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Monument of Dr. P— T— with the following
INSCRIPTION:—

In Memory

OF

DR. PHILIP TOWLE,

of HAMPTON, N. H.—who died
CHARLESTON, S. C. March 20th, 1832:—

34 years, and 6 months.

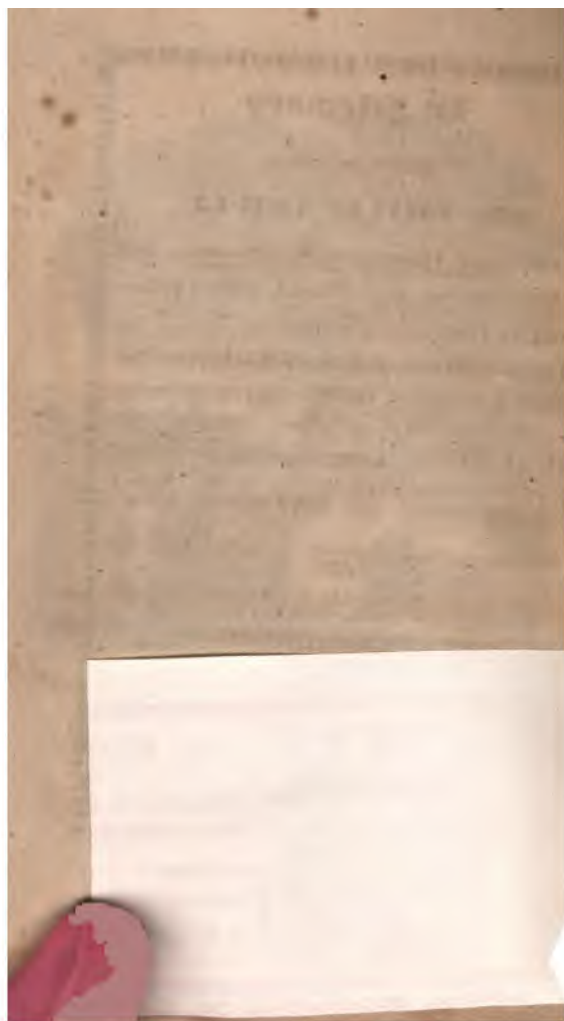
—will his affectionate RELATIVES, and
ring FRIENDS, cherish, the remembrance
is VIRTUES;—at whose request, this
NUMENT* is erected, as the last tribute
their tender LOVE, by his sister, NANCY
LE.



eneath this stone,—this circling bough,
strangers.—the BODY, rests with you:
ut far on high, the SPIRIT'S soar'd,
o dwell, forever, with the Lord.

Page 295, and 296.

* John White, ENGRAVER.



ICISSITUDES ILLUSTRATED,

IN THE

EXPERIENCE

OF

NANCY TOWLE,

IN

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Written by herself.

WITH AN

APPENDIX OF LETTERS, &C.

1 ENGRAVING—and PREFACE by LORENZO DOW.

The profits, will be devoted to charitable purposes.)



[sent before thee Moses, Aaron and Miriam.—Micah 6. & 4.
And she (Deborah) said I will surely go with thee; notwithstanding
the journey thou takest, shall not be for thine honor; for the
rd shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman.—Judges 4. & 9.
Despise not prophecyings.—(Paul) 1 Thess. 5. & 20..

SECOND EDITION.

PORTSMOUTH.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS, BY
JOHN CALDWELL.

1833.



PREFACE.

Candid Reader of whatever Nation, Kindred or People.

A BRIEF SKETCH of the various *changing scenes* of my life, thus far, I here present you;—not with elegance of style,—to “*hold fast the form of sound words,*” has been my only aim. It is, merely, an INTRODUCTION to a more extensive work, that I purpose, by the help of God, shortly to send abroad;—and the *first* effusion of my pen, that I have ever submitted to the *press*,—and to the *public*. Anterior to the present period, not so much as a letter, in my own hand, have I proposed for publication:—but, that I withheld my pen so long, I confess,—is now, with me a subject of regret. The reasons for my backwardness, that I assign,—were 1st. I thought meanly enough of my talents, and wished not to become, thus public—but, from the clearest conviction of duty. 2dly. I was fearful of being too *assuming*,—and of aspiring too much, for *vain-glory*. 3dly. There was no *publisher*, to advocate the cause of one, not immediately within *their pales*,—and especially that travelled with the testimony of Jesus:—(unless It were the “*Christian Connexion*,” and their work, was so circumscribed, that I preferred, rather, setting my letters on foot, in my own hand writing.)

One particular inducement, to having the TREATISE, completed in this city, was,—To be driven from all other *helps*, to a firm reliance on Almighty

power;—and to know the same, eventually, my own. Among my friends, I feared a disposition to confide, too much in *their* better judgment;—rather than which, I chose that my own imperfections, should be manifest abroad;—and to surmount the charge, that I was apprehensive, would be greatly augmented thereby. The work, therefore, is now *my own*. None other, has had a hand, or voice therein. At least,—in relation to the *main matter*, I know it to be the Lord's; but the many,—*mean*, and *law* expressions to be traced throughout, are my own invention. Wherefore from the *truth*,—in any one instance, I am not apprised of having swerved.

At the commencement,—it was intended for no more, than a PAMPHLET of twenty pages; (relating to my voyage, to the Old World, &c.)—but things have had such a termination, that I have been drawn,—or rather driven, quite beside my own designs, even to the lengths you here survey. I ask my *friendly Reader*, that the *peculiar manner*, of my being circumstanced, during its completion, may be deemed a sufficient apology for the many errors to be detected therein. The *work* which is to follow, I desire, may be more fully fraught with Divine Wisdom; and perused with deeper interest, and benefit, by all to whom it is extended. The greatest difficulty with me, here has been, to keep my pen within due bounds;—having such an abundance, that I wished to reveal, and of which, the *narrow limits* first surveyed for this,—would not admit. I think, the *great*, and *marvellous things*, the Lord hath wrought for me, (and which, I have

world knows not of; nor that the *stranger, intermeddled* with. Some *thousands*, have I seen,—*made* the *sharers* of redeeming grace; and many more of every nation, I expect to see added to that number, should I continue here below.—The only earthly treasure, that I regard—is my *precious* Bible*; which hath been my companion;—and my support, in every part of creation, and that I intend shall be, the *man of my counsel*, unto the *death*. I feel at *home*, thank God, in every place; and never more, than when urging my flight, with the utmost speed, from city to city—whether by land, or by sea. Yet,—

“I am not at home, but travelling hence;
To leave the things of time and sense.”

When that expected day shall have arrived, of complete conquest of final deliverance,—and I shall reach my “*long eternal home*,” may I meet with all, that have ever heard my stammering tongue; and seen the “*Vicissitudes Illustrated of my life*.” is the prayer of

THE PUBLIC'S FRIEND AND SERVANT,
FOR CHRIST JESUS'S SAKE,
NANCY TOWLE.

Charleston, Nov. 4th. 1832.

*That, and sometimes a Bible Dictionary, has been for the most part, my only *Library*.

TO THE PUBLIC.

COURTEOUS READER:

Having been acquainted with the AUTHOR of the following narrative, for several years: take the liberty of recommending the same, to cotemporary fellow mortals,—believing, the psal may be useful, to the contemplative mind.

“*Female preaching*,” is, by many, through a judice, founded in education,—thought to be proper;—and hence, condemned, by them.—] why a *female*, should not be as accountable God, for her talents, and ministration,—as opposite gender,—I know not.

GOD—has designed the WOMAN, as an “h mect,”—according to HIS ORDER. Both the Old, and New Testaments,—they have b the chosen instruments, of God;—as Miriam, I dah, and Deborah, the *daughters*, of Philip, who prophesied, i. e. preached.—For proph does not always mean, foretelling future events but, may relate to public action, by the “HAI —or by TESTIMONY.

“*Phebe*,” is styled, “*a servant of the Church*,” and the name of *Priscilla*, is mentioned, bef that of her husband:—And for my own part think it would be well, to give up prejudice and be cautious, not to obstruct, the way those, who follow not *our* whims;—lest by st we grieve those, whom God would not h grieved;— and thereby, bring an awful respons ity, upon ourselves.

I feel, to bid NANCY TOWLE, God speed;— wish her succcss—in the NAME OF THE LORD.

LORENZO DOW.

Baltimore, May 21st. 1832.

VICISSITUDES ILLUSTRATED, &C.

PART I.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE with me commenced in the town of HAMPTON, State of NEW-HAMPSHIRE, NORTH AMERICA, on the 13th of February, 1796. My parents, Philip and Betsey Towle, were likewise natives of that place. They had nine children, of whom I was the third; three sons and six daughters.

I am not able to date the first dawn of divine light upon my soul;—but, at a very early period, I was under religious impressions:—and during my infantile years, I recollect weeping sometimes very bitterly, because I conceived that my “MAKER” was angry with me, on the account of my great wickedness:—and if I should die, I must surely go to a place of misery

When I was twelve years old, a REVIVAL OF RELIGION commenced in my native town, for the first time; and my mother and elder sister became the happy subjects of GOD’S *converting grace*. At that period, the LORD wrought very powerfully upon my heart, by His Holy Spirit; and I was led to reflect much upon His blessed Word, and the glorious scheme of salvation, through the mediation of JESUS CHRIST!—and, from that time forward, I lived in the practice of secret prayer, (for the most part,) until I had obtained a knowledge of *salvation through the remission of my sins; which*

was not, however, until twenty-two years of my life had gone,—with those beyond the flood.

At the age of fourteen, and upwards for a succession of years, prayer was considered rather as a task, nevertheless, than as any pleasurable employ: and being of a very volatile disposition, my chief delights began to be, at the haunts of hilarity and mirth. These, I very solicitously pursued;—and notwithstanding the clearest conviction of its being wrong, thus to improve the time and talents allotted me, for nobler ends on earth, in the ball chamber, with much trifling gayety, I was often found. But before I dared venture forward in this my vain career, which was (not a little strange,) I was not unfrequently at the Throne of Grace, to petition mercy of the Lord, that the *sin might not be laid to my charge*:—for I was exceedingly fearful of committing *that crime*,—i. e. *“the sin against the Holy Ghost,”—which hath no forgiveness, either in this world, or in that which is to come.*” So, in this way I stifled conviction; and in a degree, quieted my conscience, for the space of ten years:—not being willing to abandon my gay companions, altogether, and my reputation among men, to become a decided follower of a *meek and lowly Saviour*.

At the age of sixteen, seventeen, and twenty-one, I attended the academy in Hampton, and in my literary pursuits, I made very good proficiency. I had ever an ardent thirst for useful knowledge—not merely for my own temporal advantage—but that I might be able, as I thought, to contribute to the happiness of those around me, and so answer, more especially, the grand design

of my creation. At the academy, (as well as at common schools, in the days of my childhood,) I was accustomed to speaking dialogues, &c. and more particularly on exhibition days, before large assemblies; but not with the most remote idea, even, of ever exercising myself thus, for the good of my fellow-men, in the vineyard of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

At the age of eighteen, I engaged with much satisfaction in the laudable employment of school-keeping;—and that continued to be my main concern, of a temporal kind, for a number of years ensuing.

Sept. 3d, 1818—was a very memorable period of my life. Upon that auspicious day, the inestimable *prize of salvation*, was vouchsafed to me. By faith in that name “JESUS,” over “*principalities and powers*,” I was victorious. The contest had been long and doubtful; but my worst enemies, “sin and hell,” at last, were vanquished: and under the blood stained banner of the cross, I entered triumphant, “*the city of the living God*.” The time, or place, will never be erased from my memory:—when every intervening shadow fled away,—and the “DAY-STAR” in its full glory, burst upon my view. That hallowed spot, was not a “temple”—it was not a “stable”—but it was the “Inn,”* at length, which became the place of CHRIST’S gracious visitation. It was there—surrounded of a multitude, (and during the admonitory address of a female,† from Romans i. and 16, *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, &c.*) that light,

* *The Inn at Northampton.* † *Clarissa H. Danforth.*

life and joy sprang up, *as mine, alone to share!—
and as mine, for evermore!*

Shortly after, looking upon myself as a believer—and viewing it the privilege of believers only—I was emersed in baptism, (in company with one of my sisters) by Elder Moses Howe. Elder H. belonged to the sect in the United States, denominated Christians; but as no society had ever been organized in the place of that persuasion, we, hence, were left to our freedom, or otherwise to unite with whatever community we chose, at any future day.

For some months subsequent to my conversion, my heart and tongue were filled with increasing praise and thanksgiving to GOD. In the language of the royal Psalmist, I could say, "*Come unto me all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare,*" (what I hope he has done,) what I know, "*he has done for my soul.*" Also with Mary, I could say, "*My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour;*" and with Peter, moreover, I could appeal to my MAKER, and affirm, "*Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.*" My bosom glowed with love divine to the whole human race:—yea, my soul was utterly dissolved of GOD's almighty love; and I rejoiced, "*His truth and righteousness to declare,*" to hundreds, or to the perishing thousands, from place to place.—While many were constrained to acknowledge, (from the signs which followed,) that the grace of GOD was especially with me.

But not long, however, before the words were applied with power, to my heart, "*I will show thee how great things thou shalt suffer for my name's*

sake;" and oh! the multiplied scenes of suffering, danger, and of toil, that since, I have waded thro'! But the LORD hath made a "*way for His ransomed to pass over,*" and I am delivered. Anterior to my conversion, wherefore, as the most honorable life which I could live, I made choice of that replete with sufferings, for JESUS' sake: and as the most honorable death, which I could die, I said, "*let me die the death of a martyr:*"—or rather, "*let me spend and be spent, in the cause of the blessed Redeemer.*" I had at that time, an impression from a dream, that I should one day become religious, and bear testimony to the word of GOD's grace over the earth.—But these things, I studiously kept, however, and pondered within my own bosom.

1819, & 1820,—Was a space of the closest trial with me. I was brought to the test, whether I would pay that, I had vowed to the MOST HIGH, or no. Notwithstanding, I had the clearest evidence of duty, in bearing a public testimony; I began, at length, *to confer with flesh and blood,* and to say, "*I can speak no more in the name of the LORD, for the tongue, of the learned he has not given to me; nor am I, any wise, adequate to such an important undertaking.* I love precious souls, however, and think, I would sacrifice my life for their salvation. But wherein, am I able to profit even one soul of man? Or in what sense, am I to be, in any degree, accounted of? In my most arduous attempts, I may only reproach that sacred Name and cause, which above all others, I revere:—and merely stumble and destroy the very souls, I so ardently desire to save."

The peace of God I therefore lost out of my heart, and in the language of the Prophet *Jo-nah*, I exclaimed, "*It is better for me to die, than to live.*" Such a sense of the worth of souls,—my neglect of duty,—the shortness of my time,—and of my awful responsibility to God, devolved upon me at times, as to quite disable me for any secular concern. Sleep hence departed from my eyes, and slumber from my eyelids. My bread became like ashes, and my drink was mingled with my weeping. From the bitter anguish of my soul, I also cried, "*Oh! that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of way-faring men!*" Or that I might hide myself in some lone-cavern of the earth, and be at rest,—far, far from all human view! I was indeed, a wonder to myself; and I could not tell, what had gotten hold on me. I looked at my friends and relations, whom I had reason to think, possessed of as deep piety as myself; but I saw nothing in them, that appeared like what I felt, from day to day. Nor did I conceive, that another individual of the human race, knew any thing about such exercise as mine!

I sometimes felt a longing desire, to go "*into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" In imagination, I was there; and in dreams of the night, I was there, sounding salvation to the thoughtless thousands. But, nevertheless, I was not able to understand, how this could be, consistently required of me.—If it were so, I fancied that the LORD would qualify me for such a work; as I believed HE never demanded any thing of HIS creatures, which they had not ability to accomplish. I was apprehensive, however,

that there was something for me to do, towards the saving of my fellow-men, of which, I was then living in a wilful neglect. I could find no person, to whom, I dared disclose the secrets of my heart. But to the LORD alone, I made my supplication, day and night, that HE would graciously reveal,--and bring me to submit, to all His holy will. The words, at one time, were applied with much force to my mind, "*Hearken, O daughters, and consider, and incline thine ear, forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.*"

I consequently, sometimes believed, what again I dared not believe; even, that I should one day, forsake my kindred and my home, and through the waste-howling desert of a sinful world, "*testify the*" GLAD TIDINGS "*of the grace of GOD*"—This I ardently desired to do,--and thought, I would freely give the whole world, if I had it in possession, to be enabled to take up my cross, and discharge every duty incumbent upon me, in a public way. I wished to preach the GOSPEL—1st, Because I sometimes felt *the word of the LORD as fire shut up in my bones, and I longed to speak that I might be refreshed*:—2d, Because I loved precious souls, and desired their salvation, *even more than to be made heir of the universe*:—3d, Because I loved the LORD JESUS, and desired, for the honor of His holy name, to live to some good end among my fellow-men. But the tempter cries, "You'll never stand in the day of battle! Although you begin to build, you will never be able to finish: then, amidst perpetual shame and disgrace, you will return,--and to the grief and sorrow, of all your friends in future life."

On taking a second survey of things, "What," exclaimed I, "am I henceforth to be? A solitary wanderer through the earth, far, far, from every friend, and no more a certain dwelling place, beneath the sun? A slender female,--and in every literary attainment but a babe,--to face a rowning world, exposed to ten thousand snares; and in danger continually of bringing reproach upon God's righteous cause! Am I able to endure? O LORD God, thou knowest! The end of all events are with Thee, as though they were but yesterday. Uphold me by thy free spirit, and may I never presume to run counter to thy most holy will."

I was sometimes enabled to claim the sweet promises of the Lord as mine, "*Fear not, thou worm, Jacob; I will help thee; and behold, I will make thee a new sharp instrument, having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff.*" Also, "*I will bless thee, and I will make thee a blessing; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee; and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.*"—These things, not unfrequently, strengthened me in my resolutions to persevere; and the sweet cords of love, at once, drew me away. In a moment I was gone, as it were, over a wide world, and lost to all sense of sorrow and pain, in beholding sinners, by hundreds, submitting to God.

But the snare was not yet broken, nor had my soul escaped. Amidst these conflicting scenes, my friends began to be much alarmed for me, and to express their apprehensions in the strongest terms, that I was ruining myself. They hence

prescribed that my BIBLE, (which had become my constant companion,) should be thrown aside; and that by more busy, worldly engagements, my mind should be diverted from my melancholy theme. "You once," said they, (with reference to my days of vanity,) "were doing well, and were useful in the world; and you then had the smiles of approbation from all around you: but now, what, in all probability, will be your future life? Will not an ungodly world, have it at last to say of your religion, that it has only had a tendency to render you contemptible among men; and that it has deprived you of your former joys, and wrought none other, in effect, than your own undoing?"

KIND HEAVEN forbid, exclaimed I, that I should ever become a disparagement to the cause of truth; or my example, a discouragement, in any degree, to those around me, from ever seeking the salvation of their souls! I hence strove sometimes to live as other people lived, and to quiet myself with the idea that all was well: but in burying myself with earthly concerns, I always plunged, as it were, into the very nethermost hell, where there was nothing but hopeless misery.—The earth, with all its boasted wealth, had no remaining charm for me. Could I gain the whole world, as I thought, at a stroke, it would be no more to me than a heap of sordid dust; and I would spurn it with the utmost indignation from my presence, as a price too mean, by far, for my immortal soul.

"*A world lying in darkness,*" was continual in view—and Oh, the very idea, that they were daily plunging into hell, whose blood, at the dread tri-

bunal of Jehovah, would be required at my hand, filled me almost with outrage and despair. I often withdrew to the fields, where I prostrated myself upon the earth, and gave vent to my full heart, with agonizing cries and tears ; but from the oppressive, dreadful burden of my mind, nothing, however, appeared to afford me any relief. By rejecting the impression of *preaching the Gospel to a ruined world*, I always found my hell of soul to increase ; consequently, I looked no longer from that source to reap the least consolation. Yea, it seemed at times, that even the regions of darkness contained no fiercer pain for me, than the sense I had of the abuse of my time, talents and privileges, while precious souls were daily hurled into destruction. The words were enforced upon my mind, "*Take the wicked and slothful servant, that prepared not himself, nor did his master's will, and cast him into outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.*" I thought I was willing to spend my future life in sorrow, provided I might be saved at last, and be instrumental in saving souls,---or even one soul, from the "*wrath which is to come ;*" and I began now to be convinced, that upon this work of saving souls, exclusively, my own eternal--all depended : and hence, said I, "*Necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel !*"

It had never been, with myself, any controverted point, (although it is such with many others of the present day,) whether the preaching of the Gospel by females was justifiable or not,---but rather to the reverse. I ever believed, that if *CHRIST JESUS* they were one, both male and

female: and that, according to both the OLD and the NEW TESTAMENTS, *holy women*, as well as "*holy men of God*," were wont to speak, as they were moved by the HOLY GHOST, (which amounts to none other, more or less, than the preaching of the Gospel.) I believed, moreover, that in these last days, especially, the word and kingdom of grace should be widely diffused throughout the earth; and that upon both "*servants and hand-maids*," the spirit of the LORD should be very profusely poured forth, and they should prophecy.— With regard, particularly, to the term 'prophecy,' the question had once been agitated with me, whether its meaning was totally definite, and to be confined, merely, to the foretelling of future events; or whether it related to any mode of public instruction, either by testimony or by action, in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. But on application of myself to the Word of GOD, I found it expressly recorded, "*The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy*:"* And likewise, "*He that prophecyeth, speaketh to edification, and exhortation, and comfort*."† I learned moreover, from the writings of the Old Testament, that both the sons and the daughters of He-man, "prophe-cied," and praised God, with cymbals, psalteries, harps, &c.‡ I hence became satisfied for myself, that according to the Scriptures, the word "prophecy" implied not only the foretelling of future events, but often related to public testimony,—and also to public action in instrumental music, &c. &c. whether produced by the ener-

*Rev. xix. & 10. † 1 Cor. xiv. & 3. ‡ Chro. xxv. & 5.

gies of either sex, male or female.---And I here, likewise, take the liberty to offer a few reflections of more recent origin. Under the Mosaic Dispensation, females, in number, four, were particularly denominated "prophetesses," viz. Miriam, Huldah, Deborah and Naodiah ;--the latter of whom was false. Of the New Testament, and under the present dispensation, there were, in number, six, expressly designated by the same appellation, viz : Anna, the four daughters of Philip, and Jezebel,--the latter of whom was vile. We hence perceive, of these women, one, to the number four, was proved false: but of the opposite gender, (it is worthy to be remembered,) in the days of the Prophet Elijah, were found four hundred and fifty that were false, to the little number "one," that was true. And what of all this? I ask, if we are to make a similar estimate of the two distinct genders, for the present day? The Scriptures forewarn us; it cannot be denied, that in the *last days* "*perilous times shall come:*" and that "*many false prophets and false teachers shall arise,*" &c. But is it once suggested, pray, that from those of the finer mould, (women,) there shall be any such occasion of alarm? No. Why then the hue and cry of "false teachers!" Fy! Fy! if a single *female*, constrained by love to precious souls, should forsake her own advantage, to win them to the LORD? Oh, it is because the world abounds with priestcraft and superstition! Pope! Bishop! Priest! hirelings, who of filthy lucre can never have enough! "*These shall receive the greater damnation.*"

Nearly two years had consequently elapsed, and

the perpetual conflicts of my mind, occasioned a visible decline in my health, and I was as one drawing near to my long and silent home. Days and nights in succession, I spent in weeping; and wondered that any countenance near me could ever wear a smile. But the words were set home with comfort to my mind, "*Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded,*" "It did not appear, at this time, that there was any thing that I could do among my own people; but it seemed to be abroad, in a wide world; and that I must get out, from my own country and kindred, as Abram did, to a land I knew not of. I had now relinquished all hope of ever seeing again a happy day upon the earth, but in travelling creation to invite sinners to repentance. Nor even then, had I any expectation of sharing that measure of *joy and peace* in CHRIST JESUS, of which I had once so richly partook: and, said I, it is just with GOD, that I should not, (even after a life wasted in suffering, and in toil,) on the account of my disobedience and base ingratitude to HIM. While I saw my flesh decaying, and eternal things, as it were, impending, with how much more comparative ease, said I, could I now resign my life, having that joyful hope in CHRIST, which once was mine, than to go up and down the earth, to be made a gazing-stock to an ill, misjudging world; to be the butt of envy to all the combined powers of earth and hell, during my stay below: Oh, to die a hundred deaths, could that be possible, I would esteem but *light*, compared with this *stupid work*, which now lies before me! It will

be but a little while, however, at the most, the frail nature can surmount the difficulties and dangers of such a course, and then to brighter realms I'll speed my flight,--so that the honor of a martyr's death it will be my lot at last to share.

I stay where I am, I am positive it is to die ; I go, as I am conscious duty demands, I can't but die ; therefore to honor, ease and interest, yea, and every earthly enjoyment, I will bid a long adieu.

April 20, 1821. Nature shed the parting tear while I cast mine eye around, on fields and groves where in innocent childhood I had sported ; and said I, "With the fond paternal roof, I now renounce you, once for all !—and this day, I put my hand to the Gospel Plough, never more to turn again. Should it be my lot to lay my dust, in some unfrequented-wild ; the consciousness that I forsook all for CHRIST, will be my consolation in the dying hour. My parents, with tender care watched over my younger years ; and their earliest hopes expanded, of my being a comfort to them, in life's declining stage ; but if the Lord hath otherwise ordained, His will should be my rule, let the event prove what it may. His word abideth sure, *"If any man love father or mother more than me, he is not worthy of me."* How unable, more fully to repay the tender solicitude of fond parents for me, and evince my gratitude, to the kind Author of my life, than by adhering strictly, to all His commands ! The engaging affections, of loved sisters and brothers, with the ripening years, strongly invite my stay : but the joyful hope of interjoining soon, as a household around God's throne in Heaven, will go with

me to the end. The dear companions of my youth, with whom, life's slippery paths I have trodden—and my christian friends, with whom I have gone to the house of the LORD, and taken sweet counsel—still twine as strings about my heart: but nature's tenderest ties, must be dissolved, and every dear, earthly enjoyment, must be forthwith resigned. O LORD GOD, I appeal to thee, the searcher of all hearts, that for thy name's sake, and the Gospel, I make an unreserved sacrifice, this day, of all that nature once was inclined to hold dear! Accordingly, with my purposes, respecting the future, still a secret within my own bosom, (excepting what my conduct had expressed,) I journeyed forty miles, in company with my father, to the town of Wakefield. I had made a previous engagement, to teach a school, at that place,—as a sort of screen: however, being defeated in my expectations of the school, I journeyed forward, as far as Parsonsfield, where, having some relation residing, I took a short school, and completed the season.

In the interim, I visited likewise Ossipee, Effingham, Eaton, Cornish, Limerick, Lemington; and attended meetings of F. Baptists,—with whom I began again, (though in a child-like manner,) to take up my cross, by prayer and exhortation.—This I had no sooner done, than bless the LORD, all my slavish-bands were broken off; and my tongue was traightway filled with songs of joy and praise to my great REDEEMER! I now imagined, even as in the day of my espousal, that the mighty host of my enemies was put to flight; and that I should have *no further cause of grief or tears,*

while journeying here below. This, I accounted my second, and most wonderful change, from "*nature's darkness into God's marvellous light.*" In the first place, I had but renounced the world, with its delusive joys, in point of affection, for the kingdom of heaven's sake: whereas, at this time, I had made an actual and an entire surrender, of all that I possessed; even of my mortal life itself, to hold the same a prey, during my stay on earth: and so henceforth to live, as dying daily to the world, and ripening for the skies.

The first fruits of my feeble labors, the LORD was pleased to give; was a young man, upon the borders of the grave. His condition, I was made to understand—while the things eternal, seemed concealed from his view. I hence, made my visits at the place the more frequent; where, after much fervent "*prayer to God,*" with and for him, I strove often to "*pray him,*" for God, to get ready for his approaching change. But all appeared until as it were, the last hour, unavailing. I said what is done---must be done speedily. I therefore had recourse to my pen, and presented him in writing, what I saw to be the danger of his case.—He was aroused to seek the LORD—obtained an evidence of his acceptance—and left the work with Heaven and glory, wide opening on his soul! My joy at this circumstance, may be better imagined than described. That I had heard one soul praise God, with his latest breath, for my exertions in his behalf, I esteemed a sufficient recompense, for all the sacrifice I had made and I could no longer doubt, but that one soul already in Heaven, would bless the day, to al

eternity, that I had left my friends and home, to call on sinners to repent.

But notwithstanding my unexpected deliverance from all my troubles, I was oftentimes afterwards, "*in weakness and fear, and in much trembling,*" under a sense of my unworthiness and inability, for that important work, to which the Great Master had been pleased to call me. My enemies, though spoiled and utterly driven out, I found were yet numerous and powerful; and that their crafty designs against my soul, would still be many,---in-somuch that I must expect to endure, in consequence, "*a great fight of afflictions,*" even to the end. During my stay in these regions, I had opportunity of forming some acquaintance, with a number of female preachers, of the Free-will Baptist persuasion, viz: Almira Bullock, Hannah Fogg, Judith Prescott, and Mrs. Quimby. They strengthened my hands much, in the LORD,---and exhorted me, to patient-continuance in doing well.

In the month of October, I retired to my father's: and from the remembrance of what my sensations were, on leaving these, the loved abodes of my youth; I was exceeding joyful that the LORD JEHOVAH had "*plead my cause, redeemed my life,*" and that here, though, as it were, but for a night, I might have again, a quiet resting-place.

I was well aware, that my name was now, cast out as evil; and I hence determined, that neither the frowns or the flatteries of mortal worms, should ever move me; but that come life, or come death, I would try to be faithful to the LORD, wherever I might be. Shortly after my return, I paid my friends in Stratham, a visit; and there, to a large assem-

bly, I attempted to speak from a text* for the first time. But not waiting for the holy principle of light and life within, (by trusting in God,) as I should have done; I was hence, in a great degree overcome by the fear of man, and a scene of deep affliction, was to me the chief result. It happened that one of my own town's folk, had followed me to the place, who it seems, watched me through with a suspicious eye: and the day following, she took the liberty, to give in plain terms, her opinion and not only her own, but as she suggested, the sentiment of most others: even that "*I was not called to the work I had undertook, and therefore I had, better give it up, and stay at home.*" This, coming from a quarter, whence I had least reason to expect it, (she, being a person who exercised much in public herself,) threw me into great confusion. But all my expectation, was still from the MOST HIGH: and I desired now to live more especially for one thing, viz: "to vindicate my own cause to the world of mankind, and to see the host of gainsayers, confounded before the LORD. This I believed I should do; as what I had begun I was conscious God had required of me;--and the every tongue hence, that should rise up against me in judgement, HE would put to silence, or condemn. (The person, to whom I have referred soon after heard me in a similar manner, and undertake again: when she confessed her fault and asked my forgiveness, saying, "I had ought to have waited, and seen, what the LORD designed to do." Since that time, she has gone

* John v. & 25.

triumph, to a world of spirits, "*where the wicked shall cease to trouble, and the weary soul shall for ever rest.*")

1822. At the commencement of the year, I felt my mind strongly drawn towards the South; and notwithstanding my resolution, to try to be faithful in every place, I found myself again shorn of my strength, and sinking under the same weight of grief and pain, for precious souls abroad, which I had known in former days. I felt desirous to fly from pole to pole; and if I had a thousand tongues, I thought I would freely wear them out, in proclaiming to all the kindred of the earth, JEHOVAH'S boundless grace and love!

Two preachers about home, kindly offered me a "note of commendation," as they said, "To aid in gaining me access among strangers, where my name was never known," but their offer, with gratitude to them, for their good will, I saw proper to decline; rejoining, "If the God of Heaven, in whose name I venture forth, refuses me redress, I will never seek, or expect, any degree of clemency from fellow worms."

I therefore, with my BIBLE, as my only companion, took the stage, and journeyed one hundred miles, to Gloucester in Rhode-Island,--and called on J. W. (a minister of the F. Baptist persuasion,) with whom I had some little acquaintance. From thence, I went to Chepachet village; and on Sabbath day, I spoke at the different meetings, by exhortation, &c. which was agreeable to the most; but Universalists grumbled, and made quick-step homeward. I proceeded on to Burrelville, where I found *many, that were brought to the Lord,*

the instrumentality of J. Colby and C. H. Danforth*—two of God's faithful servants, peculiarly dear to myself. There I made a second appointment to preach, (as it is usually termed) and spake with a good degree of enlargement, to the satisfaction, I believe, of all that heard. At the same place, I had the pleasure of seeing a good work commenced shortly after,—and many souls "*brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.*" I was now greatly encouraged to hope,—That if faithful to God, my labors would be crowned with abundant success, wherever I might go.

I went in the next place to a village called Blackstone, and spoke in a steeple house, to some hundreds, with a tolerable degree of freedom. I visited a female minister, of the Society of Friends, (M. Batty) and was invited to speak with her, on a funeral occasion,---which I did, I believe to her surprise. I then went to Pawtucket, and took for a companion in travels, Martha Spalding, † (of the F. Baptist order) who thought herself called to the work of the Ministry. We travelled for some weeks together, in Gloucester, Foster, Killingly, (Conn.) Scituate, Johnston & Smithfield,---in these places, severally, we had access to M. houses of different communities, and spake to large auditories, alternately, every day. I sometimes felt, in delivering my message to the people, like one, possessed of great authority, and its effects appeared visible on all that heard; then again, I labored under sad streightenings of spirit,

*Now Clarissa H. Richmond, still living in Conn.

†She still continues to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

for which I was not able to account. But I wished always to leave the event with God, and to press on to things more glorious ahead! even to the mark for the prize, of the kingdom and the crown.

At Smithfield, for the first time, I attended a Methodist Camp-Meeting; and there, I had the pleasure of seeing, two other females, who had recently begun to exercise, in the ministry of the word, viz: Mrs. Thompson,† and Susan Humes.--- The experience of the latter, as I had it, at that time, from her own mouth, was not a little remarkable. In justice to her extraordinary character, and to the praise of God's amazing grace, which shone so conspicuously in her, I would here give my candid reader, a brief sketch of her history.

She was born in the State of Connecticut. At the age of twelve, (if my recollection serves me) her parents died, and she was left to the care of an uncle;—at the age of seventeen she embraced religion, and on which account she was disowned of her guardian and all her friends: but to use her own language, "*When all men forsook me, the Lord took me up,*" and bade me go into a wide world, and publish His holy word. She continued accordingly, to testify the goodness of the LORD to her, from the period of her conversion, until the age of nineteen—when her labours were increased, and the field opened wider and wider,—even without any effort of her own. A short time prior, to this our interview, (as she said,) "I visited the town of Providence, (R. I.) and appointed to preach at

†Mrs. T. is still a preacher in connection with the Methodists.

the Court-House of that place, but as the Court was sitting at the time, the house was found not sufficient, to convene the people,—hence the Presbyterians opened their place-of-worship, and the concourse removed there:”—and continued she, “Many judges and mighty men, I knew to be present; but ONE, over-head, I realized, was greater than them all, to inspect my language.”

I confess, that upon the Camp Ground, where I was favoured with this interview with her, the ardent solicitude she manifested for the good of souls, and her melting addresses, to both saints and sinners, exceeded what I had ever witnessed before, in either male or female. I judge, that an effect similar, it must have produced on all that heard, which I acknowledge, it did upon myself, viz: To penetrate my heart with a very deep sense of my own unfaithfulness and indifference in the same blessed cause which I had likewise espoused.— (But as I shall have occasion to take up her history elsewhere, I will here leave the same,---to be concluded in its proper place.)

I felt myself, at this time, especially called away from the vain formularies and the customary devotions to which many of the different communities extant, adhered: and as a being, accountable for my doings alone to the LORD JESUS CHRIST;---to try to listen to the voice of HIS spirit, in my own soul, as the only infallible guide; and to shape my own line of conduct, as much as possible, in conformity thereto.

Towards the close of October, I took my leave of Martha for a space; and in company with J. W. and his wife, I reached again my father's

house in peace.—Mrs. W. being then in the last stage of a consumption, and on the way to her father's, to die there:—she hence, insisted on my proceeding with them one hundred miles still farther. Having felt a concern, sometimes to visit the churches of the eastern country—more especially for my own instruction in righteousness—I therefore conceived it my duty to go on:—and to endeavor to improve the opportunity, in doing all the good, (in the use of all means) which might lie in my power.

As I was about departing again with many tears, my dear brother Philip handed me a very affectionate letter; (that he had written, to send to me, in Rhode-Island;) wherein he highly applauded the choice I had made of devoting my life, without reserve, to the service of the blessed Redeemer; and with regard to himself, he added, “I am not a stranger, altogether, to the sentiments which religion inspires.” “The duties of my station, call me oftentimes to the abodes of wretchedness and woe; where I behold my fellow-beings, wracked with the most excruciating bodily pains; and their souls tortured with the forebodings of an awful retribution to come!—I hence have learned in some measure, how to sympathize with the distressed and forlorn:—and to view my own peculiar mercies, in such a light, as it behoveth me to do.” He concluded, by saying, moreover, “I hope to meet you in a coming day, *where no inhabitant shall endure disease or pain,*”—and we shall part no more.”

That my brother should write to me in such a strain, *was matter of no small surprise;* and which,

at that time, afforded me great consolation: nevertheless, I travelled on with weeping, chiefly through the day; and likewise, the day following, being extremely affected at many things which had transpired, from the commencement of this, our journey: until at length we reached Buxton, the place of destination. I soon took my leave of my companions, conscious that I had fulfilled, for once, 'the golden rule' of "*doing, as I would that others should do to me.*" The one, I could commend to GOD, in hope of a happy meeting in a brighter world:--the other, with sincere desire for his amendment, to the use of more skilful endeavors, for winning souls to CHRIST, and the upbuilding of those precious lambs, He had "*purchased with His blood.*"

I visited, and held meetings in the preaching houses, &c. of Windham, Gray, Gorham and Portland. In the place last mentioned, I turned aside to pass the night with Elder S. R—, who had, in former years, preached the Gospel at the house of my father. But O! said I, "*how is the gold become dim!*" As I proceeded homeward, I held meetings likewise in Wells, York and Portsmouth. In P. I chanced also to meet Mr — J. B. a preacher, large in conceit, but little of stature,—who gave his advice, unasked and unaccepted that "*I should stay at home.*" He soon after became a Universalist, and attached himself to their community: which circumstance betrayed, how little he knew of that principle, which drew me from my friends and home, to save poor souls from Hell. I am very confident, that had I not been divinely instructed, to resist the tempter,—(through

these false way-marks) with all vigilance, I should have dispaired of success, in any good work,—and drawn back with immense loss, if not, to everlasting destruction and perdition. But thanks be to God, there is a ‘way’ a “*way of holiness, in which the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err!*”

In the month of Dec. I reached again my father’s house; and although I had gone “forth with weeping,” I returned “with joy:” yea, my soul exulted; above all, that I was so far an over-comer; as to be able to raise my affections from sublunary enjoyments, and to fix them on joys which never die! While on my way homeward, a portion of scripture fastened upon my mind, attended with the impression, that, in vindication of my own cause. I should make it a ground of address, to the people of my own town. The impression remained; but I shrunk at the cross, for some days; even, till I was hedged in upon every hand, and saw no chance for my life, but to yield. I accordingly appointed, for a meeting, at the house of worship, near my father’s,—and realized now the necessity, if ever, of holding fast that faithful word, “*Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shall make the hills as chaff.*” The assembly was large, and I was willing to have a place, upon a level with the rest; but lest I might seem to any, like a coward, I took the highest seat. (The words, to which I had reference may be found, Esther viii. 6. “*For how can I endure to see the evils that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?*”) I was assisted, in speaking, for more than one hour; and some of

the mountains, I think, were brought low. One, or more, who had been loth to believe, confessed, "LORD, thou hast called thine hand-maid, to preach the Gospel: and what Thou has appointed, may none ever presume to hinder or forbid."

1823. At the beginning of this new year, I spent some time at Kittery Point, where I had many sore conflicts: but, a blessed year was this to me; and for which I shall praise God forever-more. I visited Stratham, North-Hampton and Rye; and spoke in the preaching-house of "Christians;" and then continued on to New-Castle,---where a most glorious work of the LORD, burst forth as a mighty flame. I went to Eliot, and spoke in Friend's M. House; and then journeyed as far as Limrick and Parsonsfield; and spoke in the M. houses of F. Baptists.

September 1st. Having spent four months, principally in New-Castle, I removed to Portsmouth; --held meetings at the Christian preaching house, and there, praise God, many were also turned from lying vanities, to the obedience of faith and to the wisdom of the just! I held some meetings in Newington, at the M. house, the property of the town. I attended some general meetings, in Strafford and Weare, (of F. Baptists,) and visited the New-Hampshire State-Prison. In Portsmouth I spent twelve months, chiefly; and fondly hoped that in those towns, situated upon the river Piscataqua, so flourishing with divine effusions, to spend my few remaining days: but I began to feel again, increasing anguish, for the world of mankind, at large,---and to view at length my commission renewed, to publish glad tidings, to all the sons of men. I hence saw, all excuses unavailing, and

that I must take my life in my hand, and launch out, once more, upon the boisterous ocean of a degenerate world.

So I took my leave of all tender friends, of those regions,---and held meetings in Hampton, Hampton-Falls, Seabrook, Kensington, Kingston, Newtown, Amesbury, Salisbury and Newburyport. In the latter place, I spent nearly four months; and labored principally at the Friend's M.-house, Town-Hall, School-house, &c. &c.,---and even there where party spirit had formerly taken a very high stand, God graciously manifested the glory of his power, in bringing many sons and daughters, to the knowledge of His name. Against a flood of opposition, I was enabled to maintain the ground, until the Methodists entering, they hence, led the van,---and in a short space, had two commodious preaching-houses formed,---where, the LORD grant, they may be equally as crafty, in spreading the Gospel-net, and gathering souls for Heaven.

1825. I spent principally in New-Rowley, S. Hampton, Newtown, Seabrook, Hawk, Kingston and Candia; and occupied the houses of worship belonging to the different communities. In the town of Hawk, I had the privilege of meeting three others of my fellow-laborers in the Gospel vineyard, viz. Sarah Thornton, Eliza Barns,* and Betsey Stuart.---Those females, who have renounced every earthly enjoyment; for the sake of precious souls, I ever esteem the most noble part

*Eliza B. a Missionary to the Indians, belonging to Methodists, the others F. Baptists.

of God's creation ! Of them, truly, it may be said, "*the world is not worthy.*" (I likewise, frequently met with Harriet Livermore,† a person of distinguished genius, and also, a labourer in the Gospel harvest-field.)

March 3d, 1826. In company with sister Thornton, I journeyed to Pawtucket in Rhode-Island, where we improved in the M. houses of F. Baptists: from thence, we proceeded over a large portion of the State ; and also a part of Connecticut, adjoining. At Hampton, (Con.) we parted for a space, and I continued onward to Manchester, Windham, (where I spoke to a crowd at a preaching house of Presbyterians,) and reached the city of Norwich. I there spoke at the Methodist chapel, Academy, &c., and found myself surrounded of a rabble—the most mischievous I had ever met. I wrote some sharp reproof to a number, and went on my way ; with desire, that the Lord would have mercy upon their souls,—and that they might be able to know "whom I was" when I came again.

In the town of Sterling, I parted with sister Thornton, for all,—as she considered it duty, to remain in those parts ; while I wished to visit my father's, and friends, about home. On my way homeward, in the town of Scituate, I fell in again with my dear sister Susan Humes. In our first meeting, together, the LORD was pleased to make bare His arm in mighty power ; and at the hour of midnight, many souls were brought into the "*glorious light and liberty of the sons of God.*"

† These all continue unto this present,—travellers, up and down the earth.

That we were again permitted to meet, on the shores of mortality, was to us both, matter of thankfulness. We could participate in each other's joys, on recounting o'er the many scenes of suffering and of toil, we had passed through, since our former interview, and unite in praise to God, that out of them all, we had ever found means of escape. She gave me to understand of herself, that soon after our parting, she travelled the distance of more than three thousand miles; (over the State of New York, into Cañada, around the Lakes, &c.) and that she had been necessitated, oftentimes,--for want of commodious houses to convene the people,--to speak to them in the open air. That she had done much, at the peril of her life. She at length, was brought down by sickness, and was obliged to have recourse to medical aid; and in the hands of a physician she lay, (if I mistake not,) the space of six weeks: when she had so far recovered, as to reach her sister's, in the town of Providence. And there,--observed she, furthermore, I had remained, until this visit, when you have witnessed the only public labour performed by me, from the time of my first attack by sickness, in the State of New York, unto this present period.

We were workers together, consequently, for a number of weeks,--when I sometimes took occasion to remonstrate with Susan, for prostrating all her powers, as it to me appeared, she did, unnecessarily: (she being accustomed to go to the fields, and there by prayer, singing, &c. while no benefit could result to any one, quite exhaust the small remains of her *strength*,) to which, she made

reply, "I have willingly devoted my time and abilities, for the happiness of others ; and now, this I am doing, merely, for the comfort of myself." Of a young man highly esteemed, as a preacher of the Gospel, residing near,--(to whom she was under an engagement of marriage,)--she was wont to say, "His society, I fear, it will never be mine to enjoy ; he appears, rapidly approaching his eternal home. "In that she was not mistaken ; although she went before, "adorned and made ready," to fulfil their marriage contract, before the throne of God.*

As I was about parting again with her, I was led to enforce the words, "*This year thou shalt die.*" I took the liberty to remark, that from my own peculiar exercise upon the subject, death was then nigh, to invade some one at least, who was present. Dear sister Susan proved the victim. A few days after, she was seized of a throat complaint,--and soon ceased to live after the manner of mortals. Thus, at the early age of twenty-three, ended all the struggles, grief and tears of Susan Humes, for stout hearted sinners. She has gone! Her dust sleeps, (if I was not misinformed,) in the burying ground, of the town of Providence. And O, may all that ever heard, the melting voice, of the little orphan girl, remember, that she resigned her life, (and died at least with the spirit of a martyr,) to save their souls from hell ! May those of younger years, strive to imitate her worthy example ; and improve the short time allotted them

* The young man, A. T. soon after, died of consumption.

the earth, for the LORD JESUS CHRIST; and receive so with her "a title in the Heavens" glorious and immortal!

What a wonder was this little orphan child in the earth! raised up to turn hundreds, or thousands, from sin to God, (as I had no reason to doubt, she did,) and thereby, to confound the wisdom of the wise, "*that no flesh should glory in His presence.*"

Dec. 1st. I again reached home, with heart-felt notions of gratitude, that all had been preserved from the evils abounding in the earth: especially myself, so constantly assailed by the "*fiery darts of the wicked one.*" During the winter, I visited Newbury, Haverhill, Bradford and Portsmouth, until the month of April.

1827. At which time, I had such peculiar exercise of mind, as I was certain betokened somewhat remarkable at hand:---in the meanwhile, I was especially, drawn homeward,---so, without delay, I started on my way; and had not proceeded far, before I understood what it all implied. "A great revival in Hampton!" was the first that saluted mine ear. O, mountains of gold, to me would scarce have equalled this! The things for which I had made supplication to God, for many years, I now believed I should see accomplished.

I had been, as it were, an alien to my father's house, from the commencement of my travels abroad: and I had earnestly besought the LORD, for the conversion of my kindred, that, if not in his world, I might be numbered with them all again, even at His table on high,--where neither division, or disaffection, could ever be feared more.

None other than this, had I asked for myself, in the present life, to compensate the loss of earthly comforts ; and as a reward of all the painful toils I must suffer for His name.

And "bless the LORD," my earnest expectations, were not disappointed. On the second night, from my arrival, I had the happiness of seeing my "three younger sisters," bow together at the footstool of divine grace. They came forward for prayers, in the presence of a large assembly,—and as if from mutual agreement, they yielded up their hearts to God ; and within a few moments, they were all brought to rejoice, in hope of future glory. A few days subsequent to this, I saw likewise, my "younger brother," made a happy partaker of the pardoning love of CHRIST.

I had now a hope, of all my father's house ; even, that they had "*once escaped the corruptions of the world, through the knowledge of JESUS CHRIST.*" My elder sister, sat out on pilgrimage, at the early age of sixteen : and she pursued alone "*the narrow way,*" till ten years had closed ; when my elder brother and my second sister, with myself, made choice also, "*to suffer affliction with the people of God.*" Of my "second brother," some account has been already given ; farther than which, I could not say of him. However, I now felt, that they would burden my mind no more, but that I could resign them all, to kind Heaven's disposal ; and fly, even to the utmost verge of creation, if duty so demanded ; no earthly concern remained, to urge my presence here. In this very remarkable revival, (which seemed to sweep through the town, "*as a*

mighty rushing wind,") one hundred or more, in the space of one week, had evidenced a work of grace, begun in their hearts. My neighbors and town's folk, having now a large portion, sat out for the kingdom; I could with more cheerfulness leave them, than ever before; hoping, that He who had begun a good work would, "*carry it on, unto the day of redemption.*"

In the month of August I attended a general meeting in the town of Milton;—from thence a second, (of the Christian-Connexion,) in the town of Durham. At the latter place, I had the privilege of seeing for the last time, our beloved sister Judith Mathers. This young woman had suffered much opposition in the work, "the Lord had appointed her," from her nearest kindred; but she chose rather to forsake them, and her parents house, than to disobey her Heavenly Father. She therefore for a number of years, had devoted herself to the work, of "*exhorting sinners to repentance,*" from place to place. At this meeting which I attended with her, she had a "message" that she wished the privilege of leaving with the preachers. After many groans and tears, too big as it were, for utterance; she begged permission to go into their "CONFERENCE." This being granted, she left her "*last, and dying testimony*" with us all, (as it proved,) "*to be faithful to the LORD JESUS;—and in the discharge of our duty, to precious souls,*" &c. &c. Not long from this, although at the time in perfect health, the solemn tidings reached me, that Judith Mathers had "*finished her course*" below. She died;—while those of her accusers were sat

away! Of her, either in life or in death,—they were *not worthy*.

I visited Newmarket, and saw Jane Perry from the “eastern country,” who had travelled some years, as a witness for JESUS. (I would that God’s people “all were such as Moses, Aaron and as Miriam were!) I went to Lamprey-River, and attended one meeting. From thence, I spent some days at Kittery Point, and Old-York;—saw some embrace the truth: and my work, I now imagined, was ended in this part of the LORD’S Vineyard. I returned home, and spent two weeks with my relations; and was sensible that the “field of my labours” was about to be extended far and wide—as it were, over “the whole creation.”



VOYAGE TO BRITISH AMERICA.

PART II.

Oct. 28th, 1827. Having viewed it for a considerable space, the order of Divine Providence, that I should visit the eastern part of the State of Maine; with that intent, I bade my parents and friends in Hampton adieu, and came to Portsmouth; but with some expectation, however, of a return the Spring ensuing.

Nov. 13. I left the harbor of Portsmouth in the schooner *Dove*, [J. Frisbee, master,] and after seven days sail, reached Eastport. Being altogether unaccustomed to this mode of travelling; and no female friend, or acquaintance of any description to attend me; I was apprehensive at first, of many inconveniencies by water-sickness,

&c. But confiding in the Great Controller of all events, my mind at length was "*kept in perfect peace.*"

At Eastport, I continued three weeks; and held meetings at the Steeple-house, of the Christian Society, with good success. There I may add, My joy was full; on beholding the beams of Heavenly day, arising upon those "islands of the northern sea!"

From Eastport I was providentially led to Lubec, —into a scattered society of Congregationalists. With them, I labored incessantly for the space of ten weeks; and saw myself in the end, "from the joy of many," abundantly crowned. At my departure, howbeit, some expressed their thankfulness by firing a salute of cannon in the rear! But from the herd, we expect no better than that, "*they will turn again and rend*" us. Says the Great Master, "*Me the world cannot receive, because I testify against it, that the works thereof are evil.*"

March 1st, 1828, I returned to Eastport. And from thence, I visited, and held meetings at Deer Island;—for the first time, on British ground. Next, I crossed over to Campobello (British;) and was made glad to see "the isles, that had sat solitary," break forth together, into singing!

I continued my travels by water, and ascended the river Schoodic,—to the places known by the name of St. Andrews, Warwick, St. Stephens and Schoodic. In these, severally, I spoke to thousands at the peril of my life: especially St. Andrews,—a place so noted for impiety. As I was there addressing a congregation, an officer of the British Navy was sent to take me off, by open

violence.—He waited, in the attitude of seizing his prey, for the space of forty minutes; but, before my conclusion his hardiness failed him, and he returned to his own company! This circumstance reminded me of the enquiry concerning the blessed JESUS, "*Why have ye not brought him?*" On another occasion, it was imagined that 'a mob' had surrounded the house;—when the congregation, left their seats to defend themselves;—but they all dispersed, and *went their own ways*.

From St. Andrews, I passed again the boundary line, into Robinston, (Maine;) and addressed a solemn auditory, in a steeple house of Congregationalists:—from thence, I proceeded on the same route—again, to Eastport.

May 27. I began to think of bending my course to the city of St. John's; situated upon the river St. John's, sixty miles northward. To this place many of my friends, in an especial manner, besought me not to go, as they said, "They will kill you there." But I felt devoid of fear, either of men, death or devils, while confident, that "a stronger than they," had bidden me, "go." I consequently sat sail again, and landed at Beaver Harbor for a space, thirty miles onward. I there, held three meetings in what is called, "a Church of England." Much of the Divine power, was manifested;—stubborn hearts were melted; and many entreated my stay. But still the word to me, was "Go."

"*The Lord's ways are not as our ways; nor His thoughts as our thoughts.*" It pleased Him, very signally to bless me at St. John's; and I trust, to *make me a blessing*, to not a few. My labors

were principally among a people designated by the title of Church-Methodists. The use of their commodious preaching-house, they very cheerfully granted me, at my pleasure: and there, "praise the LORD," a glorious work commenced, which issued in the salvation of hundreds! The British Commissary and wife, I had the joy of beholding more than once, with the penitents at the altar. Here, I had also some very narrow escapes, with my life.—For instance: Such a crowd, at one time, had collected in the shell of a dwelling-house, as to cause the foundation to give way, and I chanced to be the first of a great number, precipitated into the cellar:—but, through mercy, without any essential injury to any individual. And again, a circumstance of the kind had nearly occurred,—which must have cost hundreds their lives, had not "an Arm unseen," interposed to save them. In our congregations, we were likewise, frequently saluted of guns, drums, stones, powder, fire, threats, &c. &c.; but no man was allowed, after all, "to set upon us," to do us any harm.

In the course of the Summer, I visited Carlton, and spoke in the Baptist preaching house, to some of the hardest of the hard. There, I met with a "female preacher" for the first time, who was a rigid Calvinist. I likewise ascended the river St. John's at different times, twenty miles farther northward,—and held meetings with Church-Methodists. Many of them I found, "*rejoicing in hope, of the glory of God.*"

It began to be about the middle of September,—and I "*desired to see other cities also;*" therefore

I prepared to give to friends of this region, the parting hand. I looked for no more than to go as I came, with Heaven's Guardian Angel, only, as a "companion" and "a shield:" but it pleased the LORD again, to exceed all my expectations; and to grant me the favour, I had for many years requested, viz.—of my own sex, "a fellow-helper" in the truth, and in the Vineyard of the Gospel.

It happened that a young woman, (by the name of Elizabeth Venner,) had been impressed to accompany me abroad, for the space of some weeks; and when she saw, at length, that I would go,---she was constrained in the language of "one of old" to say, "*Whither thou goest I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people, shall be my people, and thy GOD my GOD.*" She was neither, of my own "country," or "nation;"---but was a native of the town of Devonport, in Old England: and with her parents had emigrated to America, in the days of childhood. Soon after her arrival to America, she embraced religion; and attached herself to the Methodist Society, in the city of New-York. And now, at the early age of nineteen, she is ready to renounce kindred and friends;---be mortified to every carnal enjoyment;---and devote herself without reserve, to the service of her Master.

Being convinced of the uprightness of her intention, and of her ardent zeal, for the good of souls; I could, therefore, rejoice at the sacrifice she was about to make: although in consequence, I realized, a double charge devolving upon myself; and that I had need, more especially, to live *in the constant exercise of a "lively faith in God"*---

lest together, we might be betrayed into some snare; "*or fall into the condemnation of the devil.*"

Sept. 14 We accordingly, embarked for Eastport: at which place in twenty-four hours, we were safely landed. I held some meetings in a Roman Catholic chapel,---and went to Lubec. I held two meetings with them at L.---and on leaving them, I was "honored," a second time, by a "salute of fire arms," &c. which I accounted, my "greatest joy."

On my return to these parts, I had entertained an idea, that duty would call me homeward; but being held within doors for a number of days, by illness, I was led more strictly to enquire for "the good and the right way." Previously to this, it had often been suggested to my mind, that I should "one day," see the Eastern World. I now cast a glance that way;---"*the power of the Highest,*" seemed at once, to "overshadow" me; and the "*Star of Bethlehem*" which first arose in the East, still to be shining, with glorious splendor, there! I turned mine eyes again---and cast a look behind. ---The silken 'cords of love' drew me on; 'faith' surmounted every obstacle: and I replied, "LORD---I'll go, and brave the dangers of the mighty deep!"

On acquainting sister Elizabeth with this my view of things---she was perfectly satisfied, to bear me company to her native land; in case the LORD should clear our path before. We accordingly, thought good to go to Nova Scotia; and there await farther, the openings of Providence. But being obliged to wait for conveyance, we visited the surrounding isles;---and lastly, to kind friends and brethren, I thought it mine to say, "I know

that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more."

Oct. 17th. We found a vessel bound for Grand Passage Isle, forty-five miles across the Bay of Fundy; on board of which we were favored with lodgings "for a night," and gained the destined port. The people we here met were Baptists of "the strictest sect. With them, we made a stay of two days,—held four meetings at their house of worship; and upon the third day, at the rising of the sun, we were under sail for Argyle of Nova Scotia.

Before the close of the day, we came sixty miles to Argyle; and were very cordially received, of a people, attached to the community (in the United States) called "Christians." At their preaching house, we enjoyed some favored seasons;—left many youth of tender minds, with deep regret; and reached a village, called Tusket. I spoke once at a Baptist M. house, and the day following came to Yarmouth.

The town of Yarmouth, had been richly watered with "the dew of Heaven." Of a population consisting of seven thousand, one seventh part, (i. e. one thousand,) had professed converting grace. The principal, of that number, were in sentiment, (what we call,) Arminian Baptists; among whom were many, I rejoice to say, both male and female, who were bold advocates of the truth. To the preaching houses belonging to different communities, I had access; and enjoyed in each of them, much of the Divine presence.

Nov. 18. From Yarmouth, we came under sail again, fifty miles to Barrington. In this place, were

likewise many belonging to the sect aforementioned, (called Christians,) and who were truly devoted to the cause of the blessed Redeemer. I spoke in the M. Houses of Presbyterians, Christians, &c.; and among the people here,---with those also of Yarmouth,---glided some of my most joyful hours. But a parting was needful, as I considered it duty to be in Halifax before the winter; therefore we bade kind friends again farewell, and embarked upon the wide ocean, with the voyage before us of one hundred and twenty miles.

We had not been long out, before we had rough winds and seas to encounter, for some days; and we at length, were driven in at Granbro Harbor; fifteen miles from Halifax. I attended one meeting there,---and the day following, we completed our voyage.

Dec. 1st. We entered Halifax with no small degree of joy: although I quickly saw an enemy, more dangerous, far, to encounter, than that we had just escaped, "a raging sea;" "*but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory,*" we had soon the pleasure also of seeing, both sons and daughters, come from afar, and hail the followers of the Lamb! Yea, the "British soldier" in uniform array, and the "Prussian sailor" with tarpaulin jacket, we saw together, surrender to CHRIST.

After a stay of six weeks in the place, we chanced to have an invitation to Europe, (gratis) from the master of a fine ship, that was a native of Scotland. He being a man of piety,--the mate likewise of the same ship,--we hence, were induced to think, that the hand of Providence was in the event; and

dared not but consent to go: although, at that inclement season of the year, I had little expected to engage in such an undertaking. The necessary preparations, accordingly being made; and the ship about ready for sail:--when the question was agitated with the owner, "Whether so much religious exercise, as there might be on board, would not occasion a neglect of the duty of the ship." He finally decided, "That to debar us from the privilege of a place among them, and have every man to his work, would be the safest way." How very limited are the views of unregenerate men!!!

Consequently, having met with this small disappointment; we continued our labors, still, in Halifax and Dartmouth, for a number of months; but with the idea, notwithstanding, that by some means or other, we soon should cross the Atlantic.

Considerable persecution arose at this time, and occasioned my sending to Portsmouth, for a "Note of commendation."--Which Note, being seasonably afforded, read as follows :--

"This may certify to all whom it may concern, that Nancy Towle, the bearer of this, is a person sustaining a good, reputable, moral character, and is highly esteemed of a numerous acquaintance, as a friend and a Christian. The subscriber, from a long acquaintance with her, being a witness of her "labors of love," for the good of souls, and her exertions in the Vineyard of our common LORD, in this, as well as other places; would recommend her, to all the faithful in CHRIST JESUS, as a useful member of the church of CHRIST, and a labor-

er in the Vineyard of the LORD. And would say, "Receive her in the LORD" and bid her "God speed!"

ROBERT FOSTER,
Editor of the Christian Herald.
 Portsmouth, N. H.
 North America, Jun. 21st, 1829."

A second, in Halifax, I also received; which read thus.---

"This is to certify, that Miss Anna Towle, has been here, nearly four months; during which time, she has preached the Gospel with success, and profit to many: and we believe, that her views are confined to the promotion of human happiness, by diffusing a knowledge of the Christian religion.

THOS. BRADY, Baptist Minister.

WM. TOZER.

THOS. M'MURREY.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, }
 March 28, 1829." }

March 29th. We bade our kind friends and brethren of Halifax an affectionate farewell; and came in a Dutch vessel, forty miles to Lunenburg. I had there the privilege of speaking at the Baptist M. house, and elsewhere, to some Arminian Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, &c. Among the Baptists, I was highly gratified in seeing, both male and female engaged in prayer and exhortation; although, (it being a Dutch settlement,) their dialect was foreign. But the "joyful sound" of the Gospel is the same, let it be conveyed to us

through whatever instrument it may. In their earnest ejaculations,---the words, often repeated, "Leber Fader," (i. e. Loving Father,) were all that I could learn.

From this place, we travelled twenty miles by land; and held meetings in a number of Methodist chapels,---then reached Liverpool. Here I heard of a ship, bound for Liverpool of England; the master represented a good man, &c.---in this ship, I was persuaded I should cross the Atlantic. I therefore determined, to continue in prayer and fasting, before the LORD;---that if possible, I might know "His will," respecting this very "important undertaking."

I held meetings in a steeple house of Congregationalists, by night and by day, for the space of four weeks: except that their preacher occupied the pulpit, on Sabbath morning. (Respecting him, I had the pleasure of learning, that he was a brother-in-law, of the indefatigable servant of God, Henry Allen, whose dust now sleeps, near my native home.) Here we had the joy, also, of seeing much of the divine glory displayed, in the salvation of precious souls.

We visited likewise, Port Mutton and Port Midway: where the LORD was pleased to manifest His greatness, and His glory, in bringing many sons and daughters, to the knowledge of Himself. To one of those places I was favored of J. Newton, Esq. with the following note:--

DEAR BROTHER:--The bearer of this is an elect lady, whom we love in the LORD: not only I, but all those who love the truth in Liverpool!! I be-

lieve she is on a "mission for the LORD;" and as she is about to visit Port Mutton, we wish you to open the chapel to her;---and trust the LORD will bless her labors of love among you! Any kind attention that you can shew her, and the amiable young woman, that accompanies her; I shall consider as done to myself.

Believe me, dear Brother,

Yours in the LORD,

JOSHUA NEWTON.

NEAL CAMPBELL,
Port Mutton.

From the time, I received an intimation of duty, to visit Europe; I felt my mind increasingly drawn that way; and my "faith," I found, seldom to stagger at the greatness of the undertaking.--- True, I had but a faint idea, of ever seeing again my kindred or my native land: and knew not but that I might find a watery grave; or even,---suffer a violent death. But none of these things, however, moved me; neither counted "*I my life dear to myself.*" I felt that it was well with me, come life or come death; and that, it would be well with my father's house, forevermore. I could, therefore, cheerfully leave them with the LORD, and resign the idea of ever seeing them again, in the land of the living. I strove to settle all my affairs in America, as for eternity, and wrote to my relations and friends a last farewell! shewing them, That it was a matter of uncertainty, whether they ever saw my face again, below.

My dear Elizabeth proved still, no less courageous, or willing than myself, to endure the hard-

ships and perils of the contemplated voyage. I found her remarkably resigned, for such a youth, to forsake her parents and kindred; and to sustain the privations of a missionary life. Amidst difficulty and sufferings, she was patient and persevering: Amidst enemies, and opposition, she was bold and unyielding: Towards myself, in sickness and distress she was ever a tender and sympathizing friend: For the salvation of souls; and in public testimony, oftentimes, she was zealous, and animating in a very high degree. Our attachment towards each other, increased daily. And the most I had now to fear,---was that, of setting her up as an idol in my affections; and that in consequence, I should be obliged to part with her.

[Our kind friends of these regions, were pleased to defray the expense of our voyage; which was more than \$120, inclusive of what was intended for our profit, on reaching the Eastern World.]



VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

PART III.

June 22d, 1829. We embarked in the British ship *Nautilus*, (Wm. Jacobs, master,) for Liverpool in Great Britain.

That morning was serene and unclouded. The sun had only risen,—and smiling, as it were, to spread his cheering beams over the Eastern World, and billows of the deep. Our ship was proudly waiting;—her sails widely spread, and English colors flying,—seeming,—to bid defiance to the furious Atlantic.

Joshua Newton, and other dear friends, honored us with their company, to the ship; where, we bade them an affectionate, and as we expected a final adieu:--then, soon being under way, all behind, but the "azure sea and sky," was rapidly declining. As I cast the last glance, at the "lofty summit" of hills and mountains of America,--I could breath, with solemn joy--

"Farewell, again I say, farewell;
My friends--my native land."

Our ship's small crew, consisted of English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, &c.--we two females, the only passengers, and myself, the only American.* The many dangers we had come forth to brave, began soon, in some degree, to appear:--but notwithstanding, "all within," was hushed to peace.

Favored with a pleasant gale, in twenty days, we found ourselves sailing up the "St. George's Channel;" and with much joy, we espied, the high-lands of Ireland. Three days after, we were entering the beautiful harbor of Liverpool: and O, the scene, which then presented to view, was truly, grand and awful beyond description! We were immediately surrounded, of ships, steamboats floating-lights, floating-chapels, coasting-vessels, and craft of various kinds:--while, to our still greater astonishment, an immense range of shipping, caught the eye, from the different docks, before---that resembled, some huge forest, stripped of its verdure, by the wintry blast---or, that had withstood the ravages, of some desolating fire!

**Native of the United States.*

But, upon reflection, that this, was the second commercial port of the Kingdom, and that the whole world, was supplied with goods from this country; and the produce of the globe, returned hither,—more especially, at this season of the year; I was hence, able in a measure, to account for this “remarkable display.”

In Liverpool, we were very cordially received of Christians, attached to different communities. To those called Primitive Methodists (vulgarly, Ranters,) we were first introduced, by our good friend, Captain Jacobs; and among them, we first held a number of meetings,—where all seemed as familiar, at once, as my native home. From their preacher was presented me a Note, which read as follows :—

“This is to certify, that sister Ann Towle, was recommended to us by Captain Jacobs, belonging to an *American ship; as a preacher, and a person of piety, and usefulness. She has spoken twice for us, in our chapel Maguire-street, with satisfaction and profit to the people; and appears to be a person possessed of genuine religion, and worthy your notice and respect.

Yours respectfully,

THOS. BATTY, Minister,
Maguire-st. Chapel.

To the Managers of the Bethel Floating Chapel.
Liverpool, July 23d, 1829.”

Consequently, “the wished-for privilege,” was

*British America.

afforded me, of speaking for the first time, in (what is called,) a Floating Chapel. A novelty, quite, in America, would be a preaching-house, that might be removed during service, as well as, the people contained therein. This meeting, being particularly designed for seamen; and they---notified from the press, That an American Female would address them,--hence, came together a number of thousand; of almost every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. All heard, with the most profound attention; and many, I make no doubt, will remember the season with joy, in the eternal world of bliss! O may the happy privilege likewise be granted me, of meeting them all, once again; even, "*at the right hand of the Majesty on High!*"---and many of them, be "my joy, and my crown of rejoicing," in the day, of the Lord Jesus.

This chapel was once, a "man-of-war" ship; made commodious to seat, a vast number of people: and is under the special management of Presbyterian Dissenters. To myself, was this, a very pleasing reflection, that the ship, once engaged for the destruction of mankind,---and where the awful mandate resounded, "to destroy;" is now employed for the salvation of all nations, kindred, tongues and people; and that there, the sweet tidings now roll, of "salvation to the utmost,--of those who believe." May the happy day, likewise soon come, "*when they shall beat their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation, shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more.*"

I was also invited of some Methodist preachers,

to speak under a tent,—which I did to hundreds, with great delight.—This tent, was usually reared, in different parts of the city; that all such, as were disposed to pass by a place of worship, might by this means, “be taken,” upon their own ground.

I also spoke at the “Bethel Room,” more than once; where is a ‘union meeting,’ held purposely for the benefit of seamen; and where the “Bethel Flag” is usually hoisted, at the hour of service, as a signal for their assembling.

Besides these, Wesleyan Methodists, (as they are called,) Baptists, Swedenborgians, &c. granted me the use, of a number of their houses of worship; and in sentiment, they discovered much liberality. But what is strange to say, access was afforded me, to the chapels of almost every distinct community, except that of “Friends”—they, were disposed on every application, to deny. Do they answer to their title? No! By their fruits, (not their names,) are we to know them! These, as a fraternity, appeared to me throughout the country, in a state similar to what were, the blinded, pharisaical Jews. “The Lord pity, those poor, superstitious Quakers.”

Much of the “power of the Highest,” we saw displayed in Liverpool; and many souls were daily added to the Lord; but an awful storm, I viewed impending over this land: agreeably, to what had been, once published in these streets, by Lorenzo Dow, from America:—“Oh, England! Oh, England! a black cloud hangs over thee!” Yea, this painful fact is already realized in this place, of not a few. In those same streets, parents are now *venting, with the keenest anguish, the dread tale*

of their woes!--while their little ones, around them, are pining away, and dying with hunger! Multitudes, even of this description, from among the manufactures of the neighboring town of Manchester, have come up hither to beg a bit of bread! At the sight, what heart would not melt? With cause sufficient I sought a place to weep.

Having spent three weeks in this city; I saw at length my appointed way, to Dublin city in Ireland. With those, who had been our fellow-travellers across the mighty deep,---and kind friends and brethren here, made peculiarly dear to us,---we must now forever part. Many of those, to whom I had tried to recommend a 'crucified Redeemer,' (especially the poor mariners, from different quarters of the Globe,) lay very near my heart. And although, I could now expect to meet them on earth no more, I rejoiced that it was my privilege to bear their case to the throne of grace, That we might meet, yet once again,---even in the "*Haven of eternal rest,*" where parting can never come. The last opportunity I had of addressing them, was, at what is called "*Jordan-street School-house.*" It was very large, and crowded to excess: when, on closing my remarks, I humbly proposed, That all, who would strive to live as christians, and meet me in the regions of bliss, would signify the same, by rising up. Nearly the whole congregation instantly arose; which consisted, it was judged, of more than one thousand. And oh! how was I moved for those sea-faring men, so much exposed to the snares of the adversary, and the perils of the mighty waters; many of whom, I had reason to think *would be in eternity, before they had op-*

portunity of meeting with christians people, again! Said one, from among the crowd, "I am Madam, a countryman, of your own. I was born in the town of Salem, state of Massachusetts; but, I am a great sinner, and I humbly ask an interest in your prayers" And said a second, "I am a native of the town of Portsmouth, in the state of New Hampshire; and in that place I have heard you preach, many times—but, I never had a knowledge of the religion you profess; though I am in hopes that I may, before a longer time" A goodly number, bowed upon their knees, and in the language of the 'penitent tax-gatherer," cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—O, as they ride, over the mighty deep, may their dear souls out-brave every storm; and they cast anchor at last, where no beating winds, shall ever assail them more!

Aug. 7th. We embarked in the steam-packet for Kingston, of Ireland. On leaving the harbor of Liverpool, we passed the ship that conveyed us over the ocean;—when the crew, espying us at a distance, each, with their hats, waved after us, a solemn, and a long adieu! which was the last, and only token of their friendship, they ever more could give. Every face to us then, at length was strange; and every friend was far away!

After sixteen-hours run across the channel, we were safe landed at Kingston. This place, we soon understood to be, what it was termed, "A Hell upon earth:"—we therefore wished not to come further into their secret, or in their assemblies to be united: so we left them speedily, and *came, six miles to Dublin.*

Having taken lodgings at a Roman Catholic hotel, we went in search of some people of piety; and chanced to fall in, with a congregation of Methodists. As the crowd began to disperse, we took the liberty to introduce ourselves to a certain by-stander, as "Americans," and as strangers in the place, &c. The good woman gazed upon us with much earnestness,—and returned, "Well, But you have got among wolves!" She, moreover, asked very tenderly concerning our state; and came to us the day following, to urge the propriety of our finding, for a lodging-place, a more safe retreat:—and took us to the house of a pious widow lady, where we after, felt secure. How amiable are the lovers of Jesus! To her praise, I would add,—she shewed herself a wise counsellor and a friend indeed, during our stay in the city. May the name of *Sarah Templeton*, "be had in everlasting remembrance!"

On looking around farther upon the different religious communities of this land; such as Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Friends, Bible Christians, &c. &c. I saw them, as it were, together environed of popish errors; and multitudes, enveloped in the grossest darkness, ignorance and superstition! Howsoever of this "perverse and crooked generation" or (as I foresaw,) ill-fated nation,—there was an holy, happy few, who had chosen the "more excellent way:"—and were found walking worthy of God, and of His GLORY. Many of these had secluded themselves from the sectarians of the day,—had disclaimed all party names, that they—might be more fully "crucified to the world;"

—baptized into the Lord Jesus, and ultimately, be preserved from the “evils to come.”

Although some Methodist preachers of Liverpool had kindly forwarded notes of commendation before us, to preachers of this city, (Gideon Ousley and others)—they made many enquiries, and summed up, “Some of Dow’s followers,” so of course, their preaching houses were shut. I took the liberty for once, however, of speaking at a meeting of “Friends:” but feeling that there was much opposition among them, I accordingly forebore. As they dispersed, I watched to know the end of their good-breeding, &c.—and behold, hundreds passed me by ‘stiff-necked,’ with the exception of one,—who asked my name,—which she heard, and likewise passed on. But a second (of the number above named) who belonged to no community, came, in a christian-like manner, and took us to her home.—And with those who worshipped, in their own private dwellings, we afterwards enjoyed some sweet “refreshings from the presence of the LORD.”

This country seemed greatly convulsed. Many a bosom was agitated with grief and fear of a general insurrection. To the hellish rage of the mighty host of Papists; some, in different parts of the country, fell victims daily. Their threatenings evidently struck terror to all around,—except those who had made the “God of Israel their refuge. I heard, “*The sound of the trumpet, and the alarm of war!*” I heard, as it were, the cry of “*Woe to this bloody city!*” The harvest of the earth, appeared ripe, for the sickle of Divine vengeance! Yea,—that the wrath of the ALMIGHTY

was about to visit them, in some general and awful manner, I entertained no doubt:—and I viewed it very nigh them, even *at the door!*

Notwithstanding our lives were here in jeopardy every hour, our souls were undismayed. And although, hundreds around us were begging bread of our kind HEAVENLY FATHER, our wants were well supplied. At length, being conscious that in the will of GOD we came to Ireland; and knowing, that to proceed farther would be at the peril of our lives; we hence concluded, That all "*Heaven's design*" in bringing us hither, might be fully answered;—and we might, therefore, in quietness return from whence we had come out.

Aug. 17. The society of GOD's dear children here, had been most sweet; and the kindness of some very great; the idea of leaving them, as tender lambs, scattered among devouring wolves, was again truly painful: but the hope of meeting them all in a *better country*, that is an HEAVENLY, was joyful beyond expression. We therefore embarked in the steam-packet Thames, with the voyage before us, of five hundred miles, to Plymouth in England. We had not been long on board before we found ourselves, in what might be very properly termed "*A floating Hell!*"—The merciless, accursed crew, of the "*dark regions of woe,*" I conceived, not unlike what were now, our only companions. Howbeit, after two nights and a day we came with stormy, beating winds, safe into port; though not before one or more attempt had evidently been made to commit *me* to the waves. But an ARM, mightier than their's, was underneath my head!

From Plymouth, in a few hours we reached Devonport, which was the place of sister *Elizabeth's* nativity. Of her kindred and friends we were very joyfully received; and treated by them with much tender care, during our stay.

In Devon. and likewise Plymouth, we held meetings in chapels of Wesleyan, and Primitive Methodists: and also at the Bethel Room, among seamen: But these houses, being too strait to convene the people; I therefore spoke chiefly by the sea-side, in the open air. We found many in our assemblies of tender minds, and who were apparently "sincere enquirers after truth;" but such an host of superficial christians about them, were a great impediment to the *work of grace*.

Because I wished to understand the condition—even of the most wretched of my fellow-beings, that I might know the better to sympathise with them: and likewise how to prize my own peculiar benefits as I ought, I hence sought to penetrate prisons and prison-ships, alms-houses, dock-yards, castles, &c. &c. It happened that of our worshipping assemblies, an officer of the British Navy often made one, who had just received orders to a Mediterranean station: he kindly urged that we should visit his ship—the *St. Vincent*, man-of-war, one hundred and fifty guns.—That we thought a privilege to do. And there, I confess, the various instruments of death exhibited to our view, wrought within the most awful sensations! We also considered it a privilege to visit the dock-yard of Devon: and there we saw hundreds of unhappy men laden with irons, who were never again to *breathe the air of freedom!* My God, cried I,

what inventions are here! and at what amazing cost, for the destruction of mankind! To what cares and woes are thousands born!—a sad inheritance. In viewing that Yard, however, with much that was contained therein, I was highly gratified: even the Yard itself, which consisted of seventy-two acres, hewn to a great depth out of one solid rock. That was sufficient to admonish us of the surprising energies, and extraordinary perseverance of the men of this world to accomplish their object in view!—while O, might we learn therefrom, a lesson of ardent labour and unhesitating perseverance in that work of *infinite moment* upon which our “eternal ail” depends!

In Devon we met with Mr. O'B. the founder of the sect in England, called Armenian--Bible Christians: (vulgarly, Bryanites)--he took us to his home, in Leskeard of Cornwall, sixteen miles from Devon. There we met with some of the most loving christians--with whom we felt our whole souls entwined: especially some *females*,* who travelled, as preachers of the GOSPEL. A man who had recently left the Friend's Society, eminent for talents and piety, was singularly exercised in religion. “LORD, by any means, (was my reply,) that sinners might be saved!”

We visited likewise some of the villages adjacent, and saw some turning from *sin*, to the *obedience of the just*: but as I felt bound for the city of London, we returned to Plymouth. From thence, in company with Mr. O'B. we took the steam-packet, and travelled two-hundred miles, to

*Mrs. O'Bryan, her daughter, and Mrs. Clark.

Portsmouth—and so on, direct to Wooton Bridge^d, in the Isle of Wight. I held meetings in the chapels of Methodists, and Bible Christians, which were satisfactory—and then we went to Newport, the capital of the island.

From Newport we visited the famed Castle of Carrisbrook, which was situated upon an eminence, one mile from the town. Motives of curiosity which brought us to this place, had also led thousands hither, before us.

To this Castle, King Charles 1st. fled for security, in the civil-war, by Oliver Cromwell, of the 17th century:—where he was arrested, and shortly after, tried and executed, in the city of London. Although there, the roar of cannon, or the din of arms was no more heard:—the voice of lamentation had ceased! and the earth had long since covered the blood of the slain,* yet the horrors of that dreadful day were still commemorated, by the huge battered walls, and gloomy cells, “where,” said the traveller, “Thousands of my brave countrymen were butchered in cool blood!”

We returned to Newport, and Mr.——, appointed for an *American female* to preach upon a public square, in the centre of the town. Hundreds had soon collected upon the spot, anxious to know what a “woman from America” would have to say to them.—I had commenced speaking; and all was profound silence, when I was suddenly arrested of the police officers, and brought before a court of justice, under charge

*Which tradition says issued forth in streams for the space of a mile, into the town beneath.

of "obstructing the way and making disturbance!" This once, in the journey of my life, I rejoiced in the prospect of becoming a "prisoner" for **CHRIST JESUS** sake, and the Gospel. That honor, however, at this time, was denied me: but being honorably acquitted, I went and concluded the "exercise" in the presence of as many as chose to follow, &c --So I gave them a sample for once, that "American females, are not all of them, cowards."

This circumstance consequently was overruled, much to the furtherance of the truth. Many christians looked upon this act of outrage from the officers, with such indignation, that they threw open their commodious preaching house, and bade us use our freedom there. Having spoken thrice to large and solemn auditories, in that place, the "power of the **HIGHEST**" began to be remarkably displayed--and many among the multitude to cry out "I am the chief of sinners!" "I am a grey headed sinner!" "I humbly crave an interest in your prayers! Many joined in covenant, to seek eternal life, at the loss of all things; and to meet me, in a better world. So, in hope of seeing them all again, even at the "marriage supper of the Lamb," I bade them all farewell:--but I had the satisfaction however to learn, some weeks subsequent, that the "good work" of the **LORD JESUS** was still progressing there. "LORD, work by any means, that precious souls may be saved, and that thy **GLORIOUS NAME** may be exalted in all the earth!" I visited likewise different parts of the island, viz:--the beautiful town of *Ryde, Braden, Sandown, St. Helen, &c.* and

spake in chapels of P. Methodists, and Bible Christians, with good success.

Oct. 6. We came to Portsmouth, and tarried but for a night. Here, I gazed upon the multitude, with tender pity, and questioned, "whether there was one christian to a thousand," that passed me by:--The great mass of them appeared bent together in destruction's way! From Portsmouth, we took the stage-coach, and came seventy miles to London.

In London, the Metropolis of the kingdom, (or the chief city of the known world) I expected to see, if possible, both virtue and vice fully exemplified. One specimen we had, on the one hand, before the journey was completed: for on entering the city at night, (unaware of the host that watched for the unsuspecting traveller,) our garments had a slit through, a number of inches, for the contents of our pockets—even while travelling with the utmost speed. This proved a lesson in season, that we now especially needed the "sagacity of a serpent" tempered with the "harmlessness of a dove" to know how to resist, in a twofold sense, the wiles of the "wicked one"

In my expectations I was not disappointed, concerning either the good or the evil prevailing here. Many "sons and daughters," I rejoice to assert, were "virtue's brightest ornaments:" and that, it was indispensably necessary they should be, in order to withstand the current of iniquity which beat so heavily against them.--While on the other hand, multitudes were the "exact model," seemingly, of all that man was capable of being *this side of the infernal pit*. But I speak it to th

praise of many, That the manner in which we were received in London, for the Truth's sake—and treated, during a stay of three months among them, was truly becoming the christian character.

In the chapels appropriated to Methodists and Bible Christians, I laboured principally;—however, I spake occasionally to multitudes on ship-board, in alms-houses, sail-lofts, prisons, prison-ships; and very frequently in the open air, i. e. in corners of the streets, public squares, &c. &c. To out-of-door preaching, the people of London are much accustomed,—where, not one to a hundred that throng the streets, would otherwise, ever hear the GOSPEL preached. At Rattcliff Square, in the open air, I had the pleasure of occupying the stand where the venerable *J. Wesley* had often, as “an unvarying waymark” pointed the “wayfaring man”

“The way;—the way to God!
Salvation, through a SAVIOUR'S blood!”

Scores I trust, which there gave me their hand in solemn covenant, to seek and serve the LORD: will remember that time, and place, with exceeding great joy, in the world of Glory.

At Limehouse, where I sometimes spake in the forks of the road, was a very remarkable revival of the work of God.—Many joined hands, in covenant, to seek salvation: and some, bless the LORD, from the King's highway, that were poor and pennyless were made “rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom.”

I was invited to speak, in a prison-ship, to 150

female convicts, that were to be transported the ensuing morning to Van Deiman's Land. O, my heart still melts at the recollection of that scene! A number in the bloom of youth, lie struggling in the last agonies of death, while their loss there was none to deplore; and others were bidding adieu to husbands and children, parents and kindred, all—with their native land—to behold the same again, no more forever! Oh! their sad cries which rent the air!—But alas, all then were fruitless! I indulged the pleasing hope however, that they “sorrowed after a goodly sort;” and that the solemn engagement they then made, to try to meet us in Heaven, would never, (of any of them) be forgotten. O, “*when the earth and sea deliver up their dead,*” may we see those poor, infatuated females, in robes of spotless innocence, come forth, of whom it shall be said, “*They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*”

Under the protection of some Methodist preachers we went on board of a ship, also lying in the river, and spoke to some scores of seamen:—Elizabeth, with myself, the only females. But in a good cause, whereas we have never reason to hesitate, or be ashamed!

I went to Newgate prison, with Elizabeth, to gain an interview with some, under sentence of death; but none, except their chaplain being permitted to exchange words with them,—I was therefore conscious I had done what I could for the saving of their souls; and so, I ventured also to witness their execution. How was I struck on

seeing "three young gentlemen,"* come forth, as a sacrifice to such an ignominious death! One, solemnly bowed to the concourse of thousands, and only breathed 'farewell'—then they with trembling submitted themselves to the executioner: and in two minutes space, were launched into the eternal world! Oh, the aspect was tremendous! Shall I ever again witness such a scene? nor might none other mortal! But this is only, as it were, the common work of the day; and the same crimes are repeated, as in the face and eyes of the criminal, for which he is to die! "Heaven daring sinners; how can they escape the damnation of Hell?"

We visited a number of towns and villages adjoining London, viz: Woolwich, Kingsland, Hillford, &c. At the place last named, I had the privilege of speaking in a commodious chapel, belonging to a female preacher, in connexion with the W. Methodists. I had also the pleasure of hearing a number of females preach in London, belonging to the P. Methodists.

In passing through the town of Greenwich, we observed a concourse surrounding some puppet shows—when a preacher, of our company, observed "we will go and pray with them." We accordingly left the carriage, and he knelt in the street, a small distance off,—which attracted their attention, and he began to pray very fervently. The whole, consequently left their shows and assembled about us: and when Mr. P. had concluded his prayer, he gave out, That a woman

*Executed for house-breaking and forgery.

from America would address them from these words, "*God so loved the World,*" &c. I was glad of the opportunity of speaking to them, but I wished likewise for the privilege of choosing my own subject. Wherefore, I thought proper to act in accordance with what he had stated, so I spake to them an half hour or more, from the text, and we started on our way. Many, so far forgot their first diversion, that they followed us, with tears, a considerable distance:--and O, may they also "*follow the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth.*"

We felt interested in being present at a "Jewish Feast of Tabernacles;" especially, on the "last day," called the "Great Day of the Feast."--Thousands had collected at their Synagogues from every part of the kingdom: but of the "whole,"--how destitute of the true spirit of devotion, in all their observances. True, said I, "the glory has departed,--and the mighty have fallen!" I noticed that their Rulers brought forth their rolls of parchment, containing the writings of the Old Testament, richly decked with gold, silver, &c.--and these every man embraced with a kiss. Said I, moreover, how insensible is this people, that this same *word* which they, to human view, so much revere, in the sight of JEHOVAH, they have utterly set at naught, and made void by their traditions: yea, that they themselves, in a very special sense, are that "rebellious house" by whom it is absolutely contemned and rejected! Of what a blinding nature is sin!

In one of the chapels of London, called Salem, I had the privilege of speaking once, twice and *thrice* a week, for the space of three months.

Although this house was the private property of some local preachers, who had invited me to the place; their superintendent H. M.*—finding his authority out of the question,—took the liberty to show his influence, by sending another,† to occupy the pulpit in my stead. I sat and heard, but told the congregation, when he had done, (which I considered it duty to do,) why, the person had not addressed them, for whom the appointment had been made;—and added, “Perhaps the man supposed, that such an one might do you harm;”—but, according to the assertion of the wise man, “*He that judges a matter before he knows it, is a fool.*” &c. &c. The old gentleman then arose, to vindicate himself,—and said, “I know not but that the woman, is the best person that ever was; but I was ordered so to do, of the Superintendent.” Poor man, thought I, it is a great pity, that you are grey-headed, and know no better, than to take aim,—hit-or-miss,—because another has said so.

Shortly after, the three preachers were called to an account of H. M. for suffering a woman, to speak in the chapel. One of them very confidently replied, “I did not invite that woman to the place, but I would not lay a straw in her way.” Said a second, “Neither did I invite the woman to the place; but many sinners have been converted and in consequence; and I do not repent of her going.”—Said a third, “I did invite her there; and hundreds have been drawn by motives of curiosity to the place, that otherwise

*The man who wrote the Life of Mrs Fletcher. †Mr Aves.

wise, would never have gone to any house of prayer; and very many souls have been converted; hence I do not,—neither shall I ever, repent of it.” So as a punishment for doing good and not being willing to say, “I repent,” they were all expelled from the connexion. Are these leaders, the followers of the venerable J. Wesley?—Or do they care to imitate him, but in ‘name’ only,—and all his virtues lie, as useless and forgot?

We went to view the awful spot, at Well-Close Square, where the Divine vengeance was so signally manifested, in the destruction of New Brunswick Theatre. Upon that site of ground stood a house, where God was worshiped, since the remembrance of some, cotemporary with us, which building was torn down, and one reared in its stead for a playhouse; but it was not long before the Theatre, was destroyed by fire; and a second was under way to supply its place.—The fire went up with such amazing rapidity, as to astonish all of the vicinity. The sound of the workmen was heard by night and by day,—sabbath days not excepted—during which, if any man refused to work, he lost his employment. The house at length was completed; and every precaution was used, against its destruction a second time, by fire, (as though the great ARCHITECT of the Universe, was to be baffled in His attempts)—Consequently, it was illuminated, for the first time on Sabbath evening, as if, for a performance.—On Monday night, hundreds had there again the anticipated delight.—But it was momentary!—*Some heard, in the meanwhile “violent crashings*

and others "heavy blows," like the beating of rods against the walls: and they left the place, and said nothing. On Wednesday, earnest preparations were making again, for a second performance;—when, the chief proprietors, and many young ladies were together, at an early hour, making ready as dancers at the evening's entertainment. At 11 o'clock, A. M. one afterwards, observed, "I heard a sound, and saw a vibration of the chandelier, when, as from instinct, I jumped over into one of the boxes, and instantly, the whole structure,—with an awful crash, was a heap of ruins! The walls had burst asunder, (the mortar being still undry) and the iron roof, with a vast weight suspended, had fallen, and buried hundreds in wretchedness and death! The chief proprietor, young gentlemen, ladies, workmen, travellers, horses, &c. were crushed, limb and joint, asunder! Fifty or sixty killed and wounded, the exact number, however, unknown! One week had passed, and it was imagined, there was still life there:—dying groans were heard; and some were at length dug out. But there was none to remove the pile, for they said, "Who will pay our wages?"

By this dreadful catastrophe, thus, many lives were lost in the most shocking manner; and the mourners filled the streets. A vast amount of property was gone:—workmen had lost their wages:—many had lost their all:—scores were thrust into prison,—or reduced to beggary and left to perish with hunger.—Mourners, had watered this ground with their tears; and these streets had rung with their most bitter cries. Thousands,

had flocked from every part of the kingdom, to witness what was done; and almost every pulpit of the country had resounded with the melancholy theme! After a lapse of twelve months, I had come to the place also:—and all, at length, was silent, around the fatal spot.—Multitudes about, were living, as they had lived, and going on as they had done. The voice of mourning was no more heard;—and this stroke of JEHOVAH'S vengeance, was seemingly forgot!

Who, but that must acknowledge the 'hand of God' in these things?—or can say, 'That in the midst of wrath He did not remember mercy.' Had this event been delayed but a few hours more, when thousands had collected at the place, what dreadful destruction of life must inevitably have been! JEHOVAH, suffers long, and is kind; but His patience will not always bear.—HE has said, "*Vengeance is mine, I will repay.*" May all the deluded votaries of pleasure, consider well these things, before iniquity proves their ruin; and their sad lamentation be at last, where hope, or mercy, never cometh!

At an avenue of the metropolis, was an image exhibited to view, of a man, emaciated to a skeleton; clothed in rags; bound hand and foot with irons; a padlock upon his mouth—and upon his head the threat inscribed, "No grumbling:"—this, to represent, the state of the nation. A very correct delineation, as I imagined, of the cruel tyranny, both civil and religious, under which multitudes of the land long had groaned. But the bitter cry, of the oppressed, poor and needy, had seemingly come up into the ears of

the God of Sabaoth, whose wrath was not a little kindled. And when "He ariseth to shake terribly the earth, who shall stand before his indignation?"

Here, passes the gilded coach of the Lord Mayor, drawn by six white steed, richly ornamented with crimson plumes, blankets, &c.—next moves, with solemn procession, the hearse, in great magnificence for the burial of those of noble line;—then follow in train, thousands of the oppressed, emaciated poor, who would thankfully grasp one crumb of bread! Oh, what abominations are these, cried I; which are practised in this land! Who can wonder, at the insurrection of multitudes who have not the fear of God, throughout this country? And who can wonder, that thousands put a period to their own wretched existence, who are doomed to endure such aggravations as these? Did Almighty God make mortals thus widely to differ? No. "*But woe be to those rich, they have trodden down the poor, and they have kept back by fraud, the hire of those, who have reaped down their fields, &c. Let them therefore weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon them. Their gold and their silver is cankered, and the rust shall be a witness against them, and shall eat their flesh, as it were fire.*"

I improved the opportunity of visiting several times, the famishing manufacturers of Spital-fields and Bethnal-Green. Oh! the situation of thousands there, language would fail me to describe! What death could be more terrible than that of starvation, with bread enough in full view! Even, the most wretched criminal upon the gallows, might have hundreds to sympathize

with him; who suffers indeed, justly, for his own misdoings;—while here, are thousands pining away and dying with hunger, who have done nothing worthy of their miseries: toward whom, no lenient hand is extended—no yearning bowels move.—But every eye, toward them is dry; and every heart, is callous to their woes!

But where might I look, and the most deplorable distress, did not prevail; and more especially, in what street of this populous city! How many, alas, might we meet in every street or lane, with pale looks, hollow eyes, and meagre limbs;—or creeping up and down, like walking shadows. Complaints, the most bitter, in every mouth; and multitudes, not only deprived of bread, but bereft of their senses! Wide-spread poverty, had produced wide-spread lunacy;—hence the mad-houses were filled with lunatics;—and the most shocking murders, were committed daily.—Parents were inhumanly butchering their children, and children their parents;—husbands their wives, and wives their husbands; and multitudes, also, foreseeing the evils that were coming upon them, hung, drowned, poisoned, shot, &c. themselves. Oh, said I, "*Might I weep day and night, for the slain of the daughter of my people.*" But all these appeared, only as the beginning of sorrows. The blackness of darkness, I saw, as a curtain hanging over the nation;—and not unfrequently declared to them (in public testimony), that, "*The day of trouble was near.*" The sin, I conceived, for which God was about to visit them, was a national sin! consequently must *be punished* with a national evil: but what that

evil would be I could not say : whether the sword, famine, or pestilence.—Wherefore amidst complicated miseries, I saw them, as it were, a nation descending;—and that the glory, which had in a great measure departed from them, other countries more deserving, would richly enjoy.

A paper was handed me in London, shewing what events were to be accomplished, from the memorable year 1830. Signs and wonders, (in evidence thereof) had appeared in the heavens—The moon's disk, had been seen to divide asunder, for the space of several feet; and in each division the bust of a man,—with a crimson girdle about the waist, and each, with sword in hand, uplifted against his fellow. The veracity of this, howsoever, we have no authority to assert: except from the remarkable incidents which have since been fulfilled in different parts of Europe,—and that commenced quickly after, more especially among the French nation. In the “political world,” despotism, monarchy, and aristocracy must fall!—And in the “religious world,” priestcraft, bigotry and superstition must have an end. And then shall the REDEEMER'S Kingdom, which is “righteousness and peace,” be “victorious over all, and fill the whole earth.”

If the tender mercies of the MOST HIGH, do not excite men to the practice of virtue; nor His judgments have their designed effect; then has HE said, “*Will I make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh.*” Now is the time, we very well know, when the nations of the East, yea, of the whole earth, are greatly

convulsed; and does it not betoken, A storm more terrible at hand? While the judgments of God are thus abroad in the earth; happy for all such as learn righteousness thereby.—But those who will still refuse and rebel, shall be devoured with the sword,—for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. We rejoice that “tyranny,” either civil or religious, shall not long prevail in the earth:—but that the Lord shall overturn, and overturn, until at length “liberty” both civil and religious, shall be established in all the world.

I felt interested in surveying some of the artificial curiosities of the Metropolis; such as the Tunnel, (called) or arched street, beneath the river Thames; the Church of St. Paul, Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, the Museum, the Monument built in commemoration of the fire, which happened in 1666, &c. In observing these,—I was constrained to say again, “How much more wise are the children of this world in their generation, than the children of light! In these things, what remarkable enterprise and perseverance have they displayed, to obtain the object of their pursuit! While on the other hand the “men of grace” who have “the exceeding great and precious promises” of God, to encourage and urge them forward, in the path of duty (and who especially profess to have respect to Eternal Inheritance)—how “double-minded and they often found; and unstable and remiss, in their ways!”

Having spent three months in the city of London, I began to be much exercised about returning to America. The cruel oppression and

trass of this land, I could no longer endure:— notwithstanding many dear christian friends, urged our longer continuence here. Some besought that we might pay them a visit, in the “North of England.” But I labored under great heaviness, and continual sorrow. Of my bread I could not partake of quietness,—while sensible that hundreds of every description surrounded me, that were perishing for food. * * *

As many of the poor were anxious to accompany me to America, I imagined that from some of the rich, I might solicit aid in their behalf. Accordingly I drew up a paper for subscription; (which I handed to some in affluent circumstances) that read as follows:

TO THE TRULY BENEVOLENT.

“I am a foreigner. A few months since from the United States of America. From a sense of duty have I come to this country, (and if any are concerned to know) with necessary credentials. In travelling through different parts of England, I have witnessed very sore calamity, especially among the poor inhabitants of the land:—many of whom, are actually in a perishing condition.

Being myself about to return to America, and knowing that they there may be useful and happy, I have thus undertook to solicit in their behalf, ‘the charitable assistance of the humane:’ and I anticipate the pleasure of seeing them at some future period, (not a few,) comfortably situated in my own native clime.”

“*He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto*

the Lord; and that which he hath given, will He pay him again."

N. TOWLE, of Hampton,
State of New Hampshire, North-America.

Few were disposed, however, to give me any encouragement; so I gave over, and we prepared to embark for my own loved country, America. I conceived that the sufferings to which we should be exposed on the ocean; would not be equal to those, we must unavoidably endure, in tarrying where we were. Having parted with much of our wearing apparel, and all else that we could spare, to the naked, famishing poor; we were, therefore, but ill-prepared for cold wintry storms,—and that for a succession of weeks or months, upon the wide Atlantic: But I believed that the same ALMIGHTY ARM, which had been my defence thus far, both upon the land and on the sea; would also give me again to see, my native clime in peace. I was well persuaded, that instead of cold wintry winds, and rolling seas; the LORD was able to send a gentle summer breeze;—and bid the seas, to “cease their raging,” even till we had gained the distant,—destined shore.



RETURN TO AMERICA.

PART IV.

Jan. 5th, 1830. We entered on board the American packet-ship *Thames*, (J. Robinson, master,) for Philadelphia. A number of preachers and brethren there commended us to God, by solemn prayer; and we added, “A long farewell—until we hail you,—the citizen of London, happy forevermore, on Zion’s Holy Hill!”

Our neat little cabin, we now considered a sweet retreat,—from all the wars and fightings, we with painfulness had seen. We had not been many days out, before we had indeed a gentle breeze, and the heat of summer, for the space of six weeks:—in the mean time, having taken a southerly course, (for trade winds, &c.) we found ourselves in the latitude of the West Indies. I was able to employ my pen, for the most part; and all things went on pleasantly. Until, at length, we heard the joyful cry of Land! Land! Land! and I ran upon deck, to behold my loved America, once more;—just then, the ship struck!—The crash was tremendous! Behold it was upon shoals, with only two-and-a-half-fathom water. She continued beating for the space of twenty minutes,—which caused such a terrible sound, as though the pillars of the earth were in commotion. Every countenance gathered paleness; and a signal of distress was hoisted; when, some vessels within sight, were hastening to our relief. And they sounded again, and it was five fathom water; the wind being still very mild, hence, she quietly moved off; and (without casting any reflection,) she went unmolested on her way. The Captain came to me afterwards and remarked, “How she got on, I cannot tell, nor how she got off, but that she is off, and we are safe.”—He added moreover, ‘She is now like a man, that has slept upon a hard plank, during the night—with a back-bone somewhat sore.’ (Her ‘false-keel,’ she having lost off; which was the principal injury she sustained.) How often, will sinners pray in time of distress, and be ashamed of it afterwards;—

when—'Peter-like,'—they begin to c-rse, and s-er in order to hide it. The captain, in time of danger, (though, perhaps, the loss of the ship was the most he feared,) began to pray, "God bless us, and save us?"—but no sooner, was he in safety than he altered his tone to, "D—n those shoals!"

At this time, I was unmoved, as I feared the loss of no man's life; although I was apprehensive that the ship was in imminent danger. But I felt thankful to God, however, for such a lesson of instruction; that I might be able to realize in some measure, the awful sensations of shipwrecked-mariners. It appeared that those on board, had been too insensible of the mercies which had followed them, thus far, across the deep;—hence, this particular incident, was intended by Divine Providence, to arouse them to a sense of what they had escaped—and also to give them to understand, with what ease they might all have been swallowed up in the bowels of the ocean, had there been no "power" above that of "human" to deliver them. Had the gale been the same, that it was but a few hours before, we must inevitably have been dashed in pieces even at the first blow. The goodness and forbearance of God, should lead men "to love and revere—even the place where His honor dwelleth."

March 3d, 1830. With much joy, we again set foot on the happy shores of fair Columbia; after more than seven weeks confinement to our floating prison. I had chosen Philadelphia as my landing place, on the account of some emigrants, that I had engaged to meet at that port. I was too *willing* to deprive myself of the society of my

parents and kindred, for a space to aid, if possible, such as had succoured me in a land of strangers; hence I made a stay of a number of weeks in Philadelphia, and held meetings in ten or more of their preaching places, (which belonged to different sects,) with good success.

We then went to the city of New-York; in which place, I spoke in five of their houses of worship,—a number of halls, &c.; and saw much good effected, in the name of JESUS. Here, I had the pleasure also, of seeing three others of my own sex, labourers in the Gospel, and companions of my tribulation, viz: Ann Rexford, (belonging to the denomination of christians) Ruth Watkins, and Ann Warren, from England, (attached to the Primitive Methodists,)—these had travelled with the testimony of JESUS, for a succession of years. I believe that *females* are sent into the harvest of the LORD JESUS, more especially, To provoke the idle shepherds, to more earnest endeavors for the good of souls!—and for the promotion of the “word and kingdom of the Redeemer,” over the world. The Lord grant that “*Worms may thresh mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff!*”

I went to Newark, N. J. and held meetings in chapels of Methodists:—we then proceeded to Camptown, where I spoke in a chapel, built for a “female preacher,” (Ann Rexford.) She had been instrumental of gathering a considerable “church” in that place:—and who were also attached, as I trust, “To the *general assembly, and church of the first born,—whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.*”

We next attended a general meeting of Independent Methodists, at Long-Branch; where I received a Note, as follows:

"This is to certify to all whom it may concern, that our sister, *Ann Towle*, has been laboring and preaching the Gospel among us, much to our satisfaction, and edification. We hereby recommend her, as in our opinion, worthy to be received, and helped forward, in her work and labour of love, by all who love our LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Signed, in behalf of the Annual Conference, held at Long Branch, Shrewsbury, County of Monmouth, State of New Jersey; May 31st, 1830, by the Methodist Independent Church.

JESSE OAKLEY, *Moderator.*

JOHN SAPLIN NEWMAN, *Clerk.*

I laboured through these towns, severally, adjacent; and saw many turn from sin, to God:—"choosing rather to suffer affliction with His people, than to enjoy the short-lived pleasures of sin." I had sometimes the happiness of seeing an assembly, consisting of hundreds, crave and interest in the prayers of christians,—that they might be saved. "*He that seeketh findeth; and to him, that knocketh, it shall be opened.*"

I spoke at the Court-House in Freehold and at an Inn, in English-Town;—and then, reached New-Brunswick. I there, held three meetings in the Methodist Chapel, which were very encouraging. Their preacher shewed us much kindness. We then went to Boundbrook; where I *spoke* in a Grove, on the 4th of July, from the

“Root of Jesse, that shall stand as an ensign to the people, &c.” I spoke likewise at the Academy, —the preceptor, of which, shewed me much favour, and also Mr W.—May God return, my good friends, double in the present time— and the riches of eternity, be theirs, beyond the grave!

We reached Philadelphia, and went a second time to our good sister’s,—Hannah Andrews; with whom, we rejoiced to have again, a quiet resting place. She is a preacher in the line of Quakers, but not a member. (Friends from England, whom I had expected, had in part arrived; and left, waiting for me,—books, letters, papers, &c. &c. but they had gone from the city.)

Here I was called to the most bitter trial, as I thought, that I had ever experienced: viz. the parting with my Elizabeth. Her brother came from New Orleans, on his way to St. Johns, (New Brunswick) to see his parents; and he desired her, to bear him company. This she intimated to me; but the very thought, being death-like, of parting with her; I hence, strove to dissuade her from the thing,—and to await another opportunity. She hushed me for that time; but she improved the chance, however, while I was sleeping, and fled; leaving behind her, a letter, showing her reasons for so doing, &c.—which were—“that she considered it her duty to visit her parents; and she conceived a parting would be too hard for either of us to bear, in any other way.” I therefore now saw myself again, a lonely traveller in the earth; and that, let others do as they would—to me “No cross” on earth, would be, “No crown” in heaven. *It is*

through much tribulation, that we shall enter the kingdom.

I laboured through the city, in many of their houses of worship; and likewise in the market-places: (the intense heat of the season being such, as to render it very disagreeable within doors,) sometimes speaking to more than three thousand, white and coloured, at one time. The police-officer very kindly offered to light the market-house, and to keep order, as often as I chose. I was extremely affected, to see the aged come out with their chairs, at a very early hour; and seat themselves in readiness,—with much anxiety to hear. Many, usually came forward for prayers, at my request; and a goodly number I trust, found in the market-places, a pardon of their sins. I had here the pleasure of hearing Dorothy Ripley preach—who had for the good of souls crossed the Atlantic, the eighteenth time.

I went into New Jersey, and spake in Mt. Holly, at the Baptist and Methodist preaching houses. As the court was sitting at this place, some of the Judges happened among my hearers, and also to make me a number of visits:—Besides others, was * * * * *, Judge of the U. S. Court.—He was a man, I found, quite unlike the unjust judge of old “that feared neither God, nor regarded man;” but he shewed me very great kindness; and related the dealings of God, towards his soul, with many tears, saying: “You are the first person to whom I have ever spoken of these things. And toward yourself, I have used freedom, because I believe that nothing else, but love to *precious souls*, could induce you to range crea-

tion for a succession of years, as you have done. I went likewise to Lumberton, and spake in the Methodist Chapel;—next to Medford, and spake in a chapel of the same order; (where I had great kindness shown me, from some of every description.) I went also to Pemberton, Juliustown, Burlington, and Bordentown, and spake in chapels of Methodists, and Baptists. I then started on my way, for the city of New-York; where I arrived—with hope of being able to go immediately homeward; but I felt forbidden;—and in a few days, two young women, the daughters of Mr O'B., arrived from England. Their parents had sent them out to my care; and as they had shewed me kindness in a strange land, I considered it duty now, to requite the favor by staying, at least, a short time with them.

I went in company with one of them, to Hartford, (Con.) and called on H. G. a preacher of my acquaintance: but every where I turned, some new circumstance tended to remind me, That little confidence was to be placed, in any human arm.—Notwithstanding, this man had received from myself, the kindest attention, when a stranger at the house of my father; (having been used to call, in travelling as a preacher that way) but now in return, I was saluted with, “I do not believe in the preaching of females; neither can I, conscientiously, afford you any aid.” I was much surprised at this manner of address, on entering the house;—especially from him, as he had a daughter, gone on a foreign mission with her husband; with whom it appeared, he was pleased well enough! I hence, saw as much consistency in him, as the man had discovered in

British America;—of whom it was told me, “That he opposed the preaching of women, above every thing else:—but his wife, was wont to write his sermons for sabbath-day, and he to read them.” This, consequently, passed well enough with him, for the fulfilling of his solemn charge. “*To warn the people, at the mouth of God*”—standing between the living and the dead, &c. I suppose, the poor Ignoramus thought, If the people had it at his mouth, it was all that his obligation, either to God or man, required! * * * * *

I therefore, made application myself, first, to the Methodist preacher, for his house to speak in. But he had his excuses.--I then went to the Baptist minister:—and he had his deacons to consult.--So I went,--lastly, to the Universalist preacher, and (I speak it to his praise) he appeared the most christian-like of the four,--and remarked, “I am willing that any body shall do good that can.”

I had there, a very large and attentive auditory; and had organs introduced for the first time, to aid our devotions. Of this, however, I in no wise approved; but it had happened, that I gave out an hymn, as I sometimes do,--(i. e. if I feel justified in doing it) which I requested might be sung of those who “feared God.” I presume the choir belonging to the society included themselves without any hesitation in that number; and they suddenly commenced such a mighty sounding behind my head, as quite amazed me! I had never been accustomed to view the Lord as behind my back; but rather, as the Psalmist said, “*To foresee HIM always before my face, that I should not be mor-*

ed." I had therefore, no idea of any of "His worshippers" in that place; and it was a wonder if I had not already said,—to 'Satan,' "*Get behind me.*" They very kindly offered me the use of the house again—or when I pleased; and I had taken the liberty, to appoint for the ensuing night. But it being rainy, perhaps they were afraid of their fine cushions getting dirtied; so it was not opened. This, was the most elegant house-of-worship I had ever occupied. May the Lord Jehovah condescend to enrich the place, with the "far superior beauty, and excellency," of His kingdom, and of His grace!

H. G. (so very scrupulous,) began the next day to upbraid me, for offering an hymn, to be sung of ungodly men, under pretence, of worshipping God:—although, his own tender conscience—nor any member of his family was wounded, by being present. I very readily confessed to him, whereas, That the singing of ungodly men, or their use of instruments, in meetings of worship, I was very far from approving: But that I thought myself furnished with a sufficient excuse, for having given out the hymn at that time—to wit, That my appointment had been published at the Methodist-chapel, by christian people, and I hence expected, that they were the only ones present to take the lead of singing. But because they did not, said I, and unconverted people, (or rather, those who had behaved more christian-like, than he had done himself,) improved the privilege, had I any right to forbid them? No, I am not to be judge of any such matters. "*To their own master they either stand or fall.*"

Nevertheless, I resolved to try to be more watchful on that hand, for the time to come. But with regard to himself, he had evidenced to me, that he "strained at a gnat, and swallowed a camel" with no degree of difficulty. For I viewed what he was doing, a very great crime—in, not only *discouraging*, but even *forbidding* the things, that God had expressly enjoined: (i. e. the public ministrations of females.) Yea, the same things which I knew to be essential to my own salvation:—and not only so, but for which I believed, thousands would rejoice forevermore, in the eternal world of bliss.

To him, I said, If you are called, Sir, to preach the Gospel—why do you not preach it? It appears, that you delight to find fault with all men, and to do good to none: (he having about an half-dozen hearers in the place, to whom he was so overmuch righteous, as to break bread every sabbath-day: like the pharisees of old, Tithing mint and cummin; but blind,—wilfully so, to the far weightier matters.) I therefore, saw that this man would be likely to hinder all the good, I might be able to do, in the place; so I "shook off the dust of my feet, as a testimony against him:"—it having cost me, not only time and trouble, but, six dollars out of my pocket to come to profit their souls.—That, I consequently left him to answer at the bar of Almighty Jehovah; and so I bade him* adieu. I was in hopes, that from this place I might be able to proceed

* This was an Englishman—it is nothing strange for *them to be lords* in our land!

homeward; but feeling, the two young women still to be my charge, I returned to the city or New York.

I tarried yet, a number of weeks at New-York, and attended mostly to writing; until at length, my companion, E. Venner, returned, in company with her brother: but he had so far won her to himself, that she would not be prevailed on to travel the world with me. They went to reside, up the North River, the distance of seventy miles.—to which place, after some days, I was impressed to go. For a night, my rest departed, and in the morning early I resolved to follow the leadings of my mind; so I took the steam-packet, and in a few hours I reached the shore. But behold, Elizabeth with her brother had just set sail; and the vessel was then within sight,—for Lake Ontario, three hundred miles westward. Not knowing that I should ever have opportunity of seeing her again, I took the steam-packet, and soon overtook her:—but not being able to stop, I was obliged to pass her by, and go on to Albany. I there held one meeting while waiting for her; and in the meanwhile she arrived: but the pain of parting again, we were both loath to endure; consequently, she and her brother, insisted on my proceeding forward with them. I did not see clear to go back; neither could I feel reconciled to going forward: however I continued on, until, I reached Geneva,—(four-hundred miles from the city of New York, and situated at the head of Lake Seneca.) I had been but one half hour in the place, before an ~~assem-~~

bly had collected, and I was requested to preach to them. This I did, as well as I was able—and twice the day following, in a chapel of Methodists. By the presiding elder who was present, I understood that I was well approved.

I afterwards improved chiefly at the Museum; and I there had the satisfaction of seeing many awakened, to seek the salvation of their souls. (At the earnest request of some of my friends, I consented to have my likeness taken, for the Museum. This I conceived might be a comfort to some, when I might shortly be sleeping in the dust.)

A good woman came to me one day, and urged that I should visit a friend of hers, who was very ill. Respecting the person, I made but few enquiries, nor did she care to give me the exact character of her friend, lest (as she afterwards said) I should refuse to go. But I went, however, to his place of residence, and found him a venerable looking man, sitting in an armed chair. I began to direct my conversation to him; but behold he was dumb! I introduced the subject of religion; but he looked as though it was a matter foreign to himself. I spake of the salvation of the world, universally; and he quickly bowed assent, to his belief of that doctrine. But I observed that he had "*an ear to hear*" what I had to say upon that subject: and on my touching, particularly upon his afflictions, that he wept as a child. I felt deeply interested for the man; and after an hour's conversation with him, his wife requested my prayers in his behalf:

to which I replied, "If agreeable to himself, I shall not object." He very readily signified assent. And I felt that I had "power with God," and should ultimately "prevail" in *pulling down*, as with "holy violence," "JEHOVAH's blessings" on his head.

Soon after, I paid him a second visit; and he appeared highly gratified on seeing me again. I conversed with him at this time, with much more freedom; and he wept aloud, seemingly, with an heart broken through penitence and woe. I commended his soul to God, a second time, by earnest prayer; and with an unshaken confidence, that he would obtain a remission of his sins, and an inheritance with the just. Yea, I continued my requests at the Throne of Grace, day and night that he might be saved: being baptized into the deepest sympathy with him, in his very sore afflictions;—insomuch, that I thought, his conversion would be more to me, than even *scores* of others, in a common rank of life.

Being about to leave the country for the city of Boston, I made him my last visit; at which time, the melting influence of the grace of God was in a very special manner manifested; and all present were moved to weeping; particularly * * * * * who roared aloud from the disquietude of his soul. I told him lastly, That I was about to leave those regions—and I had one,—very special request, that I wished to make of him; viz. That he would pray for himself; thrice a day, for the space of four weeks:—provided, he would agree to this, I would join him in "solemn

covenant, to pray that often,—and for the same length of time, in his behalf—even with as much earnestness, as I might find it in my power to do. He very positively replied, in the affirmative; (yea and nay, being all the words, he was able to articulate,) and signified, moreover, That his old doctrine, he fully renounced:—which he believed to be founded alone, in falsehood and deceit. I told him farthermore, that I should write to him on reaching Boston;—and that I hoped to live to hear him proclaim, with an audible voice, “the glad news of Christ’s redeeming love:”—and to see him made “a blessing” to multitudes of our fellow travellers to the grave, throughout the earth.

The circumstance of the man’s losing his speech,) as it was told me, by people of veracity,) was this. Three years before, he was acting in the office of magistrate, in that town—he had been a long time, in sentiment a Universalist, and in his language uncommonly profane:—at which period, a neighbour of his, was preferred to the office before him; on the account, as it was said, of his being a man of a “better principle,” or a member of the Presbyterian church. Thereat, * * * * * became so exasperated, that in an “Heaven-daring” manner, “He wished the Christians all damned in Hell.” While the language was upon his tongue, he was struck, apparently, lifeless to the floor. A physician was called—who by bleeding, was in hopes to restore him; but his efforts were baffled, of raising him to his former state. He hence, never walked a step—read a sentence—wrote a sentence—or uttered a sentence, from that period, until the time of my

interview with him. Nor had he any farther means of communicating (except by signs,) his pains, his sorrows, his hopes, or his fears;—but in gloomy silence, upon that same dreary seat, he passed his years away.

Howsoever in this day of wrathful visitation," as it appeared, Heaven was pleased to reserve for him, one very peculiar blessing,—even the use of his "rational faculties." And was not this, in order that he might repent of his sins;—and eventually, become as a "brand plucked from devouring fire?" I learned, farthermore, that since his confinement, christians had few, dared to make him a visit; lest he might discover towards them, some of his former antipathy, and it proved in consequence, of no avail. His wife however, (being a member of the Presbyterian church) and others of the family, manifested much gratitude, that I had taken the liberty, of calling upon them. He was a man, but a little past the meridian of life; and I imagined, that should it please the Lord by a "miracle of mercy" to convert his soul, and restore him his speech again; he would do much, towards "pulling down the strong-holds of Satan—and of sin."

In this place—I had great and various trials. "*Many wearisome days and nights,*" it appeared, were appointed unto me." I conceived, that I might more fitly compare with the Lord's servants "of old," than ever before; *who wandered in sheep-skins, and goat-skins, in deserts, in mountains, in dens, and in caves of the earth: destitute, afflicted and tormented: (of whom the world*

was not worthy!") Yea, I viewed myself as sustained at this period, in a manner somewhat similar to what was the prophet Elijah, when he had his dwelling, by the "brook Cherith;"—and also, when he complained and said, "*I am left alone, and they seek my life!*" I felt in the meanwhile, whereas that I could go with confidence and composure,—even to the stake, for the name of the Lord Jesus, and there suffer martyrdom, if I was called so to do.—The Lord appeared to be now, leading me "in ways I did not know;"—and I believed, He was preparing me for something great ahead. It might be, as I thought, for my own departure from a "world of sin and woe."

I attended a quarterly-meeting of Methodists at Vienna; and the presiding elder, (Mr Chase,) gave permission that I should preach: which was the request of the other preachers, that were present—with the exception of one whose "name" was Wright: (and it had been happier for him, had his "nature" been the same.)—He greatly withstood the rest, asserting it "a shame," &c. for a woman to preach. But Mr C. insisted, "The woman is called of God to preach the Gospel, and woe be to that man that forbids it!" He continued, nevertheless, to contend for some time,—even after my commencement,—with hat in hand, before my eyes, to fly: as though, "Words" from the polluted tongue of a "female," it were very sinful for his goodness to attend! However, I proceeded; but from the disturbance that had been made, I had very few among the hundreds present, as my hearers. So I

laboured through under much embarrassment; and as I feared, to but little purpose. But my "judgement" I remembered, was "with the Lord,"—who looketh upon the heart, and judgeth according to the intention. I therefore, could leave the event, with Him; knowing also, that He was able to overrule it to the good of many—and to make, in the end—my example of suffering—an encouragement to all others of my sex, that might come after me.

A certain man came and urged, That I should hold meetings at the villages of Alloway and Lyons, on my way homeward. This I engaged to do: of which, the preacher aforementioned being apprised; he was consequently "instant in season,"—going before to give the people warning. "Not to open the chapel." I came after, however, knowing nothing of this, and fulfilled my appointments. When many souls surrounded the altar for prayers,—and I could not get away, till I had held a third meeting: (from which the work of the Lord progressed, until scores or hundreds were brought to the knowledge of His Name.)—At the time, a man of distinction among them, (as I was told, one year after,) noted down the heads of my discourse, and soon after, Mr W. came that way again; to whom he gave the 'text,' for an explanation. Mr W. began,—but it proved, more than a match for him; which the other perceived: he then took the liberty to give him, my discussion of the matter; and added, "Sir, You could not hold a candle to that woman. You never preached such a sermon yourself, as she did,—nor

and "Peace," as existing between his soul, and the "Great Redeemer." When suddenly my pen was filled as with joyful acclamations to the Lord—for "his salvation," as I saw, from the very jaws of eternal death,—and from a dreadful burning Hell. Accordingly, the Letter was sent; which the answer will fully demonstrate,—that I here take the liberty to subjoin:

GENESEO, 22d March, 1831.

Dear Madam,—Your letter of the 28th Feb. was received the 15th inst. It gave great satisfaction to Mr. ———, as well as all the other members of the family. How much we value your letter, you will know, when we tell you all the particulars, resulting from your interview with Mr. ———, in Geneva. The next week after your last visit to Mr. ———, on the subject of his soul's salvation, he and his family, moved to Geneseo, (in Livingston county) about fifty miles from Geneva, westward. I was not at home when the family arrived; and did not see them until Saturday evening. On Sunday, Mrs. ———, found out, that Mr. ———, was anxious to have me, (being a son-in-law, and a professor of religion) come in, and read the Bible, and pray with him. I thought this request singular, as he had never before desired any thing of the kind: and I began to enquire, "What had been the means, and who had been the instrument, in shaking him from his strong-hold on universal salvation; which I feared, had well nigh sealed him over, to hardness of heart, and blindness of mind:"—and he gave us to understand, that what

you had said to him, had been the means of causing him to tremble: and enquire, "*what he must do to be saved.*" I called upon one of my friends who is strong in the LORD, and we talked, and prayed with him; and spread his case before the LORD; and his convictions increased, and prest him down into the dust. His convictions were of the most humbling-kind:—even of great ingratitude to GOD! We continued to press him to the Saviour, for the space of about four days: until we discovered, by his joy and rejoicing, that he had found Him, of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets did write, *Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.* Since that time, his daughter Mary has cherished a hope of an interest in Christ; and a daughter-in-law; and also a girl living in the family. He feels that he hath great cause to rejoice; and his soul doth indeed, *magnify the Lord; and his spirit doth rejoice in God his Saviour!*" He seems to consider you as the instrument in the hand of GOD, of showing him the road that leads to Heaven. And while he lives, I think you never will be without a suppliant to draw down blessing upon your head.—We have some hope, and expectation, that he may yet speak, and praise God with an audible voice: and such faith as you have had in his case, will bring this blessing also, from the hand of God. We need not ask your prayers for this blessing. The LORD is doing wonders, in all our country around us. Revivals spread in all quarters, and the "set time to favor Zion," seems to be fast approaching: "when the Kingdoms of this world, will become the Kingdom of our LORD

and his CHRIST:" and He shall reign forever and ever. Mr ——— values your correspondence, far more perhaps, than any other person's in the world: and he will wait with impatience, for your answer to this. You may direct to him, at Geneseo, Livingston County, N. Y.—Accept this from your Brother, in the bonds of christian affection.

S***** G*****.

The writer of the letter, is still a person whose "face in the flesh I have not seen;" but whom I love in the Lord, (and suppose to be a member of the Presbyterian Church.) Of the magistrate* that was dumb; I had the satisfaction of hearing farther, That he was very happy in the Lord and able to converse considerably: likewise, that he had written, to one of his "old brother Universalists," exhorting him To renounce his "old doctrine," for it was a false one; and would ultimately, plunge its adherents, in perpetual misery and death. This solemn admonition, it was told me, moreover, caused the old man to tremble.— And I sincerely hope, To seek the Lord Jesus, until he found Him—to the joy of his heart; and to the confusion of all his mighty foes!

I think, I never entertained so deep a sense of the "awful end of the wicked," as at this period. I could say of myself as "Elihu, of old," "*I am as a bottle filled with new wine, wanting vent: for*

*The conversion of the Magistrate, some may have noticed, before, in print; which was published at the time, as a "miracle of mercy wrought, through the *private interference* of christian friends."

I am full of matter, and the spirit within me constraineth me." Gods' work progressed; and found way into almost every society of the city, within a short space. But of the hundreds that professed religion, I conceived, (even of very many of them) that they needed, as much, a "second reformation," to make them in the "sight of God," what they really ought to be, as they needed the "first," to constitute them in the "view of mortals," fit for admittance, within the pales of their church. I had not so learned Christ, as they professed so confidently to have done!—Example goes before precept!

I went to Reading and spoke in the Baptist M. House, to a large assemblage. Many of the Academy students; (preparing for the ministry just at hand;) were present: A number of whom I took notice, were engaged in noting down my subject as I proceeded: but whatever might have been their object, in so doing, I was well pleased to have their attention. And if any of them could boast of superior acquirements, I was in hopes, they would make a wise improvement of them: and that they would render, "honor, to whom honor, is due," and not seek to please themselves. From thence, I went to Malden, and spoke in the Methodist chapel to a solemn auditory, but under much infirmity, I then returned to Boston. After some weeks, having applied myself very closely to my pen, by day; and attended meetings generally at some place, by night: I found my physical strength therefore, gradually declining. I had also, been in the habit of coming out of a warm, crowded house,

to walk the distance of a mile or two in rain, hail, and snow: and had used no kind of precaution against cold; and had often retired to my lodgings, even without fire, to dry myself: hence, I now saw, that I was prostrated by disease, and pain, to which I hitherto, had been a stranger.— And I was consequently, obliged to have recourse to medical aid, for the first time, in the journey of my life, to save myself, from going down to slumber, with the “pale nations of the ground.”

I began now to be anxious about getting to my father's; and having gained some relief from the use of medicine, &c. in company with M. G. I. took the stage, and started for home. Friends in Boston, I left with deep regret; having received from many, such repeated instances, of their friendship and christian benovolence, as in this world, I can never repay! They tenderly excused my weaknesses;—and patiently bore with my infirmities;—even as indulgent parents would bear with a child. O, may the “great AUTHOR of all our mercies,” amply repay, their tender solicitude for *me*;—and their disinterested exertions, likewise, for poor *sinners*,—with “great grace,” as their portion, on earth; and “eternal Glory” as their reward, beyond the grave!

Upon my way homeward was a venerable gentleman, also a passenger in the stage, who appeared anxious to enter into conversation with us. For some time, he continued his enquiries; and among other things, the subject of religion was introduced:—when turning to him, I said, “I will take the liberty, Sir, to tell you, your experience.” I proceeded, consequently,—and re-

mind ed him of the manner in which he had been admonished of God, to repentance in early life:—how he had stifled conviction; and strove to *conceal* his religious impressions;—what had been his exercises, latterly, with regard to his duty,—to God,—his neighbour,—and to himself! The man appeared surprised, that an utter stranger, should accost him thus: and sometimes, he started; and then again he laboured hard, to conceal the starting tear. But on my conclusion, he said, “I am not disposed, Madam, to contradict any thing you say.” “I belong in the town of Durham, in the State of New Hampshire;—and I was trained in the Presbyterian order; but never made any public profession of religion;—nor have I yet seen fit, so to do.” So he bade us an affectionate farewell, and we saw him no more.

April 20th. I reached my dear brother’s, in Amesbury, (Mass.) after an absence from him, of nearly four years. We were both rejoiced to see each other’s faces again,—having been separated for such a distance, both of revolving *time* and *space*. Mountains had risen, rivers glided, and oceans rolled between! yet a merciful Creator, had made us, the objects of His care: and had brought us together, beneath the same shade again, to mingle our tears of sorrow, and of joy!

But, upon due enquiry into the state of my health, he began to express much concern for me; and being a physician, he requested that I should tarry with him, until my health might be regained:—saying, “If you will stay with me, I will make you well.” I tarried a day or two, and

felt far more anxiety, if possible, for him. With his conversation on the subject of religion, I was far from being satisfied. Although I believed it chiefly designed, to "cloak himself;" lest he should be obliged to confess the whole truth.—Having but feeble health, however, I was quite overcome, from a sense of what "seemed impending." I saw, as it were, the sable curtain of death, hung around! And his walls to me appeared, as gloomy as the walls of a prison. Notwithstanding, he tenderly urged my stay. (Oh, I should bitterly reflect, if I dared) I could not be persuaded! Was it any wonder to a discerning mind, that things appeared thus?—when, in less than one year, his "wife" became a widow! his little prattling "babe" an orphan!—and his "house" was left desolate!

I entreated him with all the concern imaginable, to live for God, and for eternity:—as I viewed his days, few on the earth; and death swift approaching! He desired to know, what, I would have him to do. He wronged no one, as he alleged,—and strove to fulfil the duties of his profession, according to the utmost of his ability. I told him, that I wished him, to have always, "*a conscience void of offence, towards God, and towards men.*"—and that, he should give his patients, good counsel, respecting their eternal state:—pray with them, as circumstances admitted:—set up family prayer, in his own house, &c. &c. All this, he did not deny: And he appeared to be sorry, that he should cause me so much anxiety. His wife too, saw fit to palliate his errors, by adding, "He don't mean what he has

said. But he talks for the sake of argument, and to hear what you reply."

He kindly brought us on the way, to our father's and as we parted, I hung upon him still; yea, I held him by the hand, and with tears I entreated, —saying, "I cannot give you up, Philip! I may never have an opportunity of seeing you again! Death is very near, to one of us; and will you tell me, that you *'will serve the Lord!'*" So from the fulness of my heart, I bade him farewell: —we then took the stage, and in one hour's time we reached home.

Consequently, after an absence of three years, and six months, I was brought once more, to see the place, that gave me birth. As I alighted from the stage; my father who had come to assist me out, turned his back, and wept: as I imagine; from a sense of gratitude, that he was spared; to see my face again on earth. (But Oh! how short the space, and I saw this my dear father, close his eyes on all below!) My mother also, soon met me at the door, whose looks expressed the joy of her heart, on seeing me once more.— I was likewise received by all the house as "*one from the dead.*" Yea, I could say, *I once was dead; but I am alive again!—I was lost;—but I am found!*

I found all of the family much as I had left them; except that two of my sisters had married; and removed a short distance from home. And my father's health was somewhat low; although it was not viewed, as any thing serious,—particularly at that time.

Thus, after a circuit round, of nearly fifteen

thousand miles; I ranged those fields again,—where had been my youthful rambles; and where, my earliest days of childish-folly, sped. All appeared like a dream! That the “wide Atlantic,” had ever rolled between, I scarcely could believe! I now looked back, as it were, with trembling, on the ten thousand snares that had been laid for my feet,—from which I had escaped, as a bird from the snare of the fowler. And I could exclaim, “What ‘thanks’ do I owe to the Author and Guardian of my life! and ‘love,’ a boundless store,—that I yet live! that I am, thus far, brought off a conqueror of all my powerful foes:—Yea, and even more “*than a conqueror,*”—through “*Him that has loved, and given himself for me!*”

The language of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, I could adopt and say, “*I have been in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness;—and unto this present hour, I have no certain dwelling-place.*”

I had been in prisons, and prison-ships. I had been amidst showers of stones, powder, fire, snow-balls, ice, &c. &c. I had been before a “Bar of Justice,” a lonely foreigner. I had been saluted by the roar of cannon, and other implements of war. I had been on the raging ocean tossed,—amidst cold, wintry-winds, and chilling storms;—half-stiffened, with cold,—half-stiffed with smoke;—and with constant heaving,

by sea-sickness, scarce able from my hard pillow, to raise my head: (in one, or more instance, unable to take, even to a drop of water, for relief, within the space of twenty-eight hours;) and my companion likewise, in a situation, similar to myself. But after all this, we sustained no injury: and I could therefore, say with the Psalmist, "*Though I pass through the dark valley, of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for even there, also, thy rod, and thy staff,—they, shall comfort me.*"

I continued, still in a feeble state of health; and (even as in Boston) it was a matter of doubt with me, how it would terminate. I felt however, resigned to go; and the "songs of victory" already enkindling on my tongue. Many times, in my life, I had come near to Heaven's door, as I thought, and could even cast a rapturous glance within; and participate the joys of the ransomed, Glorified Host;—but now, I felt nearer to God, and my eternal state, than ever I had felt before. Yea, I verily thought, that if I were now certain my end was come; I should quick begin, the sweetest song, that ever fired my tongue;—of Hallelujahs to the Lord: that should increase to "immortal anthems," which could never, never, cease!

Before leaving Boston, I could see my way to my father's; and I believed I should reach that place; but I could see nothing beyond it. All, there, looked like a dreary-desert; and it appeared, that somewhat special would befall me there; but what, I was not able to determine. Also,

from a dream* I had, at that time, I believed great afflictions awaited me. In which dream, I saw myself upon a rock, a few yards square, surrounded of the ocean: excepting a narrow foot-path, that led to the main-land,—There, the billows were breaking very violently over my head, and threatening to destroy me; on which account, I thought I removed to an opposite corner of the rock; where, behold was a hollow, that was black and dismal as the grave. There, I found the waves dashing, still heavier against me, and burying me in the depth beneath: insomuch that I began to cry, Now, I shall be swallowed up, and there is no escaping it! I however found the way off; and I did not understand how. I saw myself, by a very sudden transition, upon a widely extended plain; where, was the most delightful prospect, as far as the eye could reach; and there, the birds of the air filled the Heavens with their melody. On being awaked I considered seriously this matter; and questioned, “Whether those gloomy-shades, were not my own burying-place; and the vast, delightful fields,—the “immortal plains, of glory,” that I soon should range. And whether, the sweet songs, that so delighted mine ear, were not the seraph’s elevated strain, *‘far above all Heavens.’*” But I could never make it appear fully, like my

* I do not think it proper, at all times, to pay regard to dreams. But I am certain, that God has not unfrequently spoken to me, in dreams, and in visions of the night:—(according to what is written, Job, &c. &c.) and that, the reality, I shall one day prove,—*whether I hear, or whether I forbear.*

in burying-place; nor was I able at that time, particularly to comprehend it.

I had valuable writings by me, which I had believed, I should publish to the world: (for the benefit of many—when I might be sleeping in the dust,) and as none other, than myself, was capable of doing this; I hence, could never understand it, consistent with Jehovah, to take me away in the integrity of my heart; ere that work had been completed. Those writings, I had commenced; and continued for a succession of years, with faith in God; and they had been, as a sort of life-buoy, to me; both upon the land, and on the sea. In case, any danger threatened, my mind was always quick transmitted to them; and, said I, "Is there unrighteousness with God?" Will He withhold it from me, to spend a great portion of my time, and labour on earth in this work; and then, without any special provocation, cut me off in the completion of it:—so that my efforts, and highest expectations, with it all, at last, be buried in the dust? No; God forbid, that I should ever distrust, "His goodness, or His power!" Mean ungrateful thoughts, begone! Faith is my shield, and, when my voice, is lost in death; may my hours still exist; (even for the encouragement of multitudes, that come after me, to "love and fear" the Lord) *till time shall be no more!*

I had felt for some months, a remarkable hurry with my affairs; as though every thing, must be done as it were, in a day. Something great appeared at hand. And that there was no time, to slumber; but that, all should be awake, and at their posts! I found all, about home,

however, very low in religion. I attended a number of their meetings; and as my strength admitted, I gave some exhortation: And I was glad to find, of the young beginners that I left,—the greater part, (though low,) still desirous to see the end of the christian journey.

After one week, I visited Exeter; and in much weakness, I spoke twice, at the Christian M. house. There, I was glad to find a new society raised up during my absence, that loved, and served God. I spent two days, and attended to the publication of a book,* presented me in Ireland; (that I thought it duty, to get reprinted in America:) and then, I returned to my father's.

I soon after, visited New-Castle; and spent some agreeable hours with my dear friends of that place. The greater part, (of the large number,) I had seen, in former years brought home to God,—stood firm, as on *the rock of ages*; but *some had fallen asleep*. I attempted to preach to them, twice; and it was a melting, solemn time. The Lord was there reviving His work, under the instrumentality of Elder Peavy. My strength was still on the decline; and I was able to converse but little. Some of my kind mothers there, desired my stay, that they might aid towards the recovery of my health. I thanked them for their tender care; but as I wished to see friends, of other places, before I made a stop: it was only a word—and a look—and then I was gone!

At Portsmouth, I was happy in spending a short time with my dear friends, B. C. and wife

* The life and Ministry of Ann Freeman.

I had ever proved them, kind and faithful; and ready at all times to minister to my aid, in sickness, and in health. The God of all consolation, make them "*as a tree planted by rivers of water:*"—and whatever they undertake, to prosper in their hands.

Other dear friends of Portsmouth, I rejoiced much to meet; particularly the widow *****, whose roof I had left,—to embark for the first time, upon the wide Atlantic. On coming again to the place, and finding her husband, no more: it brought fresh to my memory, the singular sensations, with which I left the dwelling,* more than three years before.

*It happened, that a night or two prior to sailing on my long voyage; being in bed, at a late hour of the night, "a death-like shadow of a human being," or the form of a man (as it seemed) stood erect before me. My blood chilled, as I gazed for a moment,—then turning my head, as it were, to recover my breath, behold it was gone! Not knowing how to account for such an appearance; and believing it to be no personal visitor, (which I was never accustomed to receiving at such an hour:) I concluded hence to give no alarm; but try to compose myself till morning. Consequently, I early related to the family, what I had witnessed; and remarked to them, that "I had no idea, of its being any personal appearance:" but, as it seemed, "*was ominous of a visitation by death, to some member of the house.*" The shock it gave me—as if it were something—great and awful—that was to follow—I was not rid of, for many days ensuing! And I said to them, farthermore, that in case any such thing subsequently occurred, I should be able to comprehend it: but if not, it would remain wrapped in mystery, till the Great Day, that should unfold, *all secret things.*—The man of the house, was disposed to make light of it, as a chimera, or a fancy. But admitting it to be, merely *imag*

I was not able to labour in P. to any purpose: although an appointment was made for me, from the *press*, to speak at the Christian M. house: but without my consent:—and without my knowledge, it was also recalled. This they were welcome from me, to do; as I felt insufficient for public labour:—and most grateful, for the privilege of holding my peace.

I returned to my sister's in Greenland, and spake at the Methodist chapel. From thence I proceeded to my other sister's, and spoke in the school-house of N. Hampton. I then returned home, and held one meeting at the inn, near my father's; (where my honored father was present to hear me—as it proved—for the last time!)—Here, I was resigned to stop; feeling sensible that my work was about home, for a space. I therefore, spent my time principally in preparing my "journal" for publication; which I intended presenting to the world, as soon as Providence might clear my way.

I received a very encouraging letter, from Halifax, (N. S.) at this time; That the souls I had seen converted there, remained *stedfast*; and that the work of God, was then, very powerfully pro-

ination; I think there must have been a good *first cause*, even for that: i. e. that the man might have another solemn warning, of what was swiftly hastening upon him, before it was too late. In a few months after, I learned—that he went out of the house on business, at a late hour of the night; and as it was supposed, accidentally fell from the wharf; and so was seen no more!! To be over credulous, is not well! To disregard every warning voice, is madness and folly!

gressing among them. I likewise received a second letter, from St. John's, in New Brunswick; "That the work, which burst out when I was there; had continued to spread, as a flame until that time; and in consequence, a number of new societies had been formed, and preaching houses built, &c. Where the Lord delighted, to manifest His greatness and His glory."

A letter also from my Elizabeth came to hand: which (by reason of my having neglected *her*, for a long time,) she directed to my sister. The letter which I here deem it proper to subjoin—read as follows:

GENEVA, May 3d, 1831.

Dear Friend in Christ.—My apology for the liberty I take in writing this to you, is, to ascertain if possible, what has become of dear sister Nancy. I call almost every day for a letter; but return from the office, wondering "what is the reason, she does not write." I thought of writing to her parents, but rather shrunk from it: till looking over one of yours, to N—, bearing date, &c. I remained not altogether insensible, of the current of goodness, that flowed to me: and strengthened me in my resolutions, of addressing you. Understand, Dear Christian Friend, that the memory of N—; though she may sleep in the dust, will never be erased from my mind. She has deigned, to admit me, as an assistant in her arduous, yet glorious work. I have been with her, in perils by sea, in perils by land, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils among false brethren. We have together rejoiced, at the melting voice of converts to our master: and

together have we struggled, for stout-hearted sinners!—But relatives must be obeyed, in some measure:—Dear sister Towle, is separated from me.

Will you be so kind as to write to me immediately, on receiving this; and let me know, whether she is yet alive; and where she is? O, that she may be strengthened of the Almighty! and yet cause many more, to sing for joy! What a numerous company, methinks, will praise her Master, that He ever sent so faithful an handmaid to minister to them! May I try to be alike, devoted to my Saviour! and though we be separated here, for a season, I trust we are both aiming for,—and shall meet in the same Haven: O, happy thought—meet, never again to say adieu!

Permit me to ask, “How is the work of grace, prospering with you?” How soon will human life terminate! O, may we all be alive to Christ! Sometimes please remember the associate, of your amiable sister. Her parents have my best wishes: please to accept the same yourself: from—

ELIZABETH VENNER.

P. S. I am pleasantly situated in Geneva, a little aside from the crowd, keeping house for my brother W——. Since the visit of N——, to this place; a glorious shower has fallen upon Geneva. About three hundred souls, have been hopefully converted to God; and united with the different churches, &c.&c.

Your's in the best of bonds,
E. V.

My dear brother P——, was suddenly attacked

by disease at this period, which much alarmed the house, especially myself, from the impression I previously had had, respecting him. I therefore, took my pen and wrote to him, That I felt very doubtful, of his recovery: But on condition of his making an unreserved surrender of himself, and all his concerns into the hands of God;—for time and eternity, I believed he might be raised again:—otherwise, it to me appeared, he would be cut off. (I had suggested to him, while at his house, that I should continue to pray for him,—and even, That he might be saved, by any means:—that losses, crosses, and afflictions, might be his lot; till he gave his heart, undividedly, to the Lord; for I had rather he would go to Heaven,—without a right hand, or a right eye; than go to Hell,—amidst the brightest sun-beams, of human glory! And moreover, that I believed in case he ever lodged in the regions of woe;—the very lowest-pit would be his doom:—having had so many warnings, prayers, and tears, sent after him; that he might be spared: at all events, if he was going to Hell, it was not at any cheap rate.) Wherefore, I began now to think, the Lord had taken the work, into His own hands; and it must be speedily—life or death! now or never! In all our admonitions to him, whereas, we ever saw him pleasant and forbearing; and according to the natural bias of his mind, ready to treat all men,—especially his best friends, with tenderness and respect.

But from that fit of illness, he soon recovered in a great degree; and as he was wont, to think little, of his own infirmities; so he was inclined to

do, of this. And from hence, the Adversary took advantage of me;—suggesting “That I had been deceived,—and my brother would know how much to regard my word, for the time to come.” I therefore said very little to him afterwards, upon the subject of religion: (and indeed my mouth, from that time, seemed to be closed,) and I hoped, that I might be deceived in his case. Or that he did, lead a praying life,—and would yet spend many years, of usefulness and comfort, in the world.

My dear father’s health, it seemed still, was gradually declining; but he appeared apprehensive himself, of no danger as threatening him, from so slight an infirmity. As to my own health, it now seemed slowly improving: and I began to understand, that it was not myself, yet, that was to be released from my arduous toils, for a sinful world.

Having therefore, laboured for some weeks, at my pen what I was able to do; and not feeling yet liberty to put my writings to the press: I began to be troubled in spirit, and I could not rest. I wished to know the cause. The idea of doing wrong,—either in staying where I was, or in going to any other place,—was truly painful; but my disquietude increased. I went to Hampton-Falls and held one meeting; where I found that God was with me,—and I felt my heart strongly drawn out again, to publish “His word,” to the dying sons of men.

I desired much, to know the providential way. I thought of leaving home; but I cast a look of trembling at my father. My sisters, observing my disquietude, said to me one day, “You are un-

happy!" But, said I, "Do not understand me, that it is, upon my own account." "I am troubled; and it is for you!" They, with one consent began to say, "We do not wish you, to trouble yourself for us!" But who, by searching, can understand God? His ways are wonderful, and past finding out. All of the house had seemingly, strove in every possible way to contribute to my enjoyment. But still, on my heart the burden lay—that nothing short of Almighty power, it was evident could dispel.

I felt a drawing towards the south; and as the struggle of my mind increased, I concluded to go as far as Boston,—and try to find, what the Lord would have me, *to do*. Accordingly, having some business about the books I had then gotten published; I took the stage for Boston:—but as I left, it appeared I was only going for a day, and should be there again. I could not see, neither, how this could be, under the present existing circumstances; but, so it was.

On reaching Boston, I strove to know the end of my impressions; and whether it was duty to go farther south, or not. I found a strong desire still reigning, to go; but there were obstacles in the way that I could not surmount,—and which I must await the Lord's own time to remove. I attended a number of meetings; and found the door for my public labours in the place in a great measure closed. Although, soon after reaching the city, I had such a manifestation of the love of Christ towards my own soul, as I had scarcely before ever known. And I saw very clear-

ly, how we could *rejoice always; and in every thing give thanks: viz.* By receiving every afflictive dispensation, of God's providence, as a blessing in disguise!—remembering also what was written for our “comfort,” “*All things, shall work together for their good, who love God.*” I felt that I had been too ungrateful for Heaven's blessings so richly bestowed on me; and that it was necessary I should be in a measure deprived of them, in order to learn more gratitude to the kind Author thereof; and better, how to improve such as were lent, for the years that were to come. My heart, was therefore lifted, to praise the Lord:—And I viewed it to be, *as the day of my espousal:—*Yea, I felt that if I descended into Hell, *God was there!*—and even there, I would praise Him, for the least of his mercies shown!

After a few days, I found occasion to return to Newburyport: and I spoke once, at the steeple school-house in Newbury. I was likewise happy in the privilege of speaking a number of times, at the Christian M. house at Salisbury-Point. The church there, had been in great disorder, by reason of the disgraceful procedure of C. C. who had been a preacher among them, for some months;—but who was formerly attached to the Methodists. The wound caused in the church, I found as far healed as could be expected; but some of the members still; were in a very low, deranged state; and hardly knowing how to place any confidence, either in themselves, or in any being else. In such a time of sitting with the church; the weak and the weary traveller, finds it hard to withstand

the beating winds of temptation; and he is often, gone with the multitude!

From Newbury, I went to Ipswich; and applied for the Methodist chapel, which the preacher chose to occupy himself:—so being an utter stranger in the place; and seeing fit to remain so; I went to Essex. In this place I was likewise strange: and where, I found they had engaged a sort of Methodist to preach to them: So I must wait till he had concluded, or he should lose his hire,—but with the privilege of exhorting when he had done; and of appointing a third meeting.—That I submitted to do; and gave their warning of the judgments of God impending,—and left them, *free from their blood*. (There I felt the power of reformation; and told the people, I was about to see at some place, “The *salvation of God*, in the conversion of sinners.”)

I went direct to Salem,—though not with any design of tarrying; but I felt forbidden to pass through the place:—So I took lodgings at the inn (which was held of one, that was a companion of mine in studies, at the Academy in H.) and attended the meeting of the Christian society. There I saw an end of my impression—a great number anxiously enquiring, *What they must do to be saved?* This afforded me great joy. But Mr. G. K. called the next day to tell me, His people did not believe in the preaching of females. Though himself in former years, had baptized, perhaps, some scores brought to the Lord by my instrumentality.—But when pride predominates, of the fear of God, or the love of souls, we expect but little. “They

look, every man for gain, from his own quarter!" At the Methodist chapel, an appointment was made for me, from the press; and Mr. F. (their preacher) received me, in a manner worthy of his character, as "*a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.*" I spent two weeks with great delight in the place,—and *saw much of the glory of God.* To the people of Salem I owe much gratitude, for the many favours they were pleased on me to bestow!

On reaching Salem, I felt powerfully drawn to write to my father,—and could not rest: although I had learned nothing of him, from the time of my leaving home. I accordingly wrote, "That I viewed death coming post haste upon him! And that I did not feel altogether satisfied with his present attainments; but besought him *to set his house in order, for he would die, and not live!*"

I came from Salem to Boston, Where,—after transacting some of my book-concerns, I began to look about me to find, if I was ready to proceed on to the south: but there seemed to be somewhat, still holding me—all was not quite ready. While I was thus,—in preparation to go; a letter was handed me (by the driver of the stage,) direct from my sister Mary: containing the painful intelligence, "That our dear father, was failing very fast,—and they were very fearful, that they soon should be obliged to part with him."

Notwithstanding my presentiments of his approaching dissolution; I had hoped to the contrary,—even that I might be mistaken likewise in his case. But now I buried him, as it were, at once: and gave vent to my bitter grief, by weep-

ing aloud for some time. Not being able to reach home that day; I gave myself to earnest prayer in his behalf: even, That his evidence for Heaven might be brightened,—and with the setting-sun of mortal life,—That the “*sun of righteousness,*” might illuminate his soul; until mortality, at length, should be *swallowed up* of “*everlasting life.*” While thus engaged in fervent prayer for him; my sighings, all, were turned to songs of praise. And I felt that my father’s house, was not a *house of mourning and desolation*; but that the “*Lord was there.*”—and the voice of praise and thanksgiving, resounded in his dwelling.

Aug. 29th. I sat out again for home: and while on my way, I felt confident that I should find our dear father, happy in God. That, I thank the Lord, I did, in a good degree! As I entered the room,—his looks, expressed the strong emotions of his heart, on seeing me return. I told him, That I was just setting off—to see him as it appeared—on earth, no more: but the Lord had twice frustrated my designs; and now I saw the reason, why. He replied, “The Lord has been very good to me!”—“Yes,” added I, “The evidence I had gained; and could rejoice that *God was now your Friend,*--and that He would prove to the end, ‘*a very present helper,*’ in this time of need!”

He appeared very low,—but was able to converse considerably. The family I found in great affliction; but much relieved, from the humble resignation our father had manifested to kind Heaven’s disposal. Upon enquiry I learned of

him, That the same day the letter reached me in Boston,—the clouds, in a great measure disappeared from his mind,—And the day following, the words were applied with great comfort to his heart, “*I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*”

He said to me, moreover, “After I had given it up, that I should never be raised again from a sick-bed; I strove for some days to hold on by my good works; and to plead their merits for acceptance with God. But I was made to see at last, *that all my own righteousness was as filthy rags*; and that I was a poor, lost and helpless sinner; having nothing to commend me to the favour of the Lord; and without His pardoning love and grace, my end must be—*that I perish forever*. It was then,—though the chief of sinners; He seemed to smile on me, and own me as His child! I now feel resigned, said he, either to die, or to live; as it pleaseth God to deal with me. Should I be raised up, perhaps I should forsake God; and become worldly-minded again: therefore, it may be, that I am as well prepared to go now, as I ever shall be;—so I can say, “*The will of the Lord be done.*”

In the course of a day or two, I took the liberty to ask him, (as I thought it might be a comfort to me to know, at some future period,) “What would be his choice, concerning me:—whether, that I should settle in life, as his other children had done: or that I should continue, as I had begun, in ranging broad creation.” He replied, “I have no choice about that. I don’t know, but

that I am as willing you shall live as you do, as in any other way. I never doubted but that it was your duty so to do: and it is evident, the Lord has been with you; or you never would have prospered—as it is plain, that you have done.” This, was much, for an indulgent parent to say! And I believe that few exist, who have love enough to God and the souls of men, to give up a child,—(of the same description, of myself) to such a scene of conflicts:—as he was well aware I had endured. Yea, this even, to me, was what spoke “volumes!”

He had wound up his business; and seemed to be done with earthly concerns. He desired of his children, that they would all try to be more faithful to God than himself had been:—and “Meet him in Glory:” saying “Some one of you will quickly follow me, beyond the grave.” I asked him one day, If he had never thought it his duty, to pray in his family:—(as that he never had been in the habit of doing.) He replied, “No!” “I have ever thought it my duty to pray in secret: and that He, who seeth in secret, was able to reward openly.”

Some one of the family asked him, “Whether, death had any terror to him:” To which he replied, “I cannot say it has no terror.” “But death does not appear, as it used to do.” Towards the many neighbours and friends that called upon him; he manifested much tenderness, and readiness to converse; but to them, of his own attainments, he always spoke with reserve. He was afraid of professing to great things, (as he expressed:)—and he would therefore, reply, “I

hope, the Lord is with me. But I find little satisfaction in looking back:—we are however, to *forget the things that are behind, and press on to those which are before.*” I indeed, listened with surprise to the conversation of my father; considering the vast change that had taken place in him, from the time I had last left home, to the present period. His apprehension, now was unusually quick,—his memory strong,—and all the powers of his mind elevated, above what I had ever witnessed before. From God, proceeds not the *“spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind!”*

On the 7th of September, I arose in the morning uncommonly strong in God. Indeed, I had enjoyed some of the most Heavenly seasons of my life, by my father’s sick-bed. But more especially, as the morning of the seventh, commenced,—such a melodious voice, followed me, as I never before had heard. Soon after reading the 136 Psalm, and praying together,—I began to pay attention to the sound. It appeared to increase, (even till noon-tide,) and now, to be ringing all around me. I cast my eye over the earth, and said, “Where have I ever heard such melody as this? In any revival, where the Lord poured out of His spirit, and caused His people to *sing for joy*; have I ever heard any thing like, *this?*” “No!”—I stopped again; musing, whether I did actually hear any external voice; (i. e. with the natural ear;) or whether it was a mental sound, alone. I decided the latter, although it seemed as audible, as any voice that penetrated the natural organ. I turn-

ed at length mine eye upward,—and it appeared to fill the region of the air! And seemed, not unlike the voice of the “*multitude*,” that sang at a Saviour’s birth, “*Glory to God in the highest!*”—“*Hallelujah!*”—*Hallelujah!*—*Praise ye the Lord!*

I went to my father’s bed-side, and told him what I heard: and “That the *Angels had encamped* around about; who awaited the summons to convey him home.” He heard with a look of cheerfulness; and remained silent for a number of hours. He then broke out and said, “I feel that, which I never felt before!” “I am now ready to go!” Said one, “Have you no desire, to stay a little longer?” He replied, “No!” “*To depart and be with Christ, is far better than to be here!*”—Another rejoined, “You are now ready are you,—and longing to be gone?” He answered, “Yes!” “There is nothing in this world, worth staying for.”

At 4 o’clock, P. M. we discovered that the last closing scene, was come: And that our dear father was leaving us;—to be seen of us, no more! Some of the neighbours were called in; and six children being present:—when we saw the *unvarying harbingers of death* beginning to appear. My mother, said to him again, “Does the Lord continue with you?” He replied, “I hope He does” We, (some of us,) then took his hand—already *cold in death*, and said, “Father, Fare-you-well!” But behold he was gone! Oh! the piercing thought, that he could speak to us—no more! He had just plunged down the brink, of *death’s cold stream!*—beyond our narrow view. It was but a moment;

and the *wearry-wheels-of-life*, stood still! Without a struggle, or a groan, he fell asleep! But "faith" pursued that spirit, where she fled:—Far, far, beyond these mortal shores, she joined the *glittering-band*. They beckoned her away! Yea, they tuned their *golden-lyres*, when the glad-day was ushered in, to bring the pilgrim home!

Our mother was now left a widow: but thank the Lord, she could say, "I still have a *Husband; Companion; Friend*,—that never dies!" And children, nine in number,—left fatherless: but bless the Lord, they too could say, "Oue is our *Father, Brother, Friend*,—which is in Heaven: and we, the objects of *His* peculiar care!"

Funeral services, were attended at his dwelling on the 9th instant, by Elder Moses Howe of Portsmouth: and, an appropriate discourse delivered from, Numb. 23 and 10th. "*Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his.*" A vast concourse of people, were present on the occasion. And he was attended to the grave, by a large number of relatives,—who felt truly sensible of their loss. With them, I had the privilege of being one; (yea, we all together met,—but it was for the last time,—till we all again appear at the judgment seat of Christ.) The ground I saw, where our beloved father quietly reposes; and many others that once were dear to me; but I bade that place adieu. His children, some, may have their last abode with him; but to the farthest-vege of the earth, it may be mine to enter "the cold dominion of the king of terrors." From them, I have been

separated in life; I expect to be divided in death;
"But may I have my friends again?"

"In one, eternal day!"

The religious experience of my father, was not a little remarkable. A brief account of which I deem it not improper, here to give:—

During the third year of my travels abroad (while labouring at Newburyport) I happened to be led home, and found my father very ill. At which time I took the liberty to ask him, If he felt himself prepared to die: and added, "I never heard you yet say, Father, Whether you ever knew the pardoning love of Christ or not; And I now should be glad if you would tell me,—for my own satisfaction."

He began very cheerfully, and said, "Yes, I think sometimes I have known what it was to *pass from death unto life*. When I was a youth of twenty-two, I was much troubled about my future state; and for some months I could gain no relief. No one could tell me, in that dark age, the cause of my distress. I became, at length so ill, that I thought myself diseased in body, and took to my bed: When the minister * of the town was sent for, to make me a visit,—and find out the cause of my complaint.

That he accordingly did; and gave me as good advice, as he was capable of giving to any one; saying, "Philip, I am sorry to see you thus troubled! You have always been a clever, steady lad,—and done no evil to any one. And

* Mr. Thayer, Congregationalist.

now,—to join the church, and go into lively company and wear off your dejection; is the best thing you can do.—And so, give yourself no more uneasiness.”

But I felt no better for such counsel, (continued my father,) however, I soon after got out of doors to the field: and it came to mind one day, That I should go to the barn,—fall upon my knees, and pray the Lord to forgive my sins! I left my work, added he, and that I accordingly did:—When all my trouble quickly vanished away; and my heart was filled with love, and peace? I was very happy; and my joy continued for some time. But I knew not what to make of it; and the things being strange, also, to all others,—I therefore kept it to myself.

Nearly twenty years after the revival began in the town by the Baptists.* I then found some for the first time, that understood what I had felt. As they spoke the things, that I knew, I had experienced, I took great delight in going to meeting: and I wished to hear none others preach but them. So I left all; and cared not what people said; choosing to go out of town a number of miles to meeting, rather than hear any other. I used to take so much delight in the things, that I could scarcely wait for the sabbath to return; and this I did, for a number of years.

In the last revival, which was six years ago, I enjoyed much satisfaction. But I am sensible I have been too wordly-minded: and if it should please the Lord to spare me a little longer; I

* Or Free-willers as they were called.

am resolved, not to live as I have done." I consequently, took up my cross, and prayed night and morning with my father; and I believe he was thankful, that he had one child, at least, to come and pray by his bed-side, with him. I then returned to Newbury; believing that God would yet spare him a little longer; to be a comfort to his family, and useful in the world.

In the revival, which took place two years subsequent to this; he did not appear to enjoy much vital piety; although he still maintained the same upright course of life, that he was always inclined to do. Four of his children at the time, becoming the subjects of the work; one would have supposed a sufficient stimulus to him, to serve the Lord with the whole heart. But I believe, the chief impediment with him, was,—he had too much righteousness of his own, to enjoy much of that, which is alone "*by the faith of the son of God.*"

After my leaving the country for British America,—and three years prior to his decease,—he was alarmed by a dream of the night: wherein he saw, "That his end was come, and he was unprepared to meet God." (This, I had in a letter from my sister at the time: and also from his own lips, upon his dying-bed.) From that said he, "I was greatly distressed, and thought there was no mercy for me. Some professors of religion were called in, to pray with me; but all to no purpose. I thought I had been living to no good use in the world,—had sinned away the day of grace; and there now could be no mercy for me. I was thus on the very border

of despair: and was strongly tempted to put a period to my own existence. I finally appointed a time, and place, where I intended to destroy my own life:* and then, I thought the family might enjoy some comfort, if I was gone! But just before the time arrived; I was in the field reflecting on my sad state; and all at once, the words were applied with mighty force, to my heart, "*If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, remove hence, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*" Whereupon, of a sudden, my burden was removed; and faith sprang up, "That my sins were all blotted from the book of God's remembrance." He returned straightway to the house, and called upon all within,—and also upon some of the neighbours passing by, To praise the Lord with him, that he had gained a hope in Christ, of everlasting life! From this time, he remained calm and tranquil; but he ever entertained many doubts and fears, that he never enjoyed what other christians did. He still insisted, however, that himself, or some member of the family would soon exchange "time for eternity." And he consequently set his family-affairs in order,—made his Will,—offered himself as a candidate for baptism; (and was emersed, by Elder E. Leavitt,) and so, continued much the same,—until his last confinement. He being naturally of a reserved

*The influence of the tempter, sometimes over the minds, even of the best of christians, is very great; as exemplified in the case of my father: and therefrom may the tried and the tempted be encouraged to hope in God; even in the most difficult, and dangerous times.

turn of mind, and apt to converse but little; therefore, (as I have before said; he never discovered that degree of confidence, and hope in God, which many others do. And I believe, that if he ever rejoiced in the prospect of future blessedness,—it was with trembling. As a 'christian,' I never thought my father eminent in his attainments; but as a "moralist," he would rank with the very chief! Christianity, includes morality:—But, if morality were sufficient to save the soul, why was not Saul of Tarsus, saved; when, touching the law, he was blameless? When the commandment came, "of sinners," said he, "*I am the chief.*"

The following is an Obituary notice, from the pen of, ———.

DIED,

In Hampton, (N. H.) Sept. 7th, of a Cancer in the stomach, Col. Philip Towle, aged sixty-one: deeply and justly lamented, of a widow, nine children;—three sons, and two daughters-in-law; and an only sister. As a husband, he was affectionate; as a father, indulgent: as a brother and neighbour, he was generous and obliging. Ministers of the Gospel,—to whom his house was ever free; the poor, and the needy traveller, will readily attest to his benevolence. In principle he was a republican; and ever evinced unshaken confidence, and unhesitating perseverance, in the cause of liberty and equal rights. His moral character was unexceptionable; and amidst the pursuit of mortal honors, at an early period of life, he was led also, to seek a title and treasure in the Heavens, glorious and immortal. However of

religion, he made no profession until three years prior to his decease; at which time he was aroused to view, "eternal things impending." And being with regard to his religious sentiments, a Free-will Baptists, he then professed "*faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,*" by cheerfully submitting to the ordinance of baptism,—sat his household affairs in order, alleging, "That he should soon be summoned, to weigh anchor, and unknown worlds explore!" His evidence of acceptance with God, whereas was obscure, till within eleven days of his departure,—when he expressed, a perfect reconciliation to the will of the Most High, come life, or come death. Afterwards, calm and peaceful,—while rapidly gliding down the stream of life; his prospects of future glory, continued to brighten: and at length, the last solemn day had ushered in upon him! To his children, all, he gave the solemn charge, That they should meet him in glory; and added, "I am now ready to go." "I desire on earth, time no longer." Shortly after, without a struggle or a groan, his happy spirit quit her tenement of clay:—and as we trust, under a glorious convoy, quickly joined her kindred spirits in the skies. It is now said of him, "He is dead." He died,—surrounded by his weeping family; whom he lived to see, in a very signal manner blest. Of the number aforementioned, twelve, had with himself, become the hopeful subjects of converting grace. Happy a parent's privilege at the last,—that while two of his sons (as able physicians) ministered to his temporal aid; others, he could hear with joyful expectation say, "My honored Father, Fare you well!"—"But a

little while,—and we all on Canaan's-plain, will surely meet with you!"

A FRIEND.

My dear brother Philip, I still had much in mind. I felt very deeply interested for him: Although I was not able to give any particular reason why, more than in former years. One week,—subsequent to the death of our father, I saw him there. It was the last time! As he left, I shall never forget my sensations. Mine eye, as well as my whole heart, followed him to the road:—and I ran towards him again, to renew my charge to him. But he mounted his carriage; and not being able to manage his beast:—he also gazed wishfully after me,—and passed on. When to me it appeared—all was over!—all was done! And so it happened. I shall therefore, see his face on earth—no more forever!! He seemed very solemnly impressed at that time;—although he forced a smile. I remember, in one instance respecting a worldly concern, he gave me some gentle reproof, saying, "That only betrays your vanity; and what does it all amount to?" He appeared to realize, (as I then noticed with pleasure,) the uncertain, and the unsatisfying nature, of all terrestrial things.

Seeing the family tolerably composed, after the decease of our father; and feeling my mind still drawn towards the South:—I consequently, gained the consent of my mother, and the rest; to resign me once more, to the snares and frowns of an ungodly world. I held one meeting at the preaching-house near my father's; and one in the east part of the town; of deep interest to myself,

especially; not knowing the things that might befall me:—or what vast change, any of us might undergo,—“ere we all should meet again.”



JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH.

PART V.

Sept. 18, 1831.—I started for Buffalo, in the State of New York. I left my friends and home, with such emotions of sympathy, as I never had done before. But the prospect appeared truly glorious abroad; and though still, very feeble in body, I believed that God would go with me; and my strength, (in a two-fold sense,) He would graciously renew. In New England, I viewed my work done, at least for a space:—and there I could not stay. The short remaining period of my life, I desired to spend to the best advantage: and if any about home, had heard my counsel, (or seen my example,) that had not regarded it, I could not stay for them. Souls were equally as precious abroad; and to be in the work of the Lord was my element:—which I believed I should see, prevailing over the world. Should it please God to prolong my life, I wished to survey, even the Four Quarters of the globe:—and to hear “all the dark corners of creation,” resound His highest praise! !

As I was about leaving my mother's house, a certain preacher present, observed, “I know not how you can submit, to such an undertaking. If the Lord had called me to go, I believe I should refuse.” To him I could reply,—“I now truly go with as much cheerfulness, and as little dread, as

I could walk the short distance to the meeting-house with you." "Well, I confess," added he, "The Lord can make hard things easy." To another preacher, the preceding day, I had proposed the question,—“Will you consent, that one of your daughters shall bear me company abroad, for the good of souls?” “Oh,” returned he, “I don’t know how I could! If she must go, I should wish to go myself, to take the charge of her.”

But it was the parting with those at home, I usually felt,—and especially at this time. The Apostle once could bear a stoning, or a beating, with joyfulness; “but,” said he to friends with whom he must part, “*What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart?*” I could not say, “Farewell.” It was more than I could bear! neither could I give the parting hand. But with a smile I said, ‘Good-bye, to all!’ My mother, however, followed me to the door,—took my hand and said, ‘Farewell! May God go with you:—I may never see you more!’ ‘O yes,’ said I, ‘let us never borrow trouble; in a little while, I shall be here again.’

My dear sister Lydia, brought me on my way to Newburyport—where, Oh, the sad thought of leaving her behind! But I took the mail-stage, and could only cast a look after her, and soon was out of sight. I reached Salem, and spent the night at J. Needham’s: when the words revolved much in mind, “*Every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn.*” I enquired for the words, and found that the preceding sentence read, “*No weapon formed against thee shall prosper,*” &c. I remarked to

my friends," The words were spoken to the House of Israel; and I feel, especially, that I can claim them as my own." From that time forward, in that peculiar promise of the Lord, I could place, unshaken confidence. "*They that trust in the Lord, shall never be confounded!*"

From Salem, I came to Boston; and was obliged to wait one day, for the stage. In two days I was at Albany: from thence, in four days, by the canal, I was at Buffalo:—six hundred miles from home. I was invited to preach on board of the canal-boat, by the way; which I tried once to do; (besides praying once a day, with as many as chose to hear.)

At Buffalo, I was very cordially received by the Methodist preacher, from whom I received the following note:—

"Miss Nancy Towle, on her arrival, in Buffalo, N. Y. was made known to me by sundry respectable vouchers, as a worthy woman, and useful labourer in the Lord's Vineyard: on which she was very cordially invited to occupy our chapel whenever she pleased. Which she also did, speaking to crowded assemblies,—both on Sabbath,—and other evenings: in all, five or six times—much to our edification and comfort. Should Divine Providence open the way for subsequent visits from her, they would be received with great satisfaction, by not a few in this place."

WILBER HOAG,

Buffalo, N. Y. }

Oct. 11th, 1831. }

Minister of the

M. E. Church—

Stationed in Buffalo.

At B——, I had the joy of meeting again, my dear Elizabeth Venner. She was still residing with her brother at Geneva; but had come, at my request, (an hundred and sixty miles, or more,) to meet me here. The privilege of seeing her again, I esteemed very great; after having been assailed, by so many storms, of grief and pain:—and for a moment, I forgot all sorrow. But I dared, never more to look for earthly comforts:—these I had proved transitory. All my expectation, was from the Lord of Hosts.

My health being still low, in comparison of what I had once enjoyed; I thought it might be beneficial, to travel down Lake Erie. A water voyage, though debilitating at first, has usually with myself, a favourable termination:—and serves to invigorate the system, more than any other means I am able to employ.

To the state of Ohio, I desired to go, however: from other considerations than these. A very singular people (both of origin and practice,) had attracted my attention: whose particular place of gathering, at this time,—was there. I had heard much of the people: and in many places, the excitement I found considerably in their favor; but many were *halting between two opinions*, respecting them; and wishing to be informed. What I had learned,—I imagined, if real,—was of no small moment, either to myself or others. But if not, the things should be duly investigated, (even of such as were skillful to discern,) and exposed as a warning to those, who were liable to founder, upon the same quicksands. My first impression of them, was, that they were a deluded people.

over all the country:—how the earth shook,—and what strange phenomenon was represented to many, the day the Son of God was crucified! It also shews, that from the wickedness of some tribes, how their complexion became changed; and how the “Good Book,” came to be lost, from among them. It foretells their fall;—also, how long, and they shall rise again;—and that their end will then be great,—till “time shall be no more.”

The Book enjoins, 1st, “Baptism, By emersion, as a condition of acceptance with God:”—(which they consider, an acknowledgment of faith, in His Inspired Word: and a “*being born again of water, and of the Spirit.*”) Hence, such only, as yield submission to this ordinance, and assent to the things contained in the Book; are with them, the avowed subjects of the kingdom of grace; and the favorites of Heaven.

It inculcates, 2dly, “That every such member, shall come out from the world: forsake father, mother, wife and children; nor call aught of his possessions, his own.” Hence, they are to embody themselves together, at some particular place; “*have all things common;*” and so live together, in love; as the peculiar people, and the household of God.

It enjoins, 3dly, “That every distinct member, be found at the Lord’s Table every Sabbath day, to commemorate His death and sufferings,—*until He come.*—And, moreover, that such exercise faith in God of working miracles;—according to the attainment of the primitive disciples: viz. Of healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out devils, and of imparting the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands, &c. (To the faith of the Apos-

ties, some of them profess already to have attained; particularly Mr. S——, whom they call their "Seer." He could do, many wonderful things.)

They believe, according to the Book: "That a day of great wrath, is bursting upon all the kindred, of the earth; and that, in *Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem*, alone, shall be deliverance in that day," (even in the land, which the Lord Jesus had given to them, for a dwelling-place, and an everlasting possession.) The place where they then had their stay, was not the "Land of Promise;"—but *that*, lay, on the western boundary of the State of Missouri: In which place, they were then assembling; and where they believed, In process of time, they should have a temple; and a city, of great magnificence, and wealth; and that shortly, they should increase, and tread down all their enemies, and bruise them beneath their feet. After which period, Christ Jesus should descend, and reign with them, personally one thousand years upon the earth. And then their enemies should be loosed for a season; (or, as one said to me, for the space of three months,) when,—should take place, the General Judgment; and the final consummation of all things."

These things, accordingly, they had prevailed on some thousands to believe. Of their numbers, I found, ministers, of different persuasions: and some, it appeared, who had once been eminent for piety. I found, also, many men, of both influence and wealth. Husbands, who had left their wives: and wives, that had left their husbands.—Children, that had left their parents: and parents, their children;—that they might be "accounted

worthy," as they said, "*to escape all the things that should come to pass and to stand before the Son of Man.*"

On the evening that we arrived, they had a meeting for *searching hearts*; which we were too weary, to attend. The next day, (which was the Sabbath,) we had the privilege of going to hear them,—but they allowed us to say nothing. We were present, at their communion season; also by the river side, where the ordinance of baptism was administered. Thus, through all their exercises I had followed them for one day, with the strictest scrutiny,—and I wished to be away. I had travelled the world extensively; and had a chance of visiting some, of almost every religious fraternity; (at least within the bounds, of the United States) and I now, thought myself prepared to say of Mormonism,* "*That it was one of the most deep-concerted-plots of Hell, to deceive the hearts of the simple; that had ever come within the limits of my acquaintance.*"

As a people, wherefore in common with the world; I will do them the justice to say, I saw nothing indecorous: nor had I an apprehension, of any thing of the kind. But in their public performances, I no more looked upon them, as sanctioned by the Lord of Hosts, than if they had merely intended, to mimic the work of the Lord. Rather, to the contrary, I viewed the whole, with the utmost indignation and disgust: and as a mere profanation and sacrilege of all religious things.

* So called from the writer of the plates whose name was "Mormon."

I really viewed it strange, that so many men of skill, should be thus duped of them. I pitied, and loved them too; believing that many had actually intended, forsaking all for Christ. But, If christians, is the question, how came they to be the votaries of such "cunningly devised fables as these?" I answer, "By not adhering to the rule-of-life which God had given, as they should have done: thus, in the hour of temptation, *they were left to believe a lie*. Although I believe, they may be saved at last,—*yet so, as by fire!*"

Having, by this time understood that they could neither *flatter*, nor *frighten* us, to their belief; they then undertook by threats, if possible, to drive us thereto: and said one,—

Phelps,* "You are in the *gall of bitterness*, and the *strong bonds of iniquity*. And I have authority to say to you, "You shall not be saved, unless you believe that Book!"

Ans. If I had the Book, Sir, I would burn it!

And permit me, in return to prophecy respecting yourself. * You will go away, into your Zion; (as you term it) and you will very shortly find, your faith to fail you. Then, you will *reel and stagger* as a drunken man; and *as a bullock, unaccustomed to the yoke*, you will run to and fro: Your substance, at length, is wasted: your System of Doctrine, has come to the ground: your family is in wretchedness; and your children around you, crying for bread! —Then you will be

* Formerly, an Editor of the paper published in New-York, called the *Phœnix*.

glad, though in disgrace, to return to the place from whence you had come out."

*Harris.** "I, have authority to say to you—You shall not enjoy, the comforts of God's grace, until you believe that book!"

Ans. "You look like an artful, designing man: and I think you mischievous enough, to be the inventor of that plot!"

Har. "I should be willing to bear all the sins of the human family, beyond the grave—if these things, are not so!"

Rigdon.† "You are in the gulf of bitterness, and the bond of iniquity: You never were "born again." You never were called, to preach the Gospel: And all, that you have ever done in the world, was mischief."

Ans. "The Lord of Heaven, knows the man to be a liar!"

Ques. "Mr Smith,—Can you, in the presence of Almighty God, give your word by oath—That, an Angel from Heaven, shewed you the place of those Plates?—and that, you took the things, contained in that Book, from those plates? And at the direction of the Angel, you returned said Plates,—to the place, from whence you had taken them?"

Ans. "I will not swear at all!"

Upon this, being about to leave the place, he turned to some women and children in the room;

* One of the writers of the Book; (and as he stated to me) that had expended \$5000 for its publication.

† A Baptist preacher; formerly in the State of Ohio; and once, much beloved.

and lay his hands upon their heads; (that they might receive the Holy Ghost;) when "Oh!" cried one,* to me, "What blessings, you do lose!—No sooner, his hands fell upon my head; than I felt the Holy Ghost,—as *warm-water*, go over me!"

But I was not such a stranger, to the spirit of God, as she imagined;—that I did not know its effects, from that of *warm-water*! And I turned to Smith, and said "Are you not ashamed, of such pretensions? You, who are no more than any ignorant plough-boy of our land! Oh! blush at such abominations! and let shame, forever cover your face!

He only replied, by saying, "The gift, has returned back again, as in former times, to illiterate fishermen." So he got off, as quick as he could. He recollected himself, wherefore, and returned to pass the compliment of "Good-by!" A good-natured,—low-bred, sort of a chap; that seemed to have force enough, to do no one any harm. Another, of their Elders threatened, to put us off the ground; and that he would have no more such blasphemy there. I said, "Sir, you need not trouble yourself to do that; we will go without. We were invited to this place, by the woman of the house; and did not think of being carried out,—by any other person."

We attended a meeting of Presbyterians, on Monday evening; and were invited to join them, in prayer and exhortation. That we accordingly did, with a degree of satisfaction. Two chris-

*Eliza Marsh, formerly of Boston: but born in Ireland.

tian people came in the next morning, and invited us to Perry. To which place, we rejoiced to go; believing that God had sent them.

As we left the Mormonites, (for so they are called,) a number of families,* started for the "Promised-Land." One turned to us, with much apparent animation, and said, "We are now going to that Land, which is to be our dwelling-place, forever-more!" And they renewed their charge to us, That if we could not see with them; to be careful, and not oppose them. I returned, "I shall think it my duty,—to speak, and write against you, wherever I may go!"

At Perry, I spoke in a school-house; where all seemed to hear with much surprise. Next night, I spoke at the Methodist Chapel in Painsville. There we found some husbands and wives at variance, about Mormonism. The one, detesting such a mass of absurdities—(or rather the evils resulting therefrom;) had burned the Book:—while the other, wished to unite with the people,—and held the same as sacred. I now rejoiced that I could give them such advice—if heeded, as would prevent the unhappy division; (if not the ruin of themselves,) before it was too late: and I now understood more especially, why duty had led me hither. Because, as I found, Here were many staggered at these things; that dared not for their lives oppose them; neither did they dare embrace them:—While they were threatened with destruction, in case they did not: (for example, as myself had been.) And that were rejoiced, to

* Phelps, and others.

meet with any one; from whom they could hear, the right side of the question.

From the consideration, that not only these, but many others over the world, (even as far as they, or their writings might have extended,) were liable to be carried away of the same delusion; I therefore, have been the more particular here, in my remarks respecting them. So I now, leave my friendly Reader, to think and act for himself. And I proceed, with the account of my journeyings still, among many others,—(though not to the same extent;) in divers ways, “*deceiving and deceived.*”



I went again to Perry; and spake in a large boarding-house, of a man that was a Presbyterian. The excitement here, was considerable. A number came forward for prayers;—and the hopes of the labourer were encouraged, of a plentiful harvest. From this, we returned to Painsville, to a protracted meeting of Methodists: to which, the brethren who first brought us to the place—had urged our stay.

On the first evening, of the meeting, the altar was thronged with weeping penitents; but many of the preachers, complained of colds: so the “four-days meeting” was postponed. Their colds I found were toward female’s preaching; and I would be no hindrance to them; so I prepared to go on my way. But I regretted much to leave the dear mourners, whom I had engaged to meet at the place; and to whom I was under a special obligation, of labouring for their good. When they saw, that I would go,—and that the people were like to be grieved and disappointed; the

preachers gave permission that I should speak: Which word they sent to me, as though I was unworthy, they should come into my presence.—No, said I, not to be as an eye-sore to them; and after they have held three meetings, and wearied the people, to be then only permitted to occupy time that is vacant. The presiding Elder, then came himself, and said, I should speak at 4 o'clock P. M: (It being quarterly meeting.) I thanked him, for his condescension; and wished that a blessing might attend their labours. But I still thought it best for me, to go to another place.

We took the steam-boat, and came to Erie, (Pa) where Presbyterians requested, I should speak in their steeple-house: but I preferred, the court-house. I held there, four meetings; and I found *it good to be there*. A preacher, came from Painsville in a few days, and said, "Our leaving done much injury: and they could effect no more afterwards, among the unconverted." I was truly sorry to hear that; knowing, what dependance many had made upon that meeting. But I hoped, —if nothing more, the preacher's eyes were opened, to see themselves. None so blind, however, as those who will not see!

We went to Harbour Creek, and I spoke at a Methodist chapel, to a very lively society; and we returned, direct to Erie. Some in Erie, were made peculiarly near to me; particularly Mary Brown. Who, not only administered to our necessities of carnal things; but was also "our fellow helper in the truth:—and a faithful witness of the Lord Jesus," in the *great congregation*. Elizabeth, I found sometimes encouraged to add her

testimony to the truth; but *she* does not grow in grace, as once she did. The world appears to have engrossed her affections: and her love to God, of course, grows cold,

I was presented with the following lines of "Acrostic," from a young woman, aged about sixteen; who had been afflicted, and deprived of society, for a long time. The following she wrote without opportunity for meditation,—and in the simplicity of the moment;—which I offer, as a suitable apology for her.

N one are exempt from trials, here below;
 A s all, who live in this vain world, must know :
 N ot even Kings, upon their thrones of State,
 C an change, or alter, the decrees of fate :
 Y ou, my dear Friend, no doubt have had your share.

T he cross is great, which you are called to bear :
 O may the Lord support, and strengthen you : }
 W hile you are striving all his will to do.— }
 L ong may you live to love and serve the Lord ;
 E ternal joys, will then be your reward.

Lord, be with this much loved stranger,
 O preserve her from all danger !
 U niversal King of Kings,
 I n the shadow of thy wings,
 S afely, may she find repose,
 A nd be safe from all her foes.

S till, be thou her guide and friend ;
 A ll her wandering steps attend ;
 N o good thing, to her deny ;
 G rant her, Lord, a rich supply.
 E very day, her joys improve ;
 R ound her throw, thy arms of love.

Erie, Nov. 1st, 1831.

At Erie, I wrote a second letter to my mother, bearing date, Oct. 2d:—a short extract, from which, I here see fit to make. “I think much of our dear father still; and by night I often dream of him. But I hear him give, as it were, the comforting assurance, “That he is singing immortal praises, with the Host above; and would have us by no means, to mourn for him.” Oh! I am sensible, you still feel the loss of him; while you behold his seat always vacant, about the house; at the table—at the window—at the bees-house, &c. where he was wont, much to amuse himself. But I trust, whereas, you still feel willing to resign him to his Maker; as your *loss*, is his *eternal gain*.

“I have felt of late, that a change for the better had taken place in Philip: and that I had an evidence “it was well with him.” But I lament that you all, misimprove your talents so much. And that you do not encourage others more, by precept and example too,—to serve the Lord with the whole heart.”

My mind had been, from the time of leaving home; in a very peculiar manner exercised, about my brother P. And I had resolved, to bear his case constantly, to the throne of grace,—even, That the Lord might speak to him, “in dreams, or visions of the night:” or in any other way.—In order that he might be brought, to a total abandonment of himself, and all his concerns; to the control of a gracious, and-all-wise Providence.”

Being at one time earnestly engaged in prayer for him; it was suddenly suggested to my mind, “That it was well, with my brother.” I was led

to view him, in a state of union and communion with the Lord Jesus;—but how it happened I could not tell. The question then revolved,—“Can you now resign him, for all, to the divine disposal?” My heart replied, I think I can,—for time and eternity:—and that I shall never have any more grief, or anxiety, on his account. (This hence, gave rise to the remark concerning him, in the preceding extract.)

From Erie, we came in the Steam-boat to Buffalo. We there, called on the Methodist preacher; but made no stay in the place (In justice to him, and his excellent companion, I am bound to say, —They are a model of goodness.)

I had had it in mind, before leaving Erie, to visit a wretched criminal, to be “executed” in this place, within a short space,—for the murder of his wife. But it chanced now to slip my mind, until I was under way for Geneva. His case, then got such hold of my heart; with the apprehension of having neglected duty; that one whole night, I spent in bitter sighs and tears. Nor could I be comforted, until I had written to him (which I did, on board the canal-boat, as I travelled on,) a solemn and lengthy epistle;—“To sue for life, without delay, at the throne of divine mercy;—Where he might obtain, regenerating grace. And though, by one ‘capital offence,’ he had merited the ignominious death of the gallows; yet, from thence, he might be conveyed, even to the bosom of his God:—and there, drink of the rivers of delight, that flow forever more!” By this means, I quieted my own conscience; and entertained a strong hope, that I should meet him

one day, in mansions on High. (When God gives such an agonizing cry, for any soul of man, I think it cannot, possibly be lost.)

My health, I now found better by one half, than when I left home: and I could rejoice, that I so far, had prospered in my way.—And that, farther space was allotted me on earth, for *honoring* God's Holy name; even that I might appear, the more "honored" with Him, when he *came in His Glory*.

I attended two meetings, at Lyons; and spoke once on a funeral occasion. I then proceeded on, and had another interview with my good friend and father, L. Riley. I spoke twice at the Methodist chapel at Alloway. In these places, I found many that could rejoice in a sin-pardoning God; whom I could claim, as "my joy and my crown." In hope also, that *such* they might be found,—to endless day!

I went to Geneva and spoke twice. But, as the very bigoted Methodists* of this place, refused the chapel; hundreds were obliged to go from the School-house, that could not get in. Some kind Episcopalians then prepared a large store; which was very commodious, for meetings, in the warm season; but uncomfortable at this time.—Here I found many rejoicing, whom I had left "enemies to the truth;" and that I now could claim, in the Lord, as my children. One lady took me to her home, and said, "The means of her conversion, was a promise she had made to

* At least, one that was an Englishman, ruled the Society. Some men, get a little authority in their hands *they love to exercise* it, whether it be right or wrong.

me, unintentionally, of praying for herself."—The man of silver locks, in whose house I held my first meeting on arriving before, tempted and weary at the place; was now among the converts, happy in the Lord. "*Bread cast upon the waters, shall be received again, after many days.*"

Having it in mind to visit the two young women,* emigrants from England; who were now residing at Bethany, (Pa.) I made but a few days stay, and by the stage I reached Ovid. I there held two meetings in the methodist chapel; and a number, I had the satisfaction to learn, found *peace in believing*. My Elizabeth had been my helper, thus far—but here I was under the painful necessity, of parting again with her. She had become very averse to travelling the world; and felt not that interest in doing good, that once she did. We hence, took an affectionate leave of each other, and parted. But I restrained my tears, although I added, "I expect to see your face on earth, no more!" "O yes," replied, she "I shall soon run after you?"

She accordingly, took the stage for Geneva; and I pursued an opposite course, to Ithaca.—A very respectable young lady, of Ovid, wished to bear me company; but I dared not consent, lest she could find it not so easy living, as she anticipated; and we both in consequence, be brought into trouble! I left her, wherefore, with deep regret; as I entertained an high esteem of her.—And so, I may see her no more, till my journey is done, and I hail her in Heaven. At Ithaca

* Thomasine, and Eden O'Bryan

and visible *change*, must have been effected in his condition!"

I tarried at B —, more than two weeks; and held two meetings at the Court-house: in the meanwhile, I also, went back to Mt. P —, and held two meetings, that were favoured seasons. — I there met with a society of Free-will Baptists, for the first time, in the course of this journey:— and had an agreeable interview with Mr. Dodge, their preacher. I left the people, with their earnest solicitations, that I should come back, and speak to them at the Congregational Meeting-house, the next Sabbath-day.

Having it in mind to visit the city of Washington; I took for a companion in travels, Thomasine O. B.—and we reached Canaan. At the house of Peter Wentz, Esq.—I had previously learned, that my trunk had arrived. I found all, at length, in perfect safety; after having travelled by itself, the distance of more than one hundred miles. I had made my trunk, the subject of my fervent prayers to God, (which also, at other times I had done, when taken from me)—“that my writings within, might be kept uninjured;—and with a solemn promise, of publishing them to the world, whenever duty might be made plain. I concluded, that its errand away from me, might be of importance to some one; I therefore wished to wait with patience for the result, let it be what it would. I made two days stay, and held two meetings at the place;—which were of deep interest to many. And a considerable number joined in covenant to seek the Lord, until (if possible) “*He might be found of them.*” I now unders

how mysteriously my way had been prepared, to this people! The merciful Jesus, had compassion on this little scattered flock; and sent me in season, as I trust, with words of consolation to not a few. Of brother Wentz,* (who was their preacher,) we were treated "as the messengers of peace, whose coming was from God!" May the Lord be to him "*a sun and a shield! and withhold from*" him,—in time or eternity,—no desirable thing!

From hence, we paid stage-fare, the sum of six dollars, and started a little past midnight for Easton. But behold, instead of a stage, we had got only an open sled, with nothing to sit upon, but the floor covered with straw: and the snow falling in such a degree, as quite to load us in a very short time. In this situation we travelled nearly forty miles: though the remainder of the distance, (which was thirty miles,) we had a covered coach. Thus, from the wicked I often suffer: but I bear it patiently if I can; remembering, *that they are treasuring up to themselves, wrath, against the day of wrath:*"—while, if I am "*suffering with Christ,*" we shall be "*glorified-together.*"

Through the mercy of God, we received no injury from the journey; but I found no door for my labours. Methodists forbade their chapel, (or black room, as it was) from being opened to a woman, &c. I attended a meeting of theirs, while it was evident, they tried to prevent my speaking; but it was more than they could do. I spoke thrice whereas, at the Court-house:—and much of God's power, was present to heal.

Episcopal Methodist.

This town, I frankly confess, was such "a nest of vipers," as I had never found before, within the bounds of the United States. I gave my money to come and profit their souls—six dollars; and three in effect for board:—(besides twelve, to get on to another place,) and my time and labours in addition to this: when, after all, instead of any thanks, I was threatened with being—"advertised as a deceiver," &c. All this, was much for human nature to endure. But looking forward to a day of righteous retribution, I could say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

It so happened, that I had expressed a desire of visiting a female preacher, hard by, who belonged to the Christian Connexion; when it began to be whispered, That I had deceived them. That sect, I have found, particularly in the Middle States,—the Methodists, rank with Unitarians:—and they, in general, are very much disaffected towards them:—not, however, because they "deny the Divinity of the Saviour;" but the "doctrine of the Trinity." This, was especially exemplified of one in Easton, that was a local preacher:—who appeared exceedingly outrageous. And indeed the whole, were set in an uproar. It was a fact, that some of the Christian preachers had been among them; and had gotten considerable ground: And now, they were afraid it seemed, that they should lose their society.

No, said I,—I have in no wise deceived them. I have spoken to them, both in public and in private, the things which I believed from the beginning; and through the fear of mortals,—or from *any desire of pleasing them*,—have I kept back

nothing. But what they list, they are welcome to perform; for the matter of any harm, they will be able to do myself. Wherefore let them understand, that they will pull down the curses of the Almighty, upon their own devoted heads: and "in the same measure they mete to others, it will be measured to them again."

A number—having received benefit from my labours; and who had publicly requested my prayers, --now became much staggered, at what some thought so very frightful; and they wished to have my sentiments in writing.—So I left for their satisfaction, the short note, as follows,—

EASTON, Jan. 1st, 1832.

"Of *Christ Jesus*, the *Author* of my being, and the only *foundation* of my *hope*;—I believe 1st. He made the world. "*All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made, that was made.*" 2dly. He redeemed the world. "*He gave His life a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.*" 3dly. He will judge the world at the last day. "*God has appointed a day wherein He will judge the world—by that man Jesus Christ, whom He hath ordained—whereof He hath given assurance unto all men; in that, He hath raised Him from the dead.*"—"Then cometh the end; when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father;"—"then shall the son also, himself, be subject unto Him, that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all.")

"CHRIST JESUS, I believe, "*was from everlasting to everlasting.*" Said HE, (by the inspired writer,) "*When the foundation of the earth was laid, I was there.*"—And again, "— ' was

God, and the same, was in the beginning with God,"—"The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we beheld His glory."—Hence the consistency of that prayer, "O, Father, glorify thou me, with thine own self, with the glory, which I had with thee, before the world was."—And of the declaration, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world, and go unto the Father.—Amen, and Amen. N. T****.

We had, therefore, spent one week at the place, and commenced a new year: and Oh! like the one with me, last past; it was, with pain and sorrow! These were but as the harbingers, it seemed, of what a twelve-month would roll upon my head! I desired now, to leave this "contentious tribe:" but Satan, when he gets us surrounded of his host,—well armed; (and who is a more successful agent of the adversary, than the rotten-hearted professor,) we know, fain would hold us, little as he is pleased with our presence. Wherefore, we broke his bands; and left him to growl behind; not in the least affected at his displeasure.

How many professed christians, would be ashamed of themselves, (although here, I make some exceptions, as in every other place) were they aware of the amazing folly, we discover in them! Yea, it is oftentimes, "*like people and like priest:*" As children, that crack their nuts, and quarrel about the shells! Perhaps no one, wherefore, has such an opportunity of knowing the world of mankind,—or the state of christendom, as myself. For considering me, either good or bad; they are seldom afraid, to show themselves, to a person that is "every where spoken against."

But they will know, in one day, whom they have persecuted; when I come out as a "swift-witness against them." Of the Son of man, in the Great Day of accounts, shall it be said, "*I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: I was naked, and ye clothed me not: I was sick and in prison, and ye came not unto me.*" "*In as much as ye have not done it unto one of the least of mine—ye have not done it unto me!*" Every man, shall be rewarded according to his works!

We came to Reading, and were very kindly received of two Methodist preachers; and others. One Mr Goodhart, I shall ever have in grateful remembrance; who abundantly evinced, that his "nature," and his "name" agreed. One of the preachers, gave out two appointments for me, at his chapel; where *I heard a sound of an abundance of rain.* And I could confidently testify to them, God's coming near: Yea, that *the time of the singing of birds had come; and the voice of the turtle, I heard in their land.* A number of young ladies, asked my prayers: to which, (on the account,) I felt them, especially entitled. From one of the preachers, I afterwards received the letter, as follows:

READING, Feb. 24, 1832.

My worthy Friend,—I have contemplated writing to you, almost every day for the month past, but have put it off for a more convenient season till the present time; and even now, I have nothing very important to communicate. There has

been no very great change in our town, since you were here; the people in general, "sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play,"—or at least they live "without God, and without Christ in the world." The *present*, because it is *present*, obstructs their vision, and conceals eternity from their view. The world has captivated their affections, and because they "love the world the love of the Father is not in them;" and hence, wickedness abounds to a fearful extent. But in this dark picture there is some relief; perhaps twenty persons, have professed to obtain the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of their sins, since the beginning of the present year: and several others are anxiously enquiring, "What they must do to be saved." I hope, my Sister, you will pray for us.

I have been quite well, since I saw you, although our town has been much afflicted. It is stated by the "Undertakers," that as many have been buried within three months, as usually die in a year. These have been mostly old persons and children. Please to remember me to sister Thomasine, and be assured,

I remain your sincere friend,

T. SOVEREIGN.

Miss N**** T****.

After two days we came to Harrisburg. There, we first sought acquaintance with Mr Winnebrenner: who formerly belonged, to the Dutch-Reformed church; but had left the same from conscientious principles;—disclaimed all party names; and styled himself "A servant of Jesus

Christ." As such, I am bound in justice to say, he abundantly approved himself, even "*by pureness, by knowledge, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, and by love unfeigned.*" As a brother,—a sister,—or a mother, he hailed all, that loved in sincerity the Lord Jesus Christ: and if preachers of the Gospel, (whether male or female,) he gave them full access, to all his houses-of-worship. There I beheld, where bigotry and party zeal, had gotten no place; the Lord delighted to bless,—(not only) His people; but to make His power known, to "*strangers and foreigners;*" that they might become "*fellow-citizens, with the saints and of the household of God.*" Yea, it was there we witnessed, a glorious ingathering of souls; And I could bless the day, that I was commissioned Christ's name to bear:—and had ever the privilege, in my life, of visiting Harrisburg.

During a stay of two weeks, at the place; I had sometimes opportunity of addressing, ministers of various sects: viz. Lutheran, Dutch-Reformed, Baptist, Methodist, &c. &c.—also many of the members of Legislature. It happened that the latter, found way into our assemblies,—by reason of one, who was a preacher with us, that was also a member; and went, to notify the rest, By placing a note, upon the wall, without their knowledge. But what was better than this;—many influential characters, were with the mourners, at the altar:—And eventually, will be found, we trust,—with the *redeemed of the Lord*, around His throne in Heaven.

The teacher of the Lancasterian-school; lately from the city of London,—with his wife, and

two amiable daughters, were side by side at the altar, for prayers. This was a sight, not a little affecting! The daughter likewise of the Episcopalian minister—a blooming youth, was with the penitents at the altar. Those who *humble* themselves, to become *beggars*, shall be *exalted*, to reign, "*Kings and priests, unto God,*" forever, and ever! The wife of —, being present, on different occasions, tarried one night till a very late hour; when, [unconscious of the dignity of her station,] a certain preacher, began to *interrogate* her, respecting her faith in the Lord Jesus: To whom she replied, "I belong to the Lutheran church." Oh, added he, "To belong to the Lutheran church, is not enough!" "*You must be born again or you never can see, the Kingdom of God.*" Like Governor Felix, she trembled; though we hope—not as Felix, said, "*Go thy way for this time; and when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee.*"

We visited Middletown, and saw the *fields* there, *while for harvest*. I held two meetings; and returned to Harrisburg. We then went to Cumberland; where Mr W. and some others, had been holding a protracted meeting. And there, also, God's word had proved "*quick and powerful, in the hearts of His enemies;*"—while, the same that *wounded*, was found likewise, sufficient to *heal*. In this place, (as also at Harrisburg,) they were chiefly of Dutch descent: and my curiosity was not a little excited, in witnessing, how differently they were exercised in religion, from what were my own people. I had before, known some of the "Jumping Quakers;"

and heard of the "Jumpers in Wales:" but here, I found some who I did not doubt, danced from the same influence that David did, before the ark--and also that the lame man did, in the temple at Jerusalem. In the "New England Revivals," sinners are often brought to the Lord, (both male and female,) with their tongues filled with praise to His Name. But here, they chiefly expressed their joy, by bodily exercise. It was not unfrequently the case, that after complete exhaustion by mental anguish; some would instantly arise, and move up and down, in such a direct position—and with so little apparent exertion, that one would almost impute it to magick. *'There are diversities of operations,'* says the Apostle, *'but it is the same God which worketh all in all.'*

But what* was still more striking to myself, One young woman, lay—cold, breathless, and stiff, for the space of an hour or two;—her eyes, wide

* An exercise, somewhat similar, I had once, at least witnessed in Nova Scotia. A young woman came to meeting one night, in great anxiety of mind; and in the early part of the service, she fell to the floor as lifeless. She was there, supported for some time; until it was found, she would not revive; when she was carried home, and laid upon the bed. A physician was called, in the course of the following day, who decided "That somewhat ailed the girl, with which he was unacquainted." But after twenty-two hours, at the going down of the sun; she began to whisper, very softly praise to God: and from that, she soon recovered. She expressed no particular discovery, that she had gained; except of her father's wretched situation, out of Christ;—(who was a very vile character; and a violent opposer of the things of God.)

open—not the least motion of her brow, and beaming as with the glory and beauty, unutterable, that were displayed to her view upward. A sweet smile upon her countenance; and not the least appearance of life, in any part of her system. However, at intervals she broke out into loud laughter; with exertions to rise: and shouted very loudly Glory, Glory, Glory. To satisfy myself, I strove to arouse her—but in vain: I strove to bend, some part of her frame: but every member, was stiff, and seemingly inanimate, as though it never would rise again. The person, it was told me, had been remarkable for piety, a number of years:—whom I chanced to see the following day; and I asked, Whether she was sensible, at the time, of any thing that passed. She replied in the negative. And added, That she knew nothing—even that she had spoken, or where she had been—during the whole space.

I returned to Harrisburg, and took my leave of all kind friends. And we came in company with Mr W. to Mechanicsburg; where I spoke to an assembly, very earnest to hear, at the Methodist chapel. The next day we reached Carlisle; where I spoke again in the evening, at a chapel of United Brethren—or a sort of Moravians. These Dutch people, I tenderly love; who appear to be very humble, and happy in the Lord. With them, I felt that I could live and die; did not every part of creation abound with perishing souls. “For their sake,” I said, “*I will not rest, till judgment, be sent forth unto victory.*”

The third day, of our journey, we reached Shippensburg; which was forty miles, from Har-

sburg. There, they allowed, me (though unwillingly,) a night for repose. The succeeding day, which was the Sabbath, I spoke in the morning; and the deacon marched off, "Because we would not hear, a woman preach." I am always inclined to think of such men, "That they have got women at home, who have not done much honor to their sex! In the afternoon, Mr W. preached in the German tongue. And in the evening, I occupied the desk again:—when we saw "a cloud, like a man's hand," beginning to appear. The house was thronged, with some, of every description. O, may they all meet again,—one day in Heaven!

Monday morning, we were constrained to part with our good friend,—and father, Mr. W. He must return home; while I felt my whole soul bound for the city of Washington. I could see my way, thus far, but I could see no farther: and I believed, that somewhat special would befall me here. He made such arrangements as he thought necessary, towards our being helped on our journey:—which the following letters, will serve to demonstrate:—

SHIPPENSBURG, Jan. 30, 1832.

My Dear Brother—This is to introduce to your acquaintance Miss Nancy Towle and T. O'Bryan, and request an appointment for N. Towle to preach in your place. She has preached with us for about two weeks; and much to the edification, and profit of the people. Yesterday she preached in this place, and the people were much pleased. She comes well recommended; and is doubtless, an able, and useful Preacher. By giving her an

appointment and a lodging—and by receiving her (as Paul said of Phebe) “as becometh saints,” you will much oblige, Your Brother in the Lord,

JOHN WINEBRENNER.

Brother F. GLOSSEN, Chambersburg, Penn.

SHIPPENSEBURG, Jan. 30, 1832.

Dear Brother,—This is to introduce to your acquaintance, and commend to your hospitality, our sisters Nancy Towle and T. O'Bryan, and to request an appointment for N. Towle to preach.—She has laboured among us at Harrisburg about two weeks; and we esteem her very highly for her work's sake. She comes well recommended, and is doubtless a usefull, able, and acceptable preacher. If you will receive her, “as becometh saints;” give her an appointment; provide for them a suitable lodging, &c. you shall have your reward, and oblige,

Your Brother in the Lord,

J*** W*****.

Brother W. RINEHART, Hagerstown, Md.

On Monday evening, I found it hard to resist the importunity of the people, that I should speak to them again. And many had come together, whose souls looked precious to me; I therefore occupied in my exercises again, perhaps an hour and a half. Some R. Catholics were present from motives of curiosity; but I hope they returned, as did Zaccheus,—With the Saviour, a guest at their house.

Next morning, a young woman, by the name of Rebekah Mull, brought us on our way to Chambersburg. Here, I spoke the same night, in a

chapel of United Brethren: and found many of God's humble, and beloved children, also in this place. They urged that I should speak the ensuing night, at the Presbyterian, or Dutch Reformed M. house; but I felt a hurrying, to be at Washington,—though I knew not, for what. I said, "It may be, I there shall have my burying-place!" From this, we reached Hagarstown, in Maryland;—thirty miles from Shippensburg.

But it being very cold and snowy weather, the journey was now, too much for me. I could not hold meeting at night; but was obliged to wait till the second: although I attended a prayer-meeting; and gave an exhortation; when I was so far overcome, as to be obliged to come out. I believe, I was then, "besides myself,"—and it was—"unto God!" The love of Christ constrained me. Next night, at a M. house of U. Brethren, we had a large and solemn congregation. A number of gay ladies, came forward for prayers: whom I left, near the hour of midnight, in humble attitude at the throne of grace. At this place, they shewed us very great kindness: especially Mr Marteney, and family: (where we made it home.)

After an hour or two for rest, (at 4 o'clock A.M.) we took the stage and came, twenty-miles to Frederick City: Where, from much exhaustion, I was obliged to be silent. But after the day had passed, I learned that I could have done none other; for "They would not allow a woman, to speak in their churches." They opened the court-house, nevertheless, and I held one meeting there; where many heard, with solemn at-

tion: but I thought, the congregation towards the door,—changed a number of times, before my conclusion. Some were going, and others coming, to supply their places; while it appeared,—a sight was all, that they could bear; and seemingly, not that, for a long time.

Some Methodists came, and invited me to their chapel; to which I engaged to go, in case they would get it open. But their preachers would not consent; one of whom said positively, “A woman shall not preach there.” The other returned, “The woman; can preach, better than the one that does preach there!” Many high-minded men, are aggravated to see a greater congregation, to hear a woman, than they could gain themselves. Oh, I pity the people that must be priest-ridden, after this sort! Fine indulgence, for these affectionate pastors!

At this place, I received the Note addressed to a preacher of Baltimore as follows:—

FREDERICK, Feb. 6th.

Dear Sir,—The bearer, Miss Nancy Towle, and Miss O'Bryan, tarried with us a few days only; their destination being Washington City. But the roads, are at this time, from this, almost impassable; and the stage leaving this, in the night; they have been induced, in consequence thereof, to go by the way of Baltimore. They being entirely strange in the city, I have taken the liberty to direct them, to your notice, Miss Towle, has travelled extensively, dispensing the word of life; and came to us well recommended. Her privilege here was limited; the preaching-

uses being shut against her; she consequently addressed but one audience, which was in the court-house.

Should she desire it, and it not be contrary to our views of the Gospel, I should be glad if you would interest yourself in procuring her a place to preach in. I do not know as she will request; as she appears anxious to visit Washington city. Her companion says,—Our's is the first place, where she has been refused the preaching-places,—and I am truly sorry it was so. The members with whom I conversed, were willing, if the preachers were opposed. I hope it will not be so elsewhere. We are all well, through God's mercies; I hope you, and yours, are enjoying the same blessing.

Your's in the bonds of peace,
JOHN GEPHART.

REV. JAMES R. WILLIAMS.

We came upon the Rail-Road, to Baltimore; and proceeded direct, to the house of brother Williams. By him and his worthy partner, we were welcomed, and agreeably entertained, the space of one week. Here, I met with a society of Protestant Methodists,—for the first time in America. I was much pleased with their liberality of sentiment; and that in their form of church government, they had abandoned Episcopacy:—a monster, most odious in my view. My disposition for doing good, even in this place, far exceeded my ability. In private,—as also at other times, I spoke mostly in a whisper; to gain me relief to my feeble distorted lungs; and to

Superintendent of a respectable body of Methodist Reformers, in England; who have adopted the representative principle, in their church government.

Yours in Christ,

J. R. WILLIAMS.

Rev. Dr. D. B. DORSEY, Georgetown, D. C.

Rev. D. E. REESE, Jr. Washington,

Rev. Dr. J. S. REESE, Alexandria.

Feb. 15th. On Monday morning, the anniversary of the day that gave me birth, we took the stage for the city of Washington. The wheeling, being extremely heavy, and my frame much debilitated, by the labours of the preceding day; I was therefore, obliged to take to the bed, on reaching Georgetown:—and I did not get out, to hold meeting, until the ensuing Friday evening. I then spoke at the chapel of P. Methodists, to a large concourse: and believed that there were many in the congregation, possessed of a spirit truly great, and noble. On the Sabbath, I likewise spoke twice, to very solemn auditories: and the ensuing Tuesday evening from words, "*Their foot shall slide in due time.*" On which occasion, I was led to warn them, of "judgments impending!" And it was to myself a time of peculiar benefit. Some came around the altar for prayers: and I hoped for a plentiful harvest. With Dr. Dorsey, their preacher, I was much pleased.

Here a letter was brought me from my sister S. Odell. Which I received with much gratitude to God, that I was privileged to hear from home, after so long a time; and to learn that all were well: and most of all, that God was with them,

to heal their souls, and make them whole. The letter, I here take the liberty to insert, which read as follows:—

NORTHAMPTON, Feb. 13, 1832.

Dear Sister Nancy,—I hope and trust, that many a poor sinner's heart has been made to rejoice; and many yet will be glad, that the 13th of February, 1796, ever brought forth a daughter, to invite them to Jesus. O, my dear Sister: dear by a three-fold tie:—1st. By nature: 2dly. By grace: 3dly. By the love and compassion to poor sinners; that causes, and constrains you, to go into all the world, and try to engage souls, to be wedded unto Christ. Oh, how I covet your happy, or rather, useful lot! I think, nothing but a family of little children; would hinder me from doing likewise; if I could be the means of winning, one precious soul, to seek eternal life. I see such a necessity, of doing all we can, to save precious immortals, from misery and woe; now, while we may. (Only to think, of the rich man in torment--how he wished, to warn *his five brethren*, when it was too late!) O, I see a necessity, indeed, of speaking "*often, one to another.*" And our Lord, will hearken and hear it; and cause a book of remembrance to be written, for those that fear Him, and think upon his name.—"*And they shall be mine,*" He hath said, "*in the day, when I make up my jewels: and I will spare them, as a man spares his own son, that serveth him.*" O, blessed forever, be His Name; that I ever became acquainted with so true, so constant, so pitiful, so powerful, so worthy, so lovely a be-

ing as this "*Jesus of Nazareth*," is, in my view, this evening! O, blessed be his name!—I have ever since the death of our father, seen the necessity of striving to live, in daily preparation, to meet Christ at His coming! The more I try to live by faith, the more I wish to warn others, "*To flee from the wrath to come*," and to seek eternal life.

O, my doubly-dear, sister Nancy, why did I not ———— when you were at home; for the good spirit you possessed: and for the goodwill you manifested to sinners such as me? That you were ready, to hate all that was dear to you: yea, and even your own life also, for the sake of Jesus and the Gospel. O, my sister; dear, dear, dear, because of the love you have, to my precious Christ—my soul's best Beloved, and who is the "*Fairest*," of ten thousand "*Fairs*!" O, I do want to be more like him!—more fit to appear with Him! O, can I ever be fitted, even to behold Him!—I,—a poor sinner, at the best.

Ah! my sister, I have seen afflictions: which I thought at the time, too grievous for me to bear! But now I see, they were blessings, in disguise! O, blessed be my God, for the unparalleled love, He hath borne to me; from my infancy, even to the present hour! If I go to Hell at last, it must be my own fault. But this, I now feel, "*That I could sound His praise for His goodness, love, and mercy, from land to land, and from shore to shore!*" I think now, if I live to see my children grown up, so as to take care of themselves, and you remain on the earth—I will unite heart

and hand, and travel up and down with you. For this, I pray my Master commission me,—and“‘I’ll bear the glad tidings, of His love and mercy, with pleasure and delight!’”

This afternoon, Mother and Mary have made me a visit for the first time, since you went away. I was glad to see them, but should have been more so, if I could have found them more spiritual-minded. I was glad to read the letter, they brought from you: dated Jan. 30th; which expressed your intention of going to Washington. You will doubtless, see some there, from this way; Senators—Broadhead, Hill Woodbury, and Harper, a physician. From these, the Doctor has received the weekly, or the daily paper, called “The Globe.” I shall expect a letter from you, as soon as you receive this.

O, my Sister, let us be strong in faith, giving glory to God! Glory, is due to Him, for what He hath wrought, here among us:—which I will name, particularly, in my next. O, my ever dear sister, I trust my husband, James, Rebekah-Ann, and George, have all taken a stand, for Jesus,—to be on His side! And why need we care, if we are reproached and forsaken? If Christ is our’s, all is our’s. I do therefore, come what will, rejoice in my lot; and while God is with me, I account it a happy one.

Now, may the peace of God, our Saviour, rest on you!—His blessings crown your labours in the Gospel:—May you see very many, converted, and made like, our blessed Master. When it is well with you, remember Sally. Who, without ceasing, makes mention of you, at the throne of grace;

that faith, may change to vision;—hope to full fruition,—and prayer, to endless praise.

My love to all, who love Jesus, my Saviour;
—and my sister, Nancy.

SALLY B. ODELL.

On Wednesday morning, we left our good friend Davis; in company with Dr. Dorsey and wife, and came to Alexandria. Here, we were heartily welcomed of Dr. Reese, and many others. To his preaching house, I had full access; and where I addressed them, from a subject, I never heard, or saw; except in that obscure corner, of my Bible, where it stands, recorded, "*And the name of the city, from that day shall be, The Lord is there.*" I held four meetings in the place; and after six days, in company with good brother Reese, we left for Washington.

In this city, I spoke twice or thrice, at the preaching-house of P. Methodists,—twice in the Baptist's,—and twice at the African's, opposite the Capitol. I visited the sick, considerably; and spoke once, by way of exhortation, on a funeral occasion. I found some pious souls, in Washington: but a great part of its citizens, are characterised, by pride and dissipation. In company with the two brothers, by the name of Reese, (stationed as preachers here) I visited the Capitol. And took a long walk, upon the top of it; where was a very commanding, and delightful prospect.

In Washington, I allowed myself some time for writing:—and to regain my strength, which was now, quite wasted. S. Speiden, Esq. and his companion, bestowed on us many favours. May

the "praise of God," be their reward, at the *resurrection of the just*. In the meanwhile, I received a letter from my sister M——, bearing the same date, of my sister O——'s; but which, did not chance to come to hand, till the first of March, when advertised. It contained intelligence, that gave me much pain—"ever, That our brother P——, had the influenza in the fore part of the Winter, that settled in a dry cough:—and they were fearful it would terminate, as our father's did! His wife was much alarmed for him; but he made light of it."

I wrote to him immediately my apprehensions, "That death was hastening on! And besought him to tell me, Whether he had not, recently *set his face Mount Zion-ward*, and made ready for the solemn day."—And I added, "That I hoped to have, *one line*— for a *thousand*,* of him, before he was gone." But ah! my letter was too late! He was then upon the wide ocean; beyond the reach of all, we could do,—or solicit from him, more! !

It did not strike me at this time, that I should go home; but I was staggered respecting my brother. I had indulged the pleasing idea, That *it was well with him*:—and now, to have no other information than this, threw me into much disorder. I resolved, consequently, to make him the subject of my prayers night and day: that, (if not already) "His soul might be made *free*; and he still spared, for greater usefulness in the world." But, about this time, I was strongly tempted.—

* I had been in the habit of writing to him, from the commencement of my travels.

The powers of hell, seemed in divers ways to assail me:—that my attention might be diverted, as I thought, from my brother. I struggled hard “*not against flesh and blood, but principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world.*”

After two weeks, we returned to Alexandria.—Where I spoke twice on the Sabbath, at the P. Methodist chapel:—and attended a prayer meeting on Monday evening, at the same house. My mind, though still strongly beset of the Adversary, was much drawn out in prayer:—not only for my brother—but for poor sinners every where. I could not, hold my peace!—And I could hardly see how it was possible, christians should be so idle! Yea, I felt my soul inflamed, not with transports of joy, but zeal, for the salvation of souls. I saw their woeful state. But alas! I wondered they could be, so stupified by sin!

On Tuesday evening, I appointed a meeting, “for professors of religion,—and such as were disposed to seek, the salvation of their souls”—at the house of Mr H.—The day I employed in writing; and was very restless concerning my brother. In the evening, very few came together; and my heart was not with them at all.—I had no inclination to utter a syllable to any;—darkness, and a strange disorder, seemed to pervade my heart. At the close of the meeting, I had been present in body; but my spirit was not there,—nor could I tell, wher. it had been. Oh! can I write it?—In much painfulness, and with many tears,—I must add, “At the hour of 7, P. M. 20th March,—(even at the commencement of that

meeting) my dear brother expired!—far, far, from every friend!!

Next day I continued restless; but held meeting in the evening at the chapel. I there spoke more than an hour and a half; principally to professors of religion, “To be up out of the place: as I saw the Lord waiting to be gracious towards them; and sinners gathering around the Ark of admittance.” If they would take hold on His strength, I said to them, they would see He, present, “Zion’s favoured hour.” On closing my address,—which I suspected my last, to many, or all of them; I bowed straitway before God, and exerted all my remaining force, in praying for their souls. But no sooner I had done, to my surprise, than they poured out of the house, like so many frightened sheep, till I was left almost alone. I finally went to my lodgings, in company with the preacher; and gave utterance to my grief, by weeping aloud for some space:—Seeing, how near the Lord had been to bless, and save sinners, and what they had rejected! O Christians, being so blind to their own good,—and that of other immortal souls,—I could not become reconciled.

The day following, the preacher called and told me,—very meekly, “That I wept, because he did not weep.” Which I allowed to be the case, in a measure; for I wondered how any could forbear, knowing what I knew. But for their leaving the house, I was never able to account; unless it were, That they were such timorous Christians,—and I had discovered so much earnestness for their souls, that they were afraid, I was going beside myself.—

To the people of Georgetown, and others of those regions, I had become much attached; and among the many things unpleasant to bear, was that of parting again, with friends so kind. I desired to visit the *President*, before leaving; but I viewed myself unworthy, to intrude upon his time. So it happened, that on the 30th of March, we took the steam-boat for Norfolk. In one day we reached the place; and met with a hearty welcome, at the house of Mr Graham.

Being unable to hold meeting the following day, (which was the Sabbath) I went to a Methodist-class where Mrs Elice Smith was leader; who had travelled some years, as a preacher of the Gospel. She was a native of Connecticut; but whom before, I had never the privilege of seeing: Although, I had been much in her track; and always found *her praise, in all the churches*. As a preacher, I believe she had been more universally admired, than any other *female* of America, in like manner devoted. But since her confinement by marriage,--she had not that religious enjoyment, which she formerly had known.

In the evening, I found a drawing to the Baptist meeting; to which I went: and it being communion season, I had opportunity of seeing, how large a church they had gathered of that particular "*name*." But alas! of the *name* it is, thought I: "*They have gathered together,*" as said the Lord of Hosts, "*but not by me.*" A large company of females, appeared more fit for the play-house, than the communion table. Whereas *at the close*, an invitation was given, to those

who felt a need of religion, to come forward. And there came out, the number of thirty, or more, that knelt around the desk: with whom, I had really some fellowship. And them, I believed in a fair way to be saved; if they were not ruined by the example, of *false-hearted* christians.

I accordingly, went forward and knelt with the mourners; determined, that if any had liberty to cry for mercy, I would improve it, by praying the Lord, "to have mercy upon them all." But there chanced to be a man present, that heard me speak, at the class-meeting;—who came to me, and said "It is the mourners, they are inviting forward." "I know," said I, "what they are about; and I am agoing to *pray* for them, if they will let me." "Will you?" rejoined he. "Yes," added I, "and exhort them too!" Of this, he informed some of their chief members; (their minister having withdrawn) and they desired, that I should speak what I pleased. Which I accordingly did, with much delight; and I believe to the satisfaction of them all. But it appeared, that such as were seeking religion, could scarcely be converted there, amidst such confusion. I suppose however, few of them knew any thing of that; but thought they had "remarkably *good order*; and a very decent, and becoming *revival*." Ah! *death*, that made its ravages in the place shortly after; taught many of them, how well *prepared* they were to die!—Some few, wherefore remained, that had *not defiled their garments*.—"They shall walk with me in white," saith the Saviour, "for they are worthy."

I made application for the M. house, afterwards,

for what an heart-rending scene, it was to be a preparative to myself!—but I here forbear.

Mr Smith,* kindly invited me to speak at his chapel; which I did to a large auditory, with much satisfaction. He, with his companion likewise, invited me to speak at their dwelling-house. That I also did; and it was to myself a season—especially to be remembered. Dr. J. French, and wife, desired that I should speak at their dwelling:—which was likewise to me, a profitable interview. But to the people of Norfolk, the Gospel was of little worth: and my way, was in a great measure hedged up. I heard of some, belonging to the “Connexion of Christians,” three miles from the town, whom I wished to visit. But I was advised, “Not to go near them:—in case I did, others would reject me:—as they were a people, thought nothing of; and in sentiment,—Unitarians.”

However, I called upon one of them, who was a merchant in town; and in him, I saw at once, the image,—*worthy of my love*. He received us, with all the familiarity of a Christian and a brother; and kindly proposed his dwelling for our home. We consequently, went with him the next Lord’s day; and in their preaching house, I improved twice: when it was to me, “like times of old.” The power of God descended; and the “shout of a king,” was heard in the camp. How differently, do I find myself exercised among a people, where all, (male and female) are at liberty to obey the Lord; from what I generally am,

* The husband of Elice Miller,—that was,

where they are fettered by forms and ceremonies! In the people here, I was not at all disappointed; for I had calculated on finding them, precisely the reverse, of what they had been represented to me. It was not a large, but a very wealthy, humble, and happy society; whose praise was not of men, but of God. I felt my whole soul cemented with theirs! and with them, I could have staid:—and there with them, been buried!

One of the preachers,* invited us to Portsmouth; to which place, we were pleased to go:—and were very agreeably entertained, at his house. By his influence, the Masonic-hall was opened to me; but the Methodists, refused him their chapel, though Mr Smith, had full access there. I had discernment enough, wherefore,--to know the reason, of my being rejected. "*If we let these men alone,*" was once the cry, "*the world will go after them!!!*"

At the Masonic-hall, I spoke three times; I believe, to the mutual edification and comfort of the saints, and to the awakening of some, stout-hearted sinners. Much praise is due to the Masons of that Lodge, for their kindness; especially Capt. H. to whose family, I was afterwards introduced, —and met with no common, benevolence. I have been sometimes taught, in the journey of my life; not to look for *christianity*, among those called *christians*; but among such, as are not, disgraced by that title! For many desire a name to live, when they are dead; and say, "*Let us eat our own bread and wear our own apparel!*" Such we consider, not only

* Mr Mills Barritt.

as having disgraced the "christian-name;" but that the name (which they have arrogated to themselves) has in a high degree, disgraced them!

We visited Mr. T.—*a preacher of the sect aforementioned; who shewed himself, a father, and a friend, *indecā*. He had large possessions, and many servants around him; but as he expressed to me, "The greatest trouble he had ever seen, was concerning slave-holding: and that he had been willing to emancipate his own; with money upon their backs, to be free from such an embarrassment." Whereas, (after assigning his reasons for deferring it) added he, "I resolved to conduct myself towards them, as the children of my own family;—by providing a comfortable habitation,—food and raiment; and calling them together, once a day, to hear the Bible read, and for prayers: and thus, "I felt myself approved of God; and a conscience towards them, void of offence." They, therefore, loved and honoured him, as their master, and as their father. And they will, undoubtedly, be found as his "praise, and his glory," when he must, *deliver up the stewardship, and be no longer steward.*

I found residing near Norfolk, one of my old acquaintance, Dr. A. Buzzell, the son of the venerable John Buzzell, of Parsonsfield^c (Me.) With him and his worthy companion, I was rejoiced to meet; having been formerly acquainted

* It was told me of the man, that he saw one at auction, shortly since, who appeared a person of piety:—he therefore, paid his price \$150, and set him free, to go and preach the Gospel to his brethren. If this is not christianity: pray, "What is it, to be a christian?"

pen; and spoke on Sabbath-day in Harrisburg.— But I felt much disquietude of soul, for a number of days; as though, something great and distressing, was about to befall me. On Monday, I found it hard to attend to my business. The intelligence I should receive from home, seemed to engross all my thoughts. On Tuesday morning— Oh! I realized of a truth, *bitterness* and *sorrow*, before unfelt by me! The dreadful letter was handed me— of which, I here present a transcript:

HAMPTON, May 7th, 1832.

Dear Sister Nancy—We have been waiting, with anxious expectations to hear from you, until yesterday; when we took from the office your letter, bearing date April 23d: And were surprised to find, you had not received my last,* of April 5th, concerning our dear Brother Philip!— He is no more!

He *died* in Charleston, S. C. March 20th, wanting one day, of three weeks, from the time he left his dwelling. Death has again been permitted to come very near, and take one of our number, in a sudden manner: although not altogether unexpected! I was there, when he left for Boston hospital; and I was sensible, as I saw him take the stage, that it was for the last time! Although, I little thought but that some of the family, would see him there:—however, it has pleased an All-wise God, to order it otherwise.

* That letter, although sent for, could never be obtained. Those letters, post-paid at that place, are often "numbered with the dead."

After he became unable to attend to his business, he confined himself to the house three weeks, previously to his leaving. He was sensible of his situation—said he wished to get well; and was anxious, to see the physicians in Boston. He thought it would be a satisfaction, to know if there was any help for him; although he was wasted to a mere skeleton:—yet he wished him to be gratified, and we accordingly prepared his things. He made a very short stay in Boston; as the physicians gave him very little encouragement, excepting a sea voyage. For which he immediately started—first to Providence; and from thence,—“To sail for Georgia.” He wrote to his wife in Boston, but mailed it in Providence. Before we received his letter, Simon went to B——, to see him; but he had left;—and there was no prospect of finding—if he pursued him.

So we heard nothing more of him, until April 3d, when we received a letter from Dr. J. Wagner, of Charleston, S. C.; bearing the *dreadful news of his death!* He arrived there, March 17th in the schooner Spy; but was so feeble that he could not go on shore, with the rest of the passengers: so he remained in the vessel, at the wharf, until the 18th. Dr. W—, being informed of him, “That he was a medical gentleman, &c.” hastened immediately, to offer him the civilities of the profession; and proposed, that he should be taken to Mr Estill’s boarding-house, where his fellow-passengers were. To which he assented; and he accordingly, brought his carriage and took him there. But though, only a *short distance*, it so fatigued and exhausted him,

that he could not be carried to the chamber:—He, therefore, was accommodated with a temporary bed upon a sofa, in Mr. E—'s parlour. Where he remained, until his last;—which was Tuesday, 10th inst. 7 o'clock, P. M.

We have the satisfaction to think, he had good attendance after he was taken from the vessel: but what his sufferings were before, we cannot tell. In that especially, we see the hand of God; that his life was spared to reach the shore: and to meet with very many respectable citizens, who were ready to administer to his every want; and sympathize deeply in the loss. Dr. W—, writes, (as if a goodly man) that he did by him, as he considered it his duty to do—by all, who could bear it:—Told him of his approaching end; and asked, if he should write to his wife. He only answered, by saying, "I know I am ill; but will write myself, to-morrow:"—and that, was but five or six-hours before he died.

He was attended to the grave, by a numerous assemblage of respectable citizen: and buried in a decent manner, in Trinity-Church-yard, Hasell street. We entertained an idea that you would go there; and see the spot, and learn the particulars from Dr. W. We have nothing from his mouth, except those few words: so we must leave him with the Lord. We can't but indulge the hope, that he has landed safe on Immanuel's Plain. —Where I hope we shall be prepared to meet him, with our dear Father, gone before—and part again no more,

Yours, affectionately,
M. T.

and temptation blow; and the floods break in upon their souls,—that have not the restraining, and supporting grace of God, to fly to, for shelter!

By listening to the suggestions of the adversary, in one particular point; I was led, also, a step farther—even to his insinuations, of Atheism.— And said I, “If it be possible; that my prayers, for so many years, and those of the whole house, in behalf of my brother, have fallen to the ground; there is no God existing:—and in such a case, all my toils and sufferings, even of the best, of my days, have been, together fruitless!” I came, therefore, to a complete decision, that if he was lost—all was gone!—My faith was totally vain, and there was nothing more remaining, that I could do. But, admitting that there was an invisible, and superintending Power, in whom alone, was—*salvation through faith*: in as much I believed, that I had been a partaker thereof.— And in case, my prayers had ever been accepted of Him, for my own soul,—or any individual of Adam’s race, I must also believe, they had been, in behalf of my brother. Hence it seemed, that with him, “I must either stand, or fall” And I was now called to a new exercise of my faith—even to trust, in my own, *former belief of his salvation*: (as I had believed God, that He would save him:—and said, “Lord, by any means,” so now it appeared, I was forbidden to doubt:) And in no other way, did it seem possible, that I could ever rise again.

So after a day or two, on this ground,—and by attending to what was urged of brother W. I began to be more composed. Said he, “Your

brother, when he got off at sea, had nothing to do, but to give himself up, fully, to the Lord. And it is my firm belief, that God would not suffer all your prayers for him, to be lost. I knew a man once—a profane swearer, who was cast-away, and sunk to the bottom of the Deep: but he came up, praising God,—to the astonishment of all who knew him. And thus, if it was not, until the very last moment, I believe that God saved your brother.” Although still, I very sensibly felt the dreadful shock; yet, the bitter cup contained a mixture of sweetness, that before, I never realized.—The conception, of soon joining *him*, to mingle raptures, where the infinite periods of an eternal day, are rolling along; was joyful, beyond expression. I saw necessary to employ myself in writing; first, to my mother’s family; which I did, as follows:*

BALTIMORE, May 17, 1832.

Dear Mother, Brothers, and Sisters,—Your affliction, must have been, very great! I would, that I had been with you, when the dreadful tidings came, of the *death of our dear Brother!*—The stroke to me, was heart-rending!—Much more so, if possible, must it have been to you—who had him always near you. I gave vent, to the agony of my heart in such a manner, as quite overcame me. Strangers only, could sympathize with me! I was at the house of the Lutheran minister—Mr W. who strove to comfort me, as much as possible. Oh! Philip, Philip! Is he

* All letters, I choose to insert, in the same simple style in which they were first penned.

gone? Very dear, was he to me! But it is the Lord; and we should acquiesce and say, "*they will be done!*" However, his going away, and dying among strangers, where no friend could help, or comfort him,—renders the circumstance peculiarly distressing to me. Oh, the Lord has wise-ends, in all these things:—though, *clouds and darkness are now around about Him!* I still feel *that it is well with him.* O, he has met with our dear, deceased parent, first, in Heaven—far, beyond all pain and woe! Could he see us now, would he not smiling say, "*Weep not for me!*" He has only left us,—as through a dark entry to pass—to shinnings Realms on high. Very soon do I hope to see out beloved Father, and brother Philip, seated together, upon the dear Redeemer's Throne. O shall we all meet, as one household, in a world of uninterrupted felicity—and part again, no more! O, how sweet the thought of dying, to me! I would go, and see our dear brother P. at last, happy in the Lord! and hear him sing a song, that never tuned his harp—or viol,—here below! Yea, that Angels never knew, "of redeeming grace, and dying love!"

Will they not, soon hail, some other member of our family, in Heaven? A great breach, is now made in our number; and who will be the next, to go? For those, which have already gone, have we not long been praying—as if it were foreknown—-they first must pass, cold Jordan's stream? O, methinks dear P. will claim the privilege of singing the loudest in Heaven; as a *brand*, so amazingly *plucked from the burning!* Perhaps it was at the time, I had such an impression of him,

as I spoke to you of,—that he cast himself, at Jesus' feet. Has not his life been far better, than many, who make a loud profession of sanctity? He wronged none; (of which I ever knew) he was kind and affectionate to all;—and owed no one any evil. He strove to *deal justly, love mercy,*—and I judge, that he *walked as humbly,*—as did any of us,—from what I saw of him. He spoke things, it is true, on the subject of religion, which we conceived wrong: but that he done, merely, for talk's sake. How much "*Old Nature,*" will try to hide *good impressions*, if it may be done without injury to any one! Will our Heavenly Father, throw away all the prayers, we have put up, in his behalf, these many years? No. If I admitted that; methinks I could have but little faith, in ever praying again for any mortal to be saved!

When I left home, I feared that dear P. might soon go; therefore I determined to employ all my powers in his behalf: which I did, until I had the assurance, as I thought, that God was his friend. Sister Sally, appointed the 30th of March, to fast and pray for him; and insisted, that I would not forget it. Dear soul, he was then, I trust, well acquainted in Heaven, with all her hopes and fears, for him! I did not pray for him, however, at that time: but said, "I have laboured so earnestly for him heretofore, my work now seems to be ended." I was then settled into a sweet peace, respecting him. But since that I confess, my desires have been much to Heaven, about P. I was hoping that he would recover his health, and *preach the Gospel*, to poor sinners. But oh! dear

Philip's voice we shall not hear, sounding salvation, until we reach Heaven! O then we'll sing with him, the loudest Hallelujah's to God and the Lamb! and "*Now is come salvation,*" shall be our theme forever more! How many years I have besought the Lord, to save all my father's house, as a reward of my labours abroad! I have many times said, "If I am separated from my father's children, here on earth; let me have them all again, in Heaven!" O yes, I believe I shall see them all, in a world of Glory! O happy day! O joyful hour! My heart leaps forward, at the thought! O 'tis a little while,—'tis only a little way,—and eternity we shall see! Let us all be making ready. Oh, we have had loud calls, to be ready! if we neglect them it is at our peril. My Brothers—my Sisters, all, be diligent for eternity. May we not need another, such a tremendous shock to awaken us! How do we know, how soon it may be our time; or in what manner, we also, may be called for? Who would have thought it appointed P. to go away there and die among strangers! Had it been myself, you would not have wondered so much. That may be likewise, my lot! When, or where, I may die, I cannot tell; nor am I at all, concerned to know. It would have been comforting to our mother; and especially to his wife, to have had him with them, in his last: and to have heard his dying counsel. But he was permitted to go away, not only for his own or our good,—but perhaps his *death*, may be the *life* of many, afar off. Oh, my Brothers and Sisters, have we not reason to believe the dreadful stroke, designed in a great measure, to

rouse us, to double our diligence! Will you y, one, and all, to be more devoted to God? Tell J. and W. I cannot have them excused:-- either will the God of Heaven. Tell S. (the now inconsolate widow,) that the Lord has saved P--; and that she must be so thankful, as to praise Him, with the rest of us, the remainder of her days. (I will write to her, perhaps to-morrow.)

“ I wish to praise Him, while I have breath ;
His loving-kindness, sing in death!”

I methinks I see dear brother Philip, lie upon that sofa: and hear him, in a lamb-like manner say, “*I will write myself to-morrow.*” O, instead thereof--was it in Heaven he appeared, to send me shining-Angel to comfort you?--or as an Angel, doth he himself descend, to whisper gently in your ear, “It is well with me--weep no more!” O methinks I see, his dear smiling corpse, surrounded of strangers--and of strangers admired! O yes, I see him, as it were, expiring with a sweet smile upon his countenance; and saying “Farewell to this world, the scene of all my sorrows!”--“Farewell my loving Wife, and the Son!”--“My widowed, tender Mother;--my beloved Brothers and Sisters, all--who have laboured so much for my salvation:--Farewell!” Those eternal blessings, they have so much implored for me; I am going now, forever to possess! God is heard, their sighs and tears, and calls me to his arms! I cannot thank them, till they too, all reach the *Port of endless rest!*--Then shall I rejoice with them, to everlasting day!” O, I feel methinks, while I write, the happy state of a spirit! I never before realized such union

between embodied, and glorified spirits. O my brother Philip, how much endeared to me! I seem to hear him; I seem to behold him, near; enwrapped with wonder and surprise, that he—such a sinner, should be saved! Can you wish him back again? O no, Let us submit to God, and be prepared to meet him; and all our kindred, that have gone before, “In fairer worlds on high,”—to part again no more:—

So prays, your affectionate, N. T.

The day following, I wrote to Dr. Wagner of Charleston, with others of my friends. And then, stood awhile to consider, what course, it was best for me to take.—For public labour, I really felt myself as insufficient, as though I never had been taught the use of words.—To have recourse to my pen, still, I believed would be the most effectual method, of regaining my wonted vivacity,—and of preparing me, for the grand object, farther distant. But the work I had begun at H—, it seemed, would confine my mind too much, to things foreign, to be agreeable at this time. To write, what had latterly, transpired, appeared most congenial to my feelings.—So I concluded, to contract the “whole work,” in a narrower compass; and present it to the public, as soon as opportunity might permit.

Four weeks, I made my stay at brother W—’s; thankful to the Lord, for friends so kind, in this especial time of need: and my writing I slowly pursued,—while the ink, was often mingled with my tears. Many others whom I highly esteemed; visited, and strove to offer me words of consol-

But I had little disposition for society;—although I was not unconscious of the debt of love, owed to them, for their christian-like sympathy. I went to the house of Mr. Rusk,* and there I had a quiet habitation, & a peaceful home indeed. I made there, a stay of two weeks: and in the meanwhile, I received an answer to mine, from my brother:—Of which, I here insert, a short extract:

NORTH-H——, May ——, 1832.

Dear Sister Nancy,—I should have answered yours of the 27th of April, before now, but I have been waiting to hear, whether you had received tidings of poor—(no, I trust *rich*,)—brother Philip's departure, from earth to Heaven.—

Nancy, when we all met at the funeral of our father, could we have thought that P——, would be the first to go--and so soon too? But I have since discovered, (as I told the family) that he was better prepared to go, than any one of us; for, he forsake all for Christ; yea, and his own life also; then the Saviour doubtless, took him to himself, in Paradise. There, I think I have viewed (as a dream or vision of the night) both him and our father,—to my unspeakable joy.—My tongue cannot describe, the love they expressed to each other; and also to me, on my entering where they were. I thought P——, came, and embraced his arms about my neck; with the utmost tenderness and affection: and then he embraced our dear mother, with such affection and happiness, as I never witnessed before. We then united, and sung together the foundation-hymn. I thought they both

Whose wife is sister, to the Mayor of the town.

looked white, ruddy, and fair, as young children: and but faintly do I picture the happiness, they appeared to enjoy. O, I can never entertain a doubt, but that it is *well with him!*—but loudly it calls to us, to be also ready. A few nights after the news concerning P——, I dreamed that he came and stood before my bed, and smiling said, “Prepare to meet thy God!” O Nancy! dear Nancy, tell the people, to whom you next may speak, what I—your sister, now say, “If I had wings like some shining Seraph, I would gladly stand by your side, and entreat ‘saints’ to be urgent for eternity--and ‘sinners,’ to strive with their might, to have *repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ!* * * * Which may God of His infinite mercy enable them to do,
—prays,
S. B. ODELL.

The same, also contained a note, from my sister M. “that she should not be able to meet me, at the time appointed.” Notwithstanding, I was now defeated in my fondest hopes,—I was greatly encouraged from what sister S. had expressed: and strengthened in my resolutions, of sounding salvation to the end of my days. So I ventured to appoint another meeting; which was at the Poor-house, three miles from the city. As I concluded, my strain would be about suitable for those, “chosen,” as it appeared, with myself, “*in the furnace of affliction.*” I had such enlargement in speaking, as I did not expect; and at the conclusion, I saw fit to propose, “That all who felt a need of religion, should signify the same, by *coming forward.*” A considerable number, came

traitway, who appeared truly penitent. One of whom, we left crying with great vehemence, "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*"

About this time, the pestilence reached Canada. I was convinced, that it was a visitation of God's wrath, against the workers of iniquity: and that its ravages would be felt, not only in that region; but tens-of-thousands, would also become it's victims, throughout the United States. I could not pray, the Lord to withhold the rod of His vengeance, unless the people repented; for I saw, that nothing short, of some awful thunderbolt of His fury, would save Gospel-hardened sinners.

I saw, with other places, the sword hanging over the city of Baltimore; and that it was required, I should warn the careless, of their danger. That I accordingly tried to do—from words, "*Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand.*" In declaring to them God's judgments nigh, I had the witness of the spirit, that "the doctrine was not mine, but His that sent me." I made a second attempt also, to give them warning at another place of worship: but it happened,—that I walked so far in the intense heat, as to quite exhaust myself beforehand: for which, I was much pained, on the account of perishing souls. But I was never drawn to address them afterwards; and seemed to have no message to them: although I was much importuned so to do, specially on their fast-day; the fourth of July. I was very fearful of doing wrong; as I knew, the destroying Angel on his way, to bring hundreds to

their graves.—But still, it appeared, I had no authority from God to say more,—than what, I had already said.

I was much drawn to Charleston: and my friends found it hard to dissuade me, from urging my passage on. I wished to go, not only to have my own mind disencumbered; but also to relieve the anxiety, of my friends at home. My heart seemed to be there. And it was evident to me, I should not be free; till I had been to that place. Some of my brethren insisted, that it was very imprudent for me to go, at that season of the year: and added, “We do not wish you, to be buried in the sand.” Nevertheless, I was persuaded, that God was able to keep me; and I went to the Ship-Agent to bespeak my passage:—But he, advising also, that I should not go; was what in a great measure, disheartened me, from the undertaking.

However, I was still drawn away:—I considered it my duty to sound the alarm, to other cities also. I thought much of Washington and Georgetown. Said one to me, from the latter place, “I think the pestilence will not come among us.” I returned, “I am sure it will—and that it will prove the destruction of many!” These kind friends, whereas, I regretted much to leave, whose house afforded me every convenience of life: and who had exerted themselves, as it seemed, in every possible way, to add to my enjoyment:—But I could not stay. Souls to me elsewhere were dear, —and I was willing, still, to suffer hardships and privations, for their sakes. My writings were in a good way at this time,—but I was not yet prepared to put them to the press: although some kind-

ly offered to aid me, in having it done in their city.

July 2d,—I left the cheerful abode, of good brother and sister Rusk; and without any friend or companion, (except Him, that has promised, "*I will never leave or forsake thee*) I took the steam-boat for Norfolk.* I reached, the ensuing morning: and took the ferry-boat, and crossed direct to Portsmouth, where I called on the family of Capt. Holmes. I was received of them, courteously; and of many others likewise, in the place. I wished to leave a solemn warning with the people, and asked for a meeting. But brother B——, could not attend to it, on the account of sickness in his family: and most others of the *male kind*, were anxiously preparing to celebrate the following day, (fourth of July,) after the usual sort.

Wherefore, the Methodists of the place, had a prayer meeting next door; which the family desired, I would attend; and there use my freedom. I went accordingly;—but not expecting to receive much benefit, unless it were, in the discharge of my own duty;—I soon saw, however, that their design was, to prevent that, by giving me no opportunity. The prayer-leader, it seemed, had so much more influence, than the man of the house; that he thought it *his*, to say, who should speak, and who should not. So, with the sense I had of the worth of souls; and of the storm that was bursting upon their heads: their mistaken zeal was too extravagant, for me to endure; and I left

* In addition to the charge of five dollars fifty cents, to Baltimore, now seven dollars and more, to get landed with my baggage again.

the house. Oh! these men-appointed leaders,—how despicable they often to me, do appear! I suppose the reason of their conduct, was, I had been among the Christians, whom they reckoned Unitarians; and they were fearful, that some of their society, from fair appearances,—would get warped that way. How hard for people, that have a *beam in their own eye*, to see clear, to *pull a mote*, out of a brother's! Full of "*all subtlety and all mischief*," oftentimes are they, when they think, they are *doing God service!*

Next day, I saw the crowd assembling about me, to make merry—with many painful emotions. I sought still, measures of addressing them; either at that place, or in Norfolk; but they were unprepared to hear. So agreeably to God's manner of dealing with sinners, I was bidden to turn away. One day more, they seemed to cry—for sporting, and for pleasure! and shortly after, their poor souls appeared, (as we have reason to fear of many,) where endless ages, of pain and sorrow roll! I believe that God sends his servants, sometimes to warn the wicked, when it is known of Him beforehand, that they will not hear it: in order, that it may be *a witness for Himself against them*, in the great, and decisive day. If souls, would ever escape the wrath to come, it must be in God's own time, and in His own way! Sinners take warning! *God is not mocked!*

I discharged my duty to individuals, as far as I was able; in declaring to them "a storm at hand." and so I resigned them to God; as there I viewed, no abiding place for me. To the family of Capt.

—,* I owe an unspeakable obligation, for manifold favors, received at their hand. The master whom I serve, and for whose sake, they ministered unto me—has declared, "*They shall not be their reward.*"

Next morning, I took the steam packet, and (at five dollars expense) came to Richmond.* To the place, I had been many times invited, but all now were strange:—However, one good man came, and took me to his home—where, during a stay of two weeks, I was treated with much attention. It happened that the P. Methodists, had just commenced a protracted meeting in the city; which they desired me to attend, and speak what I pleased. I held forth on the second evening, at their Chapel, in words, Eze. ix, 6, 7,—"*Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye spare them have ye pity: Slay utterly, old and young, the maids and little children, and women; but come near any man upon whom is the mark: and begin my sanctuary.*" The power of the Lord was present, both to wound, and to heal: and loud cries were heard through the house.

Who can describe the pain,
That faithful preachers feel:
Constrained to speak in vain;
To hearts, as hard as steel?
Or—who can tell, the pleasure felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

Next evening, likewise, I improved again at the same place: but not with the witness, which

* They were from Ireland.

the night previous, had been afforded me. Sabbath P. M. I spoke at the Capitol, where I viewed especially, "*all-Heavens*" engaged, for sinners' good. I warned them of God's visitation also among them in wrath; and urged the necessity of their preparing, speedily, for a day of trouble—that they might not be taken by surprise. Many tears were shed. And I trust the seed which that day was sown, will spring up, and bring forth fruit;—some, abundantly and to perfection. One, or more near me, provided himself, with pencil and paper,—for what he could get. Whether it was done merely to confound, or ridicule the simplicity of the speaker, I knew not; nor did I in the least care, so long as I got an hearing: Then I was willing if he chose, that he should "mock on." The season to me was profitable; and I was conscious, that "*I had not shunned to declare, to them, the whole counsel of God.*"

Some, of this city said likewise, "The pestilence will not come among us." That I found was the false hope of every place: But I assured them to the contrary:—and that I viewed it then nigh them, even at their door! I spoke at the P. Meth. chapel again—and began to see, that I had too much zeal for many: who seemed afraid, to come within doors. I spent my time chiefly at my pen; and had now made ready to put my writings to the press—but in the meanwhile, opportunity offered to get to Charleston; and that, I thought it my duty to improve. Although my health, was considerably impaired at this time:—and any other person, would have thought it running a great hazard, to go so far to the South, without friend or

quaintance,—and under such peculiarly afflicted circumstances. Wherefore, that appeared a providential path; and “the way of duty,” I very well knew, “the only way of safety.”

In speaking of the ravages of the pestilence of that day, said a certain P. Methodist preacher, “the Cholera will never do you harm, in any case!—You remember, what I say.” I am, to this time, mindful of the good man’s assertion:—but my trust, is only in the Lord!

I had not done, what I would in Richmond; but had done what I could. From some cause, there was obviously much jealousy and emulation existing there. What the P——n minister was said of, I cannot tell,—unless it were, That so many to preach the gospel without charge; would be in the eyes of some, who helped to fill up his measure. He having begun to utter his complaints in public papers, “That Lorenzo Dow, and two women* had been there, in their outlandish garbs” —and suggested, (as with a voice of much indignation,) “That it was a fact in their city, a man in the costume of a female—under pretence preaching the Gospel, would draw together more people, than those who preached it in truth and sincerity!” If he can make the people believe so, to answer his own purposes; it may all do well enough, with him. But how will those *blind, leaders of the blind* be able to answer to God in a future world, for the evils that they do? (Because, “*to do good, they have no understanding;*” the Lord in tender mercy to the

Miss Livermore, had just made them a visit.

people, sends His servants to warn them of their danger; while they are the first, to declaim against it:—which shows plain enough, what master they are serving.) How many of those souls, that heard,—and might have taken warning, were in a few days hurried to a world of spirits;—and their state forever—unalterably fixed!!

From a desire to do them good, I had given my money, my time, and my labour; (of their silver or their gold, I had received nothing:) and I was willing still to labour, at my own expense, far more abundantly, to rescue them from Hell. How different a spirit, is that of God's true messengers; from the one that actuates the bigoted; selfish-hireling, in all his concerns! But the day is approaching, thank God, that will try every man's work: of what sort it is;—And then, shall the mercenary hypocrite, be unmasked; and every *true disciple*, have praise of his Maker: whether, he be "*Jew or Gentile, bond or free, &c.*"

J. M——, a Quaker gentleman, was pleased to address the following Note, to a friend of his in C——.

RICHMOND, (Va.) 7th month, 2d, 1832.

Respected Friend,—Perhaps thee, did not expect to hear from me again: but it has happened, I have to recommend a female friend, to thy notice and friendship; who has been in our city many days. She has travelled much abroad; on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as this—and in preaching the Gospel she has given much satisfaction. She has many recommendations with her; and I think she is worthy of thy kindness. What thou dost for her, may go as done for me. I have

nothing more to say, but "Take good care of Nancy."

J. M.

F—— K——.

July 23d,—I embarked in the Schooner President Jackson, (Thos. Gifford master) for Charleston, in South-Carolina.

After having agreed with the captain for a passage, at the extravagant charge of fifteen dollars, I urged, that suitable provision might be made, for my accommodation, &c.—But now, in coming on board to take possession, I found that (by reason of their much hurry) very little, or no attention, had been paid to my requests. I uttered no complaint, wherefore; choosing generally, to bear *all things* from unregenerate men, rather than be heard to murmur: in hope of being able to win them thereby, to the knowledge of the truth. And especially when it is too late, to have the matter mended; I then consider it the wisest part, to make the best of it.

On looking around me still farther, I found according to the condition of things; if I reached the port of destination with my life, it would be as much as I could expect to do. The crew, appeared clever wherefore; but the host that I most feared, were those very offensive insects: generally numerous in the warm season, particularly in old filthy vessels. These I saw, swarming about me, even at noon-day;—and through a dread of what I might undergo, I set myself to making clean.

Night, at length, came on; and with much loathing I betook myself to the birth intended for me: but Oh! I might as well have slept upon a

hillock of ants! I therefore, spread an umbrella, to shield me from the dew, and passed the night—chiefly without sleep, upon the deck.—Which I was thankful for once, that I had strength to bear; and I cried to the Lord with my might to give us, a speedy passage on. Next day, seeing that my attempts would be vain—to live, and stay below; I contrived to have a tent reared of a spare-sail, upon the deck: viewing the hazard from the night air,—far less, than on the opposite hand.

So, in my ill state of health, for six nights successively, I was exposed to the unwholesome night dew, and the cold breeze, from the wind and waves dashing at my side. But through Heaven's guardian care, I was enabled to endure; and employ my pen, for the greater part of the distance: While the Captain, placing himself in a similar situation, but for one night; (as I afterwards learned,) took a violent cold, and through the day following, was obliged to have recourse to medicine. I suffered some by water-sickness; but that would have been in a small degree, had our conveniences been such, as I had anticipated. I took the liberty,—un-asked, and as far as I could discover,—un-opposed; of praying with them several times. My spirit is always much moved, for poor, outcast sailors!—and many an interesting meeting I have held upon the wide Ocean; while surrounded by none but foreigners. * * * * *

Consequently, at the going down of the sun—on the sixth day of the voyage,—we came into port.—Thus my hardships had ended on one hand,—while scenes of *bitterness* and *sorrow*, were opening on the other: amid which, “no pow-

er," less than that—Eternal, could extend to me support. Mr. Estill met me at the wharf, and conducted me to his house:—and even into the very parlour—where my dear Brother, drew his *latest breath*. After making a few enquiries,—I found myself unprepared to hear the painful intelligence, I had come so far, to gain:—My natural strength failed me, and I was obliged to retire.

Not long, and frail exhausted nature, sunk into the arms of silent slumber: and was aroused, only with another opening day. In the morning early, I proposed visiting the melancholy shades,—where lay "*one*," with whom my whole soul, in former years was knit. "But oh!" cried I, "How can I endure the sight!" "Is it possible—or is it all a dream,—that my dear brother P—, is in this land, and numbered with the dead?" In company with Mr. and Mrs. E—, I approached with mournful steps, the ground;—which, alas! many had trod in silent anguish, before me. They drew towards the back of the enclosure—and, overspread with the circling branches of a wild-mulberry tree—pointed me to the grass-grown clods, "Where," said they, "lies your Brother!" Oh, piercing thought! Oh, cruel death! Might he but have been spared, to say to me now, "Farewell!—I die in peace!"—it would have, half repaired, the dreadful breach. But I must come thus far, in tears to see;—and see him not; nor hear his voice, again! Little did I think, when he drove from the door of our father, and cast behind, a wishful look at me,—that our next meeting-place would be here—and he cold in death! Gracious Heavens!—What was I born to see? My

companions withdrew, and left me for a time;—while I hung upon that bed,—I scattered there, the big rolling tear!—Yea, I kissed that valued dust:—and sighed, “A long adieu!” “Although my Brother, thou dost me forget; I claim the kindred, still, with this thy mouldering frame:—and with thy spirit—hence dislodged, the worlds to explore unknown! But I must leave thee here—insensible; whose feet were planted near thy bed; and whose fond arms, thy head entwined! Thy once comely, and engaging form, will soon arise—*all-glorious!* And we be associated, in infinitely sweeter union; where adieus, and farewells, are a sound—eternally unknown,”—

“Where immortal spirits reign,—
Then--we each, will meet again!”

On looking around me, I espied a number of strangers sleeping at his side, whose native abode was also New-England, —not far distant from his own. They have come, said I, from the North, and the South, the East, and the West, here to mingle their dust in one! And when they shall awake, may it be in the same likeness,—to join—unceasing transports, in the bosom of their God! * * * * *

Having obtained what information I was able, that would prove satisfactory to the family; I immediately wrote home; and requested an answer as soon as practicable, respecting any arrangement they wished me to make. This, would detain me in the place, at all events, three or four weeks.—Wherefore, I strove to *restrain my tears*, and to settle it in my heart, To

do, and suffer, all God's righteous will:—And to strive to hold nothing dear, pertaining to mortal life;—till my “great change,” might also,—roll round.

The second night, I attended a meeting at Trinity Church,* (as they term it:) where I heard a pathetic discourse, on “*The floods lifting up their voice,*” which was to myself, a word fitly spoken. I was, after service, introduced to the speaker; who gave me encouragement that I might improve in that house, or some other place, the ensuing evening. According to engagement, I called on him, and three other preachers, the following day:—when I chanced to receive, in the negative, a very direct reply;—although, I had shown them some of my certificates, wherein they expressed satisfaction. But one, objection they had, merely, which was—My not belonging to any community. They gave me a candid hearing, wherefore, and acknowledged, “That females from Old England,—belonging to the Society of Friends, had improved in their houses:” But one of them added, “I do not believe a person can be a christian, and be attached to no community.” Full objection enough, thought I, if I am not a christian!—I said, “That to belong to Christ and His Kingdom—was sufficient for me. But it was obvious, agreeably to his notion of things, that A. B. and C.—for Apollos,—Paul, and Cephas, were christians;—while a solitary D.—alone for Christ, was “no christian.”

* I do not justify the method, of applying the term “Church” to a building of wood and stone; as it utterly confounds scripture language—which teaches us, that a church of God, exclusively, is a body of

I cannot possibly reconcile it, how those men, at the head of a large, and increasing body of people; and so (heated with zeal, as many are, for proselyting still, to their party;) can in any wise rejoice, that the day is coming, when—

“Sects and parties all must fall;”

“And Jesus Christ, be all, in all.”

It is beyond dispute, that they do not intend it shall be, in their day, if it is possible for them to prevent it. Very true, they may contribute much towards it; but that is the work of their's, which will *come to naught of itself*, in time. And they will suffer immense loss: though some of them may be *saved, yet so, as by fire*. All party names, and human creeds, shall then be extinct.—Thank the Lord, and His people, shall be one people; and their Name one, throughout the earth! I presume, whereas, that the chief, or all of them, make a shift and say, “Our's, will then be the only church, that shall exist,—and fill the Universe!”—Even as a certain Universalian, expressed to me a short time since, “In that day, all will be Universalists.” The truth of his assertion, in a certain sense, I allow—that their character in that day, will constitute them all “Universalists.” But at the voice, of the last Mighty Angel,—“*Babylon the great, is fallen!—is fallen!*” his artfully-concerted platform; with those also, of all others, upon the face of the whole earth, must have come down, like a *mighty mill-stone*,—to everlasting destruction and perdition;—*and be extinct forever, and forever!*

I was invited of the preacher, to one of his church meetings: and added one, "You will have the privilege of speaking a few words." But a few words was not enough,—My commission ran, "*Go stand in the temple and speak to the people, all the words of this life.*" I said, wherefore, I am without anxiety about the matter: I have, done that which was my duty, in offering to speak to them; and that I am very willing to do. So now, whosoever is the hinderer, must answer that to God. And if any souls are lost, in consequence, their blood be upon them: *I wash my hands in innocency!* They appeared not at all afraid, however, to meet the consequences:—But treated me in a becoming, and christian-like manner, in other respects.* So I will hope and pray, for my mistaken friends: even,—That they may know, to encourage such as may come after me; to abide by the dictates of their own conscience: and to "*Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils.*"

Although, I had made proposals for addressing a public assembly, I was sensible, that in my own strength I was utterly incapable. But my trust was in a Being, alone, able,—"*Unto those who have no might, to increase strength.*" I returned, whereas to Mr. E—'s, where I employed my pen till Sabbath; and then I went to hear, two of the men, aforementioned, preach. I was pleased with the degree of plainness, and simplicity, I discov-

* One of them asked, if I was not afraid to come into their county, at that season of the year: To whom I made reply, "I should have been—had I been afraid to die."

ered among them. And that their servants were brought to meeting; who made a very considerable part of the congregation; and a respectable appearance.

As I was obliged to stay in the city; I hence saw no alternative, but to have recourse still to my pen. And notwithstanding, it would be at far greater trouble and expense, to have my printing done here; I saw fit, if possible, to persist in that measure. The work, I expected would clear its own way, (elsewhere, that it might go;) and that was the most, which I was looking for:—I desired also, that it might be rendered a blessing to some one, even of this place,—and my reputation ultimately, be left unimpeached.

I therefore, made application to a number of printers; but as my terms did not happen to accord with their own purposes—without effect. However, on passing a certain avenue soon after, indifferently,—I espied a printer's sign, and went in:—where they saw fit to accept my conditions, and undertake my work. This I looked upon as Providential; and hence, hoped for a successful, and happy result.

Having spent six days, at the house of Mr Estill, (which place was shrouded with much gloominess, on the account of what had transpired there:) I hence, saw it highly expedient, that I should seek some other lodging-place:—in order to have my mind, more centre'd on the one *Great Object of my trust*; and to be able to accomplish the end, I had in contemplation. I therefore called on the preacher again, with that intent; who was pleased,—with his worthy partner

to recommend to me, one of their neighbours: and to which place also, she very kindly proposed bearing me company. (At the same place I remain, unto this present.—With opportunity of offering, my grateful acknowledgment, of the favors; and best wishes for their present, and eternal prosperity.)

CHARLESTON, Oct. 12th, 1832. Here with Mr. M—, and his household, I have enjoyed much consolation. More than two months have elapsed, since my coming hither; which has been double the time, that I expected to remain in the city. But on the account of the printer's delay, I have been obliged, that long, to be here. I have been satisfied, that I came to this country, under the *guidance of God's blessed spirit*; and that in other important movements, likewise, I have been Providentially directed. I have here, secluded myself principally from society; and attended wholly to my own concerns. That, I have been able to do, for the most part; though at the first, for a number of weeks, with little activity or delight. The state of extreme debility to which I was reduced, by multiplied hardships; prevented my reclining, at all for writing. Therefore, instead of the *best*,—I have aimed thus far, for success,—in the *easiest* way.

For the space of three weeks, from the time of my leaving Richmond, I scarcely gained a night's refreshing sleep. But instead of my usual, quiet repose, frail nature,—overborne by struggle and fatigue, *sunk*, rather, into languid insensibility, and forgetfulness. However, ill, I had been accommodated at sea; I suffered far less, than for more than two weeks, after reaching the shore. Here

the terribly vexatious winged insects, (peculiar to this land,) it seemed would deprive me, of the very last vein, of my life! Besides the almost overpowering-heat of the climate; and many oppressive cares—with heavy, wasting sighs and tears; and the loss of appetite, for food, &c.: had caused the *lagging wheels of mortal life*, well nigh to cease their motion. To ascend, two flight of stairs, thrice a day, was almost as much, as I had then the power to accomplish. The Tempter sometimes suggested, “You are now, without health, friends, and credit, in a land of strangers; and soon the sweeping pestilence, will be making its ravages this way: and then; in such a helpless state, to whom will you repair to do you justice?” I bade the enemy flee, and said, “*I will trust in the Lord, although He slay me!*”

But after some weeks, I began by little and little, to amend; insomuch that my labour became pleasant; and my heart was often lifted, to praise the Lord. Before leaving Baltimore, I had strictly enquired, Whether it was duty to journey first to the North, or to speed my course this way. But I did not feel, the least drawing homeward, as circumstances then stood: whereas, no sooner I had gained this shore, than my spirit was much elevated at the idea, of visiting again my native land. Therefore, as I have pursued my work thus far, the prospect still, of seeing my bereaved kindred and friends, very shortly; has kept alive my fondest hopes. Although, I have desired to wait patiently the Lord's time; yet *have I been looking forward*, in earnest expecta-

tion, of the day of my release. Since having received the distressing intelligence of ———, I have travelled nearly—or perhaps more, than twelve hundred miles. And within the year now past, from four to five thousand: with the voyage again before me, of many hundred more. But that all appears pleasant, thank the Lord! And more especially, the prospect before me—Of launching soon, the *boundless Deep*, “*Where endless ages roll!*”

A certain lady of distinction, said to me not long since, “I wonder why it is, that preachers, are so often *complaining?*” Knowing, what I know,—instead of wondering, *Why they are so often ill*—with common sense, and a moment’s consideration, I think she would most wonder, “How some of them could be alive!” I am verily a *miracle* to myself, from day to day. But far greater things than these, do I expect to see:—*And the world shall marvel still, that I run not with them, into the same excess of riot; speaking evil of the things,—by reason of the darkness that is in them,—they cannot comprehend.*

During the space, that I have travelled, to and fro, in the earth; I have been in *labours more abundant*. Besides my travels, in much painfulness, cold, hunger, thirst and nakedness: I have sometimes spoken, from six to eight times a week for months in succession: and seldom less than one hour, sometimes two hours upon the stretch. With much exhortation and prayer, for individuals; not unfrequently till midnight, and in some instances, till the dawn of morning. I have also, kept a diary in which I have sometimes written, large portions,

for every day: with hundreds of letters, in the course of a year. Moreover, I have been from first to last, the orderer of my own apparel:* not only the making, but in a great measure, the cleaning thereof. And, in addition to all this; I may add, in truth and verity, "*These hands of mine have often ministered to the necessities of those that were with me,*" and to others: Remembering what the great Apostle said, "*I have shewed you all things, how, that so labouring, ye ought to support the weak:*" and that, "*It is more blessed to give, than to receive.*" O reflect again, my candid Reader!--How powerful must be that charm, to engage and to continue for a succession of years, a female in such a warfare as this! Of the other sex, though three-fold the natural vigor, whereof to boast; it is seldom expected that they will go, without some suitable mode of conveyance, or without *purse* and *scrip*, at hand. Nor, is it expected, that after their strength is quite exhausted, for the good of souls; that they then, (to appear decent) must make, clean, or repair, some article of apparel for themselves, before renewing again the heavy struggle. Neither, is such an host of

* I do not understand why it is,--but still, it is no less a matter of fact, that I have scarcely had a dozen articles of wearing apparel presented me, during my travels abroad--however tridling. But the expense of my dress, has mostly been my own--and the work of my own hands. Though that has been but small; as costly attire--or any thing superfluous--I have not allowed myself to possess. My ornaments of gold, I sacrificed--and even to a watch in my pocket, I have not commanded, during the space, I have been a pilgrim--travelling upwards.

the Sons of Belial:—the reverend Clergy, or the Worldly-wise, of every description, to pitch battle against them, a thing for which they look. They do not expect to be left alone,—destitute,—no house, no home, no friend, that dares to advocate their cause.—Or that, where they enter,—often weary, tried, and buffeted; that there, their labours with their hands, will be needed, (and as its inmates often think) reasonably demanded.—It is a fact well known to myself, that a certain jealousy exists with many, towards those who aspire to other attainments than their own: and who often make a virtue of employing, as they say, *idle-folks*, at work. By falling in with some, of this description, I expect to fare in many instances, very coarsely: But I have generally chosen not to give offence,—rather, to suffer wrong for conscience's sake; and do or give, whatever they require. If they take away my coat, I give to them my cloak besides: and if they have no disposition to do any good, I wish to receive, no favours at their hand. This is one, particular evil that I see resulting, from the *exclusion of female gifts* from the church! “*If they are not gathering with me,*” says the great Master, “*they are scattering abroad!*”

Of this world's dainties, I am usually, in a special manner denied; but now and then, I meet with a tender *mother in Israel*, that knows to treat me as her child. To the manner in which it pleases Omnipotence to lead me, whereas, I cheerfully would submit; knowing that my eternal-store, is reserved in the Heaven's. I seldom allow myself to complain; and if I am in want, I

never make it known, but at the throne of grace unless I am obliged so to do. I find it especially required of me, "*to live by the day,*" and let tomorrow take thought for itself; which I find one great means of keeping my faith alive, every place: And that, is what I account, "*more precious, than gold that perisheth.*" I can say truth, I have been many hundred times penniless and in a strange land: Because, if any thing remained, over and above, what the present demanded, it was usually imparted, to such "*objects of charity,*"* as fell in my way. Had I a spare coat or for one foot, *two shoes,*—I made it a rule to part with one—and not grudgingly—to any who stood in need: and then, to trust God myself, for a fresh supply—in his own time, and way. Hence said some, "*You give all, but yourself away:*" and therein they said, true. For though, of *that sort*, themselves might boast,—I had made it a particular reserve: And nothing more, could I retain,—with pleasure or delight.

I therefore, have it to say, That for eleven years of severe toil and suffering, I have not a single farthing laid up in store: but that space, I am conscious I have spent,—not for myself,—but for God and eternity. Till latterly, I have not seen fit to receive collections from the public; and not it is very seldom the case that I do. But sometimes, when they have been made, without my knowledge of the intent, I have received the same—with gratitude to them, for their good will.

* In the "*Old-land,*" I could walk but a few rods without being surrounded of beggars—particularly *Dublin.*

as well as to the All-wise Disposer of every charitable purpose. I never expect any abatement, of my travelling expenses, in my own land: (though in the British Provinces, I could journey some hundred miles, gratis) but to give, in full, the charge of any other individual,—whatever that may be.*

I would have it understood, that I am still a member of no community, because I choose to belong to none. I wish to be free from party spirit, and to love Christians of every order; and as the true disciples, of a meek and lowly master, that they also, may regard myself. It will be discovered, by such as peruse this little work, that I am sometimes among those, of almost every 'name.' But those, as distinct communities, which I esteem most remote to the truth—I have said the least about: as some, I have seldom gone near—because, I viewed them at such an immense distance, from the one *pure standard*, that I expected no tokens of lenity at their hand. There are *Christians* among those, I believe, of every order. But only a son or a daughter of adversity—here and there, amongst *some*—that have their tens-of-thousands, within their *pales*.

I cannot say, wherefore, that no steps have ever been taken, towards attaching myself to society. I once gave my name, among Free-will Baptists; but it was on such conditions as brought

* Since my last leaving home, my charges merely for travelling, have been not far short of two hundred dollars. That I was enabled, in a measure to defray, from printing, &c.—but for the most part, I thank God, He has always inclined some, to supply my more immediate needs, in some private way.

me back again,—upon the same footing, I had before. Some years afterwards, I was weary of having *every man's hand against mine*, as it were—and no one to look to for redress; I therefore made a second attempt,—even to join the Christian Connexion.* Whereupon, I left the country; and only heard, “It was published in the *Christian Herald*, that I had united with them.” Four years subsequent,—on returning, I found the conditions utterly unfulfilled on which I had proposed becoming a member: Hence, discovering that no benefit at all was likely to result to me from such a motion;—I kept about my business, and saw fit to exchange no more words upon the subject.—That body of people, whereas, I especially regard: and believe the most of them, walking as near the “one, sacred rule given,” (and as deserving of their title) as any fraternity existing. But some of their chief-leaders, like many others, are aspiring too much, for human applause, and popularity: and that is one special reason, why, I desire not, “in their assemblies to be united.”

I am therefore, still a citizen of this world; but bound to a better country: and accountable to no mortal, for my procedure—nor hath any human being, any control over me. Love to my Maker, excites me to obedience—and a regard for his presence, restrains me from vice. The manner in which I go, trusting in God for my daily support; is a sufficient stimulus, to avoid “every appearance of evil.” Those who have not love enough to God, and the souls of their fellow men,

* *That with the F. Baptists, is much the same.*

to animate them to the practice of virtue, I imagine, need the *eye of a community* upon them, to keep them within bounds. But I have not, to include myself in their numbers, as an experience of fourteen years, is sufficient to demonstrate. So, otherwise than I now am, I never expect to be, while I remain below. As, in a two-fold attempt to join society, it is evident to me, the Lord had no particular hand: I therefore am decided, that He will choose, Himself, my way even to the end. I cannot say, whereas, that in travelling as I do, I have not some very severe conflicts,—dividing asunder, as it were, *soul and spirit, joints and marrow!* I am often reminded, of what a good man said to me, a year ago: “A school-master, gives to his best scholars, the hardest lessons to learn.” “Yes,” returned, I, “Because none but the best scholars, would bear to be taught them,” Whether, I am to be considered one of the worst,—or best—in the school of Christ, I will not contend. But full well do I know, that I have some of the hardest *lessons* to learn!

I have visited the most of the principal cities, in the United States—Great Britain—and two British Provinces; and Charleston is the first, where I have not been allowed some public place, for religious exercise. However, I am informed, that I have only received the same portion of Miss Livermore; who was resident here, before myself, a number of weeks; and only occupied for preaching, a private room. I know not how it is, but I am inclined to think, it is the antipathy towards the *Northerners*, (as they call them) that is the chief barrier, in the way. A certain

Dutch preacher, of Lunenburg, (N. S.) once remarked to me, "We have got fine Chapels, and fine Churches, but Satan keeps the doors." How far applicable that may be, to any of this place; is known best to One, that is higher than I. I have had an invitation, wherefore, from a kind lady, to speak in her house; which per-adventure I shall accept, before leaving the place.

But I love the people of the South. I love their free, and open manners. Dear,—very dear, will this part of creation ever be to me; while the earth is my abode. Upon this family—and this house—where I have had my stay; I pray the blessing of Israel's God, may ever rest. A pious lady, belonging to the Episcopalian Church, has shewed me very special kindness:—and herself, an example—truly worthy, of imitation. When *she* will have gone, from works, to rewards,—of those "*labours of love*," she will never repent!

I have had an agreeable interview with Dr. W. a number of times: whose "Name" with me,—and also, mine,—will be "*lead, us in a rock, forever!*" His fatherly care of "One," so dear to us, when every other friend was far away; and all other help, was gone; has justly entitled him to our warmest wishes—That himself, may never know the want of a *friend*,—either in time—or in "eternity." How much, virtuous actions, ennoble the soul of man! and yet,—how far the greater part of our race, from any satisfaction or delight therein!—*People, who never set out to do good, never*

know the real benefit, or pleasure, resulting therefrom!

While I have been here, busily employed at my pen; the raging pestilence has been travelling after, in its *work of death*, in all the way I came. That I was led on before, and had not been called to witness any of the ravages, of that direful malady; I viewed as matter, of the most profound gratitude:—As the three last places I left, it entered just behind. On looking over the public papers, I was deeply affected, to find among its victims, Mr Graham of Norfolk. At his house, I was favored with a quiet resting-place, for a number of days; and had opportunity of proving him, a man well instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel; and no doubt, he made a happy exchange of worlds. Should I now return through all the paths I trod; how many of my friends, should I find “no more,”—and weeping mourners, to *fill the streets!*

From the time of my landing in America, out of Great Britain, I have had this day of trouble in view.—Which as yet, methinks, is but as “the *beginning of sorrows.*” While other nations, were under the chastening rod of Divine indignation, I saw my own people, comparatively at ease; and swimming, as it were in luxury. Said I—Things at this rate, cannot long remain! If *mercies*, have not a tendency to draw; *judgments*, here must drive—the thoughtless from their lechery! As this New-World I believed, designed for very rapid advances of the Redeemer’s Kingdom; and seeing then, to what a pitch of wickedness it had arisen: and what slothfulness and stupidity prevailed, in every place; I viewed that

nothing short of the chastisements of the Almighty, could impede the progress of the enemy; and quell the swelling tide, of avarice and ambition. Hence, the things which I had been looking for,—in some measure, are already accomplished. But a far heavier blow, yet remains to be struck; and that I am apprehensive, is upon the South.—Many trees of unrighteousness,* have

*The great danger, that I view on the one hand, as arising to the South; is, from the rapid strides which papacy is making there. Many people argue in defence of the Popish faith: (and "That there are many christians among the Roman Catholics, &c.")—who are totally ignorant, of the principle they hold. Let such particularly remember, "What desolations have been made in the earth, by the Church of Rome;" and but reflect a moment, That she is the same, unto this day, that she ever was; with the same unconquerable way. Had she but the power, would not her bloody-hand, be uplifted again, as in former ages—-even to the destruction, of Christendom throughout? Search but the articles of her faith, and what person in his right mind, would not recoil at the very idea of becoming a Papist. How could any one, born in a christian country, suffer his ears to be contaminated, with, "We are bound to acknowledge the supremacy of our Lord, God, and Father, and Pope."¹ "We are bound to believe, *The late holy massacre, justly put in execution against Heretics: and that they should be driven, with fire, faggots, sword, and spear, from off the earth.*" "We are bound to believe, *it is just to destroy the lives of all Heretics, whenever it can be done, in safety to ourselves: And that "Our holy church cannot err."*

* Not long since, I was travelling in the same boat, with a R. Catholic Priest, just out of Belgium: with whom I had the privilege, of much conversation:—I likewise lodged at the same inn, a number of days, with another—educated for a priest, in France. Neither of whom, I

there grown to an astonishing height: and *The axe, of God's destructive judgements, is laid at the root.* Wherefore the day is swiftly rolling on, when *every tree that brings not forth good fruit, shall be cut down and cast into the fire!*

Thirty-six years, have rolled into eternity, since I entered upon the stage of action: and more than fourteen, from the period that the journey with me began, in the *new and living way.* Time, with me already, upon the low-grounds of earth, having far exceeded my expectations; I therefore now relinquish the matter;—and confess, That I know not the day of my death. I feel at the present—for which I thank God, especially mortified, to every carnal enjoyment; and well able, *through faith,* to triumph over every impediment. I want no joys, but those *immortal,*—no pleasant prospects, but *upwards,*—nor any thing, whereon to

found, manifested that enmity towards Protestants, which many of the Irish Catholics do. After much talk, with the latter—he very politely invited me, to visit his family: and said, “I will treat you as handsomely as I can.” I thanked him for his civility, and added, “Will you allow me the privilege of preaching at your house?” “O! no, no, no,” rejoined he, “I do not suffer the Bible to be read of my children?”—“But you can hold meeting, if you are disposed, at my neighbour’s.”—This I considered, great condescension in the gentleman; and regarded him, as a person of refined understanding. I once, attended *Mass*; in Dublin, of Ireland:—where, because I did not kneel with them, I was seized by one, with the ferocity of a tiger: who exclaimed, “If you are too proud to kneel—be gone to another place!” I was likewise, in a congregation of five-thousand in St. John’s, N. B. where they discovered much enmity. There I saw the British soldiery, in uniform array—(there being 1000 stationed in the city, and the most of them present)—the company of Indians, in their garbs of uniform;—and their Pope, with his “holy vestments,” in the midst:—While there were thousands of others, beside, of every description. The appearance and continual hum of such a vast concourse—with their strange gestures; more especially those of the priest: (which were truly terrific; and his resemblance to me, more like that of a diabolical, than any human intelligence;)—made the place in my view, very similar to that, *Where*

fix my hopes, but *everlasting life!* My temptations to evil, now appear but weak, and small; and victory I view as achieved in a great measure, over death and Hell. I cannot say, however, that I have had any special fear, of natural death, from the time I commenced pilgrimage:—had it been the case, I never could have embarked, in such enterprises, as I actually have done. But, I have been free from doubt, of my *change* from nature to grace, and have seemed, never to loose sight of the port of endless rest, until I may say—within the year or two, that have last passed away. Amidst the many heart-cutting scenes, that I have latterly been called to wade through; when the Lord, seemed sometimes, to treat me—even as the Syrophenician (in all my cries by night and day, to answer me not a word) I then found the suggestion, from the Arch-apostate, often to occur "*There is no God.*" That, whereas, was but as a puff of empty breath; and on glancing at the many *wonderful deliverances* I had experienced; it was soon backed with "*There is no other God, that could deliver, after this sort!*" Hence, my conversion has been to me, otherwise, as much a reality as my existence; and my call to public testimony, equally as sure. So that I can now say, in the review of past life, that after all the storms and tempests, I have had to encounter; and for which I have nothing to show, as a recompence: It has never once entered my heart, to re-

Kings--the chief-captains--the great-men--the rich men, shall one day be gathered together. And where there will be blasphemies, curses, wailings, strife, &c. and they blended in one,--to separate no more!

pent of the undertaking to sound salvation: neither has the idea ever been indulged, of leaving the work, but from the clearest conviction of duty.-- While my stay is now prolonged below, I have an expectation, wherefore, of devoting myself more than formerly, to the labour of my pen; which will require my tarrying in some particular sections of country, for greater lengths of time. I hope, however, should I see the age of three-score years and ten—even in different quarters of the Globe,* As a christian *Heroine* to rear;

“The Gospel standard, void of fear.”

Hereafter, it appears most probable, that I shall pursue my travels through the world, alone: As there are many difficulties to overcome in having an associate; which I now imagine paramount to those, of being unattended. I can seldom find a female, that has courage sufficient—or, if she has that qualification, she has not grace proportionate. Therefore, I wish to go on, relying in the all-supporting Arm, of the Lord of Hosts.— And to realize; yet more fully, the import of lines presented me at my first setting out—by an experienced brother:—

“God shall secure, thy happy state;
And plead thy cause, against the great.”

I have at this time a desire to stay, yet a little

* I was once invited to go to a missionary, in a commodious English Ship, to Van Diemen's Land: when I confess, I had serious reflections upon the subject. And I now view it very probable, should my days be prolonged, that I may yet tread even that remote part of creation.

while,—this side the *narrow stream*, that divides from the Heavenly Canaan. For one thing merely—believing myself, more fit for my Master's work than ever before; I wish to bear a faithful testimony, against many growing evils that I see in the world. One in particular, is that of excluding female gifts, from the Church of God;—which I view, as an occasion of great provocation: and as one principal means of immense loss, to the Church of the Lord Jesus, throughout.

It was the “woman,” we apprehend, that was first beguiled of the serpent,—and she was the earliest seducer, of her prime associate: So do I believe at the present day; that from the prejudice of education, she is an instrument of much evil, in the world. But we trace that evil, to its fountain-head,—and as “*the woman was deceived, and in the transgression,*” so we admit it may be still, with regard to many; while those, from whom she reaps her instruction in a great degree, are not deceived:—At all events, if they are, it is because they will not be enlightened; and we hence infer, that the *sin lies at their door*. According to the advantages of each, are they not either praise, or blame worthy? Instead of becoming habituated to the enquiry, “*Lord what will thou have me to do,*” she has been taught for ages, to understand herself but a *subordinate being**—unfit for such an elevated vocation, as a *teacher of righteousness*,—and hence, merely *passive* in the

*I have heard of its being questioned of some whether a woman possessed any soul. Indeed, if we were to judge from the conduct of many, we might suppose that they admitted the idea.

building of the Lord Jesus. Which is, in exact contrariety to the word of God; that in no one instance, furnishes any member with authority to say of its opposite, "*I have no need of thee.*"—Therefore, instead of becoming an help-meat, (even in the domestic circle,) to the salvation of souls, as it is her exalted privilege; she is but an hinderer of much good—too often, I regret to say, through those, to whom she is the nearest allied. It is for the most part, I see with much painfulness, that those *females* who are the companions of *ministers*, possess but a very small degree of vital piety.—And this, is what to me speaks volumes—respecting the instruction, that is infused into their bosoms, nearest home. Of a man, it is required *according to what he hath*; (opportunities for doing good, &c.) and *not according to what he hath not*. I do not wonder, for my own part, that so many Churches extant are so destitute of spiritual life: or that it is so often, *like people and like priest*;—which will be the case as long as things remain in such a state. But "*a word to the wise is sufficient,*" and I only add, "*I wish to deliver up my life a sacrifice, for one, towards remedying these evils;—and seal my testimony, as with my blood, in vindication of the rights of woman!*"

ANECDOTES.



PART VI.

In travelling over the Province of New Brunswick, I chanced, in at a certain residence, where—such “a *Spectacle of woe*” caught mine eye, as before, I never witnessed! It was an aged man—after whom I gazed, speechless, for a length of time. Indeed, I was horror-struck! He was bare-foot, dressed in a white flannel frock, and drawers;—(buttoned loose about the waist,) and a white cap on the head.—His frame, resembling that of a gaunt spectre;—and Oh! in his countenance depicted, such consternation and horror, as language would fail me to describe! He kept the same motion back and forth—with the same, slow, tottering steps; and at the end of every round, he laid aside his cane—clasped his withered hands, and with his ghastly eye-balls fixed upwards, exclaimed, “God have mercy on my poor tormented soul!” (Oh! that most doleful cry—and that horrible sound! Methinks, it is fresh in my ears as I now record the tale—so fraught with woe!) Thus, without regard to any person, or thing passing in his presence; he kept the same regular course: and about every four minutes, in the same attitude as before, he cried, “God have mercy on my poor tormented (or immortal) soul!”

The family insisted, that I should hold a meeting at the place; which I was very willing to do: and an assembly had soon collected. I observed, that every individual on entering, and hearing the dreadful sound--burst into a flood of tears! And, thought, I Who could forbear to weep?—Enough to cause a heart of adamant to melt! I had, as yet, made no enquiries respecting the man; but I was led to address them from the words of the parable, “*For this my son was dead, &c.*” After having commenced, he still paid no regard to my movements, but kept on his former course,—and his tone still the same: When I observed to him, “I have somewhat special, to say to you; and I desire that you would hear me: Please to take this seat, and be silent, till I have ended.” That he accordingly did, until I had spoken an hour or more;—in describing the *prodigal*:—“How he wandered off; wasted his substance; came to himself; returned to his Father; and particularly—in shewing the readiness of the Father, to receive his lost son.” O, I realized as I spoke, the love of Christ so boundless, unchangeable and free; that I imagined, he must feel as I did, before I had ended. But alas, no sooner was I seated;—then he began his former tone, “God have mercy on my poor tormented soul!”—and that appeared more, an exclamation of guilt and horror, than of either hope, or desire, of obtaining mercy of the Lord. On being asked by his wife, afterwards, “How he liked what he heard.” “Oh,” replied he, “That was exactly my character! But I was tormented, soul and body too! While you pray for me, the Devil

mocks: and defies all the Angels of Heaven, to deliver me out of their hands!"—I see Heaven's door, forever shut against me! God has turned his back, and will not hear my cry! Hell is open wide, before me; and Satan, I continually behold, laughing at my miseries! The first, I see coming to meet me there—is a Roman Catholic priest, with whom I used to play cards, and spend many days of drunkenness, in Halifax:—He comes, it seems, to *torment me before the time!*"

"There has been no sin," continued he, "ever committed on the earth, of which I have not been guilty: and these are now, all laid open before my eyes." Seventy years, I denied the existence of a God, and Devil too:—that there was any Heaven to obtain, or a Hell to shun. I gave a loose rein, to all my Hellish passions: and in all manner of wickedness, I tried to take my fill. In the late war between Great Britain and America, I was master of a privateer; and I used to go ashore in your land, and plunder, wherever I was able. Many times, I have dragged the sick from their beds,—stripped them of every article of consequence, and so left them to their miseries, and to perish. I had no pity; and now God, is returning it, on my own guilty head!—Four years, I have been in this state of despair, as you now see me. I have sometimes gone into the river, to drown myself—to the neck; but the thought occurred, "*You will then be in Hell,*"—which made me tremble, and draw back. The Adversary has often appeared to me by night, in human shape; and bidden me, destroy my family, and myself. But said one, to him, "Why is it

that you pray so incessantly, if there is no *mercy* in store for you?" "Because," returned he, "I can only vent the *anguish* of my soul in this way,—though I know, "*Him that formed me, will shew me no favour.*"—When about to take my leave of him,—I observed, "We hope to meet you in Heaven." "No," rejoined he, "*If the righteous be scarcely saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*" (*)

The account I had also from others, of his character,—corroborated his own testimony,—That he was a *sea captain*, and a *Heaven-daring infidel*. At the age of seventy, he married a second time—(a woman of some principle)—and soon after, crossed the Atlantic, to Old England. He there,—in addition to the former black catalogue of vices,—squandered away twenty pounds sterling, with the most *debauched and filthy brood* of creation,—and returned to America. But previously to his arrival, the news of his misconduct reached the ears of his wife—and she determinately disowned him:—when his eyes were opened, to a sense of his wretchedness. He saw that there was a God—whose mercy he had abused;—whose spirit he had insulted and grieved;—and whose Holy Name he had blasphemed, all the days of his life. Heaven was, consequently, lost; (as he asserted)—the day of grace over;—and his damnation sealed!—There was, in

* He had informed his wife of his temptation to destroy her—and that she must confine him by night, and make fast the doors, &c.—That she consequently did, and so secured herself.

effect no more hope of him, than of the Devils in the *lowest pit*.

But notwithstanding all this, some of his children (who were christians,) indulged the hope; that his sufferings with mortal life, would have an end. I found strength, in praying for his salvation:— which, with the *good will* he manifested towards those interested for his welfare, encouraged me also to believe, there was *mercy still reserved with God*, for him. Nothing gave us so much room to despair, as that opinion he had imbibed of himself, “That all *opportunities for good*, were past—and *Heaven closed for ever*.” Could I persuade him to the contrary of this, as I imagined he might soon obtain a pardon— even of all his *blackest crimes*. But after having said all that I was able for his encouragement, as he was passing me by, in his ordinary manner;—he cast a mournful glance,—and exclaimed, “Oh, you *look fairer to me this morning*, than the *sun!*—but I must be *tormented for ever!*”

From his residence, (I can with satisfaction add,) I held a meeting, a few miles distant; and a son-in-law of his, —living in the same house; was brought to the *knowledge of God*, and to *praise His name*, with a loud voice. He returned home, as it was told me,—declaring to all, the *salvation of the Lord*;— sat up family prayer; and so, *went on his way rejoicing*. This, I viewed as the tender compassion of Jesus, towards the deeply afflicted household; and hoped it might prove for the eternal well-being, of them all.—I therefore, have given my *friendly Reader*, as far as I am able, the history of Captain Anderson: Of whom, I rejoice that I

can testify thus much,--in humble trust, That the relation may be of service to some other, despairing soul:--even to his sincere *amendment* of life:--and happiness, without alloy, when "*time shall be no more.*"

I was once solicited by a pious woman, in a state of widowhood, to visit a son of her's, at her dwelling. That I accordingly did:--and was led into a gloomy cell, tenanted by a *raging maniac*. It was the widow's *only son*--a youth* of twenty-five. He was fettered with chains,--his frame extremely meagre, and much lacerated,--his eyeballs glaring; and flashing, as it were, *streams of fire*;--his prison walls, wrecked and torn, as if the habitation of some wild animals of prey. We knelt for prayer, in his presence,--which many had done before, (particularly the Universalist preacher,)--and he manifested no ill-will:--but now, such *hell raged within him*, as it would be impossible for me to describe. He caught hold of a billet of wood,--and was *throwing it*, with all violence at myself;--when his mother luckily interfered--and

* The young man, (as it was supposed by his mother,) fell into this deplorable state, from anxiety about his soul's concerns. He had been thus for a number of years--and a number of years subsequent, I had an opportunity of informing myself, that he was "still a wretched lunatic:--held in chains, at the mad-house." But, I reply respecting this man, in the language of the blessed Saviour (concerning him that was born blind)--"*Neither this man hath sinned, or his parents;--but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.*"

saved me.—After removing all, as we imagined, from his reach. One—commenced prayer a second time:—and oh! He *screamed curses* upon us!—He *blasphemed the name of God!*—He *gnawed*, as it were, *his tongue for pain!* Some fruit laying near, he began dashing it, with the utmost venom, at my face;—and seeing I would not desist, he threw himself, his length, upon the floor—which, with the length of his chain, enabled him to reach a heavy chair,—that, he was, likewise, thrusting at me,—when we were obliged to retreat. Some of our company began singing in his presence; to learn also, what effect that might produce;—when truly, his agony was inexpressible! His eyes *darted fury*—he *hissed*, as some fiery serpent—he *gnashed* upon the walls, with his teeth,—and smote them, with his rugged fists, till they were *bathed with gore!*—When, in pity to the wretched object, we ceased. But he still cried after us, “Begone! begone! I’ll not have you here!” “What are you? What are you, here, for?” Replied one, “We are good—as we trust,—and have come to see, how it is with you.” “If you are *good*,” cried he, “I don’t want you here! Away, away with you all out of the house!” And he flew, and tore again—seemingly, like the one of whom we read, possessed of a *legion of Devils*.—He, undoubtedly, was one of that very same description that cried after the Saviour “*What have we to do with thee; Jesus, thou son of God? art thou come hither to torment us, before the time?*”

From this circumstance, I drew the inference, That the wicked—if admitted to Heaven, would find the same but as the *hottest Hell*. And

they would be glad to fly from thence, to the regions of damnation,—best suited to their *malicious, infernal natures*:—As those *sacred anthems of praise to God*, would but augment, even the severest torment of their souls.

A CERTAIN preacher of Old England, I heard relate the incident as follows: “A young man of my acquaintance, of very dissolute habits, was dangerously ill:—when he began to make *many promises* to the Lord, of *amendment of life*, in case of being restored to health. A pious minister, hard by was sent for to pray by his *sick-bed*,—for his recovery:—and it pleased God to hear prayer, and raise him up. But he went on, in his former sinful course,—and straightway forgot all that he had vowed. He was, eventually, the *second* time arrested, and brought to the gate of death. When he began again to cry to the Lord for help, and to renew his vows,—of *devoting himself* to the *duties of holiness*, provided he were raised again. The godly minister was a *second* time sent for;—whose supplication, with that of his own, the Lord was pleased, once more, to accept:—and the day of probation was yet lengthened out. But Oh! what base ingratitude!—He hurried on, still, in his licentious practices, and became seven-fold more a *child of wrath*. than ever before. Hence, he was taken in hand, for the last time,—and the rod to be spared him no more. As he drew nigh the dead, a *third* time,—his friends, (though apprehensive of his danger) — forbore to ask the *good man's aid* again, seeing he had witnessed no better fruits, of all his former exertions. — Whereas, when they

saw him, actually, in the last struggle, with the *grim messenger*,—"death," they ventured to ask, *once more the prayers of his godly neighbours.*" The preacher was accordingly sent for:—but, what farther encouragement he could give, he knew not. He withdrew, a moment, in painful suspense:—when "the Heavens were as *brass, over his head*; and Jehovah had *shut His ear*, that He would no more hear." All the reply he could gain, was, "*I will laugh at his calamity, and mock while his fears come, as desolation upon him!*" With awful sensations, he entered the apartment of the dying youth:—who raised his fainting head, and exclaimed, "Oh! Sir, you have now come *too late! Heaven is lost, and my soul is gone for ever! Jehovah now, justly, laughs at my calamity, and mocks while my fears come,—as a whirlwind, —upon me!*" And thus,—the once bold, but hapless youth, expired!

Fellow Sinners, who read these lines,—remember,—your *vows to God*,—yet unfulfilled,—are all registered against you, in the book of His accounts: and they will surely assail you again, as so many *barbed arrows*,—without remission, when *times for amendment*, are forever past and gone!

A *Sea-Captain* of my acquaintance, (that was a class-leader among the Methodists) gave this *interesting account*:—"I once had a *companion*, of whom I was very fond. That *companion* died;—and I was exceedingly anxious to know what was his *future destiny*. One night,—upon the wide ocean, as I was lying in my berth,—the cabin, of a sudden *was filled with light*, as bright as day:—and

he appeared, standing erect before my face. I fixed mine eye steadfastly upon him;—and beheld, that his countenance bespoke great terror. He gazed, likewise, upon myself,—with much apparent agitation:—when, after some pause,—he threw open his bosom: and there *poured fourth*, a stream of fire!—(But, what was *most mysterious* to me, continued he, “From the *fire*, there proceeded a *sulphurous stench*:—for a considerable space after, as perceptible to me as any thing I had ever witnessed!) From thence, I questioned no more the *sad fate* of my once *engaging*, and much *esteemed associate*.”

The *person* from whom I had this *narrative*; was a man of no common degree, of *skill* and *firmness*:—And whom I should have judged, the very last to countenance any thing of the kind; had he not been himself an *eye witness* to the *fact*.

While labouring near the *boundary* of the *United States* in 1827,—with no little encouragement from the *salvation* of souls;—on a certain occasion, I requested, That all present, who *felt* a need of *Christ*,—and desired an *interest* in the *prayers* of *christians*, would signify it, by rising up. Of the number that arose, I *espied one*, who appeared a *new-comer* altogether, into our congregation;—and after uniting in prayer—I moved towards him, to offer some encouragement, for his perseverance &c.—When, by way of compliment, I chanced to reach him my hand:—which, to my surprise, he refused, by drawing back. Whereupon I cast a glance, more fully in his face; and truly—the *pale*, *self-condemning*, *horrible* look, he discovered,—caused my flesh to run cold! And I

thrust myself backward,—with a *loud*, mental cry, “A murderer,” “A pirate!”

The next day he made an excuse to the house where I was lodging—and I told him my worst conception of his character:—Even, that he was a Pirate and a Murderer. And, added I, “You appeared like the *worst man*, as I met you the last evening, that I ever beheld; and I was really, frightened from your presence.” He returned, “When you requested those to arise, who desired the *prayers of christians*, I thought that if any one *needed them*, I did—although I hardly believe in the *existence of Deity*;—and when you approached me, and offered your hand, you *looked like an angel*,—and I turned from you. I have, madam, been a *Pirate*:—but I always lifted my hand against *murder*. Though I am guilty of every sin that was ever committed on the footstool:—and I confess to you, That I am the *worst man*, to be found upon the face of the whole earth.” This acknowledgment of his own guiltiness, was in the presence of two or more witnesses:—which, I think, the *remorse of his conscience*, constrained him to make. He was a young man, of about thirty;—a *stranger*—but a few days in the place. And from that time, it seemed, he crept off slyly—and so was heard from no more.—“A *guilty conscience*, needs no accuser!”

*In the eighteenth year of my age, I commenced school-keeping in N. Hampton.—It being the

*This, (with the preceding short histories,) was taken from my Journal,

tful, and gloomy period of war between Amer-
 nd Great Britain; when many things, of a
 ous nature, occupied my mind. My father
 command of the militia, at that time; and as
 avasion of the town of P——th, was hourly ex-
 ed,—he was summoned to stand in its de-
 e. It happened that a “sergeant” of his com-
 r. (a very promising young man,) was crossing
Piscataqua, at a late hour of the night, and
 accidentally drowned. This with the circum-
 ces concurrent, tended to arouse me again to
 nse of my duty to God:—he having been
school-mate,—likewise, *school-master*,—but a
 t time before.—But (what I designed to say,
 e particularly, was:) The day prior to his
 case, he was at H——m, and called on the
g lady, to whom he had paid his addresses for
 e space;—and sang in her presence, twice or
 e over, the verse of *Wat’s*, “*Hark from the
 s a doleful sound, &c.*” She asked his
 ning;—but for being thus led, he was unable
 ccount; and only replied, by presenting her
 following lines:—

ile bravely struggling, in the foaming wave,
shipwrecked sailor, hopes his life to save:
 firmly clinging, to the floating oar,
 ngth, is walted to some friendly shore.
 me, alas! no friendly shore appears;
 cares increasing, faster than my years,
 rived of every charm, that sweetens life,
 pleasing home, no fond endearing wife,
 hose soft breast, I might my cares repose,
 in her circling arms, my eye-lids close.

But overwhelmed by fate,* and anxious care,
My shattered bark, is driven to despair."

Written by S. L. of Hampton.

During a few days stay in Leskeard of Cornwall, (England,) I was visited by a French lady; who would take no denial, but I must go to her house. She went—and came again. Accordingly, I consented to go, in company with Mr O'B. and daughter, (who understood the French Dialect sufficiently, to become my interpreters.)—We found the man and his wife, the only occupants of a humble dwelling. After having served us with the best that their table afforded; he began the interesting history of his life—as follows:—

"I was trained in the army of Bonaparte. When a child of seven years, I was taken prisoner by the Mamalukes, and to be sent into Egypt: but it happened to be suggested to my mind, to say I was a Greek.—It was demanded, "Of what town?" It struck me again, to say "Frenchtown." There chanced to be a place of that name:—so, after a course of events, I was again free to join the French army.—In the war with Britain, I was also taken prisoner;—and from a prison-ship, with a number of others I jumped overboard, and swam for the shore. We were fired after;—and it is probable all went to the bottom, except myself. It being duskish, I climbed up beneath a bridge, and hid myself,—till under cover of the night, I ventured to betake to the fields. Three days I subsisted upon grass; when finding I must

* Predestinariao.

famish, I went and delivered myself up (if I mistake not) to the Guards of the French prisoners. They, instead of making my condition known, gave me bread, and sent me away. But shortly after, being again in a strait what to do, (not understanding English) I met a fellow whom I asked, "What I should say, in begging for bread and cheese?" The Wag, very readily put words into my mouth,—which in my extremity, I failed not to use; even at a lady's shop, in the city of London: but instead of the favour I hoped, she began beating me over the head in the most unmerciful manner, with the handle of her broom. A French gentleman, just then passing by—enquired the cause; who took me to his home—furnished me with bread, a bottle of water,—and a boat; and sent me back to France.—I hence, quickly after returned to the army of Bonaparte:—and I was in that memorable battle of Waterloo. Of the flank where I was stationed, consisting of fourteen-hundred, nine only survived; of which number I was one:—Though twice during that dreadful fight, I pluck'd the musket balls of the enemy from my thigh. Not long from thence, I came to this country to reside: and being of the Romish faith, I went to the priest for "Confession." But he very positively returned, "You have fought against England in the army of Bonaparte, and there can be no mercy for you:—so, to Hell you must go!" I was afterwards very uneasy, and attended the meetings of Dissenters. Yesterday, Madam, I went to hear you:—and though I understood nothing that you said, I believed it was good."—Mr O'B. at length, strove to point them to the Lamb of God, in whom alone

is found '*pardon for the guilty.*' From the word of God, he likewise endeavoured to set before them the necessity of *being born again*,—in order to their salvation, &c. They listened with much eagerness, to what he proposed;—and readily united with us in prayer.—Soon after, I had the satisfaction to learn, They had united also in church-fellowship, with the people of God.—And we hope, will ultimately be found with the *General Assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life.*



VERSES

By the Hon. W. R. to Miss M.—: and presented afterwards, to myself.

Say, *female Stranger*, who art thou—
 That thus, art wandering through our land?
 Thy youth, thy sex, thy modest brow;
 Thy lonely state, may all demand.
 Why is it, thou hast left thy home,
 With strangers only to sojourn?
 No friend attending,—but alone,
 Thou wing'st thy way, both night and morn?
 Has some wild vision, struck thy brain;
 To wander forth, from door to door?
 Whilst friends, afar, in grief remain,
 By restless, wayward fancy bore?
 If this be so, some friendly hand,
 Should stay thy wand'ring, sooth thy pain:

And with affection, pure and bland;
Restore thee, to thy home again!

“ ’Tis true, thou sayest “*Almighty Power,*”
“ Impels thy steps, directs thy way;
“ And sweetly, in each trying hour,
“ Supports, and comforts, through the day.
“ That, love Divine has filled thy heart,
“ To call on sinners, far and near;
“ To warn them, from their sins to part,
“ A sin-avenging God to fear.

And who dares doubt, thy faith sincere,
That sees thy unassuming youth?
With heaving breast, and starting tear,
Declare the *everlasting truth*?—
Proclaim Jehovah’s grace and love,
To fallen man, o’erwhelm’d in guilt:
Point him the way, to realms above,
Made sure, by blood, on Calvary spilt.

Go then, dear Messenger of Peace,
Pursue thy Heaven-appointed way:
Thy arduous labours soon may cease,
Lost in one bright, eternal day.
Open each door should quickly fly,
At thy approach;—Each friendly breast,
Should beat thy welcome, and draw nigh,
To greet with smiles, their lovely guest.
A blessing, on that house should rest,
Where thou shalt lay, thy weary head:
Each inmate feel thy visit blest;
Rejoice with thee, in *breaking bread*.

ACROSTIC,

*Presented to a Young Man, under trials about
preaching the Gospel—by myself.*

Go, blow the *Gospel Trumpet*, blow:
Eternal *truth* proclaim:
O'er mountains high, and vallies low,
Resound a Saviour's fame.
Go, spread the joy;—go, bear the news;
E'en, unto *Gentile men*, and *Jews*.

Will not, the tawny, Savage race,
And Afric's sable train;
God's word, and righteousness embrace,
Nor wear, the slavish chain?
Ere long, to Heaven, then may you bring,
Rich *sheaves*; and be complete—*Amen*.

HYMN,

By myself—on leaving America.

1. Farewell to my dear *native Land*,
Ye *Plains*, and Ye *Wild-woods*, I leave,
O'er you, with delight, I have rang'd;
But now, my last homage receive!
2. To *climates*, unknown, I repair;
Rough billows, will bear me away;
For the, "*Isle of Brittainia*," I steer,
There, *allied to its dust*, I may stay.
3. Farewell, my lov'd *Parents*, for me
Fear not, nor grieve for your loss:

Your faces, in Glory, I'll see,
When the "*swellings of Jordan*" we cross.

4. For "*One is our Father in Heaven;*"
Though to earth's distant verge I may fly:
In His hand, will He hold each secure,
And bring us to mansions *On High*.
5. Farewell, my dear Sisters,—with you,
And Brothers, God calls me to part:
Though the ocean, between us may flow,
We are still, undivided in heart.
6. O, hasten to finish your work!
I too, will be faithful in mine:
And soon, we in triumph shall meet,
In glory celestial, to shine.

APPENDIX.

LETTER I.

York Terrace, Salmon's Lane, London.

My very dear Sister in the Lord,

We were pleased to hear from you—though sorry that we did not have all the information, you had on your mind to communicate. But what remains behind, helps to keep alive our hope and expectation; therefore, you must not disappoint us in writing frequently, and fully. I felt thankful, in reading Brother N's letter,—and my own,—that God mercifully preserved you from shipwreck; and landed you safe on "*that happy shore,*" where you would be.

I have to inform you that, *Brother Padman sailed with captain Ward to Halifax, on Tuesday last, May 18th. I believe it is his intention to remain in Halifax, for a short time, and then go to the United States.

I feel myself extremely obliged to you, for the present of books, papers, &c. you have sent me. They have afforded me several feasts, and I should like to see some of them republished in England. Especially in the Reformer,—I have read some excellent articles, on Primitive Simplicity: And I pray God, to give us the *love*, that would lead to

*One of the three, expelled from the Methodist Connexion, for suffering a woman to speak in their chapel: who told me he had been rejected before by them, as a travelling preacher; because he was not acquainted *sufficiently with Wesley's works.*

the practices, so frequently enjoined in His Word, and in that publication. For I see, more than ever, that all *systems* and *modes*,—are a bodily exercise that profiteth but little. Even Scripture *modes* of worship, and Scripture *systems* of church government, are but a “dead letter,” without the spirit;—a shell, without the kernel; and a shadow, without the substance. O for the substance!—the substance!—the love of God, shed abroad in the heart by *the Holy Ghost*. That love, which “is the fulfilling of the law”—“the end of the commandment”—that worketh no ill, to any soul of man—that is long-suffering and kind—envieth not—does not boast—nor is inflated with pride—nor acts unseemly—seeks not her own advantage—is not passionate—thinks no evil—does not rejoice in unrighteousness, but in the truth—beareth all things—believeth all things—hopeth all things—endureth all things;—without which, (whatever else I may possess,) I am nothing!

“For love, I sigh; for love, I pine;
This only portion, Lord be mine;
Be mine, this better part.”

“My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to feel!———
My longing soul is all on fire, to be dissolved of love!

Give me this, or I die!”

You did not mention a word in my letter, about Elizabeth.—How is she? Where is she? What is Elizabeth doing? Tell me in your next. Your father and mother, are they yet living?

I see, by our good Friend Dow's pamphlet, That America is not what it once was; and that there is cause of complaint, even in this happy land. And by the papers you have sent, it appears, that instances of distress frequently occur. But I see plain enough, by every thing I hear on the subject; that the "industrious poor" are much better circumstanced in America, than in England.

Affairs in England, continue much in the same state, as when you were here. There is no more trade now, than then. Business, with almost every one, is flat; and complaints, in almost every one's mouth. Religion, amongst us, is characterized by *deadness*, and *want of feeling*.—This formality, still continues. We have preaching—preaching and praying, and singing,—but no fruit. Few, or no sinners converted; but plenty of backsliders. There must be some sore, radical evil at the root of our work; and on which account, the Lord cannot do, many mighty works. I am still, however, looking out for a brighter day. Things in this state, will not always last.—God, I believe, will ere long, take the matter into his own hand; and maintain his own cause, in opposition to every obstacle. The cause at Salem, is much in the same state, as when you were here. Those who were brought in, at that time; still hold on; and are perhaps the most lively.

T. Prime desires to be remembered to you, but you omitted his name in your last.—He is a young man of God. Few like him. W. Potts*

*The second, who said, "I would not lay a straw in her way."

desires to be named to you.—He has not unfrequently spoken of you with pleasure.

I wish to send you out a few papers, but I fear the vessel will sail, before they are published.

Give my love to all that *love the Lord Jesus Christ*, in America. And let them strive for peace, and for the love, that hopeth and believeth all things, and thinketh no evil. May God prosper you, sister Towle; and my dear sister Elizabeth.—May He make you both instrumental in the conviction and conversion of sinners in abundance! And may you, “in the day of the Lord Jesus, have many stars in your crown; and shine forever, as those of the first magnitude.”

Yours in the bonds of christian affection,
*THOMAS WILKINSON.

3d July, 1830.

LETTER II.

Dublin, Ireland, 14th of 6th mo., 1830.

My dear Ann,

I have written to thee, on the latter end of 4th month, in answer to thine, of 27th of 12th mo., 1829. I sent it by a young man named Robert Parks, going to America, with china, &c. &c. But as he told me, he would not go to Philadelphia, (notwithstanding he said it should be forwarded to the care of Frederick Plummer, as directed, and would go safe:)—lest it should mis-

*The person that did—and whose right it was, to invite me to the place. (See account of London.)

carry, I send this by a female named Elsegood,—who came over a short time since, from the city of P., and is returning on to-morrow, with her son that came over with her. She has been living in America, (said city,) about thirteen or fourteen years—her husband not so long.

At the time I wrote, it was after a great fit of illness;—and my wife very bad. But we are now, I may say, quite recovered. I know not, how to describe the wonderful and unparalleled MERCIES that have been,—and are now, manifested towards us. *O yes! yes!*—and I feel *now qualified* to say, *ever will be manifested.*—*Glory, glory to God!* My dear Ann, it would greatly add to our comfort;—yea, it would be matter of rejoicing, to hear, and know, that thou art so baptised into the *Lord Jesus*, as to live and look above *all* priests, and *priestcraft*, of *every* denomination;—all *hirelings* of every *tribe*; however near to, or *remote from truth*.—Reject every thing that stands not in the *power*. Suffer the bit of clay to be moulded, *fashioned, formed*, and in every way fitted for the work, and soforth, the GREAT MASTER, is pleased to set thee apart, for. *ASCEND THE MOUNT, THYSELF, and receive the MESSAGE from the MOUTH of the LORD. Be not satisfied to have it, EVEN from Mosés,—or EVEN, as many of our MODERN PRIEST will say “*Thus and thus saith the BIBLE.*” This, seems so plausible, and *angel-like*, that said PRIESTS, BEWITCH, and lead *cap-tive SILLY WOMEN (CHURCHES;)* and thus go on from year to year, selling *their merchan-dize, or their CHARMS.*—I said above,* *ascend the mount:—But remain below in the valley, until*

the beastly part be CRUCIFIED—and FINALLY put to DEATH. I say again, Remain in the valley until the MASTER saith to thee, “COME UP, I will give thee a message.” And thus, thou wilt be clothed with the *dread power* of the Lord; and give each their portion, in due season. *Yes, yes*, thou wilt then be able, and only then, to *bind on earth* what is *bound in heaven*; and to *loose on earth*, that which is *loosed in heaven*:—For thou canst not say, less, or more, than the holy unction teacheth.—Not speaking in thine own *will or time*, but in the WILL and power of the living God. And in this WILL and POWER, and this *only*, thou wilt be ENABLED to say, “THUS and THUS saith the Lord:” And not, “thus and thus saith the man, the book, the BIBLE, &c. &c.” Thus, having the testimony of JESUS, thou wilt then realize, the SPIRIT of prophecy:—notwithstanding, that said Priests will say of such, they deny the BIBLE, the Holy Scriptures. But such a testimony, of prophecy will not,—yea cannot, be contrary to the Scriptures, or Bible: but rather, detect any error that might be therein, from false translation, &c. &c. &c.

I now conclude, but first feel, I should say, Tell Frederick Plummer to go on; and as *light* makes manifest, and shows the road, to walk therein.—That, as yet, he knows but the rudiments, compared to the *mighty* things, that will yet be revealed. I feel as somewhat near him, at this moment—now, near twelve o’clock at night. Tell him, if he feels freedom, to drop me a line when thou art writing.

Please, direct to the care of William Colvert,—

merchant, 111, James street, Dublin, for J. W. Lennox.

Thine, in the bond of truth,

*J. W. LENNOX.

P. S. My wife (†Ann) desires to be revived in thy remembrance, with all the CHURCH that comes within thy bounds.

J. W. L.

LETTER III.

My Sister in the Lord:

***** Could we, more frequently, and more sincerely, realize and believe that passage in *Holy*

* He being absent, when we were first invited to his house; but shortly after, on returning home, he heard of "Females from America come to Ireland." He contrived hence, to bring us back, by sending a young man, with a message, that "A gentleman from America, wished an interview with us." Although the distance was two miles, and the night, rainy and dark, we hastened to the place;—and I earnestly enquired, "Are you, Sir, the gentleman from America, that requested an interview?" "Yes, I am *from America*; but I was never in that country."—So, judging from my boldness, of the honesty of my purpose—-he became a friend, in whom I could repose the highest confidence.

He had once belonged to the connexion of Methodists; but left the same, with his companion, prior to the visit of Lorenzo Dow to that land—for liberty of conscience:—and with a small company of others, they still remained unattached to any community.

† The good woman before-named, in the work; who *met me at Friends meeting, &c.*

Writ, "that all things work together for the good of those who love God," with how much more patience should we receive every afflictive dispensation of His Providence. Happy indeed are those who can perceive, after passing through the fiery furnace, that their dross only was consumed, whilst the soul was purified, strengthened, adorned, and fitted for the Master's service.—You ask me, "Are you not now, a vessel sanctified, and meet for your Master's use?" Alas, alas, how have you been mistaken in me!—I think, sometimes, I love the Creator; and the once crucified, but now exalted Saviour.—It pains me, to hear the Holy Name profaned; and I dislike all manner of sin; knowing it to be so.—I feel a regard for all the sincere followers of a meek and lowly Master: but I appear to strive to become a possessor of this meekness, almost in vain. Sometimes I think, I am in a degree in possession of it; when some worldly tempest arises, and sweeps it from my grasp!—I then have to lament the pride, and selfishness, of my still *stony* and *rebellious* heart. I pray daily, for more grace and purification of mind; and at some seasons, I am blest with peace and joy, in the *inward* man. And I desire to praise the Lord, that His patience is not so exhausted, and His Spirit so grieved, but that He still continues to reprove me for the slightest sin, in word or thought.—Pray for me, my Sister, that I may become purified in *body*, *soul* and *spirit*. My family unite with me in fervent wishes for your present, and eternal happiness. If we should meet no more here, may the Lord in infinite mercy grant, that we may meet in another, and a better world; in praises of that

grace which has redeemed us, and cleansed us from all impurity, in the blood of His only begotten Son!

Farewell, my Sister in Jesus; and neglect not to pray for,

Your unworthy brother,* W. R.

LETTER IV.

City of Georgetown, June 21st, 1832.

If my dear Miss Towle, has not received the letter I directed to her, while at Norfolk, (and sent by Mr Wm. McKenney,) I fear she has thought me remiss, if not quite forgetful, in not acknowledging the affectionate letter she was pleased to address to us in a "family capacity,"—as well as my own individual obligations for the little effusion written in my "Olio";—dictated, permit me to say, more by the benevolence of her own heart, than any merit of mine. In expressing my thanks, allow me to add: That I derived an additional pleasure from the ready compliance with what, to one so much abstracted as yourself, from the common-place realities of life,—might have worn the appearance of something, too trifling to occupy your time or attention. Indeed, a fear of this seeming obtrusiveness, has prevented me oftentimes, from soliciting contributions to my "book of memento's; and lost me, I know, specimens

* This good man, who was a judge of the U. S. Court, had made no profession of christianity—but he disliked formality exceedingly,—and usually attended the meeting of Friends.

of talent, taste, and acquirement, which would have been highly valuable and entertaining.— But there are persons, who, notwithstanding the elevation which superior talents, and piety, give them above their fellows,—possess so much native urbanity, that we feel the intellectual distance diminished: and we can, therefore, approach them;—and even ask favours.—And I am inclined to think, judging from our mutual dependance upon each other; that an indulgence thus bestowed, is not altogether without its reward.

Your gratitude, my dear Miss Towle, leads you very far to overrate the attention received from us, while in George-Town. And did I not really believe, that to be “about your Master’s business,” constituted your chief delight, I should say that your comforts were but *few*, while under our roof. *Your* sustenance I am sure, grows not “on these low grounds;” but, like the “manna,” is provided *fresh* for you every day—by One who is leading you, thus *mysteriously*, I would say, to pass through this wilderness:—He has not failed to support you by water, and by “bread” that the world knows not of. I was going to say, something about your mission; but I forbear, as it would be gratuitous—and as I feel persuaded, that the full, the free surrender you have made of yourself, has been done in sincerity. May your fidelity, ever ensure to you the care of the Lord God of Israel:—and your feet, ever be planted upon the Rock of Ages. How firm a foundation!—How rich the provision, for all the “faithful,”—based upon the Word, the immutable Word of truth! You, my Friend, seem to have abandoned the

prospect of *rest*, in this world; and are seeking, through privation, to be made completely ready to enter into that "*rest which remains for the people of God.*" And if, (to adopt the language of a distinguished one of our sex,) you may be made "perfect" by all this self-denial and suffering; an heir of God, and joint heir, with Jesus Christ; and ultimately, brought to the Heavenly Jerusalem, how endless! how glorious! will be your enjoyment!

***** My own state of health is rather feeble at this time; though the present season is more congenial to me, than any other. I have been so long, and so often afflicted; that I never *dare* to reckon, on, *one day*. All I desire is, to submit myself to the will of my Heavenly Father; satisfied, that what *He does*, will be best for me, if *thus* exercised. I think I can now say, that "*It is good for me to have been afflicted.*"—By the loss of *health*,—worldly things have been embittered;—the pride of my heart, and the excessive vivacity of my natural disposition, have been much subdued. By the loss of *friends*, I have been taught to seek more earnestly for that grace, which alone "*is sufficient;*"—to look away, from the things which are seen; and to set my affections upon things, far beyond the vicissitudes of this troubled state. Notwithstanding, when I consider the pre-eminent piety of many of my sex, I am ashamed to see how little I have done. I blush, for my backwardness,—my unprofitableness!

This long epistle must give place to other engagements. I had no idea of writing half as much. To be remembered in your prayers is the *desire of*, Your friend,—MARIA W. DAVIS.

LETTER V.

Lyons, N. Y., Feb. 7th, 1832.

My very dear Sister,

I received your favour of the 20th of January, with much satisfaction,—and gratitude to God, for His preserving mercy towards you. I feel thankful that you are so strengthened to labour; and that God owns, and blesses your labours. And that you, being “strong,” are favored with persecution:—so that the *curse* may not rest on you, because “*all men speak well of you.*” But I am exceedingly sorry, that it should come from *professed* Methodists; for I think they could not be possessors, in a very high degree. May the Lord correct, in mercy, the errors of my brethren! I am glad that you have been favoured with an interview, with your old friends Mr. and Mrs. O’B., and family: and have found a companion, to fill Elizabeth’s place. I hope that you will be protected, and guided by Providence; and obediently follow, in all things, His directions.

I have thought much of my wandering sister—and the results, in their various bearings. I have viewed a Whitfield, and a Wesley, in their labours; and the results thereof, with much interest, as far as I have been able to discern:—and have drawn the following conclusion. Whitefield, broke up the ground; and sowed the hopeful seed; and left it to all the beasts of the forest:—And where is the increase? A Wesley, ploughed and sowed, and planted a hedge about it; and by a wisely directed plan, watered the same; and it portends a plentiful harvest,—if some, does bring forth wild

grapes. I know, my Sister, your case is a different, and a singular one:—And if you should think best to travel extensively, and labour, and should see fruit; I hope you may see best to advise, that converts should unite with those Christian societies,—as may be most conducive of their spiritual interest: Which, I think to be, in general, the E. Methodists. I write to you, as my sister, or daughter,—with the same confidence; and I hope you will ever look upon me, as a near kinsman to you: and will not wonder that I take such an interest, in your prosperity:—and in the cause of religion. I hope that you will recollect, God does not require the destruction of life for sacrifice!—Don't destroy your usefulness by overmuch labour; and thus break down your constitution, and so shorten your days. The "*prudent woman*," as well as "*the prudent man, foreseeth the evil, and hideth herself.*" Yours, is the first case in the female character, to whom I have ever given such cautions,—but positively to the reverse. I have no doubt, my Sister, but that God has called you to minister in *word* and *doctrine*:—though, whether precisely in the same manner of wandering, I know not. We should be glad to have you again among us; and I hope you will see it your duty to make us a visit soon. Our Alloway brethren would bid you welcome. They are growing in general. There has been at Seneca Falls a meeting for nearly two weeks; and I know not that it is broken up yet. I learned that an hundred and fifty mourners at a time, were to be prayed for; and many converted. I am too much immersed in the world, and business,—though God blesses me. I confess my neg-

in writing; I pray your forgiveness. I hope will not neglect me, neither in writing, or writing for us. I desire you may not give place to the thought of accepting the invitation to go to the land. America is a large and uncultivated land, and a plenty of work: Sow,—and water amongst us. I don't know but that I shall pray against you, when I request, that you may *temperate in all things*; and let your *moderation be known unto all men*. Your Elizabeth, and G— and the boys were well, a few days since. My family desire to be remembered in love to you, and would be heartily glad to see you. I shall look for a letter soon;—after your receiving this.

Farewell,

L—E R—Y.

LETTER VI.

Hampton, August 22d, 1832;

Dear Sister Nancy,
 We received your letter one week, since; which gave us intelligence of your arrival at the memorable spot, where lays the *remains* of our *dear brother Philip*. It is a great consolation to us that you have been permitted to reach there; and to see those dear friends, whose lot it was, under Providence, to perform for him, the last act necessary on earth,—which, we would, might have been our's. But while we reflect that he left his *home, to die* so far from all his relatives,—we have reason to be comforted, that he survived to be carried on shore. Extremely painful would it

have been, had he been thrown into the merciless ocean,—known to none, but the vessel's crew.— We heartily wish that his attendants might have been as good, before, as after, he left the vessel. But too often,—vainly, do we wish! He was inclined to be patient before he left home; and perhaps might suffer, were it in his power to ask a favor. How gladly would his wife, or any other have gone with him; had we known his intention of going further than Boston. Whether he contemplated a sea-voyage, previous to his leaving home, we cannot tell. He wrote to his wife from Boston, that he met with a Mr Dow, who was out of health,—and his complaints, similar to his own:—they saw the physicians together, and were advised, to that last resort. He thought Mr. D— would not survive the voyage. We were doubtful then, whether he did not refer to himself. He appeared cheerful at the idea of going, the morning I saw him in the stage;—as if he were going upon some important business, best known to himself. He was very affectionate, the few days that I was with him, but appeared to regret leaving nothing, that he parted with behind. He said to his little son, when he arose from his bed.—“Young Man, you may have my bed to night, if you like it better than your own.” His wife feels her loss much. And little *David Philip* talks of what his pappa said to him; but will try to stop us, if we mention where he now, is:—and he has often burst out a crying, about him. Our mother bears her affliction as well as we could expect;—*but she will never be unmindful of him, who was so dear to her. She bids me to tell you, to mourn*

more for him,—as she views the hand of God played, in his going there. We often see him that sofn, *close his eyes* on every thing below!—and go, even to the *grave*, and *drop a tear* with us! We wish you, with these lines, to present

Dr. W., and Mr and Mrs E., our sincere respects. We esteem them very highly for their fidelity to our dear, dear brother,—who, we are satisfied, done all that for him, that they would,—if it had been their own. If we never see them on earth, we hope to join them in heaven!—where we anticipate a happy meeting, likewise with our kindred* that have gone before; and all to be “*redeemed of the Lord*”—to *part again no more*. Yours,—with many good wishes for your prosperity, &c. M. T.



OBITUARY.

DIED, in the city of C——, of a Consumption, PHILIP TOWLE. He was born in the town of Hampton, N. H. September, 1797,—where he also resided until the last twelve years, that finished his *medical career*. At an early period, (associated with his brother-in-law,) he commenced with deep interest the study of medicine;—and was graduated, in due time, in the city of Boston. He entered into practice for a space, in the town of Exeter; but soon after, removed to AMESBURY, in the state of

* Two of our cousins, since the death of our brother, have likewise gone the way of all the earth.

Massachusetts:—where he spent the last nine years of his *earthly existence*. Subsequent to which period, he attached himself to the Brotherhood of Free Masons:—also, entered a conjugal state,—wherein he was blessed with “*one son*.”

The native mildness of his disposition,—the affability of his manners,—and the correctness of his deportment,—won for him the affection, and the regard of many:—and particularly, his *dexterity* in instrumental music drew around him many admirers.—In his *skill*, likewise, as a physician, he had the good fortune to excel:—which,—connected with honesty in his dealings, punctuality in his engagements, and temperance in his habits—with no common degree, of tenderness and sympathy towards all in adversity,—procured him a lucrative and extensive practice. To sum up, he was “*all*” that could be expected from one, (in the strictest sense) not a believer in Christ: And that he never professed to be. “*But He that judgeth all things, is the Lord!*”

At the commencement of the present year, (1798) —he found his health upon the decline; but having always been disposed to make light of his own infirmities, so did he, likewise, of this. He continued to sail for some weeks; and was obliged at length, to leave business—which he did the first of February. The first of March, he proposed seeing the physicians of Boston; for which purpose he left his home, unattended, in the stage. On visiting them at the hospital there, he received but little encouragement, excepting from a sea voyage:—and for this, he proceeded directly on *by the stage*, to Providence in Rhode Island.

ere, he mailed a letter to his family, and embarked in the steam-packet directly, for New York. In that city, he remained a number of days; and although but little likelihood of a recovery, he spoke of returning to his friends.—That, he did not decide upon, whereas; but embarked again in the “schoon *Spy*,” (Smith, master,) for Charleston.

After four day’s sail, he gained this port; which was on the 16th instant. His fellow-passengers,* the day following, removed to the shore; but himself—being taken very ill—made no efforts to that effect.

On the 18th—which was the Sabbath, Dr. Gagner heard of “a *medical gentleman* on board the vessel at the wharf,” and kindly made him a visit.

He was then sitting in his chair, and conversed with the doctor, who was very successful in his efforts:—insensible, as the doctor supposed, and that his *dissolution* was so near. He saw him as a

rag man,—and insisted on his being removed to the shore. He manifested, at first, considerable reluctance; but after some entreaty, he was con-

ceded by the kind physician, to the house of Mr. Gagner. Although, he had been brought in a carriage but a short distance, it so much exhausted

him, that he was laid on a temporary bed in the room,—from whence he *never rose again*. Seeing a

spark of life almost extinct, and that he was much inclined for sleep—they avoided making any enquiries. On Tuesday morning, he asked

Mrs. E. If she ever heard of a person by the name of ———; that travelled the world as a *preacher*:—and added, “*She is my Sis-*

ter. Mr. & Mrs. Weaver, of New York—he having been also for the benefit of his health.

ter,"* One asked, If he would have the minister sent for, to pray with him:—To which he replied, "There is no occasion for that." He sometimes appeared in a measure, delirious; and spoke as if to his family, at home:—but with that *pleasantness* and *composure*, ever peculiar to himself. He discovered no desire for any thing he had not;—wished little attention to be paid him; and appeared perfectly calm and resigned, even unto the *end*. When informed by Dr. W——, of his approaching *change*, and asked by him, "Whether he should write to his wife"—he replied, (without the least apparent anxiety,) "I know I am ill;—but will write myself to-morrow." The P—n† minister made him a visit an hour before his *departure*,—but deemed it inexpedient to disturb him by prayers, as he then seemed quite beyond all knowledge of the passing scenes, "of time and sense"—Thus, at 7 o'clock, (or as one said at half past 6,) on Tuesday evening the *eventful moment* came!—The *silver cord*, at length, was loosed,—and *life's fragile wheels*, revolved no more! Having lain for a number of hours, as in quiet slumber; his breath, at length, grew shorter and shorter,—and without a sigh, struggle, or a groan,—even as a tender babe, he softly yielded up his soul, to God that gave it!—And of pain, I trust, he knew no more, for ever!—A smiling, peaceful countenance, was then, the only "testimonial" to the enquiring stranger,—Of

* It is very probable, that he thought I might possibly be in that country; and he might see me. (O, how quickly would I have flew to his relief!)

† He usually attended their ministry.

repose of that bosom, the *harbingers of grim*
death had no power to disturb!

On Wednesday, P. M. at 4 o'clock, his funeral
was attended, of a respectable auditory, at the
place where he died:—and a prayer was made by
Mr. Crook—Methodist preacher. His *dear remains*
were then conveyed in a hearse to the Methodist
burying ground*—attended by the “Preacher and
Pastor,” Capt. Smith, Dr. W—, Mr. E—, and
by or *sixty* other, neighboring merchants, and
gentlemen. The usual ceremony was also per-
formed at the grave,—and his *dust* was committed
to its *mother, earth!*—There to sleep,—

Until the voice, that shakes creation;
Shall bid, the countless millions,—“Rise!”

REFLECTIONS.

While I have, thus, to record the things so ex-
tremely painful,—which, justice to departed worth,
compels me to do,—it is with violence to the ten-
derest, deepest, emotions of my bosom. One, to
whom I was allied, as by nature's strongest, dear-
est, ties;—with whom my earliest years were
spent,—beneath the same roof—by the same fire-
place—and at the same table;—lying buried as at
his side—, has often quite forbade my pen its mo-
tion. Were it not, that he is always presented to
my view as smiling;—and tenderly urging, “That
might spare my tears,—as for weeping on his ac-
count, there was no cause,”—I could not possibly
have effected the object of my purpose. But, since

* Called Trinity Church yard,—where lays the dust
of Mr. Hammet, the founder of the chapel, &c.

the first dreadful struggle, I have ever felt an inward prohibition to doubt, his being a sharer of the triumphs of Heaven:—or that he was in the presence of his God—for ever blest!

I am firmly persuaded of him, that he was a partaker of renovating grace, in the earliest stage of his youth. But by concealing, that *light which shone upon him*, as many others do, it became obscure:—and he consequently, groped with the multitude in the wild-maze of sin. Afterwards, being much caressed of the affluent,—and the gay;—it is hence, not a difficult matter to account for his neglect of the things, he had once so highly prized. But the opinion of my Sister S— respecting him, corresponded precisely with my own impulse,—That in his last illness, he literally forsook all for Christ. He saw that the Lord was about to remove him from earth,—(according to what had been repeatedly suggested to him)—hence, methinks he said, “To remain where I am is to *die!*—My own treacherous heart hath often deceived me; and in my most earnest attempts to submit all to Christ, there has always been still a reserve. In what manner, therefore, am I to obtain a substantial witness that I surrender all—but by doing it, in *deed*, and in *truth*? I finally, resign up to Thee, O Thou *compassionate Redeemer* and *Friend of sinners*,—The companion of my youth—my only son—my earthly possessions, all,—my life, my breath! Dispose of me, as it may seem Thee, good! If I am sent to *darkness and the pit*, I will pronounce the sentence, just! But *thy mercy*—so amazing, that saved a *persecuting Saul*—a *dying thief*, can also rescue a rebel such

is me!—and the soul-reviving word impart—“*This lay thou shalt be with me in Paradise!*”

It, moreover, to me appears, That he felt so deeply convicted of his ingratitude to his Maker, and all his heart-wanderings; that he was willing, (could it be done in any degree,) to atone for them with his life.* And if it pleased the Lord to take him away; he felt himself, utterly undeserving of the kind attention of a loving companion, or any other tender friend:—likewise of the floods of tears wherewith he was sensible, they would bedew his grave.—Therefore, with the *spirit* of a martyr—truly *great* and *magnanimous*, I see him, as it were, bid them all adieu! As the last day commenced, and he arose from his pillow, I seem to understand the language of his heart,—“‘This pillow, whereon I have oft reclined my aching head, will be my resting place no more! To you, my little son,† I leave the same, henceforward, and for all! Soon, in the cold and silent grave, will be my bed,—unless by some *miracle of mercy*, I may survive—otherwise to devote my time, than heretofore I have done?—or should this *frail-dust* of mine, be committed to the reptiles of the Deep; may but my spirit *rest with God*,—it will be enough, for me! The Lamb of God was slain, upon a shameful

*I do not apprehend that Jehovah delights in sacrifice,—but in mercy, on the cheapest terms. Wherefore, it is just with Him, that those who have shared His mercies in the highest degree, and misimproved them, should be brought to some severe penalty, and deeply humbled thereby, in order to a meetness, for His presence, and His glory.

†See Letter VI.

tree!—It was for sinners, thus He died! Am I worthy to partake of pain and shame, but for His sake,—I cheerfully submit.” And thus, with solemn, humble joy, that such a sacrifice he was able to make for Christ,—he turned his back on all, once dear to him, below! Well might he appear “To have some important business in hand—best known unto himself.” Oh! It was the love, he bore to God, (and no less to friends and neighbours, or all mankind,) that gave his soul support, in that *tremendous* parting scene! What heart-aching—what trembling terror—and what sore dismay, must have betrayed his purposes, (if such he had formed) had not the hand of God been with—to comfort him!

I know not, how I have ever hesitated respecting the correctness of that view, I had of his state, some months prior to his decease,—even that, his *fellowship* was then, *with the Father, and with the Son*. But his evidence might not be so clear to himself; and being backward to disclose any of his own exercises,—also to trust his own treacherous heart:—hence, he was brought to a more severe forfeiture, that the Name of the Lord might be glorified, and other souls instructed,—and saved,—thereby. I had often considered his state, (as I many times before have suggested,) and questioned, What the end of his mortal race, would be! Having been so highly favoured, his life long—with much religious instruction; both from the precept and example of those eminently pious;—also, moving in such a sphere, in regard to temporal *concerns*, as taught him many a lesson, of the *precarious nature* of all earthly things:—With many

gospel warnings, and invitations, (both mental and verbal, as we had reason to think,) with multiplied cries and tears,—poured out for him; I therefore scarcely saw, how Jehovah could be just, and grant him the Kingdom of glory; but by his submitting to some very great sacrifice: That, he consequently did—and more he could not do! The history of his life, could it be presented us, must be somewhat very extraordinary. What could be his sensations upon the wide ocean,—and the *pale messenger*—Death—staring him in the face?—O, methinks, his nights were cheered with the smiles of Heaven!—Angelic armies, seemed near him! and the shining portals opening, to one *eternal day!* But he—to himself so unworthy, scarcely dared believe it, much less to say, I hope for Heaven:—he, therefore, meekly acquiesced, and hung upon the bosom of his God. The prayers, and cries, of those behind, with that of his own aspiring breath; could not but draw, at such an hour, Heaven's richest blessings down! Although but mean attendance, (at the best) could be paid him; and his poor decayed frame, was almost lifeless with struggling for its own relief—yet no complaint escaped him;—nor murmuring thoughts arose.—All, still was quiet;—and every sigh, was hushed to peace! “*The Lord shall keep the feet of his saints,*” and “*make all their bed, in their death!*”

The last day, at length, commenced, when the boisterous storms of time, could ever beat upon his feeble bark; and the *icy hand of death*, was on him laid—no trembling terror, even then, was manifest!—Though no bosom-friend was near, to bear his dying head!—no loving kindred or acquaintance

to afford him one consoling word! But, great was Jehovah's goodness; and beneath his fainting head was placed, the *everlasting* Arm;—that he forgot all sorrow! His trembling hand, had often ministered the reviving cordial to the diseased and dying; and now, was it not, that myriads of *attending angels*, were commissioned to minister to him, the cup of divine consolation, and exulting with triumphant wing, to bear his *kindred-spirit* home? O; I trace it's way!—I see it join *symphonious-choiristers!*—armies unnumbered—and begin the lasting song of "*Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb that was slain, to receive glory, honor, and blessing, for ever and ever!*"—No mourning followers were there to attend him to his grave. But those happy, happy spirits, sped back to earth their shining train; also to watch the place, where they laid his dust,—unanimous in concert—"To bring it up again, *with power and great glory!*"

* * * * *

Though friends, at a distance still mourn his early demise;—(conscious that in the circle of his associates, he left few his equals behind;—and when his prospects of usefulness, were but as just opening: Yet, could they look within the veil to behold him as he ascended, high—who would call him back to earth again, to bear as it were, his wounds afresh? None, methinks: but they would sigh, also, to be *clothed upon*,—that *mortality might be swallowed up of life*. How distant to me was the idea, when last I left my home,—as on airy-wing to sweep, even from the frozen boundary of the North, to the burning-sands of *the South*; that the painful task would there, be

mine, to rear a *monument** to perpetuate the memory of ———, mouldering in the dust. But the work is done! The last tribute of respect, —of ardent affection, is paid, that I can bestow! And that, the *labour* of my *hands*, will stand, —likewise, as a memorial of me:—when the *hand*, the *heart*, that dictated for him, may be crumbling, —(I know not but that,)—beneath the *barren sands* of *Arabia*,—or even upon the *mountain* of *Ararat*! His kindred,—his little *son*,—may one day visit that lonely place, to see mingled, the dust of a *beloved parent*, with the *foreigner*,—with the *stranger*†:—And, perhaps, some that have

* Foundation brick,—a coat of plaster,—marble pillars. and slab, "2:6 by 5:6."

† By his side, a young man, who was a native of the place; over whom, it was told me, "His parents often came to weep," Just above—not a foot from the dwelling—a gentleman from Groton, (Conn.) by the name of Joseph Packer. Whose head-stone of marble may be seen upon the engraving—page first. The house, is a rough construction. for a negro man to keep the yard —chimney without—no glass windows, &c. &c.—the Chapel in front, and the stones of marble, very condense. The yard is in the centre of the city—and handsomely shaded with trees of wild Mulberry, Pride of India, &c.—(The Engraving is a perfect figure of that—to me—memorable spot. See page first.)

The account I had from Capt. Smith—(having been favoured with an interview with him, and with a visit likewise on board the "Spy,")—was very consoling to me. From the time our brother embarked with him, which was on Tuesday, week, before his decease; he manifested nothing like regret that he had left his home, to die, and be buried, as he had reason to think, in the wide ocean:—nor one unpleasant or untroubling

heard my voice, when the same is *lost in death*, will direct their steps that way,—and behold our “*names*” *engraven*, in legible characters, together there. Oh, the thought still melts mine eye! —(Him, that with his *dying breath*, remembered me;—and in the most pathetic accents—pronounced, me ‘*His sister!*’) I claim the kindred, in a two-fold sense: And hasten onward to that day, when *The books shall be opened*;—and in “*the book of life*,” I may

emotion, that he should see his earthly *friends*, no more. He often spoke of his family, and of writing to his companion;—but delayed in hope of being better able at another time. The kind Captain proposed writing for him, but he preferred sending his own language, in his own hand. He wished to send, that he should not recover—-and said to Captain S.— (though with perfect composure,) “I have lived about long enough, as I am;—I am of no use to any one!”—(in reference, as the Captain supposed, to his sickness.)—He sat in his easy chair, and read the Bible the chief of the distance; (as his cough prevented his lying with ease,)—dressed and undressed himself;—relished his food;—and was free from any pain. He complained of nothing, but seemed perfectly reconciled to his lot;—and to desire nothing, in any sense, that he had not. Hence, the Captain judged him a good man; and did not doubt, but that he made a happy exchange of worlds.—(A kind friend, he found in Mrs. Weaver, whose attention to him was beyond that, if anything, to her husband;—although, herself, nor any one on board, was a professor of religion. With her, I have likewise been privileged with an interview:—Her account corresponding, with that of others: That he had no fear of death—was perfectly tranquil;—she believ’d, “was, willing to die any *time* his Maker saw fit to call him:—and was as willing to be buried in the Ocean, as in any other place.”)

behold our "*names*," in *golden* characters en-
d!—And that, with increasing transports,—
ch shall never, never end!—*This, may God of*
infinite mercy grant, for His Son's sake.—
m!



CONCLUSION.

A cry in the "*North*;" of lamentation and mourning!—Thou "*South*," awake to penitence and weeping, for the *calamities*, your sins, have also incurred! A direful storm hangs over you; The Heavens, gather *blackness*! Stern "justice" cries "*Cut it down!*—how, how, will you escape it!—"*What will you do, in the solemn day?*"—ah, whither fly! One, only *shelter*, will secure you from *vindictive retribution*:—the *Rock of Ages*.—"Turn ye, even to me, saith the Lord; with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning! and rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God!!!"

FELLOW SINNER, of whatever rank or condition, I echo, to you in friendship the voice of conscience, "You are travelling down to HELL!" With every breath, with every beating pulse;—you are liable to plunge the *abyss*, of *everlasting woe*! A few more days and nights, and you will sleep the sleep of death! Better,—infinitely so, you never been born;—than that, you die in your sins! Have you the riches of *Balshazzer*; with men servants, and maidens, many, born in your house; and "*Art weighed in the ballances, at last, and found wanting,*" what will it all avail you? (True, the wise man says, "*Money answereth all things:*" But to his rule, one special exception I adduce, It cannot save the soul.) "*What shall it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what can a man give in exchange for his soul?*" What shall it profit a man in the regions of *darkness*, that he was once,—rich, and honoured upon

earth? who will regard him on that account, the sooner there? *Mothers, wives, children, servants, devils*, shall then be his tormenters, forever and ever! Has he been a man of pleasure; and often cheered with the voice of music? Alas! what *pleasure* will he find, or *sound* to charm his ear, amidst the weeping, wailing, and agonizing cries, of *damned-Ghosts* of Adam's race? Has he been a man of *honour*,—and his name enrolled, with the shining-sons of fame? It is now, upon the black-list of *Beelzebub's* army;—marked *with shame and everlasting contempt*, and left to "*rot.*" Has he been a man, fond of *spirituous liquor*—and wont to drown grief and care thereby?—He'll find none of that to benumb his senses,—"*where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*" But oh! will not his *miserics*, then, run parallel, even with the existence of Deity?—And with the hideous, infernal number, will he not join, in horrid execration, of the Being—of the day, that gave him birth?—And of the unnumbered opportunities of hearing the *Gospel's joyful sound*, that brought salvation nigh?—But, this sad *picture* I leave with thee—Sinner:—too dismal for my view!—And turn to a *fairer, brighter scene*—where, of such as you, there yet is hope!

Christ Jesus, *tasted death for every man*: In Him is found, *pardon* for the guilty,—*life* for the dead, and *salvation* for all that are lost! He calls aloud to you, and all, "*Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be as crimson, they shall be as wool.*" Oh, amazing condescension!—matchless love! Will He yet save the very chief of sinners?—the vilest of the vile?

Yes,—My dear Fellow sinner,—
 “Will you be saved from endless pain?
 Will you with Christ forever reign?”

Instead of “an heir of Hell,” will you be associated with all the bright armies of Heaven;—an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ?—with all the blood-washed millions to reverberate that voice, “Worthy, Worthy, is the Lamb that was slain for me!”—beyond the bounds, of time and space? Methinks, I hear you say, “Would God, I were a Christian!”—And I rejoice, that I can assure you, “All things are now ready.”—only believe and thou shalt be saved. Sometimes, in unbelief, you have said, “Christ, never died for me!” “He gave His life a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.” Again, you have said, “He is a God of such unbounded love, He’ll save me, as I am.” “If you die in your sins,” remember His declaration “where I am gone you never can come.” You have also repeatedly urged, “When the time is come, may be a Christian:—but that is not yet.” Because you loved your sins, and would not leave them off,—when you, very well knew, His word, “Now is the accepted time; and, now is the day of salvation”—(and that the same, would never change). Thus, have you confronted your Maker, and called Him a liar;—by a discredit of His word,—denial of “the record, He gave of His Son.”—with that unbelief!—Fight against your God, distrust His power, no more. Even, to day claims to all His gracious promises, as you and believe, that He will subdue that hardness open those blind eyes,—and turn your sorrow into a joy of delight, He saved, a trembling-

a blaspheming-Saul,---and an expiring thief;---you, also, will he favour with His *love*. According to your *faith*, now be it unto you,---who read these lines. Cast, but an eye upwards;---fear not;---with the most earnest expectation, with the strongest confidence in His goodness. Will you,---can you, longer doubt?---when His own mouth hath spoken it, "*Ye shall receive.*" Take no denial;---say, My case is a pressing one,---a distressing one; O, for one crumb, of mercy! Lord I give myself away;---save, or I perish!" Dare you not add, "*I will trust in Him, though He slay me?*"---Yea, you see His smiles! He seems to draw nigh! Your bosom *melts* at the idea of what He hath done, and suffered for you. O, your love increases, to God,---to all the human race! You wish to tell them of the immense fulness---the glory---the beauty indiscribable, you already see in Jesus! and to make them sensible,---how easy for them all, to come to Him, and live. Go then precious Youth, (or whoever you are,)---and tell to all around, *How great things, the Lord your God hath done for you.* Thus, do you set forward for Heaven. And thus, regardless of the frowns, or flatteries, you meet;---or, the counsel of any, "*To spare yourself a little,*" go on. Reflect, that if *faithful unto death*;---how many souls, you will *turn to righteousness*, and so, "*Shine as the stars, forever and ever.*"

CHRISTIANS, of every capacity, It is high time, to awake! Shake yourselves from the dust of spiritual sloth,---of carnal care,---of slavish fear, and gird on, the *whole armour of righteousness*. How many are dying around you! With how

many, is this the *last hour!* Have you done what you could, for the salvation of your household, your children, your servants, your neighbours;—yea, all around you? Remember, the solemn account you are to give,—one day; of the improvement of all opportunities,—time and talents, for doing good. Will not those of your domestics that have ever, turned at your beck, and that have never dared to disobey your word,—be *witnessess, against you*, in a future world;—That, notwithstanding the influence you had over them; and the advantages so vastly superior,—you had done no more, for their salvation? Oh! will not many a *Dives*, hereafter, be thrust down to Hell;—while a *Lazarus*, despised, sick, and poor, will be borne by angels, to *Abraham's bosom*?

HYPOCRITES, will be greatly tried at *such* a time as this. Now will they be confounded, who *love* not the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Their masks will fall off, when death in terrific form shall invade them;—Then, as the *foolish virgins*,—too late, they will begin to cry, "*Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out!*" But the *true disciples* of the Lord, will be ready, when the midnight cry is made,—(even many, that never assumed the name of Christian,) and shall go in to the *marriage supper of the Lamb*;—while these, shall cry without. "*Open, open unto us,*" in vain. Multitudes, are as *whited sepulchres* that appear beautiful without,—but within, are full of *dead men's bones*, and all *uncleanness*. Covetousness, constitutes vast numbers "*hypocrites*" of the highest order. Notwithstanding, their great pretences to holiness, they are "*idolaters,*"—and *an abomination* in the sight of God. Let them

not pass it over; as though it were a slight offence;—but take warning, and “*Beware of covetousness!*” Lest the *things, their souls lusted after*, should sink them, with the *merciless glutton*,—to behold the boundless *riches*, and unfading *treasures* of Heaven;—sold for *very-vanity*, and so, at last, —gone forever.

MOURNERS, in towns and cities, (vast numbers) that go *about the streets*; have seen their households, torn asunder! Awful separations have been made! A bosom friend is gone; a lovely child, an indulgent parent, a kind brother,—and “All, is gloomy solitude!” “All, is as death!” “The *full-strown, silent grave yard*,” says the parent,—the mother, contains all, that was once dear to me, below!” “The sun,, of my earthly joys has gone down, never to rise again!”—*Mourner*, “hope thou in God, and thou shall yet praise Him!” He doth not willingly afflict, nor grieve the children of men,—but to make them partakers, of far superior comforts. He hath given you thus far, support; that your body is out of the grave;—and your soul is out of Hell. Be thankful, for the least of His mercies:—He still, careth for you. The loss of your *friends*, you deeply deplore;—but remember, if they died in Christ,—*To die was gain*. If you had not that evidence, of their interest in the Lord Jesus, that you desired;—you know not, what mighty change was wrought in them, at the last hour;—or even, with the last expiring breath. The pains, intolerable, they then endured,—which were of short duration,—were perhaps the last, the only suffering, they will ever know. You are left, behind, desolate to weep;—but dry your tears. **Be**

diligent, to have your work done, below—and well done. Then in a little while,—though your kindred, return not to you, you will surely go to them:--

--And in—*Salem's* fair, and happy land;
You'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN,

Written by the late Bishop of Calcutta, and sung at Whittington Church, (England) on occasion of his preaching there, for the "Church Missionary Society,"—1820.

1. From, Greenland's Icy Mountains;
From, India's choral strand;
Where, Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down, their golden sand.
From, many an ancient river;
From, many a palmy plain;
They call us, to deliver,
Their land, from error's chain.
2. (What, though, the spicy breezes,
Blow, soft, o'er Ceylon's Isle:
Though, every prospect pleases;
And only, man, is vile.
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts, of God are strown;
The Heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down, to wood and stone.)
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
By wisdom, from on high;
Shall we, to man benighted,

The lamp of life, deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each, remotest nation,
Has learn'd Messiah's Name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till like a sea, of glory,
It spreads, from pole to pole.
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain;
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss, returns to reign.



Not at Home.

THE CHRISTIAN.

An heir of glory, sav'd by grace,
I've here no certain dwelling place;
A stranger in a desert land,
But pressing on, to God's right hand.

I'm not at home amidst the toys,
Where worldlings find their fancied joys;
Nor can my Heaven-born spirit rest,
'Till, with eternal glory blest.

I'm not at home—shall I complain
Of foes or sorrows, want or pain?
Oh! no, my journey's end is nigh,
My home is well prepar'd on high.

I'm not at home--then all I meet
 Of bitter things, or things most sweet,
 I'll take as medicine, or food—
 My home is stor'd with all that's good.

I'm not at home, but on my way,
 My Father feeds me, day by day;
 And by his grace, I shall hold on,
 Until he brings me to his throne.

I'm not at home, but soon shall be,
 And spend a long eternity;
 With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Amidst the glorious, ransom'd host.

Not at Home.

THE UNBELIEVER.

I'm not at home, but going hence,
 To leave the things of Time and Sense:
 What shall I do, or whither fly?
 'Tis certain, I must shortly die.

I'm not at home—then whither bound?
 Or where at last shall I be found?
 Life's journey, is at most but short,
 And, I far on the road am brought.

I'm not at home, but passing on;
 Just seen to-day—to-morrow gone!
 But where?—my hope of Heav'n is vain!
 For I am not yet, born again.

I'm not at home, this fact destroys
My highest hopes, my fancied joys—

Earth's vanities, have won my heart,
Yet from them, I must soon depart.

I'm not at home, nor is my stay
On earth, secure a single day—
Where is my home? am I to dwell
With ruined souls, shut up in Hell?

I'm not at home---O could I see
A home in Heaven prepar'd for me---
Sinner, there's none but Christ can save
From endless woe, beyond the grave.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET HOME.

While through this world of care and strife, with anxious steps we roam,
How sweet to look beyond the grave, and know we're going Home!
Here safe within our Father's house, with joy we shall abide,
And all our woes, and all our foes, for ever shall subside.

Home! sweet Home!

Oh, for that Heav'nly House above, our everlasting Home!

Here, with the family and friends of Jesus, late below,
We shall surround the glorious Throne, his matchless praise to show;
We shall with holy emulation, each other we excel,
And our burden of our song will be—"He hath done all things well."

Home, &c.

How transient and unpleasant our stay below the skies!
Here ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,—fresh troubles will arise!
Which makes us quite impatient, to quit this house of clay,
And take our flight, with dove-like wings, to realms of cloudless-day.

Home, &c.

For this is not our place of rest, there's no remaining here!
While absent from our Father's House, we shed the briny tear;
And longing with intense desire, our freedom to obtain,
We chide the lagging wheels of Time, that we the prize may gain.

Home, &c.

When plac'd on our *Redeemer's* Throne, we wear a starry crown,
And on our pilgrimage below, with wonder we look down!
Thinking at what a distance once, from Him we liv'd estrang'd!
We shall rejoice with ecstasy, to find our lot is chang'd.

Home! sweet Home!

We're now brought to our Father's House, and never more shall roam.

*Composed and Sold by J. MANN, 36, Commercial Road, London,
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THE END.

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