

Scenes in Pioneer Methodism

BY ANNIE MARIA BARNES
("Cousin Annie"),
Author of *Some Lowly Liven*," *Like of David Livingstone*," etc.

Carefully Edified and Illustrated

*"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a-human sea." Whittier*

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To my mother,

AND THE MEMORY OF MY GRANDMOTHER,

ANNIE MARIA NEVILLE-

THE ONE FOR NEARLY AND THE OTHER FOR UPWARD OF HALF A

CENTURY LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF

THE FAITH KNOWN -AS METHODISM

THIS LITTLE VOLUME, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS AND THE HEROISM

OF ITS EARLY FOUNDERS,

Is Lovingly Inscribed by

THE AUTHOR

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EXPLANATORY

In outlining the plan for the present work, "Scenes in Pioneer Methodism," the Sunday-school Editor wrote: "Use the word 'pioneer' only as equivalent to beginning, or early days." The author had barely entered upon her task when the wisdom of this restriction became forcibly apparent. Had an attempt been made to give more than this, the work would have grown to such an extent as to weary instead of please. Hence the absence from its pages of many of those stirring and pathetic scenes of later pioneer Methodism—especially in this country—and the entire passing over of numerous grand old itinerant heroes whose intrepid deeds are like rugged gems in the crown of Methodism. How could even the hundredth part of these things be told within the limits here prescribed?

The work is therefore simply what the table of contents indicates: A record of such scenes and incidents as illustrate the history of Methodism in its introduction, or *beginning-first* in England, then in Wales, Ireland, Scotland, the West Indies, India, Africa, and in America; or what would more properly be a period extending from the organization of the first Methodist Society in England, in 1739, to about the beginning of the present century.

The utmost accuracy of detail has been aimed at, in every instance; but at the same time a legitimate draft has been drawn upon an author's natural right to "dress up" the material and to present it in as pleasing a shape as possible.

Scores of volumes touching upon the subject have been diligently searched, and the best of their contents appropriated, but the writer wishes especially to acknowledge her indebtedness to

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"The Story of Methodism," by Dr. Hyde, and to the Rev. Daniel Wise's "American Methodists."

It is doubtless unnecessary to add that the object has been to awaken in the minds of the young people of our Church a noble enthusiasm for the deeds of those heroic spirits who through untold weariness and woe, toil and suffering, laid the foundations of the great spiritual house of Methodism, and through whose labor and sacrifices we, their descendants, have come into the goodly and gracious heritage that we enjoy to-day.

A. M. B.

Duluth, Ga.

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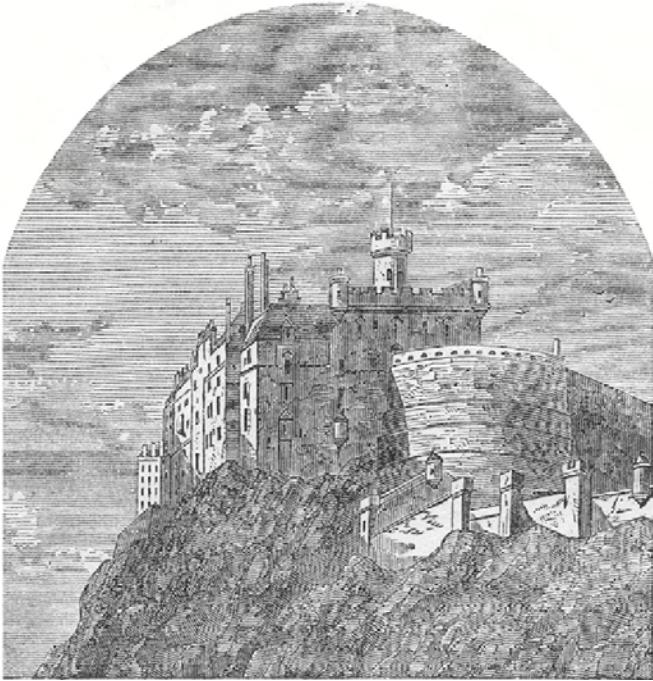
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IN SCOTLAND

SOWING THE SEED

THE first of the Methodist evangelists to penetrate into rugged Scotland was George Whitefield. This was in the summer of 1741, some three or four months after his return from America.

The state of religion-that is, of pure, heart-felt religion-in the country at this time was truly depressing. The fearless preaching of Knox, and the truths he proclaimed, had almost become as a dream or as a "tale that is told." Faithless, indeed, had these sturdy Highlanders proved to the covenant of their fathers. The churches still remained, it is true, and the clergymen; but the state of the one was coldness, barrenness, and decay; of the other, indifference. Cold, formal addresses had long since taken the place of earnest and impassioned exhortation. And though a few "faithful witnesses for God" yet remained in Scotland - notably among them the brothers Erskine in the Secession Church-still, by far the greater number of the people knew not God; or, knowing him by name only, they were "strangers to the life-giving influence and power of the gospel." But a better clay was already beginning to dawn.

On Whitefield's arrival, in 1741, he found that much effort to reform this deplorable condition of

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affairs had been made by one of the few faithful ministers that yet remained, the Rev. Mr. McCulloch. For nearly a year this excellent man had been pleading with his people for a purer and deeper state of religion. Soon his preaching attracted such crowds that his church would not hold them, and he was now preaching in a grove on the grounds. Mr. McCulloch not unfrequently after his sermons gave his hearers the wonderful accounts of Whitefield's astonishing success both in England and America. So, when the announcement was made that he was coming over to preach to them, their curiosity to see and hear a man of such extraordinary gifts was unbounded and irrepressible.

Whitefield reached Edinburgh on July 30, 1741. He proceeded at once to the home of the brothers Erskine, at Dunfermline, where, in their meetinghouse, he preached his first sermon in Scotland. The throng was so great that many were turned away unable to gain an entrance. "After I had done my prayers and named my text," says Whitefield, "the rustling made by opening the Bibles all at once quite surprised me—a scene I never was witness to before." Coming so unexpectedly, it disconcerted him no little to have so many eyes following with him the words as he read; but he soon became used to it.

The next day in Edinburgh he preached in the orphan-house to a large assembly. His text was, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." A visible impression was made. At the close many

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crowded around him to thank and encourage him, among them a number of the nobility. A prominent Quaker, taking him by the hand, said: "Friend George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the ever-loving God; and therefore if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown."

On the next Sabbath evening he preached in the same place to upward of fifteen thousand people, and in that and other places throughout the entire week to congregations of like proportions. Everywhere great power attended this preaching. Many of the most coldly inclined persons in his audiences were brought under conviction. A week later the scenes that took place, especially in Edinburgh, "would have made your heart leap for joy," so Whitefield writes to a friend. In addition to those converted there was in that city alone upward of three hundred "seeking after Jesus." Every morning he held "a constant levee of wounded souls." Others, again, were "quite slain by the law." Little children were also "much wrought upon." His congregations continued to consist of many thousands. Never had he seen so many Bibles, and people looking into them with such rapt attention while he was expounding. The emotions of his hearers appeared in various ways: some fell forward upon their faces, crying out in their soul's agony; others seemed struck dumb by the knowledge of the overwhelming love of Christ.

In this way Whitefield continued to preach extensively over Scotland. Wherever the seed was sown

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many gracious sheaves sprung up to bless the sower. Early in September he reached Glasgow. On the eleventh of that month he preached his first sermon in the High Church-yard. For five days in succession he continued these exhortations twice a day. Crowds flocked to hear him. So great was the crush, even in the open air, that many women and children fainted. Deeply impressive were the scenes witnessed morning and evening in this church-yard, paved as it was with the tombs of the dead and crowded with living worshipers, weeping and trembling under the power of the word.

So vivid was the impression of Whitefield's preaching, even upon those whom his winged shafts did not always pierce with conviction-so great his power of completely enchaining the attention of the listener that he could bear them along with him to the exclusion of every thing else. Two incidents in illustration of this point took place at that time in Scotland.

A gentleman returning from one of Whitefield's discourses met on his way home the clergyman to whom he was in the habit of listening each Sunday. The clergyman expressed great surprise that the gentleman should go to hear such a preacher as Whitefield when there were other and better ones nearer home. Disgusted at the conceit of the remark, as well as speaking from the force of truth, the gentleman at once replied: "Sir, when I hear you, I am planting trees all the time, but during the whole of Mr. Whitefield's sermon I could not find time to plant one."

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A similar incident was related of a ship-builder. Being twitted by his clergyman for going to hear Whitefield, he sturdily replied: "During your sermon I can usually build a ship from stem to stern, but under Mr. Whitefield I cannot lay a single plank." On his second visit to Scotland, in 1742, Whitefield's heart was again made glad by finding that the good work continued, that the seed so patiently sown had multiplied even beyond his expectations. Arriving at Cambuslang, he preached no less than three times on the day of his coming, forgetful of his wearied condition and that he had preached that same morning in Glasgow. His last sermon of the day was preached from nine in the evening until eleven, and resumed again at one o'clock in the morning, while the fields "resounded all night with prayer and praise." Sinners fell on every side like soldiers in battle that are mown down by a storm of shot and shell. One could scarcely walk a yard without treading upon some prostrate form beseeching God for mercy, or others lying exhausted from efforts in shouting for joy over sins forgiven.

Previous to leaving Cambuslang the holy communion had been received by upward of twenty thousand communicants. Hardly before or since has there been such a scene in Methodism. It took twenty clergymen all day to administer the sacred elements, while outside the sacrament-tents other men of God preached to the penitents who still mourned and sought comfort for their sins. At night the scene was indescribably thrilling as Whitefield exhorted

the vast crowd for an hour and a half with burning eloquence. In the morning he spoke again to fully thirty thousand people. Many were bathed in tears, and others wrung their hands in a voiceless despair cried out with piercing screams over the picture a bleeding and agonized Savior. Such a universal spreading of God's power had rarely been witnessed before.

Whitefield continued to lift up his voice in many places throughout Scotland besides Cambuslang and Glasgow. Sometimes he was coldly received, then sternly withstood, but he kept on his way, preaching from two to seven times a day in many a kirk where s reception had been of the most chilling kind. He went away at times with the remembrance hang about him as an oppressing cloud; again his labors were graciously blessed, and warm and grateful as the heart he carried in his bosom.

Whitefield visited Scotland no less than fourteen times, the visits extending over a period of twenty-seven years; but although his preaching continued be attended with good results, and the gospel seed sown flourished with healthful vigor, still no such extensive awakenings greeted him as on his first and second visits.

WESLEY IN SCOTLAND

Although Whitefield passed through Scotland ch a flame of revival, yet Methodism itself could not be said to have made much headway; for while the whole country from Duncansby Head to Solway

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Frith felt the spiritual force of Methodism, still there were never many Methodists by name in Scotland. The most of the rugged old Highlanders stood firmly by their rigid Presbyterian faith.

The first Methodist societies in Scotland were those formed at Dunbar and Musselburgh by soldiers of the king's army who had been converted through the efforts of the brave companions-in-arms -Haime, Evans, Bond, and others, earnest Methodist lay preachers who had been impressed into the army in England. Whitefield had also formed in Edinburgh, three years after the battle of Fontenoy, a society of the worn and scarred veterans who had survived that bloody contest.

When Wesley himself visited Scotland twelve years later, he found these societies still in a prosperous condition. Indeed, the invitation to visit the country and help push on the good work had come from a military officer, a member of one of these societies, who was in quarters at Musselburgh.

In 1751, when Wesley expressed his intention of going to Scotland, in response to the urgent call that had been made, Whitefield tried to dissuade him. Already the state of religious awakening which first greeted Whitefield had undergone such a transformation that well he knew this liberal and freegrace-preaching Methodism would stand little, if any, showing with these stern Calvinists and their rigid election faith. "They will leave you nothing to do but to dispute from morning to night," he said to Wesley. But Wesley was firm, declaring that he

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would go and avoid all controversy, sticking closely to the truths of Christianity and the free salvation he went to proclaim. His first sermon at Musselburgh showed the power and force that lay in the man. Although at first his congregation stood as cold and unmoved as statues, gazing with a respectful attention that fell as a shower of cold water upon his Methodistic ardor, nevertheless, as he himself modestly tells us, "the prejudices that the devil had been years in planting were plucked up in an hour. "There were no thrilling scenes, no melting into tears, no falling prostrate upon the ground and crying aloud to God, such as had taken place under the stirring power of Whitefield's eloquent preaching; but, instead, the calm, clear force of a reasoning that made its way to the mind as well as to the heart. They heard him and were convinced of many errors, and desired to hear more of what he had to say. He was therefore called upon by a bailiff of the town and an elder of the kirk with the request that he would remain longer with them and explain still further the doctrines he believed. They even proposed to fit up a larger building for him.

Though as yet no scenes had occurred to fire his zeal, still this of itself was sufficient to awaken in Wesley's heart the most earnest thanksgiving to God. It was the source of much regret to him that he could not remain as requested, but his engagements were such that he was obliged to return within the week to England. But he left behind him Christopher Hopper, one of the most earnest of his lay preachers, who

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had accompanied him over. Much good was done by Hopper, not only in Wusselburgh, but also in several of the other towns. "God greatly blessed his word," wrote Hopper, "and raised up witnesses that he had sent us to the North Britons also."

Two years later, in 1753, Wesley again visited Scotland. His first sermon on this occasion was preached just outside the city of Glasgow. But the hour being early and the, weather unfavorable, his congregation was exceedingly small. In the afternoon, however, he managed to secure a tent, and preached under it to "six times as many" as in the morning, while the word, as he tells us, was "in power."

The next day it rained very hard; and though his courage was equal to encountering it, he knew well enough that that of his congregation would not be, especially as their ardor had been but little aroused. While he was yet in a great dilemma concerning the matter, the pastor of one of the kirks—a good man by the name of Gillies—came to his help by braving public opinion and opening his church to Wesley. The latter accepted it with much gratitude, and preached to a large and earnestly attentive audience. His next congregation had so increased that he was compelled to take them into the open air. On the following Sabbath there were more than a thousand people to hear him. A shower of rain came on, but they stood in unbroken ranks through it all. When he preached his last sermon in Glasgow his audience was so large that it covered the great meadow from end to end. Although few scenes of

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religious fervor were witnessed, Wesley's heart was greatly cheered by the attention given him. Several quiet and genuine conversions took place, and these led Wesley to believe that Methodism might yet find a permanent growth in Scotland. But he some, times felt that he would hail with relief the usual stimulus of a riot: it would at least be a change from this uniform polite indifference with which he was so constantly greeted. These fiery outbursts of mob violence caused him to hope for much in the reaction of the excitable temperaments that gave birth to them.

But these Scotchmen did not persecute him; they did not even follow him. They seemed to know every thing, and yet feel nothing. In short, it soon became to him a problem as to "why the hand of the Lord, who does nothing without a cause, was almost entirely stayed in Scotland." But he did not despair. Even under all these difficulties a few beams of the light had been kindled, and were now beginning to creep forth.

Four years later Wesley was again in Scotland, and at Glasgow he was once more kindly greeted by the Rev. Mr. Gillies and allowed the use of his kirk. Though his congregations soon grew too large for the church-building, and had to be adjourned to the open air, they were still impassive and to all appearance, with but one or two exceptions, unimpressed.

At the poor-house a tent was placed for him in the yard. Here he stood preaching while those of the

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inmates who were strong enough crowded about him. In front of him was the infirmary, its windows filled with the sick, and near at hand the lunatic hospital, its inmates reverently listening despite the vacant expression upon some of their faces. To all of these poor and afflicted souls he preached earnestly of the Great Physician so willing and ready to heal. Here also he did what perhaps had never been done before by a Methodist preacher in Scotland: he baptized several children.

He visited many parts of the kingdom, preaching in both town and country, his congregations still on the increase. Sometimes the audiences were so large that it was impossible to make his words heard even by one-half of them. Notwithstanding these immense gatherings and the interest displayed, very little good effect seemed to follow upon his preaching. But at Dunbar and Musselburgh, where the soldier societies had been formed, the results were different. These heroes of Fontenoy had accomplished a glorious work, and wherever outsiders had joined them, so earnestly and faithfully had they been taught, Wesley found that "the national shyness and stubbornness were gone, and they were as open and teachable as little children."

When we compare the result of Wesley's preaching in Scotland with that of Whitefield, it seems incredible that their hearers could have been one and the same people. Under the clear, forcible discourse of the former, they stood attentive but unimpressed; under the burning eloquence of the latter, they wept

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aloud or fell like dead men on every side. But the pulpit style of Whitefield, so different from Wesley's, doubtless had not so much to do with this after all as something else which lay deeper and took a firm hold-upon these creed-loving Scotchmen. Whitefield was an ardent Calvinist, and thus the doctrine he sought to formulate toned in far more readily with their own than did that of Wesley. Because of this same election by divine grace, which had been the old faith of their fathers, they were willing to give their feelings free rein and follow blindly after Whitefield; whereas at Wesley's broader attacks they at once threw themselves upon the defensive, and allowed suspicion and distrust to hold in check all warmer impulses.

But soon was coming one through whose efforts Methodism, especially in Glasgow, was to take firm root, and from which grew a vigorous and far-spreading tree that continues to this day.

THE SINNER IN THE TREE

During Whitefield's first visit to Scotland, in the summer of 1741, one of his favorite places of preaching was in a large field near the city of Edinburgh. He usually took his stand beneath a venerable tree, whose giant branches afforded him shelter from the sun. On one occasion, as he was preaching here to a large and deeply interested audience, a poor, foolish man, thinking to make fun for himself and others, climbed up into the tree and established himself directly above the preacher's head. There he en-

deavored with all sorts of monkey-like gestures and grimaces to imitate Whitefield. The latter had not proceeded far with his discourse when he became aware that something of an unusual nature was taking place. Guided by the glances of his audience, he soon caught a glimpse of the silly clown in the tree without appearing to do so. It was not his plan to seem aware of his presence just at that time. His ready wit had shown him how at the proper point he might take advantage even of this ridiculous incident to turn it not only to his own account, but perhaps to the eternal good of the poor foolish man who thus made such a figure of himself.

The subject Whitefield was illustrating was the mighty power of divine grace-of how God had often chosen some of the most unlikely objects for the manifestation of his omnipotence. The gifted preacher went on and on with his inspiring theme, rising to some of the grandest heights of eloquence, and bearing his congregation along with him, till soon as one man, with parted lips and suspended breath, they hung upon his words. Even the poor creature in the tree had forgotten for the last moment or so to make his silly grimaces. Suddenly at the very climax of Whitefield's sweeping eloquence he paused, and, slowly turning around, extended his arm toward the man clinging to the limbs of the tree above his head, then exclaimed in a voice that fell upon every ear with an indescribable thrill: "Even he, that mimicking creature yonder, may yet be made the subject of God's free and resistless grace!"

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The bolt struck home. As an arrow winged by the hand of Divine Retribution it had pierced the sinner's heart. Crying aloud for mercy, he fell to the ground at Whitefield's feet; nor did he rise again till the pitying hand of the Great Physician had healed his wound.

"THE DOOR WAS SHUT"

Whitefield once preached at Glasgow from the text, "The door was shut." He had the unusual brood fortune of securing a church-building, and a largo and fashionable audience had assembled to hear him. In this congregation was a highly respectable lady, who, unable to get a seat nearer the pulpit, was forced to sit not far from the door. Just in front of her she observed two light-headed and flashily dressed young men who were mocking the gestures and expressions of the preacher and ridiculing his most solemn appeals. On Whitefield's repeating his text the lady overheard one of these young men say to the other in a low tone: "Well, what if the door be shut? another will open." In a few moments, much to the surprise of the lady, Whitefield answered this remark as if he had heard every word, which could not be possible at his distance from the young men. He had doubtless caught the meaning of the question from their manner and the expression of their faces, for no man was more skilled in divining the operations of the human heart than Mr. Whitefield. Often he seemed to read the innermost thoughts and feelings

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of his hearers. In the midst of his sermon Whitefield suddenly paused, and, fixing his flaming eyes upon the two ill-behaved young men, said in a voice that penetrated to the farthest corners of the room: "It is possible there may be some careless, trifling person here to-day, who may ward off the force of this impressive subject by lightly thinking, 'What matter if the door be shut? another will open.'" The two young men were paralyzed. How could he have heard them? Whitefield continued: "Yes, another door will open; and I will tell you what door it will be: it will be the door of the bottomless pit, the door of hell!-the door which conceals from the eyes of angels the horrors of damnation!"

A thrill ran through the large audience-women screamed, men bowed their heads and groaned aloud. The two offenders uttered not a sound, but, unable to endure the fire of those flaming eyes, dropped their heads upon their hands, trembling in every limb. A horror unutterable seized them, and from it no relief came until days afterward, when as humble, conscience-stricken penitents they presented themselves at the altar for pardon and prayer, and felt the weight of their sins drop away.

AN EXECUTION AND A SERMON

While in Edinburgh, on his first visit to Scotland, Whitefield heard of a man who was to be executed in a field near the city. Following a motive of his own, and which was afterward explained, Whitefield

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became one of the spectators of the terrible scene. His appearance, however, was much commented upon; for by this time He was well known throughout the city, and various were the conjectures as to the object which had led him to mingle with the crowd surrounding the gallows.

The next day being Sunday, he preached to a vast assembly gathered in one of the fields not far from the place of the execution. In his sermon he referred to the awful scene of the preceding day, and thus spoke to the multitude: "I know that many of you may find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my clerical character. Many of you, I know, will say that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that perhaps curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. I went as an observer of human nature, and to see the effect that such an occurrence would have on those who witnessed it. I watched the conduct of those who were present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased with their demeanor, which has given me a very favorable opinion of the Scotch nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes upon this world forever. Then you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held

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in remembrance. How different it was when the Savior of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews instead of sympathizing in his sorrows triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink. Not one of all who witnessed his pains turned his head aside, even in the last pangs. Yes, my friends, there was one: that glorious luminary [pointing to the sun] veiled his brightness, and traveled on his course in tenfold night."

This scene caused Whitefield to hope much from the sympathetic Scotch temperament.

THOMAS TAYLOR AND HIS ITINERARY

In 1765 a new champion from the Methodist ranks entered Scotland. This was Thomas Taylor, who for the past four years had been regularly connected with Wesley's conference.

Taylor was a Yorkshire man, and like bold John Nelson had a lion's heart and a hero's soul. His parents dying in his infancy, he had passed a neglected and turbulent youth. Even at the tender period of childhood he was hardened in all manner of wickedness. He could swear like the most abandoned rough, nor did he "stick at lying." In after years, speaking of this period of his life, he said: "that I could write it in tears of blood!" As he grew older his vicious tendencies became stronger. He plunged into every conceivable vice, his mouth

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being ever "fraught with oaths, lies, and deceit." He became an adept at gambling, and having little money set out to win his living in this manner. In the language of one of his biographers, "he was one of those reckless cases of early vice which Methodism alone at that clay seemed adapted to reach."

In his seventeenth year he heard Whitefield preach. The trumpet voice smote his conscience with "an amazing power." He made the best of resolutions for a new life only to break them, since he had trusted in his own strength alone. Unable to endure his wretchedness, he sought relief by attempting to enlist in the army; but fortunately for his own soul's good, and that of scorns of others he was to bring to Christ, he proved a half inch too short for the regular standard.

Not long afterward he heard another burning sermon, this time from a zealous Independent preacher, which vigorously revived within his heart the impression Whitefield had left. While still under conviction he met a Methodist lay preacher, heard him preach, and, seeking diligently in the way pointed out, was soundly converted.

Previous to his arrival in Scotland, Taylor had known hardy itinerant service in England, Ireland, and Wales. In Yorkshire he had been in some of the stormiest of the scenes. For two years he had traveled through the cold, bleak mountains of Wales, enduring the most terrible hardships from hunger and exposure-often set upon by lawless bands, and bearing away with him from many such encounters a

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bruised body or a bleeding head. In 1763 he had been sent to Ireland, where, boldly attacking the corrupt doctrine of the Papists, he frequently came near losing his life, saving it each time by what seemed barely less than a miracle. He did for a time lose both his speech and hearing from sickness brought on through exposure.

Two years later we find him in Scotland, sent by Wesley to plant the Methodist standard on the frowning battlements of Glasgow. It seemed a herculean task, and in many respects well-nigh hopeless-none knowing this better than Wesley himself. But Taylor's work in other places-that bred-in-the-bone patience and persistence which seemed so strong a part of him, and which had often gained him the victory where those preceding him had failed-led Wesley to hope that the stony crust of Scotch indifference might yet be penetrated through his efforts. The sequel shows how well he judged the man.

The circumstances under which Taylor first pushed his way into Scotland would have dismayed any heart less courageous. The winter was approaching. He was in a strange land, among a cold, inhospitable people-a people who opposed an iron front of prejudice against the doctrines he came to preach. There was no society, no place for the preacher's entertainment, not even a place to preach in, and in all the city not one friend to whom he could go in appeal or for consultation. He took a private lodging, scarcely knowing how to pay for it when the time came, but trusting God through. all.

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His first attempt at preaching was even more disheartening than his reception in the city had been. Giving out that he would preach the next day on the Green, a public resort near the city, he went at the specified time to keep his appointment. He carried a small table to serve as a pulpit. He found only two old women and two baker's boys awaiting him. His soul sunk. Was this the congregation he had traveled nearly six hundred miles over land and sea to meet? But hope revived. Doubtless other hearers would drop in after awhile. He waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes-still no one came. At length, determined to proclaim the tidings even to this handful of listeners, he mounted the table and began to sing. The sound of his voice attracted other hearers, and one by one they began to make their way toward him, each seemingly from the poorest walks of life, until finally he had about two hundred around him.

He went again the following night, and this time had a more promising congregation. The third night a violent storm of rain and wind came up, so that he could not keep his appointment. This quite cast him down, especially as he had noted at the last meeting many little encouraging signs. "The enemy," he says, "assaulted me sorely, so that I was ready to cry out, 'It is better for me to die than to live!' But Cod pitied my weakness."

The next day the rain-clouds were driven away and the sun shone forth in a clear sky. With a buoyant heart he took the field again, and bravely held it every day, and sometimes twice a day, for three months.

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His congregations continued to increase, until soon it was difficult to reach them with his voice.

At one meeting the crowd was so large that he could not command a view of it from his low table. He placed a chair upon it which still did not give him the advantage he desired. Seeing a high stone wall near at hand, he ascended it and from its top cried to the surging multitude: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the (lead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live!" He came down from the wall with a heart filled with many struggling hopes and emotions for the result of this appeal, as he had noticed how the assembly stood rapt in "unusual silence and attention." But alas! as he sought to make his way out through the sea of hearers, he was astonished and grieved to see them quietly open and form a lane for him to pass through, at the same time coldly staring at him. Not an eye flashed upon him with the least interest or sympathy; not a lip moved to ask him, a stranger among strangers: "Where dwellest thou? Hast thou lodging or food for to-night?"

"I walked home," he says, "much dejected." It was such a reception as fell with the chill of cold water upon his ardent Yorkshire temperament. Not even his resolute endurance was equal to this Scotch apathy—a thousand times more trying than the persecution of the fiercest mob. But later he came more clearly to understand it, and was given renewed energy to grapple with it. The Scotchman's religion he found was in his creed—"the old rigid tenets of

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the league and covenant "-and his heart fastened about this with the fixity of flint, and he was utterly unable to accept any other that had within it so little of doctrine, so much of action. "God selected you and set you apart from the foundation of the world, either to receive eternal life through his sovereign grace, or to endure the pangs of the lost according solely as he wills"-so said their Calvinistic precept. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"-thus spoke the Saviour whom the Methodist faith proclaimed. But under the fervent and patient preaching of a man so truly consecrated, so earnestly determined as Taylor, even the stony barrier of this rigid Scotch creed was to be broken in many places.

An incident that happened about this time shows how hard set the Scotch nature really was against the broader and more liberal doctrine of universal salvation. A Scotchman was condemned for murder. Taylor heard of it, and went to see him. He continued his visits daily, talking with him earnestly in regard to his soul's condition, and praying fervently for his pardon from sin. On the day of the execution Taylor attended him to the gallows, where, in accordance with a barbarous custom then in vogue, the right-hand of the criminal was chopped off with an ax and affixed to the scaffold in front of him. Although his heart was chilled at this terrible sight, Taylor kept his place at the condemned man's side, comforting and encouraging him. After his death Taylor spoke publicly of the case, declaring that the

criminal had died truly penitent, and that he did not doubt that God for Christ's sake had pardoned his sins. The Church people were outraged and indignant, and thereupon so great a cry was raised that it seemed at first they would literally force Taylor away from the city. "It is amazing," he says, "what a cry was raised against me for saying God had mercy on such a sinner." Nor did the matter end here. Scurrilous articles were printed against him. Everywhere upon the streets the papers containing them were cried for sale. One overzealous Scot even began the publication of a weekly paper, the sole purpose of which was to continue this subject.

His case, he says, was now of the most deplorable kind, for he not only had famine within doors but "plenty of reproach without." He had to practice the most rigid economy to save himself from extreme want. To pay for his lodgings he was compelled to sell his horse; but even in the midst of his own great need-so responsive did his heart beat to another's woe-he shared the proceeds with a poor brother preacher, who, in passing through Glasgow on his way to Ireland, had crippled his own horse so badly that he was unfit to be ridden, and he had not the means to bear him forward on his journey. Ah, this mystic tie of Methodist clerical brotherhood! Where else, since the world began, has been shown grander examples of self-sacrifice and heroism?

Never in all his life had poor Taylor kept so many *genuine fast days*. Once for three days in succession he had not a morsel to eat. And yet it was important,

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though seemingly impossible, to keep up his credit. That once gone, he knew there would no longer be a foot-hold for him in the whole city. To save his credit he adopted all sorts of heroic expedients. we say heroic, for none but a hero could have gone through the trial as he did. He would frequently go out at meal-time, requesting his landlady not to prepare his humble repast. As he dressed himself with scrupulous care on these occasions, she thought he had gone to cline or sup elsewhere, when in reality he had only gone out to walk about until the meal-time had passed, afterward to "return to his room with a hungry stomach."

As sore as were these trials, they seemed even more so in that they were hopelessly endured. For the Master's sake he would have been glad to bear these and more, but when after this heroic endurance, these pitiful self-sacrifices, he seemed to make no headway in the preaching of the word, faint indeed grew his heart. But not yet would he give up. He would again go forth to battle, newly girded for the fray. So, braving the trials by which he was surrounded, the coldness that greeted him on every side, he continued to preach in the streets night and morning until the severe winter weather rendered it impossible. And now, for the first time since his coming to Scotland, the Master seemed to bless the efforts of his heroic servant. Under this faithful system of street preaching many sound conversions occurred. A little society was formed; and by the time that the weather had become too inclement for outdoor

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preaching, a room was secured and fitted up with seats and a pulpit. Happy indeed was the heart of Taylor now! Every morning, though still poorly lodged and scantily clothed, he rose with a song of rejoicing on his lips, and at night went to bed with a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart. One by one the members of the little society increased; shoot by shoot the precious seeds of the patient planting began to spring up; friends surrounded him on all sides, and Methodism seemed at last to have come into Glasgow, and to stay. It is there now, a hardy if not a very vigorous plant.

It is a curious fact that not until the society had reached forty or fifty members did any one think to ask the worn and shabby preacher where he lodged and how he fared. They seemed sincerely affected when they learned how it really was with him, and thenceforth liberally supplied his wants. He continued to "labor mightily" with them through the winter, and in the spring left them with seventy members. He went elsewhere in Scotland, he formed more societies, other itinerants were sent out to help him-Alex McNab, Duncan Wright, and others until Methodism became a quickening power throughout Scotland.



THOMAS COKE

IN HEATHEN LANDS

THE FIRST WEST INDIAN MISSION

NATHANIEL GILBERT, a rich West Indian planter, visited England in 1760 in search of health. Soon after arriving at his country-seat, near Wandsworth, he heard John Wesley preach-the first Methodist sermon to which he had ever listened. He was so impressed with the soundness and force of the new doctrine that he invited Wesley to preach in his house. On this occasion, besides the family, a number of slaves were present-among them three who seemed unusually impressed. Wesley was forcibly struck with the earnestness of their attention and the intelligence with which they received his words. The whole scene stamped itself indelibly upon his heart. " Shall not His saving grace be made known to all nations?" The thought took deep root, and caused him to direct his efforts more especially to the slaves. He was well repaid. The shaft entered their souls too deeply to be removed. They trembled, wept, and besought his prayers. A few days later he was sent for to baptize two of the Negroes, both females, who thus became the first African professors of Christianity in the world.

Shortly afterward Mr. Gilbert was himself converted to Methodism, and went back to his estate in

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Antigua aglow with the zeal which the grand old Mother Doctrine so infallibly enkindles in the hearts of her children. He was an educated man and a great man in his island, for he had been governor, and was now speaker of the House of Assembly. But better still than greatness, he had a firmness and devotion of character that gave him the will and found the way to do what very few men in his position would have done. It put into his heart the determination to preach to his slaves-to throw the light about their darkened path, let it cost him what it would. He was a proud man, a ruler in society, the owner of many slaves, but he counted the sacrifice of his pride as nothing in the light of the new duty before him. So, with the help of the two slaves already converted he began earnestly to lead the others into the light.

At first he opened his own mansion for weekly religious services, which he conducted after the manner of a class-leader; but later on he fixed up a detached room as a regular chapel, fitting it with pulpit and seats. By this time many conversions had taken place, so that when the room was ready for occupancy there were some fifteen or twenty members ready to be formed into a society. To this society Gilbert became the first pastor, for he had so far overcome certain doubts and misgivings as to take upon himself the work. The room fitted up and the society organized, lo! Methodism in this far-away heathen land had become a blessed reality.

But persecution arose, as it had arisen elsewhere.

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Gilbert was branded through the island as a mad man. Society at once denounced him and turned her back upon him. Friends gave him the cold shoulder. Enemies did their best to bring calamities upon him. But he was a brave man. So long as he felt the approval of his Divine Master he cared naught for the dislike of men; and despite cold shoulders, biting words, and even persecution, he kept fearlessly up to his duty. His heart was thrilled and his soul constantly upheld by the scenes enacted around him, as one by one these poor benighted blacks came out of the chill and gloom of spiritual bondage into the glow of the gospel light.

Soon his society numbered two hundred, only a few of whom were white, and those mostly of Gilbert's own family. He was the only one there was to preach to them, but with true missionary zeal he seemed never to grow weary of his task. For years he toiled on, tireless and alone, then went home to his reward, leaving his little flock pastorless and well-nigh inconsolable. But the light was not to go out-the infant church, the first of its faith in that distant isle, was not to become merely as a name that had been spoken. The two pious Negro women, who had been converted by Wesley in England, now took up the work as best they could. They could not preach, but they could hold class and prayer meetings; and this they did with all the ardor of their faith-not once a week, nor twice, but regularly every evening.

In 1778, John Baxter, a London mechanic, seeking

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a less crowded field for employment, went to the West Indies and to Antigua. Baxter was an ardent Methodist, and seeing the needs of the struggling society of earnest blacks, it needed no second solicitation to induce him to place himself at their head. He went to work with a trust and a devotion that would have removed mountains had they stood in his way. So great was his success that five years later he was enabled, entirely through the contributions of slaves, to erect a neat and commodious chapel-the first Methodist Church in the West India Islands.

THE LIGHT GROWS

The year after Wesley's death (1792), Thomas Coke-the brave missionary bishop, of whom we shall hear more after awhile-going on his fifth voyage to America, took with him Daniel Graham as the first missionary to the West India Islands from the Wesleyan Societies. On the route they stopped at the island of St. Eustatius, then, as now, under control of the Dutch Government. Here the bishop came upon a distressing state of affairs. Through the efforts of Nathaniel Gilbert and some of his converted slaves the gospel light had spread into many of the islands, St. Eustatius among others. Coke was surprised and thrilled to find in St. Eustatius a society of many scores of black souls; but so fierce was the persecution that raged, so determined the attitude of the planters, that the class had to meet in secret, often at the peril of their lives. Missionaries

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had been positively forbidden the island, and threatened with the severest handling; but Coke and his companions fearlessly landed. He managed to meet with the society and to put renewed hope and courage into their hearts, promising to send them a pastor at no distant day.

At Dominica, British West Indies, he found a society of between a hundred and fifty and two hundred, but fast losing courage and strength for the want of a leader. Coke had them assembled and addressed them in cheering words, although by so doing he put his life in jeopardy. The scene brought the hot tears raining from his eyes, as amidst the waving palms and lignum-vitæ of the grove where he had gathered them these stricken black souls prostrated themselves before him, crying aloud for help. He comforted them as best he could, and left with the same promise that he had made at St. Eustatius. Both promises were faithfully kept.

Going to St. Vincent's, they found that Lumb, a bold preacher who had made his way there in spite of every threat, had been arrested and thrown into prison. With the courage of a martyr and the soul of a hero, he continued to preach to the "weeping Degrees" even through the grated windows of his cell. It was a touching scene, but many hardened hearts looked upon it unmoved.

The severest rules against preaching had been formed in the island. For the first attempt the penalty was "fine and imprisonment," for the second "flogging or banishment," and for the third, "*death.*"

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Yet, while working under the very shadow of death, the heroic Lumb had pressed on his way so steadily that now fully "a thousand slaves were stretching out their hands unto God." They stood in the streets about his window, and cried unto him as unto a savior. Hundreds of them lost their lives in pressing on after the truth. They had neither the tact nor the will to hide the true state of their awakening. Under the savage law of either killing the slaves or killing out the religion in them, many were beaten to death or more mercifully hanged.

Through the devotion of the noble Coke this savage law was at length annulled, but not before at least five hundred of these poor, miserable creatures had lost their lives at St. Vincent's alone. It is a terrible chapter-painful to write, painful to read-and one turns from it to the better things that follow with a feeling of intense relief.

Driven by unmanageable winds into Antigua, where he had not intended to land during this trip, Coke afterward looked upon it as a special dispensation of Providence, for there he found the zealous Baxter in the very midst of his successes and surrounded by a flourishing society. It put renewed hope into his heart. With Baxter's co-operation he was enabled to send missionaries into various isolated sections. Upon Baxter himself he laid his hands in ordination, and then sent him as an evangelist from island to island, preaching as he went, and thus preparing the ground for the good seed other sowers were to come after him to sow.

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Through the efforts of the Wesleyan societies in England the devotion of this good man, and the untiring zeal of his missionaries, the spiritual condition of these miserable beings-the West India Island slaves-began to improve. By 1797 there were twenty-two missionaries in the different islands. Law, order, and peace now prevailed throughout the various elements-a state of affairs that had never been known to exist there before. The slaves were new creatures-clean, happy, and docile. Even the unconverted ones seemed to have undergone a change. Many of the whites, too, had embraced Methodism, and the consequence was a far better understanding between master and slave. When the French invasion of the islands occurred the slaves showed what Methodism had done for them by standing up bravely in defence of the whites against the invaders. Especially was this the case in Jamaica. The Government, seeing this behavior and honestly recognizing its true cause, gratefully offered Cook's passage to any of the islands for every Methodist missionary who cared to go out. Verily, the light had grown until it penetrated even blinded eyes.

THROUGH FIERY TRIALS

Fierce persecutions and fiery trials again arose. The Legislature of Jamaica, traitorous to the debt they owed to Methodism and its zealous advocates, and bitterly jealous of the influence the people were gaining in the island, again made a cruel law against

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preaching to the slaves. This time it was more cruel and unjust than ever, since it made an exception of the ministers of the English and Scotch Churches. They were allowed to preach wherever and whenever they desired, but for the Methodist missionaries the fine was imprisonment for life, even for the first sermon. Stephenson, a brave missionary, who had just begun on the island the most promising work attempted for years, was arrested under this law and imprisoned until his health was ruined and his mind nearly wrecked. Others suffered more or less severely, for regardless of the penalty many bold spirits threw themselves impetuously into the work.

At last, through strong efforts, the English king was induced to do away with this harsh and inhuman law, and for a time there was great joy among the Methodist missionaries and the slaves they instructed. But seven years later the vindictive spirit of the home government again broke forth, and another law was made forbidding "any Methodist missionary or other sectary, to instruct slaves or to admit them to any meeting."

For ten years now the fiercest persecution raged, not only against missionaries who endeavored to do their duty in the face of the unjust law, but also against the negroes who still clung to their Methodistic faith. Many were beaten, others cruelly tortured, and some put to death. The chapels which the Methodists had erected were either nailed up or leveled to the ground, and their hymn-books and Bibles destroyed.

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But the king again canceled the unjust law, and once more Methodism was allowed to enter the West India Islands. It came now to stay. Never had there been a more glorious outflow. It seemed as a stream that, long confined, on breaking its banks swept all before it.

So greatly had the labors of these indefatigable workers been blessed that by 1815 it was estimated that they gained converts at the rate of a "thousand a year." Especially was this true of Jamaica, the very place where the cruel law originated and where it had been so rigidly enforced. "No region ever changed character so rapidly," says one of the records. And Methodism-glorious, indomitable, pushing Methodism-did it all. "It began at the bottom and brought the heathen to marriage, to neatness, to Sabbath observance, to Christian song and prayer." In short, it made an entirely new being of him, as though he had indeed been born again. "For more than seventy years," so reads the record, "from 1760 to 1834, no Methodist slave was ever guilty of incendiarism and rebellion." Soon there were no less than three hundred places for preaching on this island alone.

In Antigua, where Methodism in this heathen land had first appeared, it grew and flourished as that tree alone can grow and flourish which is nourished by the sunlight and watered by the clews of heaven. But the glorious work did not stop here. It pushed its way into the islands of other nations; it spread north, south, east, and west. It went into South

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America; and there, after the direst persecution ending in the demolition of the first chapel that had been built at Demarara, and in throwing the whole colony "into an uproar"-it unfolded its white banner of love, and with strengthful fingers brought forth from all these chords of tumult the glad harmony of progress and peace. Today some of the most flourishing missions of the M. E. Church, South, are in South America.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY BISHOP

When the persecution of the Methodists in England was at its height, the Rev. Thomas Coke, curate of the parish of South Petherton, Somersetshire, began to speak boldly for this new religion which purified men's souls and made them participants of their Maker's joys here on earth. The Church was shaken to its very center. Never had these good (?) people been so outraged! That they should be shown their duty by this stripling! It was too much! and they were not long in complaining to the rector. He, in turn, sharply admonished the rather too ardent curate.

But the ardor of this young advocate was not to be easily cooled. He continued to preach as he felt-a sort of preaching so unusual in that spiritually stagnant community that crowds of eager, interested outsiders flocked to hear him. Often the building would not hold the half of them. At his own expense he enlarged it by adding a gallery. Then lo! a great

change took place in the members of the church. Many of them heard and believed. It was not the people now who complained to the rector, but the rector to the people. The thing must be stopped, he declared. Finally he dismissed the curate, and when the intrepid young man again attempted to preach he stirred up a mob against him, and at length had him chimed out of the church.

With his zeal not one whit quenched, young Coke did what the true Methodistic fire had led other such bold spirits to do before him—he took to field-preaching. But let us learn something more of the life of this man, who in after years was to become "the father of the missions of the great Wesleyan Church," the "prince of modern missionaries," and the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

Thomas Coke was born the only child of wealthy parents, at Brecon, Wales, in 1747. We shall see how this "quick-kindling Welsh blood" became an enlivening vein in Methodism and awakened many a stagnant energy into warm life. His father was not only wealthy but a man of prominence, being mayor of the place. Young Coke had had every advantage for culture. At sixteen he entered Oxford, from whence he graduated with distinction. He was a remarkably handsome young man, with regular features, soft dark hair that clustered in curls about his shoulders, a complexion as fair and beautiful as a girl's, and large liquid brown eyes that could melt with tenderness or flash with spirit. Even up

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to the clay of his death, when the snows of many winters had whitened his once dark hair, the serene beauty and sweetness of Dr. Coke's face were remarked by all. When an old man, with Time's relentless finger-prints showing deeply upon his once smooth countenance, Dr. Coke passed several weeks at the home of the maternal great-grandfather of this writer, in Charleston, S. C.-in which home he wrote the most of two volumes of his now famous commentaries. He was the idol of every child and servant on the place, not so much for the kind, soft voice and gentle ways as for the serenely beautiful face that mirrored itself in their hearts as only the faces of the truly good can be mirrored. "Him face the face of a' angel, missus!" the children's nurse often said with a look in her eyes which plainly indicated that the tribute came from the depths of her heart.

Young Coke, as we have seen, took to street-preaching when dismissed from his church. He soon afterward showed the true manly grit that was in him by boldly taking his stand on the steps of the church to preach the farewell sermon he had been forbidden to deliver from its pulpit. It was one of the most stirring of all the scenes in Methodism; for though the young preacher had not yet formally united himself with the Methodists, still he was one at heart. Instigated by those who hated him, simply because they had injured him, rude men had gathered baskets of stones with which to pelt him. Many of these did fall about him, as well as a shower of rotten eggs and

other missiles, but God mercifully preserved him. He put it into the hearts of the young minister's friends to bravely stand by him. They declared that he should preach if they had to cover him with their bodies and fight the mob hand to hand. It was an impressive scene as Coke, surrounded by the scowling faces of defeated enemies, earnestly warned them to "flee from the wrath to come." He now entered upon a remarkable period - months spent in the arduous yet exciting task of field-preaching. What a picture was this! Here was a young man, wealthy, gifted, moving in the best circles, and with a brilliant career ready at his choice, yet leaving all, resolutely turning his back upon every earthly allurements, to become an humble itinerant of Methodism.

When Coke was twenty-nine years of age he met with Wesley. The great organizer of Methodism saw the promise and the power in this little ex-curate who had been dismissed from his church for boldly speaking out on the side of truth. There was a difference of forty-four years in their ages, yet they became the closest, the most confidential of friends. Coke was now thoroughly identified with Methodism. No man brought to the work a more unyielding faith, a more tireless energy than he. He was here, there, and everywhere. He seemed to have pinions, so quickly did he go from place to place. Once a year regularly he visited Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and the other countries where Methodism had become such a quickening power. Eighteen times he crossed the Atlantic, whose leaping waves seemed so fit an

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emblem of his untiring spirit. Like his predecessors in the Methodist itinerant ranks, he met with many indignities. He was pelted with sticks and stones, even bruised and beaten, and once he was nearly drowned with the slops from a fire-engine.

But that which has given to the name of Coke its true glory forever, to his memory an ever-enduring hold on the heart of Methodism, was his love for missions. It has been said of him that he was not only a missionary but "a whole missionary society in himself." He gave his prayers, his energy, his money, his all to the cause, and then wept because there was no more to give. In 1778, when the word "mission" first sprung into use it fell upon his ears as the call of the bugle sets aquiver every nerve in the steed chafing for battle. He now saw where the work lay, the work that God had specially for him to do. "The world is my parish!"-that had been Wesley's motto, the grand trumpet-call of Methodism, the true germ and spirit of Christian love of every purely missionary enterprise from that day to this. "O! " cried Coke from the depths of the heart where the pure missionary fire burned with the whirlwind's sweep, "I want the wings of an angel and the voice of a trumpet that I may proclaim the gospel through the east, the west, the north, the south!" God gave him the wings in the strength that seemed to be an ever-springing fount within, while his voice, made trumpet-like by the mighty force of his own zeal, *did* pierce the "locked darkness" of two continents, and swept on even to the distant isles of the sea.

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From that time onward there was no plan too great or too difficult for his mighty energy to undertake. When others held back irresolute, weakly predicting failure, he acted, and brought from the action the rich consummation of success. He not only gave almost his entire patrimony to the cause of missions, but he was constantly entreating others to give. Thousands of pounds thus found their way to the work through him. It is told of him that once he was at a certain sea-port, begging for missions. His manner and his words were such that it was almost impossible for any one to resist them. The captains of two vessels then lying in port chanced to meet. In the conversation that ensued one said to the other: "Did a man run to you this morning for money for what he called a mission?" "Yes," replied the other. "Ah, but he is a heavenly-minded little d-l," continued the first speaker; "he got my last penny."

His zeal for the cause, which glowed as a perpetual fire within his heart, led him at nearly seventy years of age to offer himself as a missionary to India. No such example of utter consecration, of sublime zeal, had ever had record since to a lost and sin-blinded world came One to die for all. "India cleaves to my heart," declared Coke with the tears streaming down his face. And truly the state of affairs there was enough to make it cleave to any man's heart in which the least spark of humanity remained.

Thirty years before Coke had begun to plan this mission to India in 1750, the great British soldier, Lord Clive, had opened to the eyes of civilization

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this wonderful heathen land, while to-day hundreds of Christian chapels dot its surface, and the name of God is breathed in fervent prayer from thousands of dusky lips. But then what a picture it presented, this land of spice-groves and perfumed breezes, where "every prospect" gave pleasure to the eyes and "only man was vile!" Heathenism in its most revolting form, that of Buddhism, reigned supreme. Millions of human souls sat in the horrors of darkness, and this darkness was intensified by the East India Company's persistent refusal to allow missionaries to enter the country.

For years Coke battled with these prejudices and these harsh, inhuman decrees, hoping to break them down. But one island remained free from this Company's control, that of "balmy Ceylon," the very island of which. the imperishable song above quoted from was written-Ceylon "the threshold of India." At sixty years of age Coke began to study the language, that he might go if others failed. When he offered himself to the Conference for work in India many objections were raised: first the question of his age, many regarding it as almost suicidal for a man of his years to attempt such a mission; and then the question as to means. It was utterly impossible at that time, they declared, for the body to undertake so expensive a work. But standing before them with the tears welling in his eyes, he announced it as his intention to furnish his own means even to the extent of thirty thousand pounds. Abashed and ashamed, they could say no more. What could be

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said, in the face of such sublime devotion as this? And not only did he offer to pay his own expenses, but those of six helpers.

On the last day of the year 1814 the good ship that bore these consecrated missionaries sailed from England. But alas! the author of this heroic movement was never to know its glorious consummation. Dying on the voyage, his body found a grave at the bottom of the ocean, "where pearls lie deep," while from out the crown of Methodism no gems shine with a more brilliant luster than the noble deeds of this peerless man who laid his all, even life itself, -upon the altar of missionary consecration. Although his great heart had ceased to beat, and the coral-beds of the Indian Ocean forever entombed from the sight of men the tireless frame that had at last found the silence of Death's eternal seal, still his spirit lived, and, caught by others, knew no respite till the glad light of the gospel had spread to the remotest corners of those far-off isles of the sea.

THE LIGHT BREAKS IN INDIA

After a tempestuous voyage Coke's brave young missionaries reached Ceylon. Their hearts grew sick as they contemplated the fearful difficulties and dangers by which they were surrounded. But they did not despair-they had caught from their leader too much of his own dauntless spirit for that. Idol-worship prevailed throughout the island. Even the English commander, Lord Molesworth, while he did not

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bow openly with these heathen to the gods of their idolatry, had his own gods in secret. As brave a man as he was physically, and as enlightened, he nevertheless knew naught of the love and fear of God in his heart. But he was a kind, hospitable man. He at once took the missionaries to his home and entertained them at his table. It was a happy day for him. Under their first sermon he was graciously awakened; and later, at a prayer-meeting, he found that "full peace" which put the glad crown to his happiness. Another remarkable conversion was that of an attache of the commander's staff, a man born in Ceylon but of foreign parents. But the turning of Lord Molesworth to their faith was the most promising event for the missionaries. He stood by them in every thing, enriching their cause with his substance, and strengthening it by his presence at all their meetings. Methodism never had a bolder or a truer soldier. But alas! he was not long to do battle in her behalf. His tragic end is one of the most pathetic incidents in the history of the Church. The vessel on which he and his devoted wife had taken passage to England being wrecked, "his latest breath was spent in declaring Christ to the perishing company." To the last his shrill voice, calling in expostulation or entreaty, could be heard high over all the tumult of wind and waves. Later, his body was thrown up on the African shore with his faithful wife's arms locked about his neck.

The other of these first two converts to Methodism in India became himself a missionary, an ear-

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nest laborer among his people-the first native Methodist preacher in Asia. He penetrated the temples, even to the very sanctuaries of the idols, and there, addressing the priests in their own language, urged them to turn from the darkness of their ways. Many determined hands were laid upon his person to force him away. Abuse and even vile epithets were heaped upon him. Once or twice he stood face to face with death, but he never flinched. As the light began to break and to penetrate the darkened corners, the missionaries grew bolder. This native-born preacher and those who had come from England now entered the temples, and there, surrounded by irate priests, frenzied devotees, and hideous, grinning idols, proclaimed the living God. In one such temple, Harvard, one of the English missionaries, stood with his hand upon the great idol of idols, the veritable "Light of Asia," and fearlessly announced: "We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and there is none other God but one!" A tumult at once arose, and it seemed as if he would be overpowered, perhaps killed, but the wonderful pathos and power of his words prevailed. Some fell at his feet, weeping and imploring, while gradually the truths spoken made their way into many a poor dazed brain. He had now mastered the language and could speak to them as the priests spoke, but of what different things! Converts came in slowly at first, but as the knowledge spread, as one was enabled to convey it to another, as the missionaries through their command of the language gained more power over the natives,

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it was no uncommon thing for scores of these degraded souls to be brought to Christ at one time. Many of the priests, too, were converted; and then indeed did the Methodist mission begin to gain bone and sinew. One by one the great temples were abandoned to the moles and the bats. In seven years from the time of the coming of the first Methodist missionaries, out of the five hundred temples found in Batticola alone scarcely one hundred were open for worship. Never has Methodism written for herself a more glorious chapter than this of her first mission-work amidst the palm-groves of these "dusky isles of the sea."

For one hundred years the East India Company kept up its fierce and persistent fight against missionaries, but it had to give way at last. Reason, justice, humanity, all Christianity demanded it. They had already begun to weaken when Coke's little band of missionaries came to plant Methodism in Ceylon. At last, in 1819, Thomas Lynch and John Horner, two bold Wesleyan missionaries, were permitted to enter the Continent, there to firmly plant the standard of their faith-the one at Madras, and the other at Bombay. Of the stirring and thrilling scenes that marked the inauguration of Methodism at both places we have not the space to speak. Four years later the grand old banner was planted at yet another place-Negapatam; and a year later at still another place, until by 1823 there were four stations "like light-houses on that far-reaching coast."

Not long after occurred the conversion of Arumaga

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Tambiran, a Brahman of the highest rank, whose coming over to the new religion shook his native city to its foundations, and rekindled hope and enthusiasm in the hearts of the toiling missionaries. Society was at first paralyzed at the news of Arumaga's change of faith, then aroused to indignation and even vengeance against him. It soon became so that he could not walk upon the streets without being attacked. When for the last time he came to lay aside the "Brahminical cord and robe," it was to be greeted with groans and hisses wherever he went. But though pale he was calm; and as soon as he could gain opportunity for speech he thus addressed the angry multitude: "As a heathen I got money in abundance, and honors. I abandon heathenism. I wish to teach others of this Savior." And teach them he did, in so sweet and so gentle a way that enemies became friends and former traducers earnest suppliants at his feet.

Arumaga was a man of education and talent. In addition to preaching, he began to write. One of his efforts was a poem against heathenism. Thousands of copies were printed and scattered abroad, and through their instrumentality hundreds of souls were won. Arumaga himself used to walk through the streets distributing them. One glorious proof of his genuine conversion was that he had overcome every particle of his former pride. He who in the old days would have shrunk from the touch of some of these people, even upon the hem of his robe, now grasped them tightly by the hand, and with the

tears rolling over his cheeks passionately urged them to come to this new-found Saviour, so infinitely able, so abundantly willing to be a Savior to all.

ON THE SHORES OF AFRICA

In his burning zeal for missions, Coke's great, glowing Methodist heart longed to encompass the whole world. He early looked toward Africa, the darkest of dark continents-saw her needs, and yearned to meet them. Through his efforts mechanics were sent thither in 1795 to instruct the natives in some of the arts of civilization. To first prepare the ground and then to sow the seed was Coke's idea. These artisans took up their abode among the Forelahs on the west coast of Africa. They were a wild and ignorant tribe, but not so cruel and bloodthirsty as the majority of their countrymen. Either through lack of zeal on one side, or utter indifference on the other-may be both combined-this scheme met with utter failure. Coke determined to try again, and this time to send the gospel to blaze the way for civilization, instead of the woodman's ax.

The second attempt was almost as much of a failure as the first. The evangelists made a little headway, it is true, but it was to meet with defeat at last. Doubtless God's hand was in it all, for the first real mission of Methodism among the inhabitants of the Dark Continent was to be founded by their own people. The story of this mission reads like a romance, only no romance was ever so strengthening or stirring.

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When the daring Garretson struggled through the waist-deep snows and crossed rivers on blocks of floating ice and pushed his way into the inhospitable wilds of Nova Scotia, he found there a company of refugee slaves from the United States. He was surprised to discover that many of them had already imbibed the principles of Methodism from hearing some of the first preachers. It was no difficult matter to organize them into a class. Garretson preached to them several times, and many genuine conversions occurred among them.

In the year 1792 twelve hundred of these slaves were carried to Sierra Leone in Africa. Here the seeds of Methodism sown among them burst into full bloom, glorifying all that savage region. Soon after the work began two white local preachers, by the name of Brown and Gordon, went out to their help. But as earnest as were the labors of these men, no such glorious results could have been attained but for the efforts of the Christianized negroes themselves. They were among the best of their race—earnest, faithful, and intelligent. Day after day the palm-groves resounded with their prayers, the tropic winds swept onward and upward the sweet incense of their evening hymns, while the fire of their devotion burned on as steadily as the sacred flames upon the altars of the priests of old. Hundreds of poor, wild, half-naked creatures came, prostrating themselves and seeking succor from these, the more fortunate of their race. The fires of the Methodist faith had been kindled on the altar of the living God in

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the heart of Africa by the hands of its own once savage people.

So rapidly did the good work spread, so pressing-nay, so painfully great-became the need of more workers in this vineyard, that in 1806 Brown wrote to Coke a most pathetic letter, entreating further ministerial aid. In the meantime a great native preacher had been raised up, one of those who had come from Nova Scotia-Mingo Jordan. Soon a chapel was built, and then another; but not yet could they accommodate the throngs that pressed to the preaching, and they were compelled to fall back upon the palm-groves as their temples of worship.

At one time Mingo Jordan baptized as many as twenty maroons-half-breeds. Such a thrilling sight had never before been witnessed in that savage land. Other heart-stirring scenes continued to be added to the record. Chiefs forsook their idols, and medicine men threw away their fetishes, mothers came with babes closely clasped in their arms-babes like those that had previously been sacrificed in horrid orgies; all, all came to Christ, at the rate of a score or more in a day.

At the time under notice Sierra Leone was described as a "terrible place." With full justice it might have been called "a *horrible* place." The slave-trade was at its height, each day marked by some awful picture that might well be drawn in lines of blood. All the horrors seemed to culminate at Sierra Leone. No wonder it had seemed for years "a place accursed." Hundreds of miserable creatures,

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escaping from their cruel drivers, fled back toward their homes, but, being almost invariably recaptured, were brought to Sierra Leone for final disposition either to be sent on in the slave-ships or to be cruelly put to death before the eyes of others as a warning. As the pen lingers over these scenes, halting with horror at every line, one cannot help but ask the question, "Could the authors of such cruelty have been human beings, men made in the image of a just and merciful God?" Surely every trace of that Maker's image must have been struck from the hearts of such creatures as these!

At one time there were representatives from as many as two hundred different African tribes, "each with its own language and savagery," landed in Sierra Leone or brought from the interior. What a scene of confusion, of woe and misery, it must have presented! Sometimes where there was such a mass of unkempt, filthy humanity packed in together—for these slaves, even if they had desired it, were not given the opportunities for cleanliness—that deadly epidemic diseases broke out and raged. Added to this, the latitude was very inimical to foreigners who came without any attempt at acclimation. It is no wonder then that of the missionaries who came some died at once, while the most of them could not stand it but a year or two at best. With all these serious drawbacks, however, Methodism continued to grow, even as a thrifty and hardy plant that has set its roots in an uncongenial soil. Perhaps never before had the noble old faith attempted to make its way

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through such surroundings as these; yet, thank God, it did not flinch. From the moment of its birth in the hearts of that immortal little band at Oxford to the present, when full five and a half million souls stand enlisted under its banner, hardships, persecutions, pestilence, *death* have been the common enemies of Methodism, intrepidly met and conquered.

Of the twenty maroons baptized by Jordan each began almost immediately to give two cents a day toward the carrying of the gospel into other desolate parts. The first missionary society in missionary lands! the "widow's mite" of the heathen that other heathen might be saved! What an example to some of us who refuse to give even of our more than "mite," or give grudgingly what we do give!

The blessed light continued to spread. From Sierra Leone it went into Senegambia, and here and there it gained a convert among the savage tribes of Bambarra. And it spread not only north and east, but also southward until it came into the borders of Ashantee Land, "the darkest land on earth." The most sluggish pulse must stir at the reading of this record of how one Freeman, an humble and lowly born African-but an earnest Wesleyan preacher boldly, with no thought of self, with all for Christ, carried his Methodism even into the inner courts of Coomassie, where reigned in blood and horror the most heartless and cruel of all the savage African kings.

The story relates how certain young natives, hearing the missionaries preach at Sierra Leone, came

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upon some loose pages of the Scriptures, which had been read to them in their own language. They carried the precious leaves with them back to Cape Coast Castle, and meeting with a pious sea-captain there, some time afterward, they showed him their treasure. Again were the leaves read to them, and not only these but many others from the captain's own pocket Bible. The heart of the man was touched by this yearning, and on his return to England he offered to take a missionary out to Cape Coast Castle free of charge. His offer was gladly accepted by the Wesleyan societies, and John Dunnell was sent. But, alas! in six months he was dead—a victim to the dread fever—yet not before those brave lads, who had so faithfully cherished the few worn Scripture leaves were converted. They heroically kept on with the work—a chapel was built, and scores of converts were brought into a society. "We will remain in the new profession!" they declared with great earnestness: "we will proclaim the gospel! for though the missionary is dead, God lives!"

Another missionary was sent—another, and yet another, until five had perished. Methodism was to pay dearly indeed for her establishment in this heathen land. It being impossible for the white man to withstand the terrors of the climate, a preacher of their own race and color was now sent—one who had been carried over to England for education and training. On coming to Cape Coast Castle, Freeman found six chapels, and four hundred and fifty members in the different societies; for though the missionaries who

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preceded him had met an early death, they left their monuments behind them.

Freeman penetrated into the interior hundreds of miles farther than the foot of a missionary had ever trod. He was determined on reaching the King of Coomassie, of whom so many dreadful stories had been told him. The more kindly disposed of the natives tried to turn Freeman back from his mad project of preaching the gospel in the town of this bloody king. They told him it would be certain death to put himself in the king's power; but he resolutely pressed on to the forbidden destination.

He at last entered Coomassie, "passing between two mounds, under each of which had been buried a living man, to prevent the coming 'fetich-man' from doing harm." Instead of offering violence to Freeman, the king had come to fear him. From the many wonderful stories that had found their way to the court of Coomassie, Freeman was regarded as a great "fetich-man," in constant communication with mighty spirits capable of doing any thing they wished. Hoping to appease this dread messenger of mighty spirits, great sacrifices were ordered by the king, as many as forty lives being sacrificed the first day. Faint with the horror of it all, Freeman yet dared not say any thing for fear of losing the ground already gained. Amidst these terrible scenes he bravely began preaching. At his first meeting, greatly to his surprise and joy, one convert was given him-" a man who had heard of Christianity, and now wished to profess. it." The king was at first amazed, then perplexed, and finally deeply troubled.

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Soon Coomassie, the awful, "the very abode of spirits in prison," witnessed the Christian baptism of its bloody king—a scene to make the very courts of heaven ring with joy! But the good work did not stop here; it went on, and on. The king asked for a permanent mission among his people, and a school. Two of his sons were afterward sent to England to be educated. They returned to help in the glorious harvest that was now bending far and wide. Soon "a thousand were hearing the gospel in Satan's seat at Coomassie." Never had the banner of Methodism waved from a stormier battlement!

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Robert Strawbridge

IN AMERICA

THE ROSE IN THE WILDERNESS

We have seen how the spread of Methodism through the British kingdom called forth storms of persecution from both clergy and people. It was no wonder then that many of those who saw life and property in danger should have desired to take refuge in a country which offered to rich and poor alike the great boon of personal and religious liberty-the new continent of America.

Among the first of those to emigrate, if not *the* first, was a hardy, quick-witted, and bold-spirited young Irishman by the name of Robert Strawbridge. He was a native of Drumsnagh, near the river Shannon, in County Leitrim, Ireland, and was among the first of those in that section of the country converted to Methodism through the efforts of Wesley's devoted itinerants. Never had cause a more zealous advocate than he became from that time. But with all his zeal and piety, little did he dream, on landing in the city of New York in 1760, that his was to be the first hand to plant on American soil the hardy shoot of the faith he represented. Three years later it was to burst into beauty and bloom-a veritable rose in the wilderness.

It is well known that another spot and another

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name lay claim to the honor of being *the* first in American Methodism, but a careful and unbiased search among all the records has shown that while Barbara Heck and Philip Embury began in New York a work that was the sooner known and extended over a wider field in the shorter time, yet to Robert Strawbridge, beyond a doubt, is due *the priority* of planting Methodism in America; and this was at Sam's Creek in Maryland, not far from the site of the present city of Baltimore. Two points in the records especially go to show this, if nothing else does, and there are *many others*. One of these is that the beginning of Strawbridge's preaching in his humble log-cabin in the wilds of Maryland *antedates that of Embury in New York by several years*; for while Strawbridge began almost upon his arrival, in 1760, we have no account of Embury's preaching until 1766. Indeed, it was in this year that Barbara Heck first stirred him up to a realization of his duty. Their church—that is, the church in New York City was not built until 1768; whereas that of Strawbridge—the memorable "Old Log-cabin Meeting-house" was erected in 1764, which made it unquestionably "*the first Methodist Church in America.*" The other incontrovertible proof is in the record left by Bishop Asbury that the society formed by Robert Strawbridge in his humble log-cabin on the banks of Sam's Creek was "*the first society in Maryland and in America.*"

How cheerily that Maryland forest must have rung with the sturdy blows of the brave young woodman's

ax! Little he dreamed, as he felled the stout logs that were to form his log-cabin meeting-house, that he was laying the foundations of another building that in time was to become one of the grandest spiritual houses of the whole American Continent.

The "Log-cabin Meeting-house" stood just a mile from the rude home of its builder. It was not a very church-like structure. Indeed, if it could be seen along-side some of our fine modern church-buildings, it would provoke a smile even from those more disposed to honor it for its sacred associations. It had "neither door, windows, nor floor"-only holes where the windows ought to have been, and a rudely-hewn opening for the door. The seats were of puncheon with peg supports, many of the latter not of the straightest sort; while the pulpit was a rough box-like structure, guiltless of any contact of plane or chisel. But humble and rude as it was, it was God's house, and doubtless more so than many of the stately buildings of to-day where from year's end to year's end so few souls are born wholly unto Christ. Amidst its wilderness surroundings it stood as purely apart as the flower that gladdens the eye in some chill, inhospitable place-"a thing of beauty," that "is a joy forever."

Strawbridge became the pastor of his own church, for outside the "droning, dragging" clergymen of the Establishment there was no other at hand to break the bread to a starving people. His style of preaching proved a novelty indeed compared with that of the cold, soulless efforts of these spiritually dead

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clergymen. He preached as only one with a warm Irish heart and an eloquent tongue could preach, and great was the awakening even in that sparsely settled country.

On the days and nights of his regular services his "Log-cabin Meeting-house" was taxed to its utmost capacity. Many a genuine Methodist shout echoed among its rafters; many a slumbering soul, touched by the true spirit of Methodism, prostrated itself at the rude altar of logs, thence to rise in the power of the glad new birth.

Strawbridge did not confine his preaching to this church. Other parts of Maryland felt the effects of his itinerancy. He even went into Virginia and Pennsylvania. The work spread; the rose blossomed, extending its petals here and there in rich, refreshing perfume. But in the meantime, while others were made happy and blessed, Strawbridge's own family suffered-not spiritually, but for the necessities of life. Although a poor man, he was neither lazy nor improvident. He felt that his devotion to the Master's cause must be held above all else. Everywhere around him men were perishing for the bread of life. How much more important this than the needs of the body! He did not willfully resign his family to want, for he could neither have been a man nor a Christian in the noblest sense if he had done that; but he had the utmost faith that while he was away, doing God's work, God would provide for those at home dependent upon his care; and God always did.

IN AMERICA

Often, on mounting his horse to go into some distant settlement in his ministration to souls, his good Irish wife—with tears in her eyes which she tried in vain to restrain—would say to him that there was not a scrap of any thing to eat in the house. Invariably he would comfort her with a kiss and the assurance: "Fret not, dear wife, meat and bread will be sent here to-day." And meat and bread were sent; for his neighbors, seeing the faith and devotion of the man who made every earthly sacrifice to feed the hungry souls of his fellow-men, took care that his family should not suffer.

In 1766, through the deed of a generous and wealthy Marylander, Captain Charles Ridgely, the zealous evangelist was given the life lease of a splendid farm, which could be easily managed by his wife and children; and from that time Strawbridge was left untrammelled in his work of winning souls.

Many of his converts became preachers, like himself. Among them was Richard Owen, the first native Methodist preacher of America. At the death of Strawbridge, in 1751, Owen preached his funeral sermon to a large concourse of weeping people under the branches of a wide-spreading tree in the yard of his house. The body was interred in an orchard near by, there to await the resurrection of the just.

The hand that planted the rose in the wilderness had withered, but the rose itself remained to bless and cheer the souls of men.

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THE HANDFUL OF CORN IN THE EARTH

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." (Psalm 62: 16.)

In the same year that Robert Strawbridge began his journey into the wilderness of Maryland, another ship bearing Irish emigrants-this time from the port of Limerick-landed at New York. The most of these emigrants were what were known as "Irish Palatines," the descendants of a much persecuted people driven years before from their homes in Germany by that vindictive enemy of the Protestant faith, Louis XIV of France. He had laid waste their fair lands, applied the torch to their homes, and then drove them forth at the point of the sword.

About fifty of these families had taken refuge in

Ireland, at Ballagarrane near Limerick. There, in 1758, Wesley and his fellow-itinerants had found them, converted many, and left a flourishing society. Among these converts were a young man named Philip Embury, and his cousin, Mrs. Barbara Heck, some years older than himself. Young Embury had been ordained a preacher by Wesley, and for more than a year previous to his departure for America had done brave and earnest work for Methodism.

A desire to possess some of the fruitful lands of the new continent offered free to settlers, as well as a longing to enjoy greater personal and religious freedom, had led these people to America. But in the light of subsequent events we cannot doubt that the

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Barbara Heck

hand of God directed at least two of these emigrants.

The ship reached New York on August 10, 1760-henceforth an eventful day in the history of American Methodism. The emigrants scattered in various directions, as their present inclinations or previous arrangements dictated; but a goodly number remained in New York, among them Philip Embury and Barbara Heck. The strange phases of life in this new country caused the Methodistic faith of several of this little company to grow strangely cold. Even Embury himself felt an apathy creeping upon him. Naturally he was an active man, and so far as his calling was concerned-that of a carpenter-he kept energetically at it; but spiritually he allowed his feelings to become sadly choked by the daily cares and responsibilities with which he was now surrounded. For nearly six years he let the time go by without speaking a word for his Master. Doubtless this would have continued until Philip Embury, the future preacher and one of the founders of Methodism in America, would have been lost in plain Philip Embury, the unknown carpenter; but the Lord put it into the heart of brave Barbara Heck to stir up this sleeping soul to a realization of its duty, and to go onward to the high honors of its calling.

One day the pious soul of the good Barbara was deeply shocked by coming upon a party of her relatives and friends engaged in playing cards. With a sense of duty that thrilled her whole being and lent her strength and courage to act, she advanced

table and seizing the well-worn bits of pasteboard swept them into the fire. Then turning upon the offenders, with a majesty that gave her the air of an outraged queen, she told them in scathing tones what she thought of such conduct. With her soul still aflame she hastened to Embury's house, in what is now known as Park Place, and with flashing eyes and lips that faltered not laid before him his duty: "Cousin Philip, you must keep silent no longer! You must preach the word, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands!"

Shocked at what he heard, yet overcome with a timidity that years of spiritual sloth had strengthened, he began to make all manner of excuses. The old fire had deserted him; his tongue was tied.- it seemed well- nigh impossible for him to speak; besides, no one would care to listen if he spoke. With the power of the Spirit in her heart and upon her lips, Barbara swept away excuse after excuse; but still he resisted. "I cannot preach, for I have neither a house nor a congregation," was his final plea. "But that need not hinder you. You must begin at once, here in your own house to your own people," was the decisive rejoinder.

He could hold out no further. The voice of the Spirit that he had so long rejected began to make itself heard within his heart. The Master had called, in tones unmistakable. He dared no longer disobey. In his own home, then, Embury preached the first Methodist sermon in New York, and, next to Straw-

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bridge's, the first in America. Small indeed was his congregation-only four persons besides the faithful Barbara. But as a handful of corn buried in the earth, this humble beginning was destined in time to bring forth such fruit as should "shake like Lebanon," causing "them of the city" to "flourish as grass." As we to-day contemplate the vast harvest that has sprung from those first small germs - the congregation of five in Embury's house in Park Place, New York, and the handful of faithful souls gathered within that rude log structure on the banks of Sam's Creek, Maryland - how we are constrained to exclaim, "Behold, what hath God wrought!"

Soon Embury's house could not contain the crowd that gathered to hear him preach. A society had already been formed. The great, pressing need was only too evident-a larger place must be had for the services. But where? A room was at length hired, and to meet the expenses a collection was taken up at each meeting. It will doubtless interest the young reader to learn that at one of these meetings a little boy put the first sixpence he had ever earned into the collection - plate to help pay the rent of the room. Was ever a child's offering sent upon a nobler mission? This little boy was Paul Heck, the true son of a noble mother.

Not long after Embury began preaching in this room, on a Sunday morning when it was unusually crowded, a sensation was caused by the sudden appearance in their midst of a tall officer in the scarlet uniform of the king's army. He wore a cloth shade

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over one eye, and had a sword belted at his side. The people were alarmed by his presence. They thought him a spy, and momentarily expected to see him rise up in the meeting and order the services to stop. But his manner soon indicated a far different intention. He showed a spirit of intense devotion all through the services. He stood up when they sung, and joined with them; he knelt reverently during the prayer, and paid the closest attention all through the sermon. The uneasy feeling of the congregation soon began to subside. It entirely disappeared when at the close of the sermon they saw him step up to Embury, take him by the hand, and speak to him words something like these: "My name is Thomas Webb. I am a captain in the king's army. I am also a soldier of the cross, and a follower of John Wesley. I heard of you at Albany, where I live, the master of the barracks there, and I have come to New York to see if I could do any thing to help you."¹ We may well believe that these words cheered the heart of every one who heard them, especially that of the preacher.

Captain Webb was no "holiday soldier." He had seen real battle. With Wolf he had climbed the Heights of Abraham. At Louisburg a ball had passed through his right eye and down his throat. Fainting from pain and the loss of blood, he came near being left upon the field as dead. At the battle of Quebec he had been shot through the arm.

¹ Dr. Wise, in "Founders of American Methodism."

But the most lasting wound he received was that inflicted eight years afterward at Bristol, England, under the preaching of John Wesley. It was a wound that brought its own sweet relief, however, and made this true soldier a still more courageous "captain of salvation."

The joy of the little band was great when they learned that Captain Webb was a regularly ordained minister, having been appointed by Wesley himself. The preaching of this bold soldier was indeed a turning - point in American Methodism. Without the intention to usurp the place of any other, and willingly accorded that place by the generous and less able Embury, Captain Webb soon became the head of the society in New York. His great eloquence, his stately appearance, his flaming zeal, which seemed to burn its way into the hearts of his listeners, gave him a hold upon the people which Embury, though equally as earnest and devoted, would perhaps never have attained. It was truly inspiring to see this battle-scarred soldier preaching, his tall form clothed in its scarlet uniform, and his sword lying across the Bible.

Webb's congregations soon grew too large for the hired room, and again it was necessary to seek other and larger quarters. The place next engaged was a rigging - loft in Williams street, some sixty feet long by eighteen wide; yet so hungry were the people for the "word of life," and to such an extent did Webb's popularity continue to increase, that this place soon failed to accommodate the immense crowds.

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Then said Captain Webb: "We must build a chapel!" But how? Though rich in numbers, the society was sadly lacking in means. Even Embury had only the income from his daily labor. Then up rose brave Barbara Heck again, at the crisis when she was most needed, and through her own faith and courage pointed out the way. Said she: "Trust in God; he will build the chapel." And she forthwith began devising a plan by which to raise the money. It succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations, for God prospered the work. The plan was to raise money by subscriptions. Captain Webb, who had some means, headed the list with a donation of thirty pounds. The paper bearing the names of its two hundred and fifty subscribers - rich and poor, white and black - is still preserved.

This "first Wesley chapel of American Methodism" was built in a quaint style. The structure was of stone, forty-two feet by sixty. It had a fireplace and a chimney. Embury's own hands made the pulpit, which was a marvelous piece of work for those days. The seats had no backs, and the galleries no "breastwork" or stairs, being reached by a ladder. There was no organ, no choir; first one and then another "set the tune," while the rest joined in. At the opening of this church nearly a thousand people crowded the building and yard. "They of the city" had already begun to flourish as the grass that covers the earth. From thence this gospel was to spread in untold beauty and vigor into every city and hamlet of the whole American continent.

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Captain Thomas Webb

WEBB AND PILMOOR IN PHILADELPHIA

The torch of Methodism was first kindled in Philadelphia by brave Captain Webb. He carried it there in 1768. The humble beginning was in a sail-loft, where a class of seven was formed. Two years later, so steadily had the flame burned, so widely had it increased, the procuring of a church became an absolute necessity. This led to the purchase of a house which was fitted up and known as "St. George's Chapel," the first Methodist church in Philadelphia.

The building had been used by the German Reformed Society. For a long time it remained just as it was when first purchased by the Methodists, "unfinished and unfurnished." It was only half floored, and that with the roughest of boards. On the north side was the pulpit, which was nothing more than a rude, square box. But after awhile it was floored from end to end, fitted with "more comely seats" and a pulpit which stood like "a tub on a post "-a style very prevalent in the early Methodist churches, but one of the most ungainly imaginable. This pulpit, which was the very ugliest of its kind, could hold but one person at a time, and there the poor man had to stand, cramped as to room and not daring to move lest through some untoward twist of the body he should fall out of his tub. But many a genuine old Methodist sermon, ringing with eloquence and aflame with zeal, ascended from these tub-like structures. Many a fierce onslaught was made against the hosts of sin even in these cramped quarters.

As rude and ungainly in its appointments as this

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structure was, it remained for nearly fifty years the largest and most pretentious place of worship the Methodists had in America. These early Methodists were not ashamed of this grand "old cathedral," nor disposed to replace it by a newer and finer structure. So simple and devout were they-so much more did they care for the inner beauty of holiness than for outward display.

At last the two missionaries sent by Wesley reached America, landing in Philadelphia in 1769. These two were Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor. Both were in the prime of life-Boardman, the elder, being but thirty-one years old.

Boardman went at once to New York, Pilmoor remaining in Philadelphia to become its first street missionary of Methodism. He was cordially received by Captain Webb and his society of one hundred members, and bidden Godspeed.

Pilmoor's first sermon was preached from the steps of the old State-house on Chestnut street. It was such a sermon and such a scene as have been the glory of Methodism through every step of its onward march for a century and a half.

Pilmoor's next preaching-place was from the judges' platform in front of the race-course on the common in what is now known as Franklin Square, Race street. Never had that race-ground witnessed such a scene as this. Instead of the coarse oaths of betting men, the noisy shouts of the criers, the thud of flying horses' feet, the tumultuous cries of the spectators-all of which had made a perfect Babel of the

place-there were now the deep, ringing tones of one earnest man pleading for the acceptance of a gospel of love and peace. He had between four and five thousand hearers. Many were the marvelous incidents that occurred, the Lord's work among them being truly wonderful. Men knelt upon the ground, in the very tracks of the horses, and cried aloud for pardon and mercy. Others pressed up about the preacher as he stood on the judges' stand, importuning him to show them how to make their eternal peace with the great Judge of all.

"Blessed be God for field-preaching!" cried the young evangelist. He wrote to Wesley: "There seems to be a great and effectual door opening in this country." Truly there was-a door through which millions of rescued souls were to enter in after years.

In Philadelphia both Boardman and Pilmoor had the happiness of meeting with Whitefield, then on his seventh visit to America. The great evangelist was little more than alive, but the fire of resolution burned within his soul as brightly as ever. In the young evangelists he lived over his early trials and triumphs. In Pilmoor, preaching to the thirsting crowds from the State-house steps, or standing upon the judges' platform in the race-course, Whitefield saw, himself, with lips that flamed, discoursing to the surging multitudes from the balcony of the old courthouse, or upon Society Hill relentlessly charging the flying hosts.

Pilmoor remained in Philadelphia for some time, continuing his street-preaching in the face of every

difficulty, and often surrounded by danger. But out of this sacrifice and toil came at last the whitened harvest. Methodism spread so rapidly in Philadelphia that by 1773 the vigorous young Quaker City was deemed in every way worthy of the Honor of entertaining the first Conference of American Methodism.

THE FIRST METHODIST SERMON IN BALTIMORE

In 1768 the little Methodist society in New York had written to Wesley begging him to send them "an able, experienced preacher," as Captain Webb was unable now to be much with them, and Embury was on the point of removing to another part of the country. They declared their willingness to "sell their coats and shirts" to procure the passage-money for this preacher.

The ardor of these people kindled a responsive flame in the breasts of their British brethren, who promptly began the preparation of sending them not only one preacher but two. However, before these missionaries could be sent, two men came on their own responsibility. These were Robert Williams, who founded Methodism in Virginia, and John King, the apostle of the same faith in the Middle States.

King was a young man, but as brave and determined a soldier as ever bore his Master's banner over the seas. His first appearance as a Methodist preacher was in Philadelphia, where he early distinguished himself by preaching surrounded by the

lowly mounds of the paupers in Potter's Field. The career thus nobly begun, in this humblest of sanctuaries, over the graves of the poor, was one of eminent usefulness. King assisted Robert Strawbridge in Maryland, and among the first-fruits of his efforts there was the conversion of James J. Baker—a name henceforth historic in the annals of Maryland Methodism.

Standing upon a horse-block, in front of a blacksmith's shop, at the intersection of Baltimore and Calvert streets, King preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in Baltimore. It was "training-day," and in addition to the numerous militia companies the town was crowded with people of every description. Whisky flowed freely, and noisy street brawls were constantly occurring.

Boldly taking his stand upon the block, hymn-book in hand, King began giving out a hymn. This unusual proceeding soon attracted a large and curious crowd. They came at first without any great boisterousness, but as soon as it was whispered through the ranks that the scene had a religious tendency, the evil spirit broke out in all directions. The crowd yelled so as to drown the preacher's voice, then made threats; but seeing that he kept on with his service, they charged upon him, upset his block, and threw him violently to the ground. Brushing himself free of dirt, and regardless of bruises, he once more took his stand on the upturned block. Again the crowd charged, yelling and cursing like demons. But this time the commander of the troops, an Englishman,

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took King's part, saying he should preach if he wanted to, and no one should interfere. Thus protected, King went on with his sermon, pouring broadsides into the enemy's ranks, and in the end so winning upon the better-minded people as to be invited to preach in the English Church of St. Paul's. This invitation he gladly accepted, but, it is said, preached with such true Methodistic fire as to win no repetition of the courtesy. But he had carried Methodism into Baltimore, and given it permanent refuge there. The bold charge made on that "field-day" had planted the banner of the cross upon the citadel of what was to become the chief city of American Methodism. Only five years from the time of King's first sermon there Baltimore was chosen as the place for holding the American Conference.

THE SOUND OF ARMS IN NEW JERSEY

Boardman's route to New York lay through New Jersey. One evening, after a long day's toilsome journey, he came in view of a good-sized town-supposed to have been Treriton-upon a prominent site of which he saw a large military barracks. Scarcely divining the intention formed in his mind, Boardman rode toward it. On his way he met one of the soldiers, who saluted him cordially. Boardman stopped to ask a few questions. Among the first was, "Are there any Methodists in town?" He scarcely expected a favorable answer, but the soldier's face brightened as he replied: "Yes, we are all Method-

ists; and I suppose by your looks that you are a Methodist preacher. If so, we will be glad to hear you.

Boardman found that the soldier spoke truly. They were all Methodists at the barracks—a company of bold warriors of a heavenly as well as an earthly king. Captain Webb had been there, and his flaming Methodist zeal had been communicated to his comrades.

The trooper hastened ahead of the preacher, and soon the glad intelligence that a Methodist preacher was coming had spread throughout the quarters. It was spirit-stirring to see the men drawn up in line to greet Boardman as he rode through the gate-way. "Where can I preach?" was almost his first question. "We will get you the Presbyterian church," was the confident reply. And sure enough the bell was soon set to ringing—not the first nor the last Presbyterian bell to ring its glad summons for a Methodist meeting.

Boardman's pulses were quickened, the fire in his heart set newly aflame as he saw these bold Methodist soldiers marching by, file after file, on their way to the preaching. They filled most of the space within the building; but there were others present besides these soldiers in their brilliant uniforms.

Boardman's gospel message evoked many cheery responses and hearty amens, which sent him on his way to New York happy in the love and service of his Lord.

Thus amidst the sounds of arms, in the camp of

the soldier, did Methodism find its way into New Jersey, there to become, unlike the suggestions of its first surroundings, a symbol of peace and love.

THE REVIVAL FLAME IN VIRGINIA

It was the Rev. Robert Williams who planted Methodism in the proud old State of Virginia. On reaching America, in 1769, Williams is described as being "almost as poor as his Divine Master." He sold his horse to pay his debts, and took passage for the new country with naught but a pair of saddlebags, which contained a few pieces of clothing, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of milk. Standing in the court-house door in the town of Norfolk in the year 1772, he preached the first Methodist sermon ever heard in Virginia. Some thought him crazy, others that he was trying to draw attention to himself to serve some selfish end. Disgust was plainly written upon the faces of those who hurried on after the first glance; curiosity upon those of the few who remained. They thought it a rich joke to speak of it to each other as "a monkey performance." Finishing his hymn, Williams knelt to pray, then began his sermon. As soon as the more evil-disposed found that "the performance" was of a religious character, antagonism ran high. They began to laugh, to talk, to whistle, to cry out, and tried in every way to silence him. Some even threw stones and sticks. Williams coolly preached on. In describing the scene afterward, some of them said of him: "Sometimes he would

preach, then he would pray, then he would swear, and at other times he would sing." It is supposed that as these people were unaccustomed to hearing the preacher so freely use the words "devil" and "hell," they termed this "swearing."

That night Williams slept upon the ground, for no one had a thought of asking him home. The next day he preached again upon the same spot, but with more encouraging results. A few were sincerely awakened-many made uneasy in their conscience. Both man and beast were provided with entertainment that second night. Soon after this, Williams formed the first Methodist society in Virginia. It is a remarkable coincidence that the Methodists of that State, without knowing it at the time, afterward built their first house of worship upon the very spot where stood the court-house in the door of which Williams had preached his first sermon.

Williams crossed from Norfolk into Portsmouth, and there under two persimmon-trees preached to a goodly throng. It was an impressive scene, for, through the efforts of one who had been awakened by his preaching in Norfolk, many came to hear him gladly. Williams continued to preach, both in Norfolk and Portsmouth, sometimes in private houses, but oftener in the open air. Everywhere the people were awakened, though many still continued to fight the new doctrine with fierce persistency. Especially was this the case among the wealthy and the gay. They had too long led a life of indolence and ease to be thus rudely awakened from it. Throughout al-

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most the entire colony, with the exception of the great awakenings among the Presbyterians and the Baptists, religion had been for years nothing but a name. The prevailing worship, as is known, was that of the Establishment, or Episcopal Church. In the sketches of pioneer Methodism in Great Britain we have seen what class of men these clergymen usually were. They were no better in America-even worse, if that were possible-betting, gambling, and attending horse-races with the coolness of professional gamblers.

The greater part of the colony of Virginia at that day was composed of wealthy planters and their families. They rode in luxurious coaches, drove fine horses, gave magnificent dinners, entertained distinguished visitors, from the Governor down, swore roundly on all occasions-the men of the family, of course-led vicious, profligate lives, caring about as much for pure religion as the heathen who sat in the regions of darkness. It is true they were regular in their attendance upon the church services, going thither in great state; but so far their devotion went and no farther. It is not to be wondered at then that to such a people the idea of an active, working, life-defining religion came like a thunderclap. They were first aroused to the danger of Methodism if allowed to creep in upon their indolent, careless lives, and then into fierce opposition at the encroachment. But Methodism flourished in Virginia under all these adverse conditions.

In 1775 a great religious upheaval began on the

Brunswick Circuit, and rapidly extended to other parts. Everywhere the revival fires blazed with the glorious effect that divine power alone could give. People flocked to the meetings by day and by night-the rich planter in his carriage, the poor land tender on foot, or perhaps himself, wife, and children all perched upon the one horse. In these meetings young Jesse Lee first began to show the superior force that was in him; but the great leading spirit was George Shadford, a young English preacher destined to do great things for Methodism in Virginia.

The people of the neighborhoods in which these revivals first occurred had long been notorious for the exceedingly wicked life they led. Immoralities of the worst sort abounded. They gambled, they swore, they fought duels, they engaged in horse-races, and took delight in showing their utter contempt for every thing of a religious character. But the hand of the Lord was turned toward them, and when it fell it fell heavily.

As the meetings progressed chapels and private houses were alike crowded with anxious, stricken hearers. Some of the convictions were indeed wonderful manifestations of the Lord's power; others again were awful to contemplate in the first agonies of awakened sin. "Mercy! mercy!" "God have mercy!" were the cries that resounded on all sides. Sometimes the services would last for hours, often through an entire day and night. Men, women, and children were pierced by the arrow of conviction, and fell lifeless as it were before the Lord. Through a

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circle of three or four hundred miles this revival flame swept on with sin-consuming power.

In the beginning of May of the next year there was another revival of astonishing results at Boisseau's Chapel, in Dinwiddie county. "At that meeting," writes Jesse Lee, "the windows of heaven were opened indeed, and the rain of divine influence continued to pour down for more than forty days.

On the second day, at love-feast, the demonstrations were truly wonderful. The whole assembly seemed to feel the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, but the most remarkable scene occurred just as the love-feast closed. The doors were thrown open that the crowd outside might enter. As they pressed in and saw the evidences of divine power in those present and heard their shouts of joy, they began to drop upon their knees, crying aloud for the same experience. One by one these souls were reclaimed. Soon the night began to shut down, but no thought of discontinuing the love-feast was entertained. Candles were sent for, and the preaching and praying and shouting went on. "When I left them," says Jesse Lee, "about the setting of the sun, their prayers and cries might have been heard a mile off."

In the summer of the same year, at Boisseau's Chapel, during a sermon preached by that bold soldier of the cross, Thomas Rankin, such power descended that hundreds fell to the ground, and "the house seemed to shake with the presence of God." The building was filled to its utmost capacity, while hundreds stood without. "Look wherever we would,"

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says a writer, "we saw nothing but streaming eyes and faces bathed in tears, and heard nothing but groans and strong cries after God." In vain the preachers attempted either to sing, pray, or exhort. Every time their voices were silenced by the cries and groans around them. They could do nothing but sit in the pulpit and, filled with the divine presence, exclaim: "This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!"

The next Sunday Rankin preached at another church, thirty miles away. The house was filled, nearly a thousand standing without, and straining eyes and ears "in unabated attention." All during the sermon they cried out in such a manner that Rankin was several times compelled to stop and entreat them to compose themselves. Among them were hundreds of negroes, who stood with convulsed features and the tears making shining gutters down their black faces.

These scenes were repeated over and over. All along the line of his route into North Carolina Rankin preached to stricken crowds. At an arbor love feast in Brunswick the scene beggared description. It began between eight and nine in the morning and continued until noon. Near the center of the arbor sat the "band of believers," and crowded about them hundreds of those who had come seeking the same peace for their troubled souls. As one after another of the redeemed told how "the Lord had justified them freely," and others how the blood of Jesus, cleansing from all sin, had made them white as snow

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-while all around them resounded the cries of those seeking a like blessing-"an awful feeling" crept over the vast assembly. The oldest preachers present had never witnessed such a scene. Thousands were bathed in tears and hundreds were converted. It was a great field-day in Virginia Methodism.

No less than fourteen counties in the State felt the blessed effects of this revival. It crossed the Roanoke into North Carolina, while in both States the fields were opening "wide and white to the reapers."

AMONG THE SONS OF BELIAL

The records of early Methodism in the South make frequent allusions to Pilmoor. On May 26, 1772, he started out on an extended itinerating tour through the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. He had many rough experiences, but doubtless the most startling was at the theater in Charleston, S. C. At that time this proud old city, where now the glittering spires of scores of churches reach heavenward, was apparently one of the most irreclaimably wicked cities on the American Continent. Indeed, on Asbury's first visit to it, three years subsequently, he was so shocked by "the desperate wickedness of the people" as to be in utter despair of ever making any impression upon them. "Ignorance of God, playing cards, dancing, swearing, and racing" abounded. Persecution, too, was rife. Asbury could not walk in the streets without

being insulted. It was even worse when Pilmoor came, the first Methodist preacher to enter the place-or the whole State, for that matter. No wonder that his heart grew sick, and that, as brave as he was, he felt like fleeing forever from the presence of these cursing, rioting, utterly abandoned "sons of Belial." At first he could get no place in which to preach save the theater. In going thither he passed through lines of horribly profane creatures, many of them with sticks or stones in their hands, threatening death if he attempted to speak on religion of any kind. Seeing that they could not daunt him in this way, they prepared a different scheme. While he was preaching on the stage of the theater, he and the table before which he stood began to descend rapidly. Feeling the sensation of falling, Pilmoor quickly braced himself; and when he reached the cellar below he was not much hurt-just a little bruised. Thinking to give him a good fright, these sons of Belial had fixed his table directly over the trap-door, and suddenly let it down at an unusual rate of speed.

Pilmoor climbed back to the stage, and his table having previously been thrown there he now grasped it, and facing his audience invited them to an adjoining yard, concluding thus: "Come, my friends; we will, by the grace of God, defeat the devil this time, and not be driven by him from our work! " So saying, he withdrew to the yard, followed by his audience; and there, as calmly as if nothing had happened, he finished his discourse.

THE PIONEER BISHOP OF AMERICA

When, in 1771, an urgent call was made in the British Conference for more preachers for America, five young men offered themselves. Only two were accepted, Francis Asbury and Richard Wright. Of the latter we shall hear little; of the former much, for the story of his life is the story of American Pioneer Methodism.

Francis Asbury was the only child, after the death of a sister, of a gardener living in Handsworth, England-not far from that famous Wednesbury where so many of the stormy scenes of early Methodism took place. The date of his birth was August 20, 1745. The quaint house in which he was born stood back in a large garden-a long, rambling old building, with all its rooms on a precise line. The quaintest little dormer-windows were stuck all about the roof; the clumsy wooden doors were like the doors of a stable; and the tall, shaky-looking chimneys, with their pointed chimney-pots, seemed as if about to topple over. In this wide garden Francis played, and no doubt climbed to the tops of the trees and to the bowed roof of the old house. What if he was a grave and dignified bishop in after years?-he was nothing but a merry, light-hearted boy then, like many who will read this.

From the early age of seven he had been "piously inclined." At fourteen he was so affected by the conversation and prayers of "a pious man" as to feel the spirit of love and grace "stirring within." He went to hear the Methodists, and found them such

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as his soul had longed for-the "ideal of Christian people." Deep within his heart he said, "This people shall be my people." How well he kept that vow! In every condition he stood by them-his people!

At eighteen Asbury became a preacher, a Methodist preacher, and was soon preaching as many as five times a week. At twenty-one he had taken regularly to itinerating, experiencing all the hardships and many of the persecutions of his predecessors. After "five years hard service" he was sent to the help of the struggling Church in America, there to write his name imperishably upon her records. On turning to this new and little known country, he took deep communion with his own heart. "I am going to live to God and bring others to do so." How grandly that resolution was kept, let every act of his brave, beautiful, tireless life bear witness.

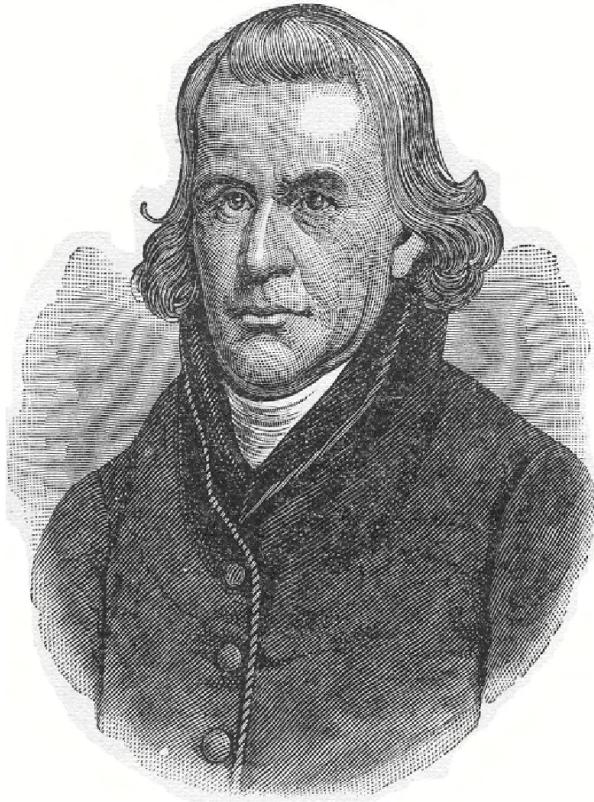
While on the voyage he had a taste of the hardships that awaited him in this untried land. His friends, through some oversight, neglected to provide him with an outfit of any kind, and thus he had to sleep on the hard boards of his berth, with but one blanket underneath and one for cover. Now let us see how he took this. Did he bemoan his hard lot, rail out against others for neglect of him, and wish himself back in old England? No, not he. "The more troubles I meet," he affirmed, "the more convinced I am that I am doing the will of God." Noble, unselfish, heroic man! Who fitter than he to lead to victory the scattered hosts of a struggling and persecuted Church?

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On coming to America he found six hundred Methodists, ten preachers, much faith, considerable enthusiasm, but very little order and system. Being a natural leader, a born organizer, Asbury soon saw this would not do. He made the people see it too. Some of the preachers acted like bad boys at first-stubbornly-and would not see it. Like bad boys they did not want to be put under restraint and governed. But where they were too blind or too stub born to see, Asbury made them feel it. He took them in hand-just as a clear, cool-headed man would take a lot of naughty, willful boys-gently, but firmly. Then how Methodism grew! how it spread over the country, to become as firmly implanted as the rock within the soil! Not even the great shock of war that followed could dislodge it.

When Asbury first came he found the preachers inclined to "settle" in the cities during the winter months, and extremely averse to "circulating" among the country churches. Thus the latter were left very much to themselves, suffering accordingly. This bold young leader instituted a new order of things. "No winter-quarters!" was his bold proclamation. And like a true commander he did not call upon his men to go where he did not himself lead the way. Thus he came to know hardships in their most trying form. The recital of some of his sufferings would bring tears from eyes all unused to weep. No Church has a more pathetic page upon her records. He spent days in the saddle, often without food of any kind; he climbed hills that were rugged mountains of dif-

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Francis Asbury

ficulty, sometimes being compelled to dismount and toil over sharp stones that pierced through his thin shoes and brought the blood at almost every step. He swam swollen creeks and half-frozen rivers; he followed dangerous forest trails; he sunk to the knees in the mud of swamps, to pull himself up again and ride on in the raging storm, buffeted by the winds and stung by hail or sleet. On, on he went year after year, the same round, the one sanctified purpose ever in his heart-to win lost souls to Christ.

At twenty-seven years Asbury was made superintendent of all the churches in America, and twelve years later their first resident bishop. Now he entered upon a round of work that seems almost incredible. From this time to the day of his death, March 31, 1816, it is estimated that he traveled over no less than two hundred and seventy thousand miles, preached sixteen thousand five hundred sermons, presided at two hundred and twenty-four Annual Conferences, and ordained four thousand preachers. Such a record! And what a bishop!-what a man to have between the shafts of the great vehicle of Methodism! No wonder the rumbling of its wheels was heard from Nova Scotia to Georgia.

It was a constant source of mortification to some of Asbury's prouder members-for there were some proud Methodists then, just as there are now-that Asbury lived so little like a bishop. "Why, dear me!" they thought, "a bishop ought to live in a palace, and wear fine linen and rich robes, and fare sumptuously every day!" Well, that was the way

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the bishops in proud, haughty old England lived; but over here in plain, republican America they did things differently-especially since this first Bishop of the New Continent had the courage, and the zeal, and the manliness, and the sense, and the utter disregard of self to establish a new line of things. Here was a bishop who literally had no home to call his own, whose richest vestments were a suit of rusty, seedy black, and whose sole earthly possessions consisted of one horse-and that sometimes borrowed-one coat, one waistcoat (the last coat and waistcoat used about fourteen months), four or five shirts, and four or five books; a bishop whose "episcopal throne was the saddle, his diocese a continent."

At a camp-meeting in Western Virginia Bishop Asbury was introduced to an aristocratic old lady, from one of the New England States, who had long desired to meet the great Bishop of American Methodism. She fully expected to see a most pompous looking personage in gown and ruffles, and with all the impressive paraphernalia of the episcopal office. Therefore, when the plain little man in his rusty black suit was introduced to her she could hardly believe her eyes. "Asbury?" she interrogated, "Bishop Asbury?" with great stress upon "Bishop." "Yes, madam; Bishop Asbury, at your service," he replied, bowing courteously, but with a look in his merry eyes that plainly showed that he knew how the land lay. Well, the great lady was shocked. The idea of a bishop traveling in such style as this! But she was too polite to show her real feelings further; so

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she and the Bishop at once drifted into conversation. Before many minutes she found out that if there was less of the bishop, there was very much more of *the man*, inside those shabby clothes than she had imagined. Perhaps, after all, it was one of his eccentricities to travel in this fashion. Doubtless at home he lived in proper style. So, not to have all her pretty dream spoiled, she began questioning him about the episcopal palace. The Bishop smiled, and soon quietly informed her that there was no episcopal palace. "What!" exclaimed the lady; "you don't mean to tell me that *you, a bishop, have no home!* "

"Yes, madam.

‘No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in a wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man.’”

She asked no more questions after that. She simply could not. If she could but have known even a few of the many real hardships in the life of this man, who felt far sharper needs than that of the lack of an episcopal residence. That was a small matter indeed, compared with other things.

One hot summer day he was on his way, with several preachers, to attend one of the Conferences. It had been a long and arduous journey over hills and mountains, with no sign of habitation since early morning. It was now well past dinner-time, and they were all faint with weariness and hunger. They knew that there was a tavern a few miles on, but without a shilling between them entertainment there was out of the question. Soon, in riding, on they came upon a cool and shady strip of woods beside the road.

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Said the Bishop to the preachers: "Let us stop here and rest in the shade." Glad enough they were to obey, and dismounting from their horses hobbled them so that they could graze without straying. Far more fortunate were the brutes than their masters, who between them had not so much as one biscuit or a scrap of venison. Finally, turning to one of the preachers, Asbury said: " You will find some almond nuts under the seat of my gig. Get them and spread them out on the trunk of that fallen tree yonder." The preacher obeyed with much alacrity. Even nuts were a blessing not to be despised. When the humble meal had been arranged according to the Bishop's orders, he invited the other preachers to draw near, and standing in their midst reverently lifted up his voice in a blessing to God. The grace finished, how quickly those almond-nuts disappeared! and with what cheerfulness and grateful content they arose from that feast (?), though feeling almost as empty as before.

Bishop Asbury's heart was ardently enlisted in the temperance cause, and he was not afraid to speak out his sentiments on any occasion, or to act up to them in public. One day he was dining with an aristocratic family, the head of which prided himself upon his cellar of fine wines and brandies. His wife shared this pride, and never lost an opportunity of pressing some of the liquors upon her guests. "Bishop," she said, turning toward Asbury, "shall I help you to a glass of brandy?" "No, madam," he replied; "I believe that he who striveth for the mas-

tery is temperate in all things." A hot flush dyed the lady's face. She was much disconcerted, but did not care to show it; so she rejoined: "Bishop, I believe that brandy is good in its place." "So do I, madam; and, if you have no objection, I will put it in its place." So saying he arose, and took the decanter in his hand, walked with it to the cupboard, and placing it there said firmly yet courteously: "There! madam, that is the place for it, and there let it stay." Instead of offending her, the words and the act brought earnest conviction to the lady's heart. The decanter remained where the Bishop had placed it-in the cupboard. She never again offered wine or brandy to her guests.

But what scene can compare with that in the mud of the Carolina swamps, when he, the Bishop of a great American Church, the idol of a strong people, humbly and devoutly knelt to pray with a poor black fisherman! The abject appearance of the slave, as he sat upon the bank fishing, attracted the attention of the Bishop, who was riding by. "Did you ever pray?" he asked suddenly, looking into the negro's startled face. "No, sir," was the answer. "Then, come down here and let us pray together." And kneeling with him there in the slime, the Bishop's knees well into it, his soul far away with his Father in heaven, he petitioned earnestly for the salvation of this humble black soul. Such a prayer could not fail of an answer. Twenty years afterward a negro, who had walked sixty miles just for the glimpse of one face, fell upon his knees at Bishop Asbury's feet,

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in a crowded assembly, and grasping his hand bedewed it with grateful tears. It was "Black Punch," the former fisherman of the Santee swamps, now reclaimed, enlightened, made as a new being. Fortyeight years later still, an itinerant Methodist preacher, traveling in the wilderness of South Carolina, heard of a "flock" of two or three hundred on a plantation near by, and like a good shepherd went in search of them. "Have you a preacher?" he asked. "O yes, massa, 'de ole Bishop;' him lib hyar." "Is he a good preacher?" "O yes, massa; him word so hot it 'mos' burn out yer heart." Anxious to see a personage of such power as this, the preacher went to the cabin, where the "ole Bishop," venerable and fast nearing the end, was laid up with the palsy. It was Punch, "Black Punch," Asbury's convert of the swamps, whose title had been borrowed from the man who converted him. Three hundred in the society, and the overseer himself and many other whites converted, and all through the instrumentality of "Black Punch"-what a record! O Asbury, glorious and inimitable! heroic knight of a heroic faith! something more than a passing impulse caused you to kneel that day in the Santee swamps.

When the trials, the sufferings, and the patient endurance of nearly half a century had left their imprint upon the lined face and the bending figure, Bishop Asbury was carried one Sunday into a church in Richmond, Virginia. Here, sitting upon a table in the pulpit, with a flash of the old-time fire in his eyes, and an expression of heavenly love and peace

upon his countenance, he preached his last sermon Six days later, at Spottsylvania, the wheels of a life that had run on untiringly to the end made the last round, and the soul of Francis Asbury, pioneer Bishop of the Methodist Church in America, an the first Protestant Bishop of the Continent, ha joined the hosts above, where "labor finds them no nor care."

THE BUNYAN OF AMERICAN METHODISM

Philip Gatch, the second native itinerant, followed Captain Webb and Boardman into New Jersey. Gatch was a young man who only a short while before had had a glorious awakening from sin. He entered New Jersey with a stout heart, a determined will, and a soul deeply convinced of three things: "Its own weakness, the help that God alone could afford, and the necessity of saving the souls of the people."

During Gatch's early labors in New Jersey occurred the conversion of Benjamin Abbott, one of the most remarkable characters in the annals of Methodism. The story of this man's life reads like the chapters of a romance, or the stirring page of some wonderful and well-nigh incredible record. Only a touch here and there can be given. His start ling experiences gained for him the title, "The Bun yan of American Methodism." Like Bunyan, in early life he had been "notoriously wicked." He had been an apprentice in Philadelphia, and was now a farme in New Jersey. He had no fear of God, and cer-

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tainly none of man. He openly lived in the midst of the grossest vices, and was the roughest and most daring of men. But he had a good wife, a praying wife, and God had not quite abandoned him. Touched by his wife's emotion, he time and again promised reform, but these promises invariably melted away as the dew when the sun touches it. Up to his fortieth year he had never heard of conversion, or of "pardon actually felt and known." As upright as his wife was, she could not help him in this, for she was a Presbyterian-she lived by her creed. But under all this apparently hopeless crust the volcanic fire began to stir into flame. His soul grew restless.

At night he had alarming dreams. In this condition he went to hear Philip Gatch. The scales fell from his eyes; he saw himself as he was, the vilest of sinners. He wondered that "he was out of hell." He went again to the Methodist meeting, and under the power of the word "shook in every joint," crying aloud for mercy.

"Abbott is mad!" said those who watched him; but he was not mad. He fled to the woods, and there, deep in those silent recesses, with no eye but God's upon him, the frenzy of suicide seized him. But in his torture, when he had raised his hand to end all, came the thought as a flash: "There *is nothing* compared to hell!" His hand dropped nerveless; his soul stood fast in terror. Cold perspiration broke from him as he realized what he had been about to do. He sprung up and fled homeward, feeling that Satan and all his fiends were "in hot pursuit."

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The night that followed was one of unbearable horrors. His mind seemed going from him. He cried out in agony and beat his forehead with his hands. In vain. There was no relief. The next day, as he worked in the fields, "his troubled heart beat so loud he could hear the strokes." He threw down his scythe and fell upon his face weeping. Torn with the throes of distress, even his strong body was not equal to the strain. "But for some moderation of the pain and anxiety," he said afterward, "I in List have died ere the going down of the sun." He fell upon his knees, and for the first time in all his life prayed to God. Some relief came, but not yet was his soul in peace, for still was the treasure itself unfound. At the coming on of the night he was again with the Methodists, and trembling "like Belshazzar at the writing of the hand on the wall." "Save, Lord, or I perish!" he cried in his extremity, and tried to reach the altar and the preacher, but could not for the crowd. But he went home, and, to his wife's great joy, had family prayer.

The next day, in company with his wife, he went ten miles to where the Methodists were holding their meeting, and begged of the preacher "baptism for his soul's relief." Not yet did he see clearly. He knew nothing of "justification by faith." His request seemed odd to the preacher. "Are you a Quaker?" he asked of Abbott. "No," was the reply; "I am nothing but a poor, wretched, condemned sinner!" And overcome with a sense of his woes, he burst into tears. "Then," said the preacher, com-

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forting him, "you are the very man Christ died for, or he would not have awakened you. Be of good cheer, have faith, and thou shalt be saved."

With the preacher's words ringing in his ears, Abbott went home. That night, waking in terror from his dreams, he saw, as in a vision, the Saviour standing with outstretched arms and saying, "I died for you!" The supreme moment had come-the test of his faith. He saw, he *believed!* Happy as an angel, he sprung from bed and ran to tell his household of the Saviour he had found. Midnight as it was, they were called up for prayer, and he stood in their midst sobbing out his joy, with glowing eyes and radiant face.

The next day the report that Abbott had gone "raving mad" spread through the neighborhood like wild-fire. A clergyman, a friend of the family, tried to free him from what he termed simply "the delusion of the devil." "He may be right," said the voice of doubt in Abbott's heart. But the better spirit urged, "Take this to God in prayer." He did, felt the precious blood re-applied, and rose up shouting, "Not all the devils in hell shall make me *doubt!*" Abbott being a man of "dreams and visions," like Banyan, a sore trial awaited him through a dream that came to him not long after his conversion. He dreamed that the preacher who first aroused him to a need of salvation through Christ alone had fallen away from his gracious heritage, and was a disgraced and ruined man. The dream came true, for this man -Abraham Whitworth-did shamefully fall through the temptings of the flesh.

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This sad occurrence had a strange effect upon Abbott. It seemed to him that he too must fall through the mere association. "What will become of me now that he is fallen?" he asked himself over and over again. But Christ, the Captain, still held command. Amidst all the tumult and doubt and darkness his voice rung in stern warning: "Cursed is he that putteth his trust in the arm of flesh!" With these words came light and hope and strength. It was not in accord with the divine decree that the salvation of one man should depend upon the slipping away of another. He heard Philip Gatch again about this time, and was happily strengthened in his faith in the Methodist ministry. Abbott himself became the first native itinerant minister in New Jersey. His cup seemed running over when not long after this his wife and three children were converted by Gatch.

Abbott now entered upon his wonderful work. Some of the scenes that attended his preaching would challenge credence but for the indelible stamp of truth upon them. His texts came to him in his sleep, and he would often wake up preaching from them. From exhorting he went to preaching. His first regular sermon was over the coffin of a neighbor. Many sinners fell before his powerful words. He knew the corrupt ways of men. He had sounded every depth himself, and knew how to reach them as did perhaps no other preacher of that day. He is described as "half lamb, half lion." One moment his fierce threatenings would make sinners tremble as in a moral ague, then in softened tones he

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would cause tears to flow from the eyes of the most hardened transgressors.

Once when speaking with unwonted energy against the various abominations of the day, he suddenly cried out, "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this congregation!" Immediately a stout man, very pale-faced and trembling so he could hardly stand, attempted to go out. When he reached the door, as if unable to contain himself any longer, he screamed out several times, stretching his arms before him as if to screen himself from some terrible thing, and, running back through the congregation until he got to the far side of the room, there fell against the wall, crying out bitterly: "Yes, I am a murderer! I killed a man fifteen years ago!" And thus he lay, calling out in the anguish of his soul and imploring preacher and people to have mercy and pray for the pardon of his sins. The people were alarmed, the preacher astonished; but the latter, assuring the man that he would pray for him at the close of his sermon, recovered himself and went on with his discourse.

At Deerfield, in New Jersey, Abbott was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers should he attempt to preach. But he resolved to proclaim the gospel message, "if he had to *die* for it!" He walked between two lines of ominous faces to the pulpit, where he gave out his hymn; but no one sung, and he sung it alone from beginning to end. Though he was outwardly calm, yet "every joint in his body trembled," he tells us. But the power of God was even then at

work, and in the prayer that followed it came down so mightily that the very rafters shook with the outpouring of long-pent emotions. Some fell upon the floor, "others screamed aloud." Even the leader of the mob, who had the tar and feathers at hand, threw his bucket through the window, and knelt at the altar for prayer. "Not since Williams went away," said one and all, "have we heard such preaching." Abbott moved on to Salem, where a Presbyterian elder, struck by something in the man that was irresistible, invited him to preach in his house. Abbott promised he would do so on that day two weeks at three o'clock. Going to keep his appointment at the Presbyterian elder's home, he found a large crowd assembled. Before the sermon was finished both the elder and his wife were awakened. Many people cried out and fell to the floor, while some had to be carried out as men that are slain in battle. "Do you know what you have done?" Abbott asked of the elder at the close of the meeting. "What have I done?" he questioned. "You have opened your house to the Methodists, and, if a work of religion break out, your people will turn you out of the synagogue." Then up spoke the newly converted minister with brave determination: "I will die for the truth! "Another clergyman admitted of this Methodist sermon that it was "*the truth*, though spoken in a rather rough manner."

The next day Abbott met a young Baptist lady who was very ill, and whose soul had been struggling for many years in a bondage from which it could not

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escape. He talked and prayed with her, and pointed her to the way-not by the path that led down into the water, but simply by faith through the blood of Christ Jesus.

Abbott and the other Methodist itinerants along the Atlantic coast were constantly meeting with the converts of Whitefield. Most of them had gone into the Presbyterian churches, some into the Baptist, but many came over to Methodism. Everywhere they could see evidences of the rich and patient sowing of the great evangelist.

Soon after he began to preach, Abbott made a Sunday expedition to a place that fully deserved its name, "Hell Neck." There was much opposition and some violence, but he routed Satan's strongest allies in the first fray. One sinner said: "I have heard Abbott swear, and I have seen him fight. Now I will go and hear him preach." He went, and fell as a slain man, rising again in the strength of life renewed. He opened his home to Abbott as a preaching-place, and soon the banner of Methodism was floating over redeemed "Hell Neck."

At Mannington he fell into the hands of wicked and violent men. He was mobbed, slashed at with swords, pelted with stones, and had bayonets presented at his breast. Twice one man made a persistent effort to run him through, the bayonet each time passing close beside his ear.

From town to town he went as a good soldier. The great Captain of the hosts had given his marching orders, and the battle-cry was, "Ever onward!" In

all parts of New Jersey he kindled a gospel flame that never went out. Nor did his labors cease within the borders of that little State: he spread the light in Pennsylvania and Delaware . He was a man of dreams, it is true-like Bunyan, a "prince of dreamers "-but he was also a man of decided action. He is buried at Salem, New Jersey, among the people of his love.

THE DEEDS OF A NOBLE LIFE

In a work of the scope and character of this many deserving names and notable scenes, that added some of the most stirring chapters to early Methodism, must necessarily be left out. We can only here and there touch upon men and incidents more prominently connected with the *beginning* of Methodism in different places, especially with its founding in certain sections of the country. Such a place is distinctively merited by Jesse Lee, for he was unquestionably the founder of Methodism in New England. What a noble life was his! and how the student lingers entranced over the record of deeds that even knights of the old romances never performed! How could they, when they knew naught of that highest attribute of Christian knighthood-the desire to win souls to Christ?

Jesse Lee was born in 1758, the son of a Virginia farmer in moderate circumstances. The neighborhood in which he lived was like many of the Virginia neighborhoods of that clay-the people knew God

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only by name. His parents were members of the Church; yet, while they were strictly moral, they were not religious. But a change was to come. When he was fifteen years old Jesse was one day much startled by hearing his father remark that men might not only have their sins forgiven of God, but they might also feel within themselves the consciousness of their sins forgiven. Jesse was interested as well as startled. He asked his father where he had learned that. He was told that he had heard it spoken about a year before at a meeting conducted by a good Episcopal minister by the name of Jarratt, whose departure from the old dead forms and customs of his Church had for some time been startling the people of this section of Virginia. The words rung in Jesse's ears. Soon they were succeeded by a haunting question, "Are my sins forgiven?" He knew they were not, and, shaken with a sense of guilt and fear, he fled to the woods, where he wandered for hours in a torture of spirit almost unendurable. "Lost! lost! unless God forgives my sins," sounded in his ears. Day after day found him in the woods in the same tortured state of mind. He had no friend to whom he could go. He dared not speak to his father. Four terrible weeks this struggle continued, and then one morning, just as he felt himself sinking down, down, almost to the depths of hell, a voice spoke to him: "If thou wilt *believe*, thou shalt be saved!" He saw the way now as though a flash of light had revealed it to him: he must have faith -faith, the rudder without which no sailor could

steer. With a cry of utter submission to God's will, he fell forward upon his face, and the blessing came. "My whole frame," he says, "was in a tremor from head to foot, and my soul enjoyed sweet peace."

He joined the Methodists under the preaching of the Rev. Robert Williams, the pioneer of Virginia Methodism. At twenty years of age he became a class-leader, and a year later he entered the ministry. And now began a career to which no pen, however, gifted, can do justice. But it is of Jesse Lee in New England that we wish particularly to speak.

He preached for six years in Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey. During all this time he had heard much of New England and of the coldness of the people there. Accordingly, in June 1789, he found himself at Norwalk, Connecticut, an utter stranger. Previous to this time a friend, knowing Lee's desire to enter New England, had written to a gentleman there by the name of Rogers, asking him to allow the preacher to hold a meeting in his house. On entering the village Lee at once sought Mr. Rogers's residence. A lady met him at the door, and, on learning who he was, said: "My husband is not at home, but he is not willing you should preach in our house." Lee's heart sunk, but he was too brave a man to show it. "Well, ma'am," he said after a few moments, "I will hold a meeting in the road." Then came a sudden thought, and he asked: "But may I not speak in that old house yonder?" As he spoke he pointed to an empty house on the premises; but she would not agree to his proposition.

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Unabashed by the coldness of his reception, Lee next approached an elderly lady, who lived near by, asking her permission to preach in her orchard. She flew into a passion at once, replying curtly: "No, sir, you *cannot*! The people would tread down my grass." But he was not vanquished yet. He determined that the people of cold New England should hear the gospel of Christ Jesus, even through worse difficulties than these. So he wrote notices and posted them in the village, stating that at a certain hour he would preach in the streets. When the time came he stood with uncovered head, reverently singing a hymn. He had a strong, sweet voice, and soon the charm of his singing drew a large crowd around him. The earnest prayer that followed thrilled many hearts with a strange feeling. But the sermon! that burned its way to every soul, causing "all to wonder and some to weep." At its close they crowded about him in much curiosity, and though their interest led them to promise that that day two weeks he should have the town-hall for his preaching-place, still no one invited him home. Where he slept that night is not known, but doubtless upon the ground -that and many nights succeeding it. In all that chilling region he had not one friend to cheer his fainting heart, not one fireside to which he could go and sit in the glow of its cheerful warmth, feeling its welcome. Instead he was laughed at, mocked, and often cruelly treated. Still, he rode from town to town, from neighborhood to neighborhood, resolutely waving the banner of salvation.

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At Stratfield he formed his first class-that of three earnest women, in whose hearts the holy flame had been kindled never to go out. Nine months he spent in these weary and almost cheerless labors, then Asbury sent three of the preachers to help him. Three circuits were formed; and, leaving these brethren "to reap fruit from the precious seed he had sown," Lee rode away farther into cold New England.

Near the center of Boston Common, until a few years ago, stood a wide-spreading and venerable elm, the observed of all others. Its decaying limbs were held together by clamps and rivets of iron, while a stout railing of the same material prevented the contact of rude and curious hands. Why was the elm thus protected? Why these strong supporting bands of iron? Simply that this venerable elm, with its time-marked trunk and its fast crumbling limbs, was very dear to the Methodists of this eastern metropolis, since under its shade on a July afternoon, ninety-nine years ago, Jesse Lee had delivered the first distinctively Methodist sermon ever preached in Boston.

Even in that July weather, the sun seemed to shine with an almost serene benignancy from the cloudless blue of the sky, as a man dressed with the rigid simplicity of a Quaker approached the old elm, then a young and vigorous tree, and took his stand upon a table set beneath its branches. All about him children played upon the grass, while nurses with their charges came and went. Here and there were groups of people either walking about or sitting upon the

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rustic benches beneath the trees. The solitary stranger who took his stand so quietly upon the table under the elm could not have been a Quaker, for no sooner had he stepped upon it than he removed his hat and placed it upon one of the limbs above him. Drawn by curiosity as to what he could be going to do, four people came near. As his melodious voice broke into a song, his audience increased. Nothing quite so pleasant had been heard upon that common for many a day. The song finished, he knelt upon the table, and stretching forth his hands in petition to an unseen but present God, he prayed with a depth and pathos that thrilled more than one callous heart. So unusual was this proceeding, so mysterious and interesting the appearance of the stranger, that before he had risen from his knees the promenaders came pouring in from every direction. Soon his congregation had become a multitude. They scarcely knew why they were drawn thither. As they came within sound of his voice new and strange feelings stirred them. It was soon evident that he was preaching; but what a strange way to preach—without notes, without any thing save a little pocket Bible from which he took his text! But what was he saying? Surely something about faith and works. "Both are wrong!" cried the stranger from his table. "Faith is one oar, works is another. He who rows with one does not advance, but only whirls about; he who rows with the other only whirls in the opposite direction; he who works both in harmony moves forward and *heavenward!*"

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As he went on the throng continued to increase, till soon he was surrounded by fully three thousand eager, curious people. Some seemed a little restless, others inquisitive. A few of the more light-minded went so far as to giggle out, but upon the faces of many was that serious, reflective expression born of a soul in deep communion with itself. He went on with his sermon. Bolder and more fervent it grew. Now he would gratify the more refined taste of his audience by the presentation of beautiful imagery, then melt them to tears by the deep pathos of words and look, but ever holding up to them the picture of a gentle, loving, forgiving Savior. It was a sermon to make the Calvinistic creed of New England rattle as the bones of a wind-swept skeleton. Notwithstanding the marked impression made by this sermon, no hand grasped his at its close, no eye spoke a welcome, no lip invited him to the shelter of a hospitable home. But it was summer weather, and he was used to sleeping upon the ground. Not for such drawbacks as these was he to be frightened from the field. Brave, true-hearted Jesse Lee! when Methodism sent you forth to the possession of sin's waste places, she sent as dauntless a knight as ever bore lance in a righteous cause.

The week following that Sunday upon Boston Common Lee spent in preaching in the towns between Boston and Newburyport. But the next Sunday found him again beneath the boughs of the spreading elm, and now his congregation had swelled to fully five thousand. The eloquence of the sermon

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leaped as a flame of fire from heart to heart, and many a soul felt itself enkindled under his burning words, yet no friendly hand was offered him at its close, no voice welcomed him to a genial home, nor was there even one convert to the Methodist faith. Such treatment was enough to send him back to where the fire of Methodism could put new warmth into his chilled heart. But not so. He was repulsed, not conquered. He had no need to go elsewhere for the enkindling of faith, since deep within his own heart the flame burned inextinguishably. He kept his face to the foe, and came off victor.

At the neighboring town of Lynn he won his first friends and his first converts. He made that place his head-quarters. He now began to see the reward of his labors, for, though late in springing up, the seed sown amidst such patient toil had only taken deeper root. Three years after his first visit to Boston he organized there, in 1793, its first Methodist society. Three years more, and a church was built. The Methodist banner had been unfurled not only in Boston, but in many other parts of New England. To-day there is hardly a hamlet within its bounds where the grand old standard does not wave.

Jesse Lee lived to be fifty-eight years old. Giant as he was in body and mind, he saw his energies slowly but surely drained from him through the ravages of malarial fever, and realized that the end was near. He died September 12, 1816. His last words were a shout of triumph: "Halleluiah! halleluiah! Jesus reigns!" There have been many greater and wiser

than he, but none better or more faithful. The story of his life-deeds is written imperishably upon the record of American pioneer Methodism. "By his work we know the master."

A TRUE KNIGHT-ERRANT OF METHODISM

In a beautiful home overlooking the waters of Chesapeake Bay, in Maryland, and not far from the mouth of the Susquehanna River, was born, in 1752, one by whom the standard of Methodism was destined to be carried into many sections of the New World, from North Carolina to Nova Scotia. This was Freeborn Garrettson, whose first name well expresses his boyish character, marked as it was by so decided "a tone of freedom and independence." Before he had reached his tenth year he had been graciously inclined to religion, but on the death of his idolized mother and sister he became bitter against the Being whom he thought had cruelly bereaved him. By the time he was sixteen years of age he had given himself almost solely to idle pleasures. At this stage of his life he met with the Methodist itinerants. Their ringing words aroused a Voice long slumbering in his heart. A narrow escape from drowning followed close upon this awakening, and increased the agitation within his heart. "What would have become of my soul if I had been drowned?" That question haunted him night and day. He read religious books, he wept over his sins, but still no relief came. One beautiful afternoon early in

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May he was riding on horseback along a rocky road. As he was descending a steep hill at a rapid gait, his horse stumbled and threw him violently to the ground. When he came to his senses the startling thought presented itself: "Had I died, I should have dropped into hell!" He fell upon his knees and prayed passionately to God for help. Feeling strangely calmed, he arose and said firmly: "By the grace of God, I will be a follower of Christ!" Still he was not converted. It was one thing to say he would find the consciousness of sins forgiven, and another to *feel* it. But he was well on the way.

While in this condition Garrettson heard the good Asbury and others preach; but a deep-rooted and bitter prejudice against these Methodists kept him for many months away from the blessing that God was waiting to give him. One day, however, the Voice spoke to him as it had never done before. In a twinkling his pride, his prejudice, his doubts all fell from him as a great burden that had been rolled away; and, dropping upon his knees, he then and there gave himself up in unconditional surrender to God. He was so happy that he could not contain himself. He went home shouting. His servants looked at him in alarm. His face was as the face of one upon which a great light shone. He gathered the Bible and the hymn-book, and called his household, his servants, in to prayer. A few days later there occurred a most remarkable scene, as, standing with the open Bible before him and the tears raining over his face, he freed his slaves.

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His prejudice against the Methodists being now completely broken down, he did not hesitate to attach himself to them. Still he had at that time no idea of becoming a preacher. Like so many of the early Methodists, his first thought was to do all the good he could; so he earnestly began exhorting his neighbors. He did this even before he had formally united himself with the Church.

At this time the war of the Colonies was at its height, and Garrettson was called upon, as a good patriot, to take up arms in defense of his country. This he refused to do, not because he was a coward, but because he looked upon the shedding of human blood under any pretext as contrary to the law of humanity and of God. Who shall say that he was not right? He was pronounced a crazy fanatic, a religious enthusiast, and many more hard names were applied to him. But for none of these things did he care. He had bravely and unconditionally enlisted in the army of another Commander, and so long as life was spared he intended to remain a faithful soldier under the banners of the Prince of Peace.

In 1779 he regularly joined the Methodist itinerancy. He could not have entered the ranks at a more perilous time. The whole country was in a state of agitation. All along the Atlantic shore, to hundreds of miles inward, resounded the tramp of armies. Battle had succeeded battle. The noblest blood of two continents had met and mingled. The worst passions were aroused. Neighbors, friends, brothers, suspected each other, either of loyalty or disloyalty as the

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case might be. The Methodist preachers were "everywhere spoken against," and everywhere persecuted. They were accused of being "King George men," and hated accordingly. Even those born on American soil did not escape. It was enough to know that they were members of the hated sect.

Young Garrettson bore his share of this persecution with a meekness and a heroism that could only have been born of the true Christian spirit. He was fined and thrown into prison, he was slandered, insulted, and beaten with stripes. More than once he was pulled from his horse, trampled upon, and left for dead; but his heroic soul was never in fear. Wherever he went, preaching an ever-present Saviour to lost souls, the most wonderful success crowned his efforts, for God was with this bold knight-errant whose two-edged sword cut right and left at the sins of men. He preached in his native Maryland, the sharp point of his good blade cutting into hundreds of hearts that had openly opposed and even abused him. He went into Virginia, sometimes preaching as many as four times a day. He penetrated southward into North Carolina, and here the most extraordinary scenes attended his preaching. Once he was nearly beaten to death by a man who gave no other reason for his savage attack than that Garrettson was a Methodist preacher, and needed to have the abominable doctrine thrashed out of him! On another occasion the man who entertained him was shot, while the preacher himself narrowly escaped.

In 1784 he met Dr. Coke, who said of him: "He

seems to be all meekness and love, and yet all activity. "This high regard ripened into an intense desire on the part of Dr. Coke to send Garrettson into the wilds of Nova Scotia. After a stormy passage, Garrettson-in company with his assistant, Cromwell-arrived in the bleak country, at Halifax, in the early part of the year 1785. Here numberless persecutions awaited them. On one of the first evenings of Garrettson's preaching large stones were thrown at him through the windows, one of them, about a pound in weight, narrowly missing his head. He paid no more attention to it than if it had been a harmless pea-nut. "This is but trifling," commented he, "so I can but win souls to Christ!" With God's help, he became the founder of Methodism in Halifax.

He went into various parts of this province and others adjacent. Obstacles well-nigh insurmountable stood in the way, but he preached on, carrying the life and light of Methodism into what was doubtless at that day the dreariest and most desolate portion of the American Continent. He kept constantly on his travels-nothing deterred him. where there were roads of any kind, he and his faithful horse found them. In places where there were no roads, but simply Indian foot-paths, he left his horse behind him, and, strapping his wallet upon his back, proceeded on foot. On these journeys he often had to wade through swamps half a leg deep in mud and water. Sometimes he would be so chilled as to be incapable of motion for several minutes. Frequent

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ly his clothes were frozen stiff, and locomotion was almost impossible. But on such occasions he stopped under the shelter of a hill, kindled a fire, dried his clothing, and went on again. His sufferings from hunger also were intense. For days at a time he lived on the bread and pork he carried in his wallet. He oftener made his bed upon the cold, bleak ground than in some civilized habitation. There, upon a couch of leaves drifted together in a hollow, or upon a pile of hemlock-boughs in the shelter of the rocks, he passed many a night in deep thankfulness to God that it was as well with him as it was.

One terrible winter night he found himself traveling through a thinly-settled district. A heavy snow had fallen, followed by a sleet. He and his exhausted horse repeatedly tried to find a track of some kind—they had gone down into the snow, seemingly without the power to rise again; but at length, struggling onward, they came to the door of a lonely cabin in the woods. Garrettson had just strength enough left to dismount, turn his horse under a shelter near, and stagger into the cabin. Here, without taking note of his surroundings, save to make out a bed in one corner, he approached it and fell insensible upon it. The only inmates of the cabin at the time were some children playing about a fire on the hearth. Though small, they had the presence of mind to throw plenty of covering over him, and thus probably saved his life. It was nine hours before he returned to consciousness.

In his travels he had frequently to cross the St.

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John's. As the student of geography doubtless knows, the tide of this river is very treacherous, sometimes receding and leaving its bed nearly empty, and again rushing back with great velocity, sweeping all before it. Sometimes its returning waves catch in their tempestuous grasp the vessels that have been lying high and dry on land and elevate them many feet higher. When the tide recedes the river is fordable, but in winter this is exceedingly dangerous, owing to the great masses of ice that block the way.

On one occasion Garrettson's guide, instead of leading him up the river where the fording was safer, went clown to one of the most treacherous crossings. Unsuspecting of danger, Garrettson followed the guide into the midst of the river. They had gone about two-thirds of the distance across when both were horrified to see the rushing, roaring tide sweeping down upon them. The guide shrieked out, "Put spurs to your horse, and make for the nearest land! " at the same time following his own words by action. Garrettson at once obeyed. He had a swift, powerful horse, one that had before borne him out of danger. The shores were near, though steep and rugged. Rider and steed bent every energy. They reached the land by a mere hand's-breadth, for just as the good steed planted his feet upon the firm ground the waves swept over his back, nearly bearing away his master. The record says that if the latter had been "half the length of his horse's body behind, he would have been swept off into the tide like a feather."

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While in Nova Scotia Garrettson as frequently came upon those who were made stony through some rigid creed as upon those hardened in the ways of sin. With the former he often had the more stubborn fight. Once a Calvinist said to him: "Your doctrine is well enough in some things, but there is one part of it I do not like." "What part is that?" asked Garrettson. "You say, sir, that a saint may fall." Instead of replying Garrettson put a direct question: "Do you know that you were ever converted?" To this the man made answer that he was "positive that he had been regenerated," but at the same time confessed that he was then living in what he termed a "winter state." Garrettson then pressed him to the point where he acknowledged that by this "winter state" he meant he was "living in known sin." Then up spoke the bold knight-errant of Methodism: "You do not believe in falling from grace because you are already fallen. You call this 'a winter state!' I call it being in the arms of the wicked one. You may talk as you will of your past experience, but I would not give a straw for your chance of heaven if you die in this state. You are trying to reconcile Christ and Belial." Greatly confused, the Calvinist tried to parry this sharp thrust by replying: "Well, I know I shall be raised up at the last day." "O yes, you will," returned the bold preacher again; "but unless you repent it will be to be cast into the lake of fire!" The disconcerted man turned upon his heels, and Garrettson never saw him again.

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So glorious a work did Garrettson do for Methodism in Nova Scotia that Wesley wished to make him superintendent of the societies there. But the heart of the staunch knight longed to be back with his people in the States. Returning, his zeal seemed to increase tenfold, if possible. From that time, until the infirmities of age set an absolute seal upon his labors, he toiled over a stretch of country that reached from Maryland on the south to Maine on the north. He was not a perfect man. Who is? His position on the slavery question, then very unpopular in the Colonies, often led him into heated discussions. He would frequently lose his temper, seeming to have little patience with those in whose minds the opposite conviction had, through birth and education, become as firmly planted as his own. A little more patience and Christian forbearance-how much better they would have been! No one can change all the training of a life-time in an hour; and though Freeborn Garrettson felt honestly within his soul the unalterable conviction that God, justice, humanity, all were on his side, still the citadel of the opposition could not be stormed nor broken down in a moment. He made the mistake of haste and of a dictatorial temper, as the half of a nation made it subsequently and precipitated the most causeless of modern wars. But aside from this, the work he did for Christ and for Methodism must forever stand out luminously upon her annals. At that last day how many hundreds of souls guided into the paths of righteousness will arise to call him blessed! His last

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words were, "Glory! glory!" and with a light upon his face, not of earth, he went home to live with Christ forever.

STARTLING SCENE IN SALEM, NEW JERSEY

In Salem, New Jersey, the persecution of the Methodists was waged with unusual violence. Especially was this the case during the War of the Revolution. They could not hold a meeting except at the peril of their lives. At last the magistrates had to interfere and give them protection.

Violence ceased after awhile, but some of the lower-minded kept up a system of petty persecution that was extremely annoying. The members of a certain profane club not only tormented the Methodists in public, but gave private entertainments in which to burlesque their peculiar mode of worship. On an occasion of this sort, just after one young man had exhausted his breath in imitation of "a Methodist screamer," as he designated the preacher, and another had declaimed "a regular yelping prayer," a young lady arose to take off "the good sister in a Methodist class." "Glory to God!" she began, "I have found peace; I am sanctified; I am now ready to die!" But before she could utter another word a terrible expression came over her face, and with a cry more startling and appalling than Methodist meeting ever echoed, she fell back *dead!*

Overcome with horror, the club broke up, many fleeing in terror from the spot. It never met again. This fearful evidence of the vengeance of an out-

raged God had its effect upon all, causing more than one of them finally to unite with the despised Methodists.

THE CHAIR PULPIT

One of the itinerant heroes of early Methodism in America was Philip Cox. He carried the banner of the cause with irresistible power from Long Island to Western Virginia. He was converted to Methodism in 1774, and entered upon his itinerant labors three years later. When he began to preach he was even poorer than his Divine Master, for he scarcely had one suit of whole clothing to cover his shivering form. Seeing his condition, some noble women spun the thread and wove it into garments for him. He it was who first presented young Enoch George to Bishop Asbury with the characteristic remark that has become famous. He was a small man, weighing only about one hundred pounds; but the force that dwelt within this small compass was incalculable. His energy often had the effect to stir a whole region into a revival of religion.

While Cox was laboring on the Sussex Circuit in Virginia he fell and broke one of his legs. During the time necessary for the fracture to heal he was urged to take a season of rest. He at length reluctantly consented, yet it was not to be. Only a few days after the leg had been set, and while it was still swathed in bandages, he was called to attend the funeral of a child. He found about one hundred persons gathered. He preached to them sitting in a

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chair placed upon a table. The sermon swept its way to all hearts. He preached from the text: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." There was not a dry eye in the congregation. Many wept piteously. Half his congregation were already professors of religion, while so powerful was the effect of the sermon that at its conclusion the entire remaining half professed conversion—one of the most remarkable instances on record in any Church. From this sermon a great revival emanated.

Cox continued to preach, day after day, still sitting in his chair pulpit upon the table. Sometimes he held forth in a building, a private house, a barn, or a chapel, but oftener in the open air. All this while he suffered agony from his unhealed limb, but with a fortitude born of his own courage and the strength of God he continued to bring many precious souls to Christ.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A BISHOP

On a bright Sunday morning, about one hundred years ago, the Methodists of a certain circuit in Virginia were assembled in their church-building awaiting the arrival of the new preacher assigned them at the last Conference. As they were a circuit of some importance, having paid in full all assessments and signified their willingness to support a preacher to the extent that the times and the church-work required, they naturally expected a man of some ability as well as of prepossessing appearance. Their

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William M'Kendree

disappointment and chagrin can therefore be better imagined than described when there appeared at the church-door an awkward, uncouth-looking man, who at once proceeded to the pulpit and knelt there for a few moments in prayer. He was tall and slender, but he carried himself with a slouching, careless gait very irritating to the nerves of the critical beholder. Added to this, he was young, raw-looking, and shabbily dressed. As he rose to open the services, he seemed more awkward and ill-at-ease than ever. He trembled, he shifted from one foot to the other, he knocked the hymn-book off in his nervous excitement, and came near upsetting the pitcher of water. He picked up the hymn-book, after nearly falling over in the pulpit, and apparently having gained a little composure, in the interval that his face had been hidden from the congregation, he opened the Bible and announced his text. Even now he could not look his congregation in the eye, but kept his gaze riveted upon the open page of the Bible all through the sermon. As to the discourse itself, it was so halting and disconnected that very little idea as to its import could be gathered. At the conclusion of the services every member of the congregation filed out with no thought for the preacher save one of irritation and disgust. Even his host, whose name was Epps, forgot him for the time and left the house without noticing him; but finally, a remembrance of his shabby young guest coming to him, and being naturally a hospitable man, he returned to the church. There, greatly to his surprise, he found

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the almost heart-broken young preacher sitting on the steps of the pulpit, his face covered by his hands, through the fingers of which the hot, despairing tears were dropping. "Come home with me, young man," said Mr. Epps, approaching him. "I am not fit to go home with anybody," returned the preacher in a choking voice. "Well, but you must have something to eat," replied the other somewhat curtly, yet in as sympathetic a voice as he could at the moment command. Hastily drying his tears, the young preacher arose to follow his host. As they went toward Epps's home the young man, although given but little encouragement, could not help but unburden himself. He had made a great mistake, he said, in having entered the ministry. He could now plainly see that he was not cut out for a preacher. Very bluntly, though not unkindly, Epps agreed with him, and advised him to give up his work in the circuit at once and return to his home.

Thoroughly disheartened, the young minister, after dining, rode on to his next appointment, and there announced his intention to quit preaching. But a good old brother, with far more heart than head, urged him to try again—just one more time. After considerable persuasion he at length consented. Then the Lord helped him wonderfully. It seemed as if the words were put into his mouth to become living vehicles of beauty and power. A thrill went through his entire congregation. Never had they heard from so young a man a sermon of such force and earnestness. This wonderful success seemed to put new life

and hope into the young preacher's breast, and to inspire him to new courage and determination.

Some twenty years later, the large and influential congregation of the Light Street Church, Baltimore, were assembled to hear a preacher appointed to them that Sabbath from the General Conference then about to convene in their city. They of course expected some "big gun" that would quite take away their breath by the noise and the smoke with which it would go off. They were little less than horrified, therefore, when a man in coarse, homely garments only a degree better than those worn by the backwoodsmen of the West—took his place in the pulpit. His air, too, was awkward and embarrassed; neither would he look them in the face, but kept his eyes resolutely fixed upon the floor in front of him. More than one person present thought to himself: "I wonder what awkward backwoodsman they have put in the pulpit this morning to disgrace us with his mawkish and uncouth phraseology. "Nor did he improve as he went on. In his prayer he faltered repeatedly, "clipping some of the words at the end, and occasionally hanging upon a syllable as if it were difficult to pronounce the word." His opening remarks were in keeping with his prayer-faltering and disjointed. This, added to a most defective elocution, caused his hearers to settle themselves to listen with what politeness and patience they could command.

His text was: "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is

there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" His sermon was upon the spiritual disease of the Jewish Church, which had continued on from that day to the present in the human family; and of the blessed effects upon the sin-sick soul of that "balm" which God himself had prepared.

Suddenly the attention of the congregation was attracted by some wonderful change that had taken place in the preacher's voice, in his manner-in short, in the whole man himself. His face was in a glow, his eyes seemed to flame with a hidden fire, his voice swept from heart to heart, thrilling them with emotions indescribable. Astonishment now took the place of cool indifference; then followed a rapt attention, and last of all a breathless silence in which every ear seemed to hang upon his words. It was no longer a rude backwoodsman, an awkward, bashful rustic who stood before them, but the mighty, eloquent, convincing preacher-such a preacher as was not heard every day, certainly but once or twice in a life-tune. The words continued to pour from his lips as a mighty flame of eloquence and truth. He seemed to sweep all before him. His hearers were no longer conscious of action or of will, but were borne along by the rushing, sweeping power of a force they could not resist. Some cried aloud for mercy; others sobbed out their penitence in scalding tears; still others fell to the floor powerless to move or speak. One preacher who was present-a tall, athletic man dropped upon his seat as if pierced by a bullet. An-

other swayed to and fro under uncontrollable emotions.

As the preacher came down from the pulpit, surrounded now by those ready "to magnify the grace of God in him," Bishop Asbury, who was present, was heard to remark: "That sermon will make him a bishop!" Sure enough, it did; for at that same General Conference, only three or four days later, WILLIAM MCKENDREE was elected by the largest majority that any candidate-with the single exception of Bishop Asbury-had ever received to be the fourth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

How truly has it been said: "A noble aim puts fire into the dullest soul. It turns a peasant into an apostle, and the disciple into a martyr. It leads the soul upward

Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun;
But drawn by him they guess where he may be,
And do their best to get to him."

THE BISHOP'S BEARDLESS BOY

On a lovely summer night, when the marvelous preaching of John Easter, that giant in the Methodist ranks, had been the talk of a certain Virginia neighborhood for more than the proverbial "nine days," a young man, a mere youth, sat alone in a large and luxuriously furnished room of a stately house, such as belonged to the wealthy planters of those days. Around him were all the evidences of

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wealth and refinement, every thing to please the eye and content the heart, yet his hands were clinched, his brow was knit, and his eyes flashed ominously. What could be the matter? Nothing more nor less than that his father and mother had gone to one of John Easter's meetings.

The young man's heart was all on fire against the "ranting Methodists," as he called them. Again, being a most ardent and loyal American, young Enoch-for that was the youth's name-had had his worst feelings aroused against the Methodists, whom he had heard repeatedly denounced as "an idle set of enthusiastic Tories sent over by King George to sow discord in America." That his father and mother, occupying the position they did, should have forgotten themselves so far as to go to hear one of these traitors was too much! Hot-headed youth that he was, he did not stop to think that the one in question was as much a native-born American as himself. He was a hated "Methodist," and that was enough.

By the time his father and mother returned he had worked himself into such a fever of indignation that he forgot himself and sprung forward to meet them with the bitterest reproaches. But his father's stern brow, and his sterner voice, brought him to his senses. "Sir," he said, with a look there was no mistaking, "let me never hear such words from your lips again!" Astonished as much by his father's look as by the nature of his reproof, the young man reflected to himself: "Surely, surely, something strange has come over my father's spirit, or he would not speak

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so to me. I must go to that Methodist meeting, and find out what these Methodists are really doing."¹

So, he went. He heard John Easter, the mighty and the marvelous, while sharper than a two-edged sword the word cut to his soul. He was convinced, but, haughty and stubborn youth as he was, lie would not yield. In absolute terror of what lie might do if longer subjected to that wonderful. influence, lie fled from the scene, declaring: "I will never be caught in a Methodist meeting again!"

He reached home with. a tumult in his heart. All the next day it raged. That night some neighbors, dropping in, on their way to the meeting, invited him to go with them. He, crustily refused. The "Go, my son!" spoken in a voice lie had never yet dared disobey-that of his father-sent him forth without further resistance. He sat again under that mighty rash of eloquence; again the truths so forcibly spoken swept home to his heart; and again, unable to control himself, he leaped up and sped away like a frightened deer. But this time, instead of going home, he ought the seclusion of the forest. There he dropped upon his knees, all his energies spent in this fierce fight with conviction. Later he attempted to rise, but could not. He seemed chained to the spot. A voice cried: "Now or never!" A flood-tide of feeling swept over him. He felt himself sinking *down, down!* and then with a cry of full,

¹ Dr. Daniel Wise, in "American Methodists."

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free surrender, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take that which is thine own!" he fell forward upon his face, feeling within his heart a joy unutterable. Now, indeed, he was Christ's.

He joined the hated Methodists. Soon it was known that he would preach, though his timidity was such that when first called upon to exhort in public he fell from his seat to the floor powerless from fright. But as his zeal increased his courage also grew stronger. Soon he was able to speak with such warmth and earnestness that many were convinced, simply through his own experience. Before many months he was taken on one of the circuits as an assistant to the regular preacher, Philip Cox. There he met Bishop Asbury for the first time. "Bishop," said Cox, "I have brought you a boy," as he spoke presenting the youthful and trembling candidate. "If you have any thing for him to do, you may set him to work." The good Bishop turned and looked into the young man's face with earnest, questioning eyes. He took in every point—the tall, symmetrical figure; the fair, ruddy complexion; the dark, curling hair, and thickly marked eyebrows; the deep-set blue eyes; the large but well-shaped nose; the broad, white brow—and formed his estimate accordingly. But it was not his intention to let the young man catch even an inkling of his real feelings; so, instead, he said somewhat coolly, even while stroking the young man's beautiful hair with an almost paternal fondness: "Why, he is a beardless boy, and can do nothing." These words sunk to the young man's

heart like lead. Chilled with disappointment, he thought to himself: "And so my career as a preacher is thus at an end!" But not so. In truth, it was but beginning. The Bishop's purpose had been only to test his mettle. The next day the young preacher was sent for and notified of his appointment to a circuit some three hundred miles away.

Now, indeed, arose trials that showed of what stuff the beardless boy was really made. The journey was not only a long and arduous one—it was also beset with many dangers. But not once did his faith or his courage desert him. At the end of his journey he found the most distressing state of affairs—a poverty-stricken little society, and a community that offered the fiercest kind of persecution. Day and night he struggled. The society increased; opposition was broken down; some of the hardest cases in the community were converted; and lo, the Bishop's beardless boy had a record to show! Soon he was preaching with remarkable power. His sermons began to attract unusual attention, and before many years had passed the beardless boy had become one of the foremost preachers of his Conference.

Another scene soon occurred which further showed the mettle of which he was made. When at one of the Conferences a preacher was called for to go to the fever-stricken swamps of South Carolina, and every one seethed hanging back, either from fear or indecision, then out rung the voice of the Bishop's beardless boy as he rose to face the assembly: "Here am I; send *me!*"

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O heroic man, and pure! worthy was he in every way to wear the honors of the high office to which he was called not long afterward; for Bishop Asbury's beardless boy was none other than Bishop ENOUGH GEORGE, of the Methodist Church.

JESSE LEE AND THE GIVEN TEXT

When Methodism first made its appearance in Virginia, as elsewhere, extemporaneous preaching was something almost unheard of, and certainly something hitherto never put into practice by the ministers of the other Churches. The sermons of that day were generally, if not always, prepared beforehand, and read from the pulpit—a very dry and soulless kind of preaching; and the Methodist preachers certainly introduced a new order of things when they spoke even without notes of any description.

On one occasion a pompous clergyman of the Church of England, thinking to confound the Rev. Jesse Lee, invited him to preach in his church—upon the condition, however, that the clergyman should select the text and not permit Lee to see it, or even gain a hint of it, until after he had entered the pulpit. To this hard condition Lee consented, with the firm trust that God would direct him aright. The matter getting noised abroad, at the appointed time the house was crowded almost to suffocation, most of the people having come with no other desire than to see the Methodist parson put to rout, as the

overconfident clergyman publicly boasted he would be. Calm and collected, Lee arose in the pulpit, gave out his hymn, delivered his prayer, and made his introductory remarks. These finished, he held out his hand for the Bible, which lay upon the clergyman's knee, with the latter's thumb and finger between the leaves. As Lee held out his hand the clergyman arose with a haughty air and pointed to the chosen text, which was a part of the twenty-first verse of the twenty-second chapter of Numbers: "And Balaam rose up in the morning and saddled his ass." Lee read it over without a change of countenance, but he thought to himself: "Rather a hard text this to preach on at so short a notice." Still he was determined not to appear in the least disconcerted, and to do the best he could. With a grim smile of almost sardonic satisfaction the clergyman settled himself back in his seat, expecting to see Lee either give it up at once or make an ignoble failure. But he had calculated upon the wrong man. The scene that followed is better described in the language of another:

"Being well acquainted with the story of Balaam, Lee proceeded at once to describe his character, descanting largely on his avarice and love of the wages of unrighteousness, denouncing in severe language the baseness of the man who could use the prophetic office as a means of gain, and could endanger the very souls of the people of Israel for the sake of the wages which Balak offered. He then proceeded to describe the oppressed, enslaved, and pitiable condi-

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tion of the ass. He spoke affectingly of the patience of the creature under burdens and spurs and whippings and abuse. He said the ass usually endured without complaining all the abuse heaped on him. Indeed, except the one in the history of Balaam, there had never been known an instance of an ass speaking and expostulating under ill treatment. He alluded to the saddle, and described how galling and oppressive it might become, especially under the weight of a large, fat, heavy man. At this point he cast a knowing look at the minister, who happened to be a very large and corpulent person. Having gone through with an exposition of the subject, he proceeded to the application. He said the idea might be new to them-indeed, it had never thus struck him until the text was given him-but he thought Balaam might be considered a type and representative of their minister. Balaam's ass, in many respects, reminded him of themselves-the congregation of that town; and the saddle, bound on the poor ass by cords and girths, evidently represented the minister's salary fastened on them by legal cords. Its galling and oppressive influence they had often felt, inasmuch as in some instances-so he had been informed-the last and only cow of a poor man with a large family had been taken and sold to pay the tax for the salary of the well-fed incumbent of the saddle."

After that one experience Lee was never again troubled with officious clergymen solicitous to have him preach upon selected texts.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER

Once John Easter—a name that calls up some of the most remarkable scenes in pioneer Methodism—was conducting one of his wonderful open-air meetings in a beautiful grove attached to Merritt's meeting-house, in Brunswick county, Virginia. A vast concourse had assembled. Just as he was in the full sweep of his powerful exhortation, a pall-like cloud arose and began to overspread the sky. Following the trailing garments of the cloud a heavy rain was seen sweeping up toward the grove. As soon as the people noticed the advancing cloud they arose in wild confusion and began to rush toward the shelter of the church, near at hand. Before they had taken many steps Easter leaned over in the pulpit and cried in his trumpet-like voice: "Brethren, be still while I call upon God to stay the clouds until his word can be preached to perishing sinners!" There was something in the voice, as well as in the preacher's face, that staid them in the very midst of the wild rush for the church, and that held them spellbound with their eyes fixed in a kind of fascination upon him. His power in prayer and his boundless faith in its efficacy were well known. Trembling between hope and fear, they knelt or stood just where his words had arrested them, while he fell upon his knees and poured forth a most fervent petition to God to stay the bursting of his storm-clouds upon the heads of his defenseless people, and afterward to send sweet, refreshing showers for the thirsty crops. Even while he prayed the angry clouds that had

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swiftly rolled toward them, threatening every moment to break in a tempest of rain, were now seen to divide in the midst and the two parts to pass on each side of the grove in which the excited crowd was assembled, and to come together again beyond, thus leaving a space of several hundred yards perfectly dry, and upon which the sun was soon shining brightly.

Awe-struck, the people could do little more than stand and gaze in bewilderment upon the man to whom his Divine Master had sent so visible and so startling an answer to prayer. The occurrence added tenfold to his already wonderful influence, and as a consequence gave him at this meeting scores of deeply awakened penitents. But strangest of all, next morning copious showers of rain fell upon the spot left dry the day before. In every respect God had answered his faithful servant's prayer.

JOHN COLLINGSWORTH AND THE IRATE PLANTER

One of the most remarkable men in the annals of Virginia Methodism was John Collingsworth. He was a man "powerful in prayer," and seemed possessed of an almost "almighty faith." During one of his first itineraries through the State, his pious soul was grievously vexed at seeing so much of the fair land taken up with tobacco. He looked upon smoking and chewing as a useless and filthy habit, and the land given to the cultivation of the demoralising weed as a sinful waste. Arriving at his ap-

pointment, he preached one of his most fiery denunciations of sin in every shape, winding up with a fierce onslaught against all the popular vices of the day, among which he prominently placed that of the use of tobacco. The sermon finished, he got down to pray. After presenting the needs of his congregation in various ways, and asking the mercy of God upon them, he touched upon the shameful abuse of the time and means spent in the cultivation of a filthy and obnoxious plant that spread only harm in its path. Warming up with his subject, he finally besought the Lord that if nothing else would convince these planters to manifest his disapproval of this sinful source of profit by destroying the tobacco crops then in such a flourishing condition. On that very afternoon a terrific hail-storm so riddled the tender plants that throughout that section the crops were almost wholly destroyed.

The next morning one of the planters, more irate than the rest, who had heard of the preacher's prayer on the preceding day, mounted his horse and, taking with him a long-handled, ugly-looking wagon-whip, went after Mr. Collingsworth as he rode to his next appointment. Coming up with him, he passed on to the front and fiercely demanded: "Are you, sir, the Methodist preacher who prayed the Lord to destroy my crop of tobacco?" Collingsworth replied without flinching: "My name, sir, is Collingsworth. I preached yesterday in the neighborhood, and prayed the Lord to show his disapproval of raising tobacco." "Well, sir," returned the planter, his wrath

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increasing at the preacher's display of cool indifference, "you are just the man I am after. I am ruined for this season, and have come to take my revenge out of you, sir." As he spoke he flourished the great whip about his head.

Collingsworth calmly prepared to dismount from his horse, at the same time placing an unquailing eye upon the planter's face while he said: "Well, if I must be whipped for it, I suppose I must submit; but take care that before you are done I do not pray the Lord to overtake you with something far worse than overtook your crop." A dread apprehension sprung up in the planter's mind. He had never thought of it in this light before: "and why not?" If the Master sent a storm of hail and wind merely to destroy crops at the servant's petition, would not a much more dire calamity befall him who offered injury to the servant himself? Thoroughly frightened, he put spurs to his horse and galloped off, glad to find himself in a few moments beyond the reach of this mighty man of prayer.

THE PRAYER IN A BALL-ROOM

One of the founders of Methodism in Georgia was the Rev. Hope Hull, a Marylander by birth, and one of the giants of the early itinerant ranks. Like John Easter, he was a man of prayer. He seemed in constant communion with God, never failing to call upon him in public wherever and whenever occasion offered. Some of his prayers were remarkable as to time and place, but perhaps the most remarkable of

all was that which he made in a ball-room somewhere in Georgia, the record does not say exactly where. He was on his way to one of his appointments, and stopped at night in a certain town along the way to give himself and his good horse the required rest. As he was a stranger to all, no one even suspected his calling. It was a very hospitable town, and he was soon invited by some young men, whose acquaintance he had just made, to go with them to a ball. The readiness with which he consented threw them still farther off the track. He was soon mingling with the assembled crowd, and seemingly as much interested in the festivities as any one present. In a few moments he was invited out on the floor to dance. Then what a thunder-clap startled the light-minded people of that ball-room! In obedience to the summons, he took his place upon the floor, but it was not; with a gay partner at his side. Instead, it was alone in the center of the room, and with a look on his face that sent a wave of sudden uneasiness to many hearts.

“I never engage in any kind of business,” said he in slow, measured tones, yet in a voice that penetrated every portion of the room, “without first asking the blessing of God upon it. So, let us pray.” The next moment he was upon his knees, while such a petition ascended to the throne of the Most High for the souls of a misguided people as seemed enough to shake the very temple of sin to its foundation. All were amazed, many completely overwhelmed. Some turned to flee in terror, but fell prostrate before

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reaching the door. Others, "feeling the power of God in their midst," began to entreat for mercy, then for forgiveness. Amidst all these scenes of confusion the bold preacher kept on with his prayer. At its conclusion he said: "On to-day four weeks I expect to preach at this house." Then he quietly withdrew. At the appointed time he was there, and such a crowd filled the house as even the night of its greatest ball had not seen. Never had the people heard such words fall from human lips! Under their power many glorious out-and-out conversions occurred. From that work in the ball-room a mighty revival of religion began, spreading from one settlement of Georgia to another, and hundreds were added to the Church.

THE CONGREGATION OF ONE

Among the earlier preachers in South Carolina was the Rev. J. R. Glenn, a rather eccentric character of rugged exterior, yet within as sterling as refined gold. He had a way of drawing the largest congregations of any of his colleagues, and only once was he known to fail, and then only in numbers, not as to results.

His method was to find out some hobby or error by which the community was possessed, and then give out for a certain fixed date a sermon bearing upon the subject. Once in a very superstitious community he drew an audience, the half of which could not get into the church, by having simply announced some days before that at that time and place he would "kill witches." But our little sketch has principally

to do with the time when Mr. Glenn preached to what was doubtless the smallest congregation ever recorded in Methodist history, the results of which astounded even himself.

Visiting one appointment several times, and each time finding no one there to hear him preach, Mr. Glenn at length tacked a notice on the door to the effect that four weeks from that date he would preach at that place whether there was any one to hear him or not. At the specified time he came, and finding no congregation, as before, prepared to make good his word. He took his place in the pulpit, opened the hymn-book, selected his hymn, and gave it out stanza by stanza. Singing it through, he was in the midst of the prayer that followed, when one who lived in the neighborhood of the church, an exceedingly wicked man, chanced to pass by. Hearing the voice, and not knowing exactly what it meant, he approached the door of the little log building and seeing the preacher upon his knees went in out of curiosity as to what this extraordinary scene could mean, and dropped upon one of the seats.

On arising and noting the addition to his congregation, the preacher, much cheered, proceeded to announce his text. This was Nathan's reproof to David: "Thou art the man!" Fastening his eyes intently upon the face of his solitary listener, he proceeded thus to tell him in the most convincing language that he was *the man* whom God had been following with his love and mercy to these many years. Startled and amazed, the man continued to listen, his very soul

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seemingly drawn from him in spite of himself and hanging upon the preacher's words. At the close of the sermon, trembling in every limb, and sobbing out in his deep concern and alarm, he presented himself at the altar, where the devoted preacher knelt with him hour after hour, nor left him till he was happily converted.

At his next preaching-place Mr. Glenn's friends were anxious to know what had been the result of his visit to the appointment where he had not as yet been known to assemble a congregation. To their surprise he told them that he had had "a fine meeting," and that "*every wicked man in the house* had been converted and joined the Church."

After that he did not lack for congregations at any of his appointments.

THE RAGGED ITINERANT AND HIS FAITH

Thomas Ware followed Jesse Lee into North Carolina. He was a bold veteran, loyal to his Master's cause, and willing to suffer any privation to promote it. He had known what peril and suffering were on the frontiers. He had forded rivers waist deep; he had walked for miles through the blinding snow; he had climbed rugged mountains; he had been in floods and cyclones; he had slept in the woods; he had bivouacked with wolves and fought with Indians.

In 1789 he came back over the blue Ridge into North Carolina, and, attending the Conference at McKnight's Church on April 11th, was appointed to

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Rev. Thomas Ware

Caswell Circuit. Mounting his horse, he set out for his field of labor, poorly clad, nearly penniless, but "happy in God." Indeed, his condition was really pitiable. He hadn't a whole under-garment left; his coat was worn through at the elbows; while as to shoes and socks, he had of the former none, and of the latter only one ragged pair. The picture may seem overdrawn, but it is not. There it is, standing eloquently forth from the records, line for line. O these dauntless heroes of early itinerant Methodism! when will the world see their like again?

Though bare at elbows and naked at feet, Ware entered upon his journey with a stout heart, devoutly thanking God for such blessings as he had. His health was good, his appetite even better-alas for that!-and he had a noble horse. This animal he could have sold, bought an inferior one, a good suit of clothes, and had money in his pocket besides. But Ware would not entertain the thought for a moment. He loved his horse, loved him as a tried and trusty companion-a companion who had been with him through many a mile of toilsome way, who had partaken of his hardships and shared in his dangers. But alas! what the heart of the man could not do death did for him-parted him from his noble horse. Before many miles had been gone over the animal sickened and died, leaving his stricken and ragged master to toil on as best he could with bare and bleeding feet. But this trial was not to last long. A good brother, to whose house he finally came, loaned him a horse for four months. Ware's clothes were

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now more ragged than ever. Indeed, in some places they barely shielded his form. Soon after leaving the house of this good brother he determined on going to New Berne and trying his credit for a suit of clothes. He could no longer pin or coax these tattered ones together. The rents were getting beyond even a Methodist itinerant's ingenuity. So he turned his horse's head in the direction of New Berne. He didn't know a soul in the place, but the faith was firmly fixed in his heart that the Lord would provide some way. At length on his journey Ware came to the house of a gentleman by the name of Howe. Though not himself a Methodist, Mr. Howe was quite friendly to that denomination. He had attended the Methodist meetings and heard their preachers, and his eyes no sooner rested upon Ware than he knew his calling, and became interested in him. The preacher's pitiable condition touched his heart, and he had resolved on helping him long before Ware's questions about New Berne and its merchants gave him an inkling of his contemplated mission there. But he decided on giving the help after a plan of his own. On Ware's getting ready to leave he hospitably pressed him to remain a few days longer. "No," said Ware, "I cannot. I thank you, but I must be about my Master's business." Howe stood gazing after him a few moments, then, as if taking a sudden resolution, called after him: "Do you know any one at all in New Berne?" "No," returned the preacher, "I do not." "Well, then," said Howe, "I have a store there, and I wish you

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would hand this to my clerk," pulling a letter from his pocket as he spoke. Little dreaming what the letter contained, Ware took it, and rode on again. All the way to New Berne he kept thinking about that suit of clothes, and wondering how he was to get it, but never once losing his faith that God would in the end provide for it. On presenting the letter that Howe had given him to his clerk, Ware was overwhelmed with astonishment to learn that it contained an order on the store for twenty-five dollars' worth of any thing he might choose to select.

The Lord had indeed provided, and Thomas Ware's faith was but the faith of scores of these rugged and devout spirits of early Methodism.

PENETRATING THE WILDERNESS

At noon of a burning July day, in the year 1786, two horsemen were picking their way slowly, tortuously along one of the wildest and most rugged descents of the Alleghany Mountains. Their jaded steeds gave every evidence of a long and trying journey, while the attire of the riders was considerably the worse for the dust and wear of travel. Both men were in the prime of life-indeed, in the very noonday of youth, having but little more than attained their majority. Neither seemed to have an ounce of superfluous flesh. Evidently they had not been used to "fat living." Their faces were weather-bronzed; every tightly-drawn muscle in their bodies spoke of hardy endurance; their eyes flashed a steady

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and resolute fire; in their whole bearing was that clearly defined insensibility to fear, that utter disregard of privations that bespoke the hardy soldier of the Revolution or the intrepid herald of the cross. Both had, in fact, been soldiers in the Revolutionary War. When mere youths they had entered the Continental Army, and had been in some of its most trying scenes. They knew what privations meant. They had slept upon the ground, with no covering but the broad sky above them; the howling winds had torn at their clothing; the driving sleet had cut their flesh; the chill rains had pierced them to the bone; hunger had gnawed them like a wolf. Many times they had nothing but a handful of moldy corn. The name of one of these courageous youths was James Haw, of the other Benjamin Ogden.

At a conference of the ministers of the Methodist Church in America, held in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, on the 8th of the previous May, these two young men had been selected by Bishop Asbury as pioneer heralds of the faith in the then but little known and savage regions of the far West. In short, their destination was no other than the "dark and bloody ground" of that section known as "The District of Kentucky." The good Bishop felt, as he placed his hands in benediction upon their heads, that the chances were a thousand to one that he would ever thus bless them again. They were literally taking their lives in their hands. But not a tremor shook their frames. They knew all the perils they had to face. Even at that distance the fearful recit-

als of the terrors enacted in these Western wilds had reached them. They had heard of brave men being tomahawked in the very bosom of their families, of fair womanhood and innocent childhood subjected to the most brutal tortures. The Indians were everywhere; they lay in ambush behind log and tree; they crouched in the bushes beside the highways to kill or to capture the luckless traveler. But these brave young spirits faltered not at the most harrowing of these recitals. They had been called upon to plant the standard of their great Commander in the very midst of Satan's stormiest battlements, and as soldiers steadfast and true they knew what it was to obey. They thought of the many fearless spirits who had encountered worse perils for the Master's sake; of the early apostles and martyrs; of the heralds of their own faith in stony England, in rugged Wales, in stormy Ireland; of this very Bishop who now placed his hands in tremulous blessing upon their heads. Ah, what had *he* not endured from the tempests of persecution, the impenetrable fronts of opposition, the swelling currents of toil and privation! Like eloquent pictures now stood out before them the icy currents he had breasted, the mountain wildernesses he had penetrated, the pains he had suffered, the hunger he had known, the cold he had endured. Weak and most unworthy of the name of Christian soldier were they if they hesitated to do what the weakest in the ranks had done, if they failed to follow where their leader had led.

Thus we find them on this hot July day toiling

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down the rugged sides of the mountains. The sun beat fiercely upon their heads; their horses staggered from fatigue; their own limbs were cramped and sore; while the tortures of thirst and the pangs of hunger were full upon them. Most gratefully then, some moments later, did they hail the appearance of a tiny, thread-like stream of water trickling over a rocky ledge, and falling into a basin below. Here the jaded steeds were halted, and, their riders having drank, were in their turn led to the edge of the basin.

It was now well past noon, and the cravings of both man and beast for the meal that was wont to mark this period of the day were strong; but nowhere could be seen any promise of it, save in the scanty herbage at the base of the ledge, where the hungry beasts were soon cropping. Whence was to come sustenance for their less fortunate riders? At length, one of the young men, with a look that the other well understood, went toward the rather thin looking bags thrown across his saddle, and in a few moments returned with a small handful of nuts and another of a hard, haw-like berry. Spreading them upon a rock near at hand, he uncovered his head. The other also approached, and both dropped upon their knees, while unto God ascended a heart-felt blessing for this wilderness meal.

This was not the first meal of a similar kind which they had eaten, neither was it one of daily occurrence. Occasionally they had come upon the rude cabin of a woodman, to whose humble fare they had been welcomed. Again, at rare intervals, they had crossed

the track of civilization, and enjoyed its comforts for a brief period. For many days past, however, they had left all such traces behind them, and the corn cakes and the few scant slices of bear's meat obtained at a little cabin on the other side of the mountains the day before had been the last satisfying food they had eaten. But they ate their meal of berries and nuts with none the less relish for thinking of the tempting fare that had preceded it. They realized that even these might have been denied them, and most fervent were their thanks to God for his tender care. Nor were they any the less determined to push their way through even greater privations.

Before them still lay the untrodden wilderness, the dense forest jungles that were the home of savage beasts and of equally savage Indians. There would be no parsonage at the end to receive them, no waiting congregation, no church-edifice, nothing but the howling wilderness all about them and the fierce, prowling savages. Few and far between in this desolate waste were the homes of the white men. Indeed, outside the forts, into which the terror-stricken families had fled for protection from the Indians, there was scarcely a dozen cabins in the whole broad domain of Kentucky.

In the latter part of the summer of 1786, after enduring many and great hardships, and passing through perils innumerable in their most thrilling form, the two young ministers, Haw and Ogden, arrived at the cabin-home of Thomas Stevenson, one of the first white settlers of Kentucky. This good man

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was not only one of the first immigrants to this section of the West, but he was also among the first; Methodist pioneers to Kentucky. Previous to the sending of these two young ministers to the wilds of Kentucky by Bishop Asbury, several families, who had been members of the Methodist Church in Maryland and Virginia, had emigrated to the savage and inhospitable country. With them were Mr. Thomas Stevenson and wife. They had been among the first converts to Methodism on the American Continent. On coming to Kentucky they settled two and a half miles south-west of Washington, in the county of Mason. Here Haw and Ogden found them in the summer of 1786, and in their frontier home the latter offered up the first public prayer ever addressed to the throne of grace by a Methodist preacher in the District of Kentucky.

At this hospitable home the two young ministers remained for several days. At night they would preach to those who gathered to hear them, and by day, heedless of the perils that surrounded them, would go out among the families visiting and praying. How deeply impressive must have been one of these "meeting" scenes by night!-the broad-mouthed chimney, from which the blazing fagots sent out their ruddy light, throwing into rich outline the impassioned face of the minister and the bending forms of the worshipers. It also revealed the flash of steel or glanced downward into the yawning barrel of a gun, for almost every man there had a knife or a pistol belted at his side or a musket across his knees ready

for action. At any moment they might be attacked by their savage foes. Indeed, every song they sung, every prayer they offered up, more surely exposed them to attack from the Indians.

So, in imminent peril of their lives, men prayed leaning upon their muskets, with their eyes fastened upon the doors, or listened to the preacher with their fingers poised above the trigger. Nor were the women less alert. Their ears were constantly on the strain to catch the least alarming sound without. They sat with their children closely hugged within their arms, ready to snatch them up and flee at the first approach of danger, or to stay and die with them, shielding them to the last. Never had the gospel of the gentle Jesus of Nazareth been preached amidst more warlike surroundings; never had the divine words of love and peace fallen upon an atmosphere more thoroughly surcharged with harassing elements; but never did seed planted in the most congenial soil bear richer harvest. Ah, these sturdy, unyielding spirits of early frontier Methodism! would that we of to-day had more of their zeal, their faith, and their courage.

In all this broad waste there was no church-building. The services had to be held at the private houses-the rudest of cabins-and at the forts. Still these two young cavaliers went boldly to the work which they had come to do. Most stirring were the scenes enacted around them. On their visits to the houses and forts during the day their plan was to address a few words of "pathetic exhortation" to each individ-

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ual. Then followed prayer and a soul-stirring hymn, the service ending with an exhortation so impassioned as to draw tears from the eyes of the most hardened. It is no wonder that from such efforts a mighty revival of religion" commenced-a flame that spread like "fire in dry stubble."

We must not imagine that such wonderful results were attained through "flowery paths of ease." No; many of these souls were won through storms of opposition that raged about the devoted preachers like hot blasts from Satan's own furnace. The Indians were not the worst terrors they had to encounter. There were many fierce persecutors of these humble heralds of a new and, as they declared, "a pernicious faith." They were ready not only to abuse but to maltreat. They denounced them as "false prophets," as "wolves in sheep's clothing," as dragons ready to devour all who came within their reach. They declared that they had come hither with no other purpose than to "turn the world upside down," to array parent against child, and child against parent-in short, to stir up strife and dissension in the bosom of the happiest families.

Against this storm of prejudice and persecution less ardent souls would have gone clown in despair; but, thank God, the old-time Methodist preacher was of the kind that stuck, that clung all the more tenaciously for being pulled against, else the glorious standard of the faith would never have been planted where to-day all the world may see, and seeing respect and honor.

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From fort to fort, from cabin to cabin, sometimes breasting the overflowed streams or toiling through the almost trackless wilderness, these faithful men pressed their way, sowing here and there a handful of seed, which with God's blessing was to take unto itself precious life and grow-the most lowly and yet the most beautiful flower in all that inhospitable waste. Their whole souls were given to the work. No wonder they succeeded as they did. God never intended that any one should come to any gracious end through a half-hearted trial. It is only the whole-hearted soldier that can hope to storm successfully the enemy's battlements. Sometimes these brave men were guarded to their preaching-places by their friends bearing fire-arms, but generally they went alone, trusting in God to carry them safely through all danger. And it is a remarkable fact that during all this time not one fell by the hands of the savages, or even received a wound from them. Truly, God kept watch over his faithful ones.

There were no church-edifices, no regular congregations, as we have seen; but worse, there were no hymn-books, no Bibles-only a few these devoted men had brought with them, or a copy here and there in the possession of those Methodist families that had emigrated from Virginia and Maryland. But the good work went on notwithstanding these drawbacks. The preachers had within themselves *the moving power*. So long as that remained, there was no danger of their going back. Ah, they were "men of great piety and zeal," and "God owned their labors."

ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE REV. WM. BURKE

The Rev. Wm. Burke, who was on the Green Circuit in East Tennessee with the Rev. Stephen Brooks, in 1792, had many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes that are worthy of record as showing the extreme perils by which the early Methodist preachers were surrounded.

In the fall of the year that Mr. Burke was sent to the Green Circuit the Cherokee War broke out, and he and his associates were constantly exposed to massacre. In September he went to fill an appointment at Pine Chapel, south of the French Broad River, and below the mouth of the Little Pigeon River. After he had crossed these rivers and reached the extreme point of the settlement, he found the inhabitants in a dreadful state of fear on account of the war. While he was preaching that night an alarm was sounded that the Indians were approaching the settlements. The entire congregation arose precipitately and fled to their homes. All night long they sat up expecting the attack; and although it was certain that the Indians were near, for some reason they did not fall upon the town at that time. In the morning, unaffected by the rumors flying thick and fast about him, Mr. Burke started for his next appointment on the south bank of Little River, having only a guard of two, more for the purpose of piloting him through the woods than for any protection. These guides had not gone very far when, becoming alarmed for the safety of their families at the settlement, they deserted him-and left him to pursue his

perilous journey alone. After wandering for a considerable time, aimlessly, as he thought, he finally made his way out of the woods and to the place of his appointment. Here it was impossible to get together a congregation, as the people were moving in from every direction and concentrating at a certain point so as to fortify themselves against the Indians. As the night closed round he found himself in a rude frontier house surrounded by implements of war, stern-browed men, pale-faced women, and terror stricken children. Fever had zealous herald attempted to plant the standard of his great Captain amidst stormier scenes. But the surroundings did not deter him from the mission upon which he had come. All were invited to join in the services held at the going down of the sun, and many gladly availed themselves of the opportunity. As the darkness of the night settled down, the lights were all put out, and each man sat in readiness with his gun upon his knees. Up to nine o'clock no attack had been made. At this hour one of the company went out to reconnoiter. He soon returned with the intelligence that there were plenty of Indians in the neighborhood, but they did not seem to be preparing for an attack upon the fort.

Mr. Burke now became desirous of going on to his next preaching-place, about ten miles distant. He felt that as imminent as was the peril it would be much safer for him to travel under cover of the night than to wait for the daylight; and he was determined to reach his appointment at the specified time if it

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lay in human power. His friends in the fort now tried to dissuade him from so perilous a step, but he was resolute. He felt that despite Indian arrows and tomahawks he must be about his Master's business. So long as he was vouchsafed life and strength he regarded them as that Master's, to be used in his service. His greatest drawback was that he did not know the way; neither could he prevail upon any one at the fort to accompany him. On making inquiries he learned that there was only a narrow path, hardly traceable at night. Besides, there was the river to cross and a desolate island to traverse. All along the route the timber was very thick, and many Indians were concealed in this jungle. For the first part of the way he found the path with no great trouble, but as he neared the river he had to get down and grope for the timber with his hands, so as to avoid going wrong. He finally reached the river, and succeeded beyond his expectations, he tells us, in gaining the other shore at the proper point, when he proceeded on his way without meeting any further difficulty. It was two o'clock in the morning when he arrived at his destination. He went to the door of the cabin and rapped for admittance, but found it deserted. The inhabitants had fled to the nearest fort. At the rear of the house there was a marsh, and on the other side of this marsh he knew there were more cabins. At first he was deterred from hallooing for a guide across the marsh, lest he should bring the Indians upon him; but on second thought he determined to run the risk in preference to re-

maining where he was until morning. He commenced calling as loud as he could. In a few moments voices began to answer him across the marsh. They wanted to know who he was and what he wanted. They seemed suspicious of him, and would not at first leave the shelter of the houses. They afterward told him that they suspected it was a decoy on the part of the Indians, and were preparing to give him a warm reception with their fire-arms when a lady, at whose house he had preached, came out and recognized his voice. They then came out and conducted him around the marsh. He found the whole neighborhood collected on the other side, the cabins having given place to a hastily constructed-fort. He kept his appointment, but amidst the same warlike surroundings that had greeted him at the other fort. Although the Indians were hourly expected to fall upon the little garrison, and the woods were known to be overrun with them, nevertheless there was no sign of them during the whole time of Mr. Burke's stay.

The day following, after having kept both of his appointments, this truly courageous man re-forded the French Broad River on his return. As he passed up the north bank, leaving his frontier appointments on the south side, he heard the melancholy news that all the inhabitants in the neighborhood of the Pine Chapel had been massacred by the Indians in one night-the very night following his departure. Farther on the intelligence again greeted him that both the temporary forts at which he had stopped had

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also been attacked by the blood-thirsty savages and many of their inmates either butchered on the spot or carried into captivity. It seemed a most wonderful preservation of his life. As long as he remained at the settlement and the forts not a tomahawk was raised to slay, but as soon as he had left death and disaster followed.

Through such perilous scenes as these God again and again led his valiant soldiers in safety. Trusting in the sword of his word and the shield of his righteousness, they pressed fearlessly onward, bearing aloft the crimson standard of the cross, and "counting nothing dear," not even life itself, so "truth its onward course might speed," and men of all nations and of all creeds might have life eternal.

THE OLD TWELVE-CORNERED MEETING-HOUSE

Or all the churches of early Methodism the old twelve-cornered meeting-house in Tennessee beat them all. The most skilled architect or geometrician who ever lived could not describe it, for it was not built after any plan or pattern known to either, but in accordance with a style which Mother Necessity forced upon the builders. It stood in a wild and desolate region known as "The Barrens," in the south-central part of Tennessee with the peaks of the Elk Ridge lying on one side and the waters of Buffalo River on part of the other. As these "Barrens" are scores of miles in extent, it is well-nigh impossible at this day to designate the exact spot where stood this

quaint, twelve-cornered meeting-house. Wild and desolate as were these "Barrens," they were not too wild or desolate for Methodism to enter. One preacher after another came, then Bishop McKendree himself. These earnest Methodists said, "We must have a meeting-house!" But where were they to get the timber? That in this part of the "Barrens" was so low and stunted it seemed that no house could be built of it. However, the ingenuity of these Methodists was equal to their zeal. Said they: "Well, if logs can't be found of sufficient length to build a four-square house, why, then we'll build a twelve-cornered one!" And they built it.

There it stood for many a clay-rude, quaint, inimitable-doubtless the only structure of its own particular pattern in all the world. Its ragged outline of roughly-hewn logs held many a devout and earnest congregation; its angular rafters echoed many a genuine old Methodist shout; while from its quaint pulpit-hardly larger than a good-sized armchair, open at one side, and with a narrow strip across the side for a hand-board-two bishops had preached.

AN OLD LADY'S REMEMBRANCES

"My Dear Little Children: When I was young nothing delighted me more than to hear my mother tell about old times. Presuming that you have the same kind of curiosity, and as I like children dearly, and like to please them, I will give you some account of my intercourse with Bishop McKendree, when I

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was a little girl and he was a young man. My father's house was for many years, and as long as he lived, a home for Methodist preachers. At one time Bishop McKendree was stationed in the town in which we lived. I do not remember how long he staid at our house, but long enough for him and myself to become intimate friends. He was remarkably fond of children. He liked very much to have his hair combed, and I would stand, perhaps an hour at a time, on my little chair, combing his beautiful black hair, which curled naturally, and twining it around my tiny fingers. It was all cut short except behind, and there it was just long enough to curl. He would almost fall asleep while I was amusing myself behind him. When I came to arrange it in front, he would take me on his knee. And when I was clone a very sweet kiss would be my reward, and many thanks also. I would then take my little chair and sit close by him, and count the buttons at his knees. There were five at each knee; and he wore buckles on his shoes too. I shall never forget his appearance, for, in my opinion, he was perfectly beautiful. His eyes were bright and black, and the expression of his countenance was mild and benignant. He had a holy, happy look.

"I remember one clay I had finished combing his hair, and was playing about the room, when some one observed that there was a cloud rising. A thundercloud was the most terrible thing in the world to me. I always nestled as closely as possible to my mother, because I thought she was so good the light-

ing would not hurt her. She mentioned to the Bishop how much I was alarmed, and how sorry she was to see a cloud on my account. I recollect that he called me to him, took me on his knees, laid my head on his breast, and soothed me with the kindest words. When the sharp lightning came, I would bide my little face in his bosom, and feel perfectly safe, because I thought nothing could harm me while near him, although I knew I was sinful-for I cannot remember the time I did not know it, or had not the fear of the Lord before my eyes.

"After the violence of the storm was over he related an anecdote. There was a lady, he said, who feared lightning very much. She had heard that it never struck little children; and whenever she saw a cloud arising, she would gather as many around her as she could. One day she had one or two on her lap, and several others about her, and felt safe. A cat and kitten were lying in the door very near together, when there came a severe flash of lightning, which killed the cat and left the kitten unhurt. It had such an effect upon her that she began from that time to seek religion, and never rested until she found it.

"I could tell you a great deal more about the impression his words made upon my heart at that time and in after years, when I grew up to maturity, but I am not writing my own history. Perhaps, if you like what I have now written, and my health will permit, I may tell you about some of the other bishops and preachers. I knew Bishop Asbury, Bishop What-

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coat, and Dr. Coke, but *never loved any* as I did Bishop McKendree.

AN OLD LADY."

The above letter was originally written for the Sunday School Visitor, during the year 1852, and subsequently transcribed by Bishop Paine in his "Life of Bishop McKendree." The author was a Mrs. Mabry, of Petersburg, Virginia—a daughter of Mr. Grissell Davis, in whose house Mr. McKendree was ordained deacon in 1790, and where he often staid.

PUMPING A MINISTER

One of the most disgraceful scenes, and most deplorable in its results, that ever took place in American Methodism was that of the "pumping" of the Rev. Mr. Dougherty in Charleston, South Carolina. The scene occurred near the Cumberland Street Church, then known as "The Old Blue Church." It was in 1800, when the preachers in charge were the Rev. George Dougherty and the Rev. John Harper.

Mr. Dougherty was a man of remarkable courage, but of very delicate physique. Though tall and slender, his body was weak and beset with tormenting ills. He had had a severe attack of the smallpox, which had not only undermined his constitution but left him with a disfigured face and but one eye. He was also of a consumptive tendency, and scarcely ever free from a cold or cough.

At that time the Abolition frenzy was at its height, and sectional strife and bitterness were running riot through political circles North and South. Especial-

ly had the hot blood of the South been aroused by various occurrences not calculated to cool it. Unfortunately for the Methodists the report had gotten abroad-in no other way than through the evil inclinations of their enemies-that they were in league with the Abolitionists. These reports were doubtless strengthened through their faith having had its origin in non-slave-holding England, and from its first two bishops in this country having come from there. In vain these zealous Methodist standard-bearers protested that they came as heralds of peace and not of strife; that they owed allegiance to no particular cause or faction, but simply to him who is the great Captain of all. They were everywhere regarded with the eye of suspicion, and each movement of theirs was jealously noted.

While these feelings were at their height, John Harper, greatly to his surprise and subsequent misfortune, received from one of the Northern connections a package containing various copies of a memorial recommending the preachers of the Southern Conferences to petition the Legislatures of the different States to issue an act for the abolishment of slavery. The moment he read this circular Mr. Harper knew it would not do. To show it would be like applying a match to a powder-magazine. So he very wisely stowed the package away out of sight, but very unwisely mentioned its reception to a second person. This second person begged as an especial favor to see the memorial. Mr. Harper at length, after many misgivings and various precautions, submitted a copy to

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him. The party was so indignant and astonished at the boldness of the measure that he could not contain himself, and forthwith showed the circular to a third party. He, feeling no obligation to keep it a secret, spread it abroad, and the match was put to the powder. But as deeply aggrieved as they now felt themselves to be, it surely was no excuse for the "hot young bloods" of Charleston to wreak their vengeance upon innocent men and women.

The Methodists were now subjected to persecutions of every description, many of them often bordering upon great violence. They were frequently pelted in the streets, and various shameful epithets were heaped upon them. Their meetings were continually interrupted by showers of stones, rotten apples, fire-crackers, and the like. But by the following Sunday night their feelings seem to have culminated in the one desire to take some bold, decisive step. So, while the worshipers prayed and exhorted within, these noble (?) young scions of South Carolina's chivalry waited outside the church, determined to seize the preacher as he came out, and to treat him to such a lesson as he would not soon forget.

They succeeded in the first part of their plan, getting possession of Mr. Harper just as he came from the church, and were marching in triumph with him clown Meeting street when they were met by a detachment of the city guards, who demanded an explanation of the proceedings. During the parley Mr. Harper's friends managed to extricate him and lead him in safety to a neighboring house.

This unlooked-for termination of their premeditated sport but served to fire still more the hot blood of these intrepid (?) youths. They now determined to catch "the villain," as they called him, or "some of his crowd," the next night without fail, and duck them under the pump. It made no difference to them that it was midwinter and their proposed victim might catch his death of cold. This prospect only added greater zest to the sport.

That night they seized Mr. Dougherty as he came from the church. His delicate appearance offered no plea in their chivalrous (?) eyes. His cough, most distressing in the winter-time, seemed the more to inflame their wicked hearts. They succeeded in reaching the pump with him, in thrusting him under the pump-spout, and in nearly drowning him with the flow before any of his church-members could interfere. Then a Mrs. Kugley rushed into their midst, and tearing off her cloak pushed a portion of it into the pump-spout, thus effectually choking it.

The next thing that happened-says the Rev. F. A. Mood, in his "History of Methodism in Charleston" -was that a gentleman rushed into their midst, sword in hand, threatening death to any one who should again dare to touch Mr. Dougherty's person with a view to violence. But as regards this point of *the* sword Mr. Mood has been led into error. The weapon carried by the gentleman in question was a stout walking-cane In this matter the present writer doubtless has the best means of information, since the bold defender of Mr. Dougherty was her great-

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grandfather on the maternal side-William Jackson, a tall, powerful man, full six feet in height. As he towered above the craven assailants of the delicate minister, the great cane raised menacingly in his hand, it was no wonder they slunk away like whipped curs. The story of this night's rescue, with its every little detail, has been faithfully preserved in the Jackson family and told from one generation to another with pardonable pride.

Mr. Dougherty never recovered from the inhuman treatment of that night. It hastened the fell disease, consumption-almost immediately thereafter laying him upon a bed of pain and sickness, from which he found a triumphant entrance into his Father's house above.

In commenting upon the occurrence, Bishop Asbury wrote: "There is one fact more connected with the history of this business, which deserves to be noticed. Of all the principal leaders in this proceeding, not one prospered afterward. Most of them died miserable deaths in a short time. One of them lived some time only to feel and acknowledge that the curse of Cod was upon him for this conduct to that good man!"

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE NEW PARSONAGE

Very proud and happy the congregation of old Bethel Church in Charleston, South Carolina, felt when they beheld in one corner of their vacant lot a spruce new parsonage finished out and out. But for some reason after its completion they seemed to be

in no hurry about getting it furnished and ready for the minister's occupancy. Bishop Asbury heard of it, and determined to give them a hint. This reaching of a half-way point and then letting things stand was not at all in accordance with his view of the matter. So, on his next visit to the city, passing by his usual stopping-places, the Bishop continued on until he came to the new parsonage. There he rode his horse into the yard, fastened him, and taking off the saddle-bags placed them in one of the empty rooms. He then went and sat upon the front steps. All this he had done without any one's knowing of his arrival. He had not been sitting upon the steps long, however, when a colored man whom he knew passed by. At first the negro could not believe it was the Bishop sitting so contentedly upon the steps of the vacant house; but a second glance satisfied him of the fact. He approached the Bishop and kindly informed him that no one lived there. "I know that," returned the Bishop quietly. "Where do you want to go, sir?" the negro asked politely. "Wherever it is I will show you the way." "I want to go nowhere," returned the Bishop as quietly as before. "I intend to spend the night here." Greatly mystified, the negro at length started off, but took care to inform some of the more prominent members of the Bishop's arrival, and of his determination to occupy the vacant parsonage. As much astonished as the negro had been, they hastened to the building to find the Bishop still sitting -upon the steps. "Come, Bishop," said first one and then another, "come, go

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home with us." "I cannot," said he with quiet determination. "This is the parsonage, and I desire to stay here." "But there is nothing in the house. You cannot stay here," they persisted. "I do not need much," was the insinuating reply. "Well," said they at length, "if you will stay, we must try to make you as comfortable as possible."

"So, away they went," says Mr. Mood in his charming little volume of "Charleston Methodism," "one soon bringing a bed, another a bedstead, chairs, and tables, and kitchen utensils, until they had two rooms-one in which to sleep and another in which to receive visitors-with the kitchen, comfortably furnished." Soon it was so thoroughly fitted up that the preachers were enabled to move in and take permanent possession.

It might be well if at the present day there were more Bishop Asburys to take up their abode on the steps of unfurnished parsonages, and thus give a gentle but effective hint.

RELIGION IN SPITE OF SUSPENDERS

One, of the most striking characters in Georgia pioneer Methodism was William Redwine. He was totally without culture, almost unlettered, but inimitable in his way. He had been brought up in the backwoods, and was as ignorant of the ways of polite society as an inhabitant of Fiji. He always put his presiding elder to the blush by some gross blunder which his ignorance led him to make whenever

he was put forward to exhort. But his heart was all pure gold at bottom, notwithstanding the ruggedness by which it was incased, while his great earnestness covered many defects. "He was one of those undrilled, unpolished soldiers of Christ," says the Rev. George G. Smith in his "Georgia Methodism," "who knew better how to fight in the field to which he was called than if he had been trained in the best schools of theology." How many of those rugged old pioneer itinerants of Methodism were like him!

Redwine was dead-set against all modern innovations, and in the pulpit or out never failed to charge full tilt upon them. "Once," relates Mr. Smith, "he went to the house of Brother Williamson, in Hancock county. Brother Williamson was well-to-do, and had his house somewhat elegantly furnished for those times. Brother Redwine noticed that Brother Williamson's children called him Pa instead of Daddy or Pappy, that the plates were upside-down on the table, and that Brother Williamson wore suspenders. He was distressed at these signs of worldliness, and went into the woods to pray. Here he fell asleep. The sun was setting. Brother Williamson had come to the same retreat for his evening devotion, and his cup overflowed that evening, and he began to shout. This awoke Brother Redwine, and looking up, he saw his happy brother. Rushing to him, he cried: 'Pa or no Pa, plates or no plates, galluses to your elbows or not, you've got religion, my brother!'" And from that day on, all the suspenders in the world, strapped in fantastic lines across Brother Williamson's back-if

such a thing had been possible-could not have made Brother Redwine for a moment doubt the genuineness of his religion. He had *seen* and *heard*, and that was enough.

TWO BISHOPS TRAVELING IN STYLE

Soon after the adjournment of the General Conference which met in Baltimore on May 6, 1808, Bishop Asbury started out to attend some of the Southern and Western Conferences, as well as to preach by the way. It was a rough and toilsome journey, for a part of it lay directly across the Alle-ghany Mountains. Physically the Bishop was wholly unfit for this trip, since his old enemy, the inflammatory rheumatism, had deprived him of the use of his feet. But, after all, he traveled hundreds of miles on horseback, and preached either sitting down or standing up with the aid of his crutches. Sick and infirm as he was, the "driving-fires" within his soul never slumbered.

From Pennsylvania, where he had been preaching to the Germans-assisted by the Rev. Henry Boehm, who acted as interpreter-he crossed over into Kentucky, where Bishop McKendree joined him. The two now entered upon an arduous round, preaching, marrying, administering the sacrament, and visiting the Conferences. It will doubtless interest the reader to learn something of-the style in which two bishops of the early Methodist Church did their raveling.

They started out in "a poor thirty-dollar chaise,"

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with "purses to match," as Asbury himself humorously put it. Under this vehicle they carried an ax, for often they had to stop while the younger of the two cut trees out of the way, and the elder, feeble and crippled as he was, helped to clear the path. Such bishops! But they had no dainty bands to roughen nor fine clothes to soil-no ruffles to tear, no lawn to rumple, no powdered hair to disorder, nor silver buckles to tarnish.

Frequently they had to sleep in the woods, for the lack of that within their purses to pay for entertainment at the inns. Many a night they lay with nothing between them and the ground but the saddlebags under their heads. When they could get a bed of leaves or a pallet of raw deer-hide, what a luxury it was! Some new danger constantly menaced them-at one time it was in the form of a bivouac with wolves, at another a close escape from Indians. Once they were near drowning by missing a ford. Again a hurricane blew directly across their path, but God wonderfully preserved them. Annoyances, too, beset them-they lost their way in the woods, they were stung by ants, bitten by fleas, tormented by gnats, and harassed by mosquitoes.

Sometimes the coarse fare of the district was enough to satisfy their hunger-at other times it was insufficient. Often when they wanted a dinner they had not only to stop and cook it, but to hunt it as well. But this was small discomfort in comparison to trying to cook another meal by the fire that would not blaze, or when it did blaze to be at once put out

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by the rain. And what a "feast-day" it was when they could dine "on raccoon and bear steaks!" O such bishops! Not once amidst all these hardships did "a cloud arise to darken their skies, or to hide for a moment their Lord from their eyes."

Contented with their lot? Beyond question they were, and often happy-yes, actually happy over it. Even that old shaky, wheezy, thirty-dollar chaise was the source of great happiness and satisfaction. And why? Because ever and anon they saw "men, women, and children, almost naked, paddling up the rocky hills, while even the best-off were two or three on the same horse." What a luxurious vehicle, then, seemed that creaky old chaise!

As poor accommodations as the woods frequently offered there were poorer ones at the cabins, where there was but one room, one fire-place, and from half a dozen to one dozen inmates. "Here," says the patient Asbury, "we had to preach, read, write, pray, sing, talk, eat, drink, and sleep." Sometimes these cabins were very oddly fitted up and ornamented inside and out with wild-cat skins, deer's horns, turkey wings, and the like. But wherever they came upon the inmates of these cabins, with few exceptions, our bishops were given a hospitable welcome. Where the surroundings were clean and tidy the numerous discomforts were cheerfully borne; but where they were disgustingly filthy, as well as infested with vermin, as was too often the case, then indeed the real trials of the poor bishops began, for both men were fastidiously neat in person and habits. They had a

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high sense of delicacy as well of the proper return to make for honest and hearty hospitality, and they would far rather have been bitten all over by the tormenting vermin-even poor Bishop Asbury, who had unfortunately "as thin and fair a skin as ever came from England"-than to have hurt the feelings of their hospitable entertainers for a moment by complaining of their accommodations. O royal-hearted bishops!

How many miles that dilapidated old chaise passed over on this trip; how many times that patient old horse-representing fully two-thirds of Bishop Asbury's earthly property-took his place morning after morning between the shafts; how many times at evening the two bishops came to those little crowded, skin-adorned cabins, seeking rest, or, in lieu of the cabin, lying in the woods-we may not know. But we do know that never before had bishops traveled like these two, and never have they since-at least not since the days of Capers and Bascom. Now our favored heads of the Church go whirling over the country in luxuriously furnished steam-cars, the common schedule of which is from thirty to forty miles an hour; and instead of the threadbare homespun garments and rough cow-hide shoes of the pioneer episcopacy, lo, broadcloth and patent-leathers! But times change, and people and things change with them; and surely a man is none the less zealous or devout, no farther from being a Christian, because he wears broadcloth.

THE END.