her Redeemer's blood. Now that his time was short, though he knew that he could not pluck her out of the Father's hand, he seemed to exercise his utmost malice to buffet and to harass her spirit. During two nights previous to her departure, she suffered keenly from his sharp attacks, and this lasted through the whole of the one night, and for full two hours of the other. She told her friend who was watching by her, that she continued to pray, but that it seemed to her

that the more she prayed the more he harassed her: and her countenance, as she spoke, showed the painful agony of the conflict she endured. At last she cried out, "I have gained the victory; he is gone, he is gone!" "I could always see," said her friend, "when the Holy Spirit was working in her, by her countenance; it was so joyful, so beautiful!"

Shortly before she died, when one of her neighbors came in to watch beside her, with her sister-in-law, as they sat in silence they saw her beckoning, and one of them hastened to her and said, "Did you want anything? did you beckon for me?" "O no, not for you," she answered with a smile; "I want my heavenly Father."

As she departed she extended her arms, and cried out, "He is coming now, He is coming now!" "I shall never forget her beautiful countenance," said her neighbor to me, "or how beautifully she smiled before she went." "Her face," said her sister-in-law, "when she died, was like that of an angel." She looked indeed as if she felt that the suffering of this present time was not worthy to be compared with the glory that should be revealed in her.

This is a strange account, the thoughtless reader may say. My only reply is this: it is a

true one; it is all true, there is no exaggeration: nay, it is impossible for words to convey a faithful portraiture of the transformation effected by the grace of God in her, whose almost hidden life I have attempted to describe in the foregoing pages.

This was no common case. During the whole of my ministry for the last thirty years, I have seen but one other such sufferer, but one such instance of a disease so painful, and not one of a disease so loathsome, not only to the sufferer herself, but to those around her. Never have I seen a more simple, childlike trust; a more humble, earnest faith in Jesus Christ and him crucified, or a more realizing experience of his finished work of righteousness, who "was made sin for us," though he "knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2 Cor. v, 21. It was in "her Jesus," as she loved to say, that she trusted entirely for salvation. How frequently, in the midst of her own agonies, would she quiet herself by saying, "But what are my sufferings to His? I deserve to suffer; but he did no sin, he only suffered for us." It is not only the testimony of ourselves, who saw her from time to time, that she never murmured, but bore all that the Lord laid upon her with a saint-like patience which was as new

to her natural character as it was beautiful and satisfactory to witness; but it was also the testimony of that faithful friend who never quitted her, who waited upon her by day and by night, that she never heard a complaint from her lips; she only prayed that the Lord would give her patience. "All that I did for her was right," she said: she never murmured; she was thankful for everything. The contrast of this state to what she had before been, made this so remarkable as to be evidently the work of God in her.

It is said that in the island of Ceylon, the pearl-fishers, when they have dived beneath the waves for their precious treasures, and gathered a large quantity of the pearl-oysters, heap them together, and leave them to rot under the burning sun of that tropical climate, until the whole atmosphere around is poisoned with the loathsome effluvia of the corrupting mass. And then, when the work of corruption has taken place, the fair and lustrous pearls are found loosened from their putrifying inclosures; and the most precious are eagerly collected to be transferred to a high destiny, even to gleam among the jewels of the great ones of the earth. May we not find in her of whom I have spoken the lovely reality of this type and similitude, even

the case of one whose purified and precious spirit was taken away from the corruption of her poor mortal tenement, to shine among those whom He who is Lord of lords, and King of kings, will claim as his own, in that day when he maketh up his jewels?

LAST DAYS OF THE LATE EARL OF DUCIE.*

It has been my lot to witness the closing scene of many a man's mortal career; and various, both in character and degree, has been the experience which, at those solemn seasons, has come under my observation. I have seen joy, and triumph, and holy assurance, equal to those of Henry Moreton, the late Earl of Ducie; I have seen bodily distress, groaning, anguish, far greater than his; but never in the case of any one individual have I witnessed the combination of *both*, as in his last hours. I say it deliberately, that as an exhibition of grace on the one hand, and of nature on the other,—of grace, uplifting the soul to God, fixing, and concentrating, and absorbing it in the love of Christ; and of nature, exerting its dread power in distress of the body,—this was the most instructive termination of life I ever beheld —the most impressive, the most profitable. I learned then, as never before, what God *can* do·

* Abridged from a Funeral Discourse by the Rev Capel Molyneux, B. A.

yet, what nature also *will* do! I learned—invaluable lesson!—that, though the believer has received the adoption of the Spirit, he has not received the adoption of the body. No! *that* of a truth is not here, not *yet*. Great God, hasten it in thy time!

The earl's career as a man of God, as the subject of saving grace, had not been long. Till within a late period, comparatively speaking, he had been a mere man of this world—living *in* the world, and *for* the world, and nothing else. His temperament, habits, character, conversation, were all signally of this stamp: to say the least of it, he was, naturally and practically, far from God. His constitutional tendency also was reserved, even to a fault; and so it remained after his conversion: so much so, indeed, that it was exceedingly difficult to ascertain, in private and friendly intercourse, the real spiritual state of the man. He would not be drawn out. And this must be borne in mind; for, in reference to this particular, the power of grace at last was signally apparent, and nature was utterly vanquished.

But, though his career as a Christian man was not long, do not suppose that his Christian history was limited to a death-bed repentance. Verily, no! I am not going to describe a death-bed repentance. I never saw a death-bed repentance of this character: never such fruit, such expres-

sion of grace, or grace so employed. The death-bed may serve to develop, and mature, and marvelously expand into flower and fruit the seed already sown; but when it is then for *the first time deposited*,—admitting it to be so,—scant must be the harvest it is likely to produce.

Not so with Henry Moreton. His career had been long enough to establish his heart, and justify his profession. Years before his death had the Lord brought him to the knowledge and reception of the truth; and during that period, though personally reserved, his conduct and character were clearly demonstrative of the change that had passed upon him. He was a decided man; decided in whatever he embraced; and decided, therefore, for the Lord, when he embraced the Lord's cause. Here there was no question or ambiguity whatever; no shrinking from honest confession, no halting between two opinions, no wavering between Christ and the world: I ever felt that, though impervious to observation as to *internal* experience, yet outwardly in conduct and character he was unequivocally on the Lord's side. This was proved whenever occasion served. Witness the weekly meetings held at his house in Belgrave-square, when God's truth was set forth without compromise, and that before a mixed assembly, including many of the children of this

world—full of vanity and folly; but welcomed there, in hope that a ray of the light from heaven, entering their souls, might bring them to the cross of Christ, and make them monuments of grace, to the glory of God. These meetings in his own house—meetings in which he rejoiced because of their profit to himself, because of the prospect of usefulness to others, and because of the proof they afforded of his hearty and devoted approval of Bible truth—demonstrated whose he was, in whom he gloried, and with whom, in the sight of all men, he desired to be closely and unmistakably identified.

Also, let his own immediate neighborhood and estate—let schools and missionaries, and other helps to the propagation of truth, set on foot and supported by himself, and greatly cared for,—to say nothing of the aid rendered by personal supervision and liberality to the County Scripture Readers' Association, and other kindred institutions,—I say let all these things testify to the bent of his mind, and the tendency of his heart.

On Sunday, May 29th, it was intimated to him that recovery, humanly speaking, was impossible. He was bid to keep quiet, and avoid any needless exertion or excitement; but his reply was, "*I have been silent too long: I must say what God is doing for my soul.*" From that moment his

testimony began; and, before that testimony is given in his own words, let me assure you that all was delivered in a manner and mode of utterance the calmest and most deliberate possible. It was the expression, as to manner and deportment, as well as utterance and sentiment, of a man who *knew where he was,—what was before him,—and what he said.* It was the deliberate expression of a soul consciously standing on the brink of eternity, determined to tell what, with such a prospect in view, truth is.

All reserve was gone. He spoke out his whole soul,—spoke simply, evidently, completely, as he actually was, as he felt himself to be; exhibiting, as in a glass, his inmost thought and whole experience. Natural reserve had been before strengthened, rather than diminished, by Christian experience. The recollection of his career, when not a Christian man, made him silent when he became one. He felt, he said, *he was not the man to speak; he had lived too long without God and for the world; none would listen to such a one; his sins had been too great, too prominent; he must be dumb, and go softly.* We honor the feeling, though we lament its influence and result. It was a mistake, but on the right side; and it was rectified, so far as past mistakes can be rectified, at the last. He spoke more, and more to the purpose, in the last

few days, than many of us speak in as many, or double that number of years.

The mind was not only calm, but collected and able; so much so, that I believe, till within the last very few hours of his existence, he could have transacted any complicated business as well as at any former period of his life. His testimony was deliberate and reflective, as well as decisive and unreserved.

Much, of course, was said *incidentally:* much, deeply affecting and instructive, which could not be recorded; originating in some passing circumstance, and for its value dependent on such circumstance, yet ever appropriate, and indicative of the spiritual tendency of his mind. But enough was, as it were, systematically delivered to demonstrate what we desire to show,—the blessedness of his experience, and the power of grace in the redemption of the soul.

At the commencement of his dying experience, he said, "I have dishonored God enough in my life; let me honor him in my death. Who can tell what the words of a dying man may do?"

Again: "I thank God I have found a Saviour, and *such a Saviour!* Never doubt him. O, what a God has he been to me! Nothing is too hard for him. Never doubt him. If Christ were to be doubted, who ought to doubt so much as

I? If one sinner ever was greater than another, I am he; but Christ is able to save to the uttermost those who come to him. I have no fears: I thank my God that I feel clear of all my sins. O God! do what thou wilt; but suffer me not to be tempted above what I am able to bear." To his friends: "Only those who have been forgiven much, love much. Come and stand by me when I am passing away: pray for me in that hour when flesh and blood shall shake—pray that God may be with me then."

To one associated with him in the Committee of the Gloucester Scripture Readers' Association, of which Lord Ducie was President, he said: "Give my dying remembrances to all the members of the Committee; and tell them that I speak from the confines of eternity—that the importance of the work in which we are engaged never appeared to me half so momentous as it now does. Beg them not to be discouraged by the removal of so many of the members to their rest, but to be doubly zealous and active. Tell them that my last thoughts will be with them, and my last prayers will be for their continuance in their great work."

His own missionary employed on his own immediate property, and in the neighborhood, he thus addressed: "Tell the people that, although I have

not been able to be among them much, my heart has been with them. Tell them that Christ died for them. Tell them that I have found a Saviour who can save to the uttermost. Tell them *never to doubt.* My darkness has been turned into light, and I accept God's promises in the fullest way. I have no more doubts. Impress upon all that it is not too late to come to Christ; that even the greatest sinner can be saved. Pray for me, that, when I am passing through the valley of the shadow of death, I may have no doubt. I know that that will be the trying time; but so much has been done for me this night, that I have no doubt even for that time. I know that God is with me. Tell the people that I die a Christian."

To another of his friends: "It requires no deep learning to go to God. A very little Bible learning will take us to the throne of grace."

To his principal servants, specially sent for, and gathered round his bed, during the last day of his sojourn, he said: "I would not pass away without saying a word to you, to let you know what the Lord has done for me. A short time since, this heart was cold, and dead, and obdurate; but now he has turned my darkness into light. It is not of myself,—no work of my own,—but of grace. I have no doubt. I could not doubt.

Do not you doubt; for the vilest have obtained mercy. May the peace of God be with you all! And may the light of his countenance shine upon you, as it does upon me at this moment!"

And to all around: "Tell my friends that it is in the clear light of reason that I have seen God. Think not it is enthusiasm: I speak the words of soberness and reality."

Among the last of his utterances were these precious words: "*Blessed be God, my title is clear to mansions beyond the skies.*" Indeed, the key-note to all his utterances was his clear, unwavering, happy, but humble assurance. There never was a cloud,—never a doubt expressed, or even, as we believe, for a moment entertained. His experience in this respect was unvaried. His soul reflected Christ; and the surface was calm, still, unruffled. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

But this is not the entire picture. On Wednesday night his great conflict began, and from that time continued till within the last half-hour of his mortal existence. It was terrible—not from its acute suffering and actual agony; not from spiritual darkness or doubt; but—from the actual process of dissolution. It was distress that admits of no explanation. Yet here it seemed as though death could not master its victim.

The sting was gone; but death, even without the sting, is—and is meant to be so seen—a solemn, an appalling thing.

But enough: his end was *still;* still as the peace that reigned within. There was, at last, no effort, no struggle: nature was prostrate, and ceased to act. The spring of life stopped. His spirit was let go, and it quitted the prison-house for "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The truth of God was signally demonstrated in this case. As well deny that suffering is suffering, or peace is peace, as deny this. Henry Moreton's experience was simply Scripture theory verified in fact—Bible portraiture exhibited in living reality. The gospel is proclaimed and proffered as a remedy for perishing man: Henry Moreton took it, applied it, and it did its work. It left uncured just that which, for the present, it professes not to touch—*the body!* but the rest, *the soul*, it cured. The soul was triumphant, the body groaned. This is not fine-spun argument, but honest fact! Unless we deny the fact, infidelity perishes! Go, infidel, to the death-bed of a Christian man! Thy theory will crumble to atoms. Facts are stubborn things: on a Christian's death-bed they are more,—they are absolutely convincing things.

Mark the only kind of religion that will stand —*Christ in the heart, and the heart given to Christ.* "Give your heart fresh and young to the Lord," said he of whom I have been speaking. CHRIST *and the world* will not do: it must be CHRIST, *and not the world*; CHRIST, *and the world renounced*

THE END.