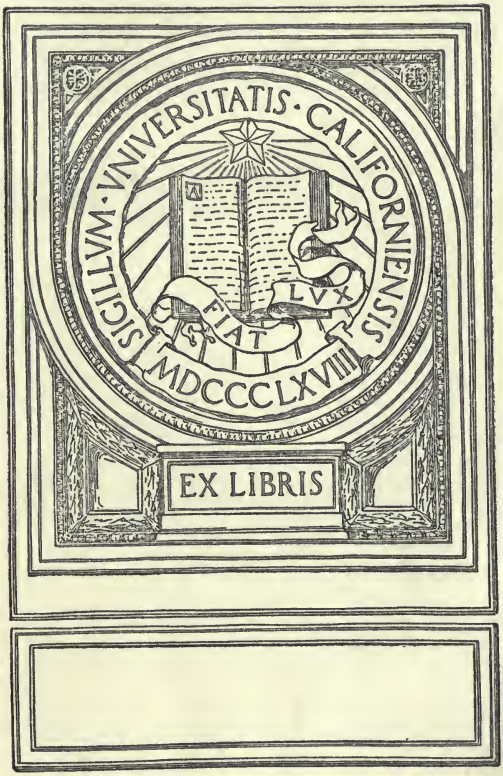

C Pelton Sculp.

I want to be carried to the meeting house & give one more talk for God before I die.

David Marks

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF DAVID MARKS,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL;

EDITED BY

MRS. MARILLA MARKS.

"Say not I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak." Jer. 1:7.

DOVER, N. H.:
PUBLISHED BY THE FREE-WILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

WILLIAM BURR, PRINTER.

1846.

PREFACE.

Immediately after the decease of Mr. Marks, many highly esteemed friends, whose opinions have deservedly great weight in the church, repeatedly expressed the conviction that the cause of Christ demanded the publication of his biography. In deference to their judgment, and in accordance with their earnest request, this work is now submitted to the Christian public.

In the year 1831, the subject of these Memoirs was persuaded by several friends, who had examined his Journal, to publish a 'Narrative' of his labors in the ministry, especially as those labors were intimately connected with the progress of the Free-will Baptist denomination in the west. An edition of two thousand copies was issued, which was nearly all sold in New England within nine months after its publication. He was afterwards often solicited by friends at the west to publish another edition for the supply of the western Free-will Baptist churches, but he felt so much delicacy on the subject, that he could never be induced to listen to their importunities.

For nearly two years and a half after the publication of his "Narrative," he kept a regular Journal, as in former years. After this period, on account of the close occupancy of his time with immense labors, he only made occasional entries. His "Narrative," as written by himself, occupies the first twenty-three chapters of the present work in an abridged form. The remainder consists of the occasional entries in his Journal; extracts from his correspondence, and from such other documents as could be collected; and a brief history of his labors during the intervening spaces has been written by the editress from memory. From the nature of the materials, the latter part of the biography does not give so much detail in a connected form, as would be found in a regular Journal; but the exemplification of his character in its several parts, as well as the mere outline of his labors, being one of the objects designed in this work, it is hoped that the latter part will not be found less inter-

esting or useful than the former. As the subject of these Memoirs was deeply interested in all the various branches of Christian reform, it has been deemed proper to give, occasionally, brief extracts from articles showing his position on these points.

It has been with a painful sense of her own inadequacy, that the editress of these Memoirs has prosecuted her labor. Gladly would she have shrunk from the responsible work, had the necessary documents been in such a situation that another could have arranged them. She has also been painfully alive to the delicacy of her situation, contemplated as the biographer of her companion in life. She has, however, aimed to present a portrait of her husband's character just as it was, in private as well as public life, that his influence on all points might be perpetuated, and the precious cause for which he lived, and toiled, might be thus promoted. In doing this, some things needed to be said, which, at first view, it seemed improper for her to say. She has felt, too, that she might be censured by some for want of discretion in publishing private expressions of sentiment and feeling. Indeed, doubts on these points have not been absent from her own mind. In self-vindication, however, she will state, that she yielded her feelings of delicacy to the judgment and counsel of friends of high standing in the literary and religious world, and has aimed to write with fidelity to the advisory direction of a competent judge, "Present your husband just as he was."

In accomplishing this work, she would gratefully acknowledge the sustaining grace of God. Notwithstanding the anguish under which her soul was writhing from her recent severe bereavement, and which, from the nature of her work, has been kept before her in all its freshness, she has had consolations that have often rendered her labor inexpressibly sweet. To the church of the living God, this work is now dedicated, with many prayers, that, through the Divine blessing, it may nerve the hearts of God's people to high and holy resolves, to live and die for the salvation of this lost world.

THE EDITRESS.

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MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

My parentage, and other particulars till my father's removal to New York, &c.

My ancestors were of Jewish origin. My father, David Marks, 2d. was the eldest son of David Marks, 1st. of Burlington, Hartford county, Ct. who was a grandson of Mordecai Marks, a Jew. My mother, Rosanna Merriman, eldest daughter of Chauncey Merriman, of Southington, in the same county, was married to my father at the commencement of the year 1800. They were both members of the Calvinistic Baptist church. After residing in Burlington for five years following their marriage, they removed to the town of Shendaken, Ulster county, N. Y. In the latter town, I was born Nov. 4, 1805. I was the fourth child. One, a daughter, died before my birth at the age of ten months. At this time my mother remarked, with much confidence, that my life would be short. "For," said she, "I believe God, by his Holy Spirit, has impressed it on my mind, that the child shall live before him, as did Samuel anciently; and that in early life the Lord will set him for the defence of the gospel, and call him to do a great, but a short work in the earth." When one year had passed, the dropsy in the head, considered by physicians incurable, came near terminating my mortal existence. My mother's faith was then shaken in what she had asserted on the day of my birth; but God blessed the use of means, and from the gate of death restored me to health.

One of the first occurrences printed in my recollection, is family prayer. As early as I was susceptible of instruction and capable of reflection, the truth, that all must die and appear before God,

to account for their actions, was solemnly impressed on my mind. At the age of four years, a sense of death and judgment caused awful feelings to pervade my soul; particularly one day, when I was alone amusing myself with burning the tow of flax; the dreadful agony of the wicked in hell, represented in the word of God by burning with unquenchable fire was instantly brought to mind. Looking into the flame, I thought how exceedingly dreadful even one moment would be in this fierce burning; then turning my eyes toward the heavens I said within myself, how will my soul endure, if yet in sin, at the great judgment day, when God shall appear, and set the world on fire? Finally, I concluded that I would descend into a well when that period should arrive, and going immediately to my mother, told her my resolution. "Ah, my son," said she, "the water will boil, and the earth will burn." Another expedient was suggested. I thought I would hew out a place of retreat in a rock, and there hide myself, closing the entrance. On naming this, she replied, "but the rocks will melt." My sorrows increased; but on reflection I hoped ere that time should come, life might be ended, and my body buried in the earth; so, telling my mother, I hoped by this to escape, she said, "My child, your hope is vain; for the dead will awake and come out of their graves." My last expedient it now appeared would fail; and, retiring to a field, my anguish became great, while reflecting that my parents were Christians but I was a sinner; tears flowed profusely, and putting my hand on my bosom, I cast my eyes toward heaven, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Now existence was a burden; the burning of the tow recurred to mind, and I earnestly wished that I was something inanimate, even if it were tow, that I might not feel the vengeance that would fall upon the wicked. Once as my mother laid me down to rest, she said, "soon my son you will exchange the bed for the grave, and your clothes for a winding sheet." Often, after this, when I lay down at night, my bed reminded me of the grave, and the sheets of the grave apparel. About this time, Jeremiah, my eldest brother, then eight years of age, was converted to God, and publicly professed faith in the Redeemer. Serious thoughts of death and judgment continued to exercise my infant powers.

Very solemn feelings were excited in my mind at the age of four years and seven months, by seeing our house wrapped in flames. When the fire was discovered, my parents were at the house of worship, two miles distant, having left me at home with my two elder brothers, Jeremiah and Friend. One of my brothers immediately ran to the meeting, the other to the neighbor's house for assistance. Being much alarmed, I fled, unperceived, with all possible haste to the adjacent wood, thinking of nothing but to es-

cape the devouring flame. I reached the place of retreat; but while looking on the trees, the recollection of having seen fire spread rapidly in the forest, filled me with fresh alarm. The leaves were just put forth, and, though green, the expectation that they too would burn, and the fire be communicated to them by the adjacent fences, induced me to resume my flight. In the meantime, the assembly with my parents had resorted to the flames, and immediately the anxious inquiry was made, "Where is David?" He was not to be found. No one had seen him. An awful thought rushed upon their minds—the flames must have consumed him! My mother, recollecting her former impressions concerning my future life, in anguish of soul, cried out, "O Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived;" and immediately swooning, she fell to the ground. A thought that the child might yet be alive, induced some of the assembly to search for me; while others endeavored to extinguish the flames, expecting to discover my bones. In my wandering, a path appeared, and, deeming the opposite side more safe, as it presented an obstacle to the fire, I quickly passed it, and had followed its windings more than a mile, when one of the company discovered the object of their search. "Your father wishes to see you," said he, and taking me up, carried me, till we came within sight of the smoking ruins of my native home. The people were still employed in throwing water; but, on seeing us, they desisted, and my father, with feelings more easily imagined than described, met us, and, clasping me in his arms, said, "My son, my son, are you yet alive?" kissed me and carried me to my mother. She soon recovered from her swoon. Her faith revived—and rejoicing with great joy, they said, "The dead is alive, the lost is found."

By this, and other misfortunes, my father lost nearly all his property, and soon after returned to Connecticut, where he resided in the towns of Bristol and Plymouth more than four years. During two years of this time, Jeremiah often led brother Friend and myself to the chamber, barn, or field; and there talked to us of eternity, taught us to pray and seek after the Lord. While enjoying these opportunities, my heart was tenderly affected, and serious impressions deepened. But a painful scene quickly followed.

My father journeyed to the western part of New York. Immediately after his departure, Jeremiah was severely wounded in the foot with an axe; and after a confinement of several weeks, an attack of the typhus fever brought wearisome days, lonely nights, and caused his flesh to waste away. Six days before his death, I went to live with my uncle Marks in Burlington, to attend school. Jan. 2, 1813, after my return from school, my uncle told

me that my brother was dead. The day before he sat up several hours, wrote some, and said he thought he should recover; but in the evening the scene changed. Death had marked him for a victim; and while the sun of life was sitting, he said to my mother, who was alone with him, "I am dying." Immediately she blew a trumpet, to call assistance; then taking him in her arms, he said, "O that I could see papa once more; but I never shall in this world." Deacon Ward, a neighbor, came in, having heard the alarm. Being much distressed, Jeremiah said, "My pain of body is very great," and once added he wished that he was dead; but immediately recalled it, saying, "I am wrong; but if it were the will of God, I should be glad to be out of pain." He made affecting remarks concerning his death, and a short time before he expired, said, "O, I fear Friend and David will run a wicked race." After conversing an hour and a half very calmly, he was laid on the bed, and then folding his hands on his bosom, he looked steadfastly towards heaven. They had now thought he would never speak again, when he distinctly said, "Lord Jesus, may I be with thee;" and without a groan or struggle, in one minute and a half, his pulse ceased to beat, and his spirit took flight to that land whence there is no return. Dea. Ward remarked, that he had often been called to attend on death-bed scenes for forty years, but had never witnessed one so much composed as this. Jeremiah was eleven years and six months of age, more than four years older than myself. His body was laid in the grave, the top of which was covered till my father should return. His death greatly affected me, for I loved him tenderly; and when his dying words, "I fear they will run a wicked race," recurred, I felt and mourned my loss. No longer could I hear his pious warnings, his affectionate counsel, and never again would he instruct me to call on the name of the Lord. About two months after this, my father having returned, his body was taken up, carried into the meeting house, and a sermon delivered. Having heard of instances of burial in cases of fits, and that when taken from the earth such had been revived, my childish heart beat high, when I thought it might be thus with my brother. But as the coffin lid was raised, all my hope vanished, and my sorrow returned. That face, once blooming in health, was now covered with mould, and those eyes, once innocently beaming with affection, were now sunk in their sockets. A deep sense of my own mortality pervaded my soul, and afterward I frequently addressed the throne of grace. But not clearly discerning the things of the kingdom, I often joined in folly with my juvenile companions, by which the Spirit of God was grieved, and my convictions in some measure effaced.

My mother often made observations upon common occurrences, that caused deep and lasting impressions on my mind. Once when she was killing some fowls, their dying struggles excited my sympathy, even to weeping, and I asked why she killed them. "Dear child," said she, "fowls have to die for man, calves have to die for man, sheep have to die for man; but what is more, *Jesus*, the Savior of the world, has died for man, and soon we must die." At another time, she said; "have you ever observed the young sapling, how easily you can bend it to the ground?" I answered "Yes." She continued, "Have you also observed that when grown to be a tree, it will not bow, but will break first?" Again I answered "Yes;" and she said, "Learn instruction. Now in the morning of life, your heart, like the sapling, is tender, and may easily be turned to God; but when inured to crime and hardened by transgression, like the stubborn oak, it will not bow."

When I was nine years old, my father removed to the town of Junius, Seneca county, New York. The greater part of the time for more than a year after our removal, neglect of eternal things marked my conduct; yet, frequently, after joining my associates in play, such condemnation filled my soul, that I would resolve never more to engage in idle sports. And though the Spirit of God did not entirely forsake me, yet my resolutions were often broken, and these scenes of folly and sin against God were repeated. About this time, my brother Friend was converted to God. Serious impressions again returned. But the attachment to my childish plays and companions continued; and during the winter months, we appointed one evening in every week for diversion. For this, conscience sharply reproved me; but being unwilling to desist entirely, I proposed that a part of the time should be spent in learning the orthography of words. My proposal was acceded to, but still conscience was not satisfied, and I further proposed that we should commence our school with prayer. Some of my associates, observing they thought it would be well, requested me to address the throne of grace; the request was granted, which so affected me, that I could no longer participate in their vanities; but for a time remained a spectator, and then feeling condemned for this, wholly forsook the meetings. Serious impressions again increased, and the fear that there was no mercy for me, that my case was hopeless, at times caused me keen distress. For weeks and months, I visited the place of secret prayer two or three times a day, till discouragement and unbelief prevailed on me, for a time, to desist. As with others who live in the wicked one, excuses for procrastination found way to my heart. The hope, that at some future, unknown time, a revival, or some other event would render seeking the Lord less difficult, made me again indifferent.

CHAPTER II.

An account of my conversion, with some other particulars till my connection with the Freewill Baptists.

In the Autumn of 1816, when I was nearly eleven years old, an alarming occurrence loudly called my attention. While riding alone through a wood but a little distance from home, my life was much endangered by a sudden fall from a horse. Instantly the query rushed upon me, as if a voice from heaven had spoken and said, "Had your life here closed, where would your soul have been now?" Conscience answered, "It would have been in hell." I stood astonished and amazed. The recollection of my past life, of broken promises, and of the many times I had prayed, as I thought, earnestly, without finding relief, rushed upon me like a flood. The anguish of my soul was great, and tears gushed from my eyes. In vain did I regret my existence; in vain did I envy the reptiles of the earth their state. Having been taught that a part of mankind were elected to salvation and the rest passed by, with great bitterness, the exclamation burst from my bosom, "I am a reprobate; there is no mercy for me." Now did the sorrows of death compass me about, and the pains of hell got hold of me. Despair bound my soul with its cruel fetters. Nature itself wore a solemn gloom, and even the trees seemed to mourn, and the heavens to frown. Every ray of hope was gone, and the anguish of my soul was insupportable. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" was my cry; then a thought rushed into my mind, which in some measure relieved me. "Peradventure God can and will have mercy. Christ died for sinners, why not for me? If hell must be my portion, and I must finally perish, I will perish pleading for mercy." But now, the fate of former promises occurred to my mind; for in the hour of temptation my feelings had changed, and my strongest resolutions had failed. What security had I, that this resolution should not, in like manner fail? I felt jealous of my own heart; and this seemed an awful moment, on which my eternal destiny was poised. It appeared to me that heaven or hell, depended on the keeping, or not keeping of this resolution. And I felt unwilling to leave myself the least liberty for its violation, lest this dread liberty should be used to my eternal ruin. So falling upon my knees, and raising my hand towards heaven, I made oath unto God, saying, "*As long as thou shalt give me life and ability, like Daniel, I will kneel and pray to thee thrice in a day, even though my years should be lengthened to threescore and ten, and hell be my doom at last.*" I arose; my tears

ceased; distress and anxiety were fled; and though the darkness of night veiled the earth, yet nature assumed a new aspect. All that met my sight, praised God, and my heart was constrained to join the theme. Setting out for home, a sudden rustling among the trees reminded me that those forests were inhabited by beasts of prey; but it excited no timidity as usual, neither did it cause me to make haste; and now, for the first time, I was willing to die. Something whispered, "How is this? you are not a Christian." "True," was my reply, "but the Judge of all the earth will do right." Such a sense of his justice and goodness filled my soul, that with sweet composure, I felt to commit my all to Him, and thus was quiet from fear of evil.

Now to fulfill my oath required no effort, for it seemed that my eternal destiny depended upon its performance. My constant prayer was, that my soul might be born of the Spirit; but reflections on my past life, the just and holy nature of God, who cannot look on sin with the least allowance, no longer caused my heart to feel condemnation for sin, or to dread his vengeance. I read the threatenings of God's word—they moved me not. I brought to view the pains of hell—my soul rejoiced and was happy. This seemed to me very wrong, and thought I, Christians may rejoice, but not sinners. I was now distressed with fears that a state of insensibility was taking possession of my heart; for I labored to feel again my former load of guilt, and constantly prayed that conviction might return, but in vain. Heaven seemed deaf to my entreaties; and while thus praying, my heart seemed so hard, that dreadful fears seized me, lest conviction had ceased forever; yet so sacred appeared my oath, that not the least temptation to violate it troubled my thoughts. Once when bowed before the Lord in secret, all recollections except of the solemn vow, fled from my memory; and not an idea or a word occurring to mind, the fearful expectation was excited, that I should be compelled to rise without offering a single petition to Heaven. But finally the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," came to my recollection, and were as soon repeated. Then I arose and returned. weeping, because of the hardness of my heart. Again, while praying, I used every effort to picture to my view the horrors of the burning world, and bring to my soul a feeling sense of the agonizing pains of the damned; but instead of this, my soul was filled with joy, and the exclamation, "Glory to God!" burst from my lips. Then, for the first time, the thought was suggested, that possibly God had already forgiven all.

Though my opportunity at school had been small, I had fortunately succeeded in learning to read a little, yet not without spelling many of the words. My anxiety to become acquainted with

the Scriptures, was very great. Yet, as my parents were poor and in a new country, we had to endure many privations. Generally, labor occupied all my time during the day, and it being difficult for us to obtain candles, I resorted to the expedient of climbing trees to procure the bark of the hickory, which burns with much flame; and by the light of this fire, I commenced reading the Bible, with anxious interest and a prayerful heart, frequently continuing my studies two or three hours after the family had retired to rest. As my acquaintance with the experience and evidences of the Christian increased, the conviction gradually settled in my mind, after an examination of my own heart, that one poor and unworthy as myself, might claim the rich and precious promises of the gospel. Then again doubts and fears pained me, lest I should build upon a false hope, and finally perish. My prayer to God was, "If I have received remission of sins, grant unto me an evidence of the same, and forbid that I should trust in anything short of that effectual change, which alone can prepare the soul for the pure joys of the heavenly world." My mind continued thus exercised in supplication, until, though slow of heart to believe, a partial witness of having experienced regeneration, gladdened my heart, and caused me to exclaim, with the angels, "Over Judah's hallowed plain," "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, and good will toward men."

The period from my consecrating myself to God by oath till this time, was eighteen months. Soon after, in a conference meeting of the Calvinistic Baptists, I arose for the first time, repeated a hymn that rested with some weight on my mind, and then sat down. Some were surprised, for as yet nothing had escaped my lips, respecting my state of mind. The deacon asked me if I had experienced a change of heart. I was embarrassed, fearing to say that I had, or had not; but after a short pause, I answered, "I do not know." He then remarked, that he had observed many in childhood commence apparently a religious course; but that it had given him little satisfaction, as they had generally turned to the world in a short time, and when arrived at manhood, they had become the worst of men. His words sunk deep into my heart, and, with my own trials and fears, shook my confidence. Doubts, like a flood, rushed again upon me; for I thought, were I a Christian, surely they would take me by the hand and gently lead me in the way. But, being unwilling to give up heaven, I continued more fervent in prayer, constantly asking of the Lord wisdom, patience and humility, beseeching him to keep me from deception and false hopes. Heaven lent a gracious ear, and instead of sinking under trials, my faith was increased, and my hope so confirmed, that not a doubt remained. And I thought frequently, though the world

should dispute, I could but believe Heaven had bestowed the "pearl of great price." When a few weeks had passed, I arose in a meeting, after hearing the sermon, and confessed the grace of God, declaring my conviction, that by the same, my soul had been "redeemed from among men." Returning home, great peace gladdened my heart. My faith became more settled, and, at times, my joy seemed to be full. I had always supposed that a change of heart was accompanied with some outward wonder; that the Savior or an angel would appear in the heavens; or some sudden shock, as of electricity, would for an instant cause pain of body. And when Jesus, in a still small voice, removed my guilt and filled my soul with peace and joy, experience was so opposite to my expectation, that it often seemed impossible, that it could be a saving change, which thus caused me to rejoice and love the humble saints.

One rule given in the word of God, whereby we may know that we have passed from death unto life, is, *love to the brethren.* This witness is plain; and when we have certain evidence that our attachment to the saints is peculiar to their Christian character, and proportionate to the degree of holiness they possess, then we may be sure that we have been accepted of the Lord. The Christian need not remain in doubts, darkness and tempests, but may come to the faith of assurance; not by waiting for God to work miracles for his confirmation, but by searching the Scripture evidences, proving his own heart, and constantly bearing the cross. When Naaman, the Syrian, came to the prophet of Israel, he supposed that some great thing would be wrought visibly, to effect a cure of his leprosy. Thus, many have expected that regeneration should effect some change in nature, or that some visible wonder, rather than submission of heart and reconciliation to God, should give them evidence of salvation. And when a silent voice has removed their burden, and composure of soul, with love to God and his people, has succeeded, they have passed the time of their conversion without a witness of it; and though unable to find their former convictions and condemnation, they have neglected to take the cross or embrace the promises, and thus for years have walked in darkness, not knowing whither they went. Would such diligently search the Scriptures, examine their hearts and try their spirit, they would learn the nature and evidence of a saving change, and thereby know, as well as Paul, "If their earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, they have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and instead of continuing babes in knowledge, they would grow to the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus.

No revival marked the period of my conversion and public profession of the same. Professors were greatly at ease in Zion, and scorn, contempt, and derision were heaped upon me. However, it affected me little, for the applause and glory of the world appeared as vanity of vanities; "All flesh seemed as grass and the flower of grass;" but the approbation of God, as a treasure that endureth forever. Though opposition and persecution from nearly all were combined to discourage me, yet the Lord gave grace and strength equal to my day, and enabled me in all places, as opportunity presented, to bear the cross and testify to the truth. In the public assembly, even when there was no liberty given, feeling the Lord required it, I was frequent in my testimonies. For this, many thought me forward, but in no other way could I have a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

In the fall of the year 1818, upon relating my experience to the Calvinistic Baptist church in Junius, they received me as a candidate for baptism; but as it was then evening, rainy, and the water two miles distant, through woods, they deferred its performance till the next covenant meeting. At the appointed time, I attended with a change of raiment; but here unexpected trials came upon me. The minister being unable to attend, in consequence of illness, a licensed preacher of Junius church, spoke to the people. I was not only disappointed, in not being baptized, but not a member of the church spoke a word of comfort to me, or even asked of my welfare. Had I not been a child, weak and inexperienced, perhaps this coldness would not have been noticed: but it touched a tender cord. I returned home much depressed in spirit, feeling as though I had no one to encourage or lead me in the way of duty. But the Lord was my helper, and God was my refuge; his arm upheld me, and he turned my sorrow into rejoicing. After this, I continued to attend their covenant meetings, in which they practised speaking to each member of the church, but gave no liberty to others. Believing the command to be baptized still obligatory, and feeling anxious to walk in the path of obedience, twice, at different periods, I spoke without liberty, at the close of the meeting, and renewed my request for baptism; but received no direct answer. None of the members pretended even to speak to me, and the same coldness was constantly manifested on all occasions. The cause I knew not; but it finally worked for my good, as it taught me, that in the Rock of ages alone should be my trust and my strength.

My parents, believing the ministry would be the great work of my life, and that a collegiate course of study was a necessary preparation, concluded to place me in a free school, as they themselves were unable to defray the consequent expense. Having

heard that in Providence, R. I., provisions were made for educating the indigent, I left home alone at the age of thirteen, in compliance with the wishes of my parents, to travel on foot, among strangers, the distance of 368 miles, expecting to be absent five or six years. My Heavenly Father provided me friends. Strangers, when they learned the object of my journey, were very kind, often bestowing a little money to defray my expenses: sometimes they would weep, and frequently express much surprise upon seeing a child alone, so far from home. At times, while thinking of my friends beneath the parental roof, lonely and solitary feelings weighed down my spirit; yet the Lord of Hosts was my comforter. He dispersed the gloom, by pouring heavenly consolation into my bosom. Frequent opportunities of riding relieved, in a great measure, the tediousness of the journey. In twelve days, I reached Providence, and was kindly received by Mr. Messers, President of Brown University, to whom I delivered a letter from my parents. After a stay of two days, he informed me that tuition would be free, but no provision was made for board and clothing; and advised me to go to an Institution in Mass. where he thought a reception would be afforded, agreeably to my wishes.*

He offered me a letter of introduction to the Directors of that Institution, but the fear that admission would not be granted, and an expectation, that equal privileges might be enjoyed nearer home, in Hamilton, N. York, where a free school was soon to be established, induced me to return homeward. My heart was not free from trial and temptation. While traveling one evening near Albany, I came to a toll bridge, and all around being silent, the following suggestions were presented. "You are now a child, in a land of strangers, without sufficient money to bear your expenses to your parents; you can climb this gate, pass over the bridge, without harming it, and thus save a little, that will do you good, without injury to any one." With these views, I passed over the gate, when feelings of guilt and condemnation so burdened me, that I turned aside to a retired place, and there laid my case before the Lord, beseeching him to lead me in the path of duty, and keep me from sinning against him. Feeling an impression to return, and like an honest child, pay for crossing the bridge, I sincerely wished myself the other side of the gate. Thinking the deed must be undone, and not wishing it to be known, I concluded to climb the gate, and then request to have it opened for my passage; but while in the act of getting over, a woman heard me, and coming to the door, much to my alarm, exclaimed; "What!

* I was afterwards informed that some of the students much regretted they had not known my case; and that they said had they known it, they would have sustained me through a course of study.

are you climbing the gate?" Trembling, I related to her my situation, the struggle of my mind with regard to duty, and my wish to pay the toll. Laughing heartily, she replied, "Ah, dear child, you may go free, I will receive nothing, and may blessings follow you." She then opened the gate, when, with a light heart and an approving conscience, I continued my journey, and reached home, after an absence of twenty-five days.

Passages were so frequently given me in stages and in other carriages, that not more than one third of this journey was performed on foot. And with few exceptions, those persons with whom I tarried and received of their liberality, would accept any recompense; but generally conversed familiarly with me, and asked me to pray with them. In compliance with their invitations, my soul was often greatly blessed. After my return, the information that none could be freely educated in Hamilton without bail, that should be accountable for the expense, in case they should ever preach any other doctrine than that believed by the C. Baptists, induced me to relinquish the idea of pursuing a course of literary study?

I continued to attend the Baptist covenant meetings, and was treated with the same studied coldness as before. Six months had passed, since the church received me as a candidate for baptism, and still all was silence on the subject. As yet, the vote of fellowship had neither been recalled nor disannulled. A sense of the solemn duty lay so heavily on my mind, that I again renewed the request, in case they still believed me a fit subject; and if not, I desired them to let me know it. They now discussed the subject, and observed, that when I was received, a part of the church only was present, consequently, the absent members were unacquainted with my experience; and added, that some of those, who did receive me, on consideration had changed their minds. Being requested, I again related my experience, and my present exercises. They wished to know my sentiments, concerning particular and unconditional election, and communion, as believed and practiced by them. I told them it was a doubt in my mind, whether those views were agreeable to the Scriptures. The whole church, with one exception, voted they were not satisfied with my experience, and could not receive me. Trials now pressed heavily upon me, and I felt like a lone and friendless child. Something whispered, "What folly to think you are a Christian, when men of piety and experience disown you. You are but a child, and do you know more than the whole church?" My temptations were very great. But to the Lord only could I go; and had he not granted succor, by especially manifesting himself, despondence would have discouraged me, and that, perhaps, forever. My oath was sacred; and its performance diligently attended. The grace of God was suffi-

cient for me, and if ever the consolation of his Spirit gladdened my heart, it did in those days. My peace became like a river, and wintry trials gave place to the cheering joys of spring and summer. I attended meetings with different denominations, particularly the Methodist, and often had happy seasons, feeling my spiritual strength renewed. But their sentiments not being in every particular congenial with my own, I could not find that my home was with them.

In the month of July, 1819, Elder Zebulon Dean, and his companion, having heard of my situation, and feeling interested, sent an appointment to our neighborhood, and came thirty miles, accompanied by brother Samuel Wire, then an unordained preacher, and two other brethren: They were Freewill Baptists, and the first of whom I had any knowledge. On Saturday, July 10th, I met with them and learned their sentiments and spirit, which so well accorded with my own views and feelings, that desiring to be baptized, I related to them my experience and sentiments, also the manner in which my application to unite with the Baptist church had been received and afterwards rejected. They expressed satisfaction with my experience, approved of my sentiments, and the next day, being the Sabbath, a meeting was appointed for preaching and examination, at the house where the Baptist church usually met for worship. They having been invited to attend, were generally present, with a large concourse of people. After sermon, being requested, I stood upon a bench, and again related the dealings of the Lord with me. Elder Dean requested the church to state the reason why they did not receive me. After a space of silence, one of the members answered, that it had been understood the child was disobedient to his parents. This report to me was new; but on being traced to its source in presence of the assembly, it was manifest, that it had originated in misunderstanding; and as it was contradicted by my parents and others, Elder Dean still called, not only on the church, but on the whole assembly, to show if they knew any reason that should debar me from the privileges of the house of God, and if not, charged them forever to hold their peace. Nothing more being said, the assembly resorted to the water. To me, this was a long desired and pleasant hour. When led into the stream, feeling impressed to address the people, I turned and declared to them my weariness of transgression, and my determination, through grace, forever to forsake all sin, the way of the wicked, and to travel the narrow way to the city of God. After earnestly soliciting those of my age and all sinners to begin with me to seek a better world, I assured them if they would not, I must leave them forever; and called heaven and earth, the assembly, and even the water in which I stood, to record my

separation from the world, and to witness against me in the judgment day, if I should ever forsake the Lord; then, having been laid in the baptismal grave and raised again, I went on my way rejoicing.

On the 17th of the same month, I attended the Benton Quarterly Meeting of the Freewill Baptists, in the town of Phelps, eighteen miles from my father's, and was there received a member of the church in that place. Five were baptized, and a profitable season was enjoyed. After this, Elder Dean and brother Wire frequently preached in Junius. A revival followed their labors, in which some of my former persecutors were converted to the faith of the gospel. In the ensuing autumn, brother Wire was ordained. He and Elder Dean baptized fifteen in Junius, who united with the church in Phelps; but in January following, they were dismissed and acknowledged a church in Junius, taking the Scriptures for their only rule of faith and practice. Being absent at the time of its organization, I did not become one of its members till the ensuing spring. This church walked in gospel order several months, and enjoyed many happy seasons. But the summer of prosperity passed, and the winter of adversity succeeded. New and unexpected trials brought heaviness and mourning. Seven or eight, who first united and were well engaged, soon turned aside after satan and walked no more with us. Iniquity abounding, the love of some waxed cold. Every feeling of my soul was pained, when those with whom I had taken sweet counsel, thus wounded the innocent cause of Jesus and brought it into reproach. But while our number decreased by excommunications, the Lord more than supplied the vacancies by adding to the church of such as should be saved. Determined, by the help of God, to walk in the truth and keep all the commandments, I embraced every opportunity of attending meetings of worship; when generally my spirit was pressed within me to warn the wicked of the necessity of a preparation to meet God; and I seldom remained silent, as this brought condemnation to my soul.

CHAPTER III.

Call to the ministry, and the particulars of my exercises and gospel labors for three months.

Nov. 4, 1820, completed my fifteenth year. On this day, going alone into a wood on a high hill, while the rain was descending, I fell upon the ground, and formally dedicated myself anew to God, promising faithfulness and full submission to his will. In this dedication, casting my eyes upon the surrounding country, I had a view of the gospel harvest, and felt the first serious impression, that duty would call me to labor therein.

On Jan. 1, 1821, having been solicited by Elder Dean, I left home and went to Benton and Milo, where a revival was progressing, and there attended several meetings with the Elder, generally giving an exhortation after sermon. Thus three weeks quickly passed, when my parents, meeting me at the Benton Quarterly Meeting, in Phelps, desired my immediate return. Elders Dean and Fowler, after some entreaty, obtained their leave for my attendance at an extra Quarterly Meeting in Ontario. My parents gave me liberty to accompany Elder Dean to several other places also, provided I should first return with them. Accordingly I returned home, and after a stay of two days, I left on Wednesday for Ontario, forty miles distant. A deep snow had fallen, which was much drifted, and the weather was extremely cold, insomuch that few ventured from their firesides. After wading through the snow thirteen miles, and suffering considerably, I found my toes were frozen, and consequently proceeded no farther till the next day.* Arriving at Ontario, I was glad to meet Elders Dean and Fowler. At this meeting some refreshing was enjoyed, and it pleased the Lord to give me freedom while speaking in his name. After its close, Elder Dean took me with him to Benton, Milo, and Poultney. In the latter place, the power of God was manifest in our meeting. One cried aloud for mercy, and soon after professed to find pardon. Others were seriously affected, but suffered the enemy to catch away the seed that was sown in their hearts.

Returning to Benton, I attended a few meetings. During this period, one day when the rain and snow were descending on the earth, while at the house of Elder Dean, I felt the first direct impulse as if from Heaven, "*Go thou and preach the gospel.*" Every surrounding object now assumed a mournful aspect; and

* Afterwards, I heard of nine persons, who, on this day, were frozen to death at different places in this section.

retiring immediately to a wood on the shore of Seneca lake, half a mile from any house, I cast myself upon the beach, where the restless waves uttered a hoarse murmur on one side, and the bleak winds rustled in the forest on the other. Raising a tearful eye to Heaven, I exclaimed, "O my God, is this truly from thee? and must I, an ignorant child, go and preach thy gospel?" After weeping awhile upon the ground, I arose and queried thus with myself; "Can it be, that God will pass by the learned, the wise, the experienced, and choose a child of *fifteen years* to preach the gospel?" When about to answer in the negative, I cast my eyes eastward as I arose, and in an instant, by impression, saw myself a friendless child, running to and fro in the earth to warn the wicked of their danger. From these impressions, I began to gather that God would put me into his vineyard, and that the time was at hand. A view of leaving parental care, the society of home, of wandering in a land of strangers, while yet but a child, of facing the bleak storms, and enduring the fatigues of journeying oft, and of the trials and persecutions that awaited me, now rushed upon my soul, overpowered my feelings, and constrained me to weep aloud. After this burst of grief had a little abated, I said, "Lord, I am a child, how can I preach?" and walking over the water on a fallen tree, I gazed therein, and thought, how pleasant would be a watery tomb, if it might hide me from a life of exile. A sweet voice whispered, "My grace is sufficient for thee. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, I have perfected praise." Duty was made plain; I consented to walk in the path of obedience, and peace of soul ensued.

On my return to Junius, finding my parents unwilling to give me permission to leave them again, I related to them my exercise of mind, and impression of the duty God required of me; and added, if they thought it would be right to keep me at home, they would be accountable, and my conscience would be clear in the sight of Heaven. They thought they should be justifiable in thus doing, and told me my labor was so much needed, they could not spare me. I returned to my former avocations, but nature seemed clothed with solemnity; the concerns of earth seemed of little moment; the hapless children of men, sinking to wo by unbelief, were constantly presented to my view. Day and night I wept and mourned for them at mercy's altar. Sleep often fled my pillow, while it was bedewed with tears.

One evening, after retiring to rest, a sense of the state of the wicked rolled upon my mind; and a little after midnight, I retired to the lonely forest, and there prostrated myself on the snow. Duty called me to go out into the world, and warn my fellow creatures to flee from the wrath to come; to proclaim the glad tidings

of salvation, "the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." Again, a view of the storms of opposition and persecution that awaited me, was suddenly presented, together with the painful scene of leaving the tender care of those dear parents, who from the days of infancy had guided the steps of my childhood, and checked its waywardness. My beloved brothers and dear sister clung to my affections. I recollected my scanty education, having enjoyed the advantages of a school only ten months; and had to reflect on my situation, destitute even of convenient raiment. I thought, surely men will despise my youth as well as my counsel, and the truth will be disgraced. Yet the path in which God was calling me to walk, was made plain; and in obedience alone was peace. Clay had been used to open the eyes of the blind, and the power of God was still the same. Resigning myself to his will, my heart was encouraged, and I desired the Lord to open the way, that my whole time might be devoted to warn the unconverted, and point them to the Lamb of God: and I believed that I should bear patiently their abuse, contempt, and reproach. These exercises of mind continued and increased, while sorrow was depicted on my countenance. In my sleeping and waking moments, I felt that the blood of souls would be required at my hand, and that 'wo' would be mine, if I preached not the gospel.

One day while cutting trees in the wood, I became almost lost to all sense of my labor, and frequently sat down, and wept for the miseries that awaited the ungodly. My father, observing this, called me to the house. Endeavoring to conceal my grief, I obeyed his call without any suspicion of his motive. Giving me a chair, he asked me to sit down. This unusual manner excited my surprise; I observed both *his* countenance and my *mother's* were sad, and they appeared to have been weeping. With an agitated voice, my father said tenderly, "My son, why have you been weeping?" Till now, I had not thought my grief had been discovered; but after a pause, I answered: "The Lord is calling me to warn poor perishing sinners of their danger, but I cannot go, for my parents are unwilling." They burst into tears, and my father said, "My son, you may go. For some time we have felt we were like Pharaoh, who would not let the children of Israel go to worship God in the wilderness. We give you your time, and will no longer detain you." My feelings were overpowered. Our tears mingled together, and I thanked God.

At this time a great revival was progressing in Brutus and Camillus, twenty miles from Junius. Feeling anxious to see this work, and labor in it according to my ability, I left home, walked fifteen miles to Brutus, and spent the night among strangers, who were

kind. The next day, understanding Elder E. Shaw would preach and baptize about four miles from the place of my lodging, I went to his meeting. I knew no difference among Christians, still I closely watched all that passed, felt much interested, and thought the countenances of the people showed who among them were the followers of the Lamb. After preaching, several spoke of the things God had done for them, and it seemed that I was in my father's family. Standing upon a bench in order to see the assembly, I exhorted them a few moments, and remarked, that as the antediluvians were disobedient, while the ark was preparing, and the flood destroyed them; so if they in this revival, and in this life, were indifferent, the Lord would send a storm of fire, and destroy them in like manner. I enjoyed much freedom, and it pleased the Lord to touch the assembly. After meeting, many spoke with me, invited me to their houses, and to attend different meetings, so that I no more felt as a stranger or wanted an open door. At the conclusion, Elder Shaw baptized eleven, who came out of the stream, apparently very happy, and some of them shouted for joy. The evening was spent in a prayer meeting that continued nearly all night, in which three professed to be converted.

Several days following were spent in Brutus, attending prayer, conference, and preaching meetings, and visiting families. I embraced every opportunity of testifying to all, small and great, rich and poor, both publicly and from house to house, repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Some were awakened, and professed to obtain reconciliation with God. In one of my visits at a public house, I desired to pray with the family, but was denied; then I requested the privilege of praying in the barroom, where the traveller is allowed to swear without asking leave, but this also was denied. Reflecting that the street was free, and observing there would be liberty there, I went out and kneeled down before the house, and besought the Lord to have mercy on this family. In the meantime, I was afterward informed, the landlord took a horse-whip, and came out to drive me away from prayer, and whip me from the place; but meeting a young man of the Presbyterian church at his door, who had just commenced preaching, he seized him by the collar, and said, "You rascal, why have you sent that boy here to pray?" The young man replied, "I have not: God sent him." Before the dispute ended, I was visiting other families. Still the revival passed, and this family took not warning to forsake their sins, neither shared they in the work.

In that part of Brutus called Jericho, a certain young man, while I was exhorting him to repentance, swore very wickedly, for which I told him, he must give account to God. He raised his axe, and bid me, "Be gone," swearing if I said any more, he would throw

it at my head. Turning to go away, I replied, "Remember for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." He appeared angry, and casting down his axe, took up a stick of wood with both hands, and threw at me. I was then about a rod from him, and immediately stopped in order to suffer patiently the effects of his wrath, hoping that conviction might fasten on his heart. The stick passed just over my head; he threw a second, that passed behind me; a third, which only touched my leg; a fourth, that just missed me. It really seemed the Lord was my defence. Not satisfied with these attempts at abuse, he came with a loaded horse-whip, and gave me a severe blow, which caused exquisite pain, and left its mark for two weeks. His father, with some others, stopped him, and prevented any further violence. Proceeding a little distance on my way, I felt grieved at his awful situation, and prayed God to have mercy on his soul. While on my kness, the young man passed by, and swearing very wickedly, loaded me with curses.

In the latter part of my stay in these regions, I went into Camillus, and attended several meetings in the village of Elbridge, where the revival was progressing powerfully, and visited considerably from house to house, praying with the anxious and exhorting them to resign every thing for Jesus' sake. In the family of a certain lawyer, where I had been invited, I enjoyed much freedom in conversation and prayer. One of the daughters was awakened to seek the "pearl of great price." Shortly afterward, her father told me that she had become discouraged, and invited me to call again. I complied with his request, and again prayed with her, and she again renewed her covenant. Soon after this, she was converted, and publicly professed faith in Christ. Within the circle of my visits, was the family of a respectable merchant, who himself was a lover of religion; but his companion was opposed to the revival. I requested liberty to pray, which was granted; and my poor heart felt encouraged, when, as I arose, his wife was in tears. After adding a few words of exhortation, I went out; the merchant following, spoke affectionately to me, and left a half dollar in my hand. Soon after, in compliance with his request, I visited them a second time, and prayed with his companion, who again seemed affected, but not fully persuaded to embrace Christ. Alas! how many wait for a convenient season, to their own destruction.

In the east part of Camillus, I attended several meetings, passed through some severe trials, and spent many solitary hours, feeling like a lonely stranger in the earth, often weeping till my eyes were sore. Persecution met me on almost every hand; some said the lad ought to be whipped home, &c. At an evening meeting where

Elder Morrill preached, I spoke in exhortation. After its close, no one inviting me to a lodging, I was left alone in the house. But soon after, Elder Morrill kindly inquired for me, returned, and took me to the place where he was staying. The grief and discouragement that overcame me, touched his heart; and taking me into his lap, as he would a child, he spoke words of consolation that gave me relief. I enjoyed much satisfaction in the revival in these towns; and notwithstanding my severe trials, my faith was confirmed, that duty called me to labor in the vineyard of the Lord; and my heart was encouraged by the success with which God blessed my feeble endeavors in the awakening and conversion of a few.

It was calculated, that in Brutus, Camillus, and the adjacent towns, six or seven hundred professed to pass from death unto life. In this work I labored about one month and attended forty-four meetings; but did not confine myself to a text, or pretend to sermonize. When about to return home, I was much interested at Treat settlement, with Moses Manrow, a lad of about fifteen years, belonging to the denomination called *Christian*. He exhibited much talent in public speaking, for one of his age, appeared humble, and dedesired to travel with me. The proposal was pleasing, for I believed he would make a good yoke fellow in the gospel; and being admitted as a companion, on the 17th of April, 1821, he accompanied me on my return to my parents.

CHAPTER IV.

Particulars of a three months' journey to Holland Purchase.

A week soon passed in the society of the family circle, and its enjoyment was sweet to my soul. During this period, my mother conversed and advised much with me on such subjects as she thought would be useful; a presentiment seeming fixed in her mind, that she was enjoying the last opportunity she should ever have, to bestow her counsel. Her words sunk deep into my heart, and, with thankfulness, I blessed God for a pious and affectionate mother. The passing moments seemed precious, while I listened to the sweet accents that fell from her lips, and endeavored to treasure up the instruction she was giving me. Home was pleasant; but the time was at hand that required my departure.

The church in Junius had given me a letter of commendation; and the morning of April 26, was appointed for my departure. It dawned a beautiful morning; but grief sat heavy on our hearts. Together we bowed at the altar of mercy, where often in days that are past, we had felt the consolations of Heaven, and had been united to each other by ties stronger than those of natural affection. My mother, with a trembling voice, called on the name of the Lord, and fervently entreated, that his preserving power and choice blessings might attend her beloved son, just going from her care, perhaps for ever. Often she had prayed for me—and bitter now was the thought, that this might be the last time I should ever hear her supplications in my behalf. The moment of separation had come; and giving my brothers and sisters the parting hand, I passed from the parental roof. My parents followed me to the corner of the house. The weeping father then took me by the hand, and in a faltering voice, said, "Whenever you wish to return, my house shall be your home. God bless you, my son. Farewell." My dear mother then giving me a dollar, grasped my hand, and pressed it affectionately. On casting a look at her features, I saw they were convulsed; the big swelling tears rolling fast from her eyes, betrayed the conflict in her bosom. Her chin quivered, her lips moved, and she faintly articulated, "Adieu! my child, adieu! The Lord go with thee." My spirit almost failed within me, while I witnessed their agonizing emotions. Bidding them farewell, I sighed adieu, again and again. But O, the feelings of my heart! Where am I going? Into the wide world; to face its frowns; endure its taunts and vile reproaches, as once my Master did. But, "It is enough that the servant be as his lord." Coming to a rise of ground, in sight of my father's house, I turned to view once more the beloved forms of those dear parents, and cast on them my last look. They were standing where we parted, apparently weeping, and following with their eyes the departing child, as though anxious to catch the last glimpse. My mother's face was somewhat bowed down, and the sight touched again every tender feeling, awakening all my sympathy, till, in addition to my own, their sorrow became my sorrow. I gave another look, thinking perhaps it was the last, then sighed farewell. The places where I had passed the scenes of childhood, now met my sight, and seemed bound to my affections by a thousand tender associations. But while grief was almost bursting my heart, the sweet promise of Christ, contained in Mark 10:29, 30, dropped as if from heaven into my soul; "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and

children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." My mourning was now turned into rejoicing, and my tears into songs of praise.

After walking twenty-one miles, in company with the lad before mentioned, we found entertainment for the night a few miles south of Geneva, with a Congregationalist family, who were kind. In the morning we proceeded to Benton; and there visited from house to house, conversing with all, as opportunity presented, upon the importance and necessity of a speedy preparation to meet God. A young man at a tavern, whom I thus counselled, scoffed at me, and ridiculed religion. My soul was pained, and falling on my knees, I besought the Lord to touch the heart of this young man by his Spirit—give him to see the aggravated nature of his transgressions, and to feel his need of the Savior. While thus supplicating the mercy of God, the young man continued to talk in a loud tone of voice, and finally asked me to take some tobacco. His mother, though a professor, instead of reproving him, reprimanded me severely, for going about talking to people older than myself. After justifying my practice, by telling her I believed the Lord required it at my hand, she closed the conversation with a remark too vulgar to name. Taking leave of them, I went on my way, sighing for the evil done by professors, who are destitute of the mind that was in Christ Jesus. Their conduct strengthens the hands of the wicked. They enter not into the kingdom themselves, and them that would enter, they hinder.

April 29, Sabbath, we attended a meeting in Milo—in which I spake a few minutes under considerable embarrassment—and afterward retired to a wood much depressed in spirit, and sorely pained with doubts and fears, lest I had mistaken the path of duty in attempting to labor in Zion. Returning to the house of a friend, and finding no relief, I determined to fast and pray. In doing this, all doubts and gloom were dispersed, and my heart was encouraged to continue in the work of the Lord.

Tuesday, May 1, I spoke to a crowded and solemn audience, and it was a season of refreshing to my soul. Meeting an assembly at the house of Deacon Knapp, in Wayne, I spoke from this text,—"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Holy Spirit touched the hearts of some, and many wept. Thursday, in a meeting on the east side of Crooked lake, the Lord was with me, and his Spirit attended the word. After this, crossing the lake near Bluff Point, and walking a few miles into Poultney, I spoke to an assembly; but to me it was a barren season, and the language of my heart was, 'how can I preach the gospel to a hard-hearted and gainsaying people.' Finding an answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee,"

we went to the north part of Poultney, and there spoke the word to a few, who heard with candor.

Saturday, May 5, I went to Jerusalem, and gave out appointments for the next day. Sabbath morning, at the hour of nine, we met for worship on the west hill in Jerusalem. The assembly was large, and it was a time of Emmanuel's power: several wept, and kneeled for prayers. At one o'clock, P. M., the Lord assisted me in speaking to a crowded and solemn assembly on the east hill of Jerusalem: two manifested a resolution to seek the Lord. At three o'clock, P. M., I met another congregation in the north part of the town, and enjoyed the presence of my Master. Here, M. Manrow left me suddenly, without assigning any reason. At six in the evening, I attended a fourth meeting in Middlesex, and the next day walked twelve miles, and attended two meetings. The day following, I visited Canandaigua; and meeting the Episcopalian minister in the street, stated to him my desire to speak to the people concerning the things of eternity. "What!" said he, "are you preaching? You are not capable of preaching. You cannot preach. We put young gifts to learning, till they become men." He then left me. After several fruitless attempts to find a house open for meeting, among professed Christians, I turned to "Cesar's kingdom," and without difficulty obtained leave to hold a meeting in the court house. About one hundred assembled. While stating in my introduction, the reason of my leaving home, and the particular exercises of my mind concerning public speaking, a gentleman in the jurors' seat, looked me steadfastly in the face, and said, "Young man, we came to hear you preach; not to hear your experience. If you are going to preach, we wish you to proceed." This somewhat confused me; however I named a text, and proceeded with some embarrassment. About twenty left the assembly before the conclusion of the discourse. At the close of the meeting, one gentleman gave me half a dollar, and another, a small piece. During my discourse, I observed two men without the court house in earnest conversation, and pointing towards me; and when passing the jail, a woman came to the door, and asked me a number of questions concerning my manner of life. After proceeding a little distance, I saw a man leave the jail, and come after me in a wagon with much speed. These circumstances, together with that of many having left the meeting, induced me to think they might possibly look on me with suspicion, and wish to put me in jail. The man overtook me, said he supposed I was a stranger, and invited me to go home with him. As it was three miles from my purposed route, it was after considerable solicitation that I returned. He was a Calvinistic Baptist, and treated me as a friend.

The little good effect apparent from my last meeting, and the contempt manifested at my endeavors to warn the wicked, bore heavily upon me. In addition to this, my friend told me, he thought my learning was not sufficient to make my public addresses generally interesting; and advised me to go home and stay, till I should be of age, or at least two or three years. I now felt a deeper loneliness than I had ever before experienced. Though entreated, I could not eat, but retired to my lodging, where sleep was a stranger, and there gave vent to my grief, till my eyes were sore with weeping. In the morning my grief was not assuaged, nor the fountain of my tears drained. I ate no breakfast, but went my way before the sun rose, passed through the village of Canandaigua into Gorham, and there turned aside in a wood, and laid myself on the earth. My sorrow seemed greater than I could bear; and life seemed such a burden, that I was tempted to starve myself. As this would be sin, I dared not resolve,—but thought, could I go home, gladly would I haste to parental care. Beneath the shady boughs of Gorham, I mourned, somewhat like Jonah under the gourd, and desired death, unless my faith and hope should be increased; then lifting my eyes toward heaven, I said, 'O Lord, why hast thou sent me, a child, when men of experience might go? Why hast thou called an ignorant youth, and left the learned at home? I am had in derision, and mocked by the enemies of the cross.' Two ways appeared; either to go home, and renounce all ideas of ever attempting to preach again, and thus please the greater part of my acquaintance, many of my brethren, and my natural mind—or to continue laboring in the vineyard, and face a storm of opposition. Feeling that necessity was laid upon me, that wo would be mine if I preached not the gospel, I dared not disobey. Leaving the wood, I went to a house, where the people were kind. They gave me some food, and had a meeting notified in their vicinity. The next day, I attended three meetings; and the day following, walked twenty-five miles to Lyons, where the Benton Quarterly Meeting was to be held the 12th and 13th of May.

Here I received a letter from my mother. It brought heavy tidings, and a trial of which I had not thought. My father's house was again burned with all its contents. This trying scene happened only the Wednesday previous. My parents desired me to return and visit them in their affliction, provided I could have permission from the Lord. Retiring to a field alone, solitude seemed written on all below. I thought of the continued series of misfortunes that had afflicted my dear parents, till all my sympathies were awakened. Reading the letter again and again, I laid the case before the Lord, when Luke 9:59, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father," occurred to my recollection; and our

Lord's answer, "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God," kept passing through my mind. Finally, concluding I could do but little good should I return, and believing the Lord still called me to go west, I wrote to my parents, stating my sympathy for them, and conviction of duty, and sent back the dollar that my mother gave me on the morning of our separation.

Monday, leaving for the Holland Purchase, I walked nine miles and held two meetings, in which some were awakened, who shortly professed to find Jesus. The two following days were spent in Ontario, where I attended three meetings, and enjoyed peace and liberty. Continuing my journey I crossed the Genesee river, and in the afternoon of Friday, arrived at Eld. Jonathan N. Hinkley's, in Hinckleyville. He had gone to the Bethany Quarterly Meeting, which was to commence in Attica the next day. I stated that I was going to that meeting, and requested something to eat. Sister Hinckley inquired whence I came, the object of my journey, &c. Being answered, she said within herself, as she afterward informed me, 'A likely story, that you, a little boy, have come more than a hundred miles on foot to attend a Quarterly Meeting!' Thus she concluded, I had only said this to get something to eat, which she gave me, and let me go my way. I walked that evening fifteen miles, to Byron, and about eleven o'clock, called at bro. Gilman's, and found all had retired to rest. One arose, however, unbolted the door, and gave me admission. After hearing my introduction, he conducted me to the cupboard, and then to a lodging with Elder Hinckley, who tarried in the house that night. This was my first interview with him; and the next morning, though a stranger, he pitied my weariness, and insisted that I should ride on his beast a part of the way to Attica, which was twenty-one miles.

At one o'clock, P. M., we entered the meeting, and Eld. Hinckley shortly after arose on the stand, looked around on the assembly with a piercing eye, and then said: "I was not coming to this place. I was going to Clarkson. But the Lord God said to me, 'Attica—Attica—Attica;' and I am here, thank God." He then sat down. Feeling the cold chills pass over me, I looked around and saw tears starting from many eyes. About one minute after, he arose again and said: "It was in the north country, in the month of April, when the snow was several feet deep on the earth, that the Lord God found Jonathan, the atheist, and converted his soul —and the leafless trees stretched their arms toward heaven and praised God." Again, he took his seat; but such was the power that attended these words, that nearly the whole assembly were in tears. The preaching that followed was interesting and refresh-

ing. Here I saw several ministers for the first time, some of whom treated me affectionately; others, though they used me tenderly, gave me to understand, they were doubtful of my being in the path of duty, as they feared I had run without being sent. Again I fell into a sore trial. For the opinion of preachers having much influence with me, I thought it possible that I might have been mistaken respecting duty. The query was presented to me, "How can it be, that the Lord has called you to labor in his vineyard, when so many good people believe it not?" Retiring to a vale, I walked on the banks of the Tonewanta, and my spirit sunk within me; now again I became weary of my life—and had strong temptations to put a period to it. Could I have felt liberty from the Lord to return home, my trial would have ceased; but this I felt forbidden to do. A monitor within strengthened me to resist temptation, and continue in the work; for it appeared that I must know my duty for myself; and that, as another could not discharge it, so another could not decide upon a case, that was wholly between God and my own soul. I returned to the Quarterly Meeting about the time it closed, and spoke to those who would stay to hear.

Monday, I held two meetings,—in one of which, some appeared to be deeply convicted of their lost condition. On the day following, I attended three meetings: in one of these, after soliciting those who desired religion, to rise—and promising that I would try to pray for them, twenty stood up in the assembly; and several of them by sighs and tears, confessed the danger they were in, by living in sin.

Wednesday, I spoke to an assembly in Bennington. The Spirit of the Lord was present, to the joy of saints and the conviction of sinners. At eight the next morning, agreeably to appointment, I met a congregation in Attica. Six were awakened to view their lost condition, and promised to seek the Savior. At evening in the same neighborhood, I held a meeting that continued till after three o'clock in the morning. The Spirit of God was manifest in a marvellous manner. Saints rejoiced and shouted aloud for joy—sinners fell to the floor, wept and cried aloud for mercy. Having never witnessed such a scene before, I said, rashly, within myself, 'it is confusion;' and this Scripture, "Our God is not the author of confusion," came to my recollection; and in my heart I condemned the work, till several of the awakened spoke forth the praises of God, before my eyes, and told what the Lord had done for their souls. Then, after considering the subject again, and the accounts in sacred writ of certain meetings, where the Spirit of the Lord was powerfully manifested, (see Ezra 13:12, 13. Acts 2:13—37,) I could but be convinced it was the work of Israel's God.

I labored in Attica and Bennington ten days, and attended twelve meetings; in these, several bowed before the Lord for the first time, and called upon his name. Seven professed to be brought into the fold of Jesus, and several wanderers were reclaimed. Oh how glad was my heart, when the Lord looked upon the afflictions of David, and granted him the desire of his soul, in permitting his eyes to see the salvation of God. These few souls, which the Lord gave me, were dear to my heart, even as children, and appeared as seals and witnesses, that He had commissioned me to declare his word to the sons of men. I next went to Sheldon, and attended several meetings, in one of which, nearly twenty came forward for prayers, and two were soon brought to rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God.

Sunday, May 27, I attended six meetings; two in Sheldon, one in Bennington, and three in Attica. The congregations were large and attentive. No unusual occurrence marked these meetings, yet it was believed good was done. The next day I travelled twenty-five miles and preached twice. The second meeting was in Attica, and continued till two o'clock in the morning. Six happy converts were present, and we sat together in a heavenly place in Christ. Yea, many could say,

> "My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this,
> And sit, and sing itself away to everlasting bliss."

Tuesday, after travelling fifteen miles, I attended one meeting,—and the day following, preached three times. The Lord was present in the assemblies, and many rejoiced in bright hopes of a happy immortality.

Thursday, I walked twelve miles, and held three meetings; and the next day preached in the north part of Sheldon. The day following, I went to China, where the Erie Quarterly Meeting was in session. Elders Richard M. Carey and Jeremiah Folsom were present; the preaching and other exercises were spiritual and interesting.

One circumstance at this meeting greatly affected me. Having retired from the assembly a small distance, I heard a very singular sound in the barn where they were convened, that excited anxiety and alarm. I returned in haste; and on entering the meeting, saw a young man standing before the assembly in a flood of tears; who, by signs and gestures, was attempting to describe the joys of heaven, and the horrors of hell. The sound of his voice was inarticulate, but varied with his *signs* to express happiness and misery. The whole assembly was deeply affected; to my astonishment, I found that this young man, though deaf and dumb, had opened his mouth to persuade the wicked from the way to hell. He had late-

ly experienced a hope in God, and related his experience by *signs;* showing his fears of punishment by looking at the fire, and then pointing downward; and his views of heaven, by touching things that were bright, or of the color of gold, and pointing upward. He desired and received baptism, and became a faithful member of the church. The exercises of the meeting appeared to interest him, as much as any one; and, though he could neither hear words, nor articulate them, yet he had *sounds* peculiar to *exhortation, prayer* and *singing,* accompanied by suitable gestures. I understood his public exercises had been blessed to the conversion of several. This was loud preaching, and many said, "If the Lord hath opened the mouth of the *dumb,* it is time for *us,* who have the use of speech, to confess Christ with the mouth unto salvation."

Sunday, June 4, I enjoyed unusual freedom in speaking to an assembly in Concord. The day following, I went to Boston, Erie county, N. Y., and the next morning, at the hour of six, spoke to a crowded congregation, where my soul was led out into the liberty of the gospel. Six ministers were present; the hearts of the people seemed melted by the presence of the God of Sabbaoth; and it was a time that doubtless will be remembered in eternity. I went to Nichol's settlement, and in the early part of the evening gave out an appointment. The house was soon filled, and we enjoyed a solemn waiting before God. Convicting power touched the hearts of some, who, before the exercises closed, desired the prayers of Christians. In the morning, I held another meeting at the same place, and several covenanted to kneel and pray thrice a day, for four weeks. The day following, I preached in Zoar; this was a solemn, refreshing season, and at the close a number promised to seek the Savior. Saturday, I travelled fifteen miles, and held two meetings, in which twenty-five manifested their desire for the "one thing needful." One or two of the number soon professed to find pardon through the blood of the Lamb.

Sabbath morning, June 10, after speaking to an assembly in a barn, at the hour of seven, I went to Zoar, where a large congregation was present; and in declaring the glad tidings of salvation, enjoyed much freedom. Here five solemnly covenanted to kneel and pray twice a day, for the four weeks ensuing. After preaching again in Nichol's settlement, I rode ten miles to Boston, and found a numerous assembly, who had come out to hear the "*boy preacher,*" the appellation by which I was generally known. The Lord gave me confidence, with a good degree of his Spirit, and it was a weeping season. Here our hearts were made glad; twenty-five precious awakened souls came forward, desiring the prayers of God's children. Monday, after walking twenty-seven miles, I preached once. Near the close of the meeting, I invited those who

felt a need of salvation, and desired to obtain it, to come forward and bow before the Lord, saying I would pray for them; five accepted the invitation. After visiting and preaching in Sheldon, Bennington, and Attica, I held a meeting in Pike, in which I was publicly opposed by a Universalist, yet there appeared some good signs.

I staid the night with a brother in Christ, whose name was Johnson. Soon after rising in the morning, the form of my mother suddenly appeared to my view, with a pallid countenance, and clad in the habiliments of death. Before I was aware, turning to the family, I said, 'My mother is dead,' and related the impression. For some time previous, she had been in my thoughts but little, and the idea that it was, or might be so, caused a bitter pang. Though fears now troubled me, I hoped they would prove groundless.

From Pike, I went to Centerville, and attended a meeting, which was truly solemn. Some were awakened and desired to be remembered at the throne of grace. Sunday, June 17, I preached to four large congregations in Rushford and Centerville. The power of Emmanuel was present in each meeting, and sinners wept as they viewed themselves in the gospel glass. The next day I spoke the word to a solemn audience in Pike; and early in the following day, at Six Acre lake. In the afternoon I was highly favored of the Lord, while pointing precious souls to the Friend of sinners, at the east part of the town.

Wednesday, I preached in China; the day after, walked thirteen miles in the rain, and attended three meetings. My shoes were worn off from my feet; and on reaching the last appointment in Boston, Erie Co. I was much wearied; my feet were blistered, and so painful, that I was obliged to sit with them on a pillow, while speaking to the people. But amidst my privations and sufferings for the cause of Christ, my heart felt that more than double was rendered, by seeing one sinner this evening persuaded to turn and live.

On Friday, I went to a camp meeting in Boston, and being requested, preached in the evening, and tarried the next day. On the Sabbath, feeling constrained by the love of Christ and a sense of duty, though my feet were still bare, I addressed the people from the stand, and enjoyed good freedom. At the close of my discourse, a man who was not a professor, left nearly two dollars in my hand, and told me to purchase a pair of shoes; but before an opportunity presented, a pair was given me.

On Monday, I preached in Buffham settlement, and in Aurora. In the latter place, a heavenly season was enjoyed; fifteen awakened souls promised to seek the Lord, and two of them were soon brought to rejoice. The day following, I held a meeting in Wales;

the next day, travelled sixteen miles, and preached twice. In the latter meeting, two requested prayers. Thursday, after riding twenty miles, I preached once; and the day following, attended a meeting in Pike, but saw none persuaded to turn to God.

Sunday morning, July 1, 1821, I went to Centerville. Numbers had assembled, and I felt great confidence in declaring the counsel of Heaven. This assembly was said to be the largest that had ever been in the town. In the after part of the day, about four hundred met in Rushford, many having come between ten and fifteen miles. The Lord enabled me to come to the people in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Many were smitten by the sword of the Spirit; a revival soon commenced, and, as I afterward learned, fifty or sixty professed to find Him, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. In the evening, I preached again at Centerville. The next day I travelled fifteen miles and held two meetings; and the day following preached twice in Pike.

On the 4th of July, Elder Kendall, a Calvinistic Baptist, preached at Centerville, and at the conclusion of his discourse, I addressed the audience. Elder Kendall made me a considerable present of wearing apparel; and offered to give $100. toward a collegiate education, provided I would go to Massachusetts and receive tuition from one of his relatives. He also gave encouragement, that the whole expense of a support at college should be defrayed. As this would prevent me from travelling to declare the glad tidings of salvation, and thinking my life would be short, I could not accept his kind offer.

Thursday, July 5, I went to a camp meeting in Warsaw, where the preachers treated me with coldness. After a stay of one day, having prayed twice on the camp ground, one of the ministers reproved me for taking up too much of the time. Feeling desirous to address the people from the stand, I requested the privilege, but was denied. During an intermission on Saturday, while conversing with some individuals, and endeavoring to persuade them to be reconciled to God, large numbers crowded to hear, till I had not room to turn. Being solicited by some of the brethren, I climbed upon a fire stand,* and commenced delivering my message. Nearly the whole assembly gathering around, listened attentively, and many with tears. Soon one of the preachers requested me to be as brief in my remarks as possible, and free my mind. Feeling my duty was then discharged, I ceased speaking, and the next day left the meeting. Having now a chain of appointments west of

* Fire stands are about six feet high, and constructed by placing several stakes in the ground, and covering the tops of them first with boards, and then with earth, for the purpose of building fires on them, to give light in the night at camp meetings.

Warsaw, I proceeded thirty-six miles; and on Monday preached in Sheldon and Wales. In the latter place, it was a time of Emmanuel's power; five penitents kneeled, while we called on Him who is able and mighty to save. One of the number soon found Jesus. On the day after I preached at Aurora, and one who had been awakened in one of my former meetings, was brought into the liberty of the sons of God. In the after part of the day, I spoke to a congregation in Boston; one sinner was slain, and soon after raised by the great Physician. The day following I preached in Hamburg to a numerous concourse, who appeared to hear for the judgment day.

July 11, I observed with solemn prayer, it being the second anniversary of my baptism. The day was pleasant. In the forenoon, I attended a meeting in Eden, where the solemnities of the eternal world were unveiled, and the arrows of the King sharp in the hearts of his enemies. Eleven thus wounded, bowed before the Lord; and while we implored his mercy, their cries and groans resounded through the barn in which we were assembled. After the meeting closed, as the people seemed very unwilling to leave the place, I conversed with several who promised to seek God. Addressing a young woman, who belonged to the Quakers, I asked her if she desired the religion of the blessed Jesus. She made no reply, but immediately started for home. Conviction followed her, and her distress of mind became so great, that she returned in tears; and meeting me in company with several anxious souls, as we were passing from the barn to the house, she begged forgiveness for leaving me so abruptly, and said, she not only desired the knowledge of God, but wished me to entreat his mercy for her. After entering the house, we again called on the Lord. From this good hour, a revival followed, in which several Quakers professed to be born again.

After attending two other meetings, I went to Buffalo, and preached to a numerous congregation in the Methodist chapel. Sunday, July 15, I had an appointment in a grove at Hamburg. Many, attracted by curiosity, came out to hear "*the boy*;" and it was said the assembly was larger than any that had ever before been held in that town. I endeavored to trust in God, but did not see so much of his power manifested as my heart would gladly have witnessed. In the evening, the Lord met with us again in Eden, and while his glory beamed upon us, Zion's children rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and sinners wept aloud. Ten or fifteen awakened souls fell on their knees and humbly begged for pardon. The next day, I travelled twenty miles and preached twice; the day following, walked fourteen miles to an appointment in Attica; and on Thursday, returned to Eden, a distance of thirty-five miles. Here

I met a crowded assembly, in which the power of the Highest rendered the place both awful and glorious. Many went away mourning for their transgressions, and sighing for salvation. A conference was held in the evening: a large number spoke of the dealings of the Lord with them, and several declared they would never rest till they found peace to their souls. The awakened became so distressed, that near the close their cries were heard throughout the assembly. Fifteen united in a circle, and bowed with us, while we called on the Lord. One or two found peace, and went home rejoicing.

Friday, July 20, while I was preaching in Boston, the Spirit of the Lord God descended upon us, and the cries of the wounded were heard in every part of the congregation. Fourteen manifested their desires for salvation, and their resolutions to seek mercy; and two or three were hopefully converted.

On Saturday, an attack of the chicken pox brought on me the pains of raging disorder. But having appointments, I walked ten miles, to Aurora, in much distress of body, frequently lying down by the way. The next day, being the Sabbath, Elder H., a Calvinistic Baptist, and myself, undesignedly had appointments at the same hour and place. The assembly was large, and on entering, I took a seat as a stranger. Elder H., after stating that he understood a boy, who had been preaching in those parts, had an appointment at that place, inquired if any one knew where he was. On receiving an answer, he asked me if I belonged to any church, or had credentials. My letter being presented, he read it to the assembly, and gave me liberty to preach. I loved to preach Jesus, and improving the opportunity, enjoyed a precious season. In the after part of the day, I walked nine miles, and preached twice, but passed a restless night; my illness having considerably increased.

On Monday morning, the rain was falling, and my strength almost spent; yet an appointment, eleven miles distant, called me, and sinners lay near my heart. After walking in much distress four miles, my strength failed; but borrowing a horse, I reached my appointment at Vermont hill, both wet and cold. The house was filled, and the people were attentive. Their trickling tears bespoke that they felt the melting influence of God's Holy Spirit. After the meeting closed, I began conversing with individuals, and asked them if they desired an interest in Christ. Some answered, 'they did not at present;' others that they 'could live without it a little longer:'—some said they 'thought religion a good thing;' and others, they 'would like it well enough.' I asked different questions, relative to the state of their minds; but notwithstanding their tears and trembling, they answered evasively,—and no one owning a desire for salvation, I went to Elder Folsom's, sorrowing

and astonished at the obstinacy of sinful man. But as soon as the evening came, six or seven, with whom I had conversed, came to the house and desired me to pray for them. Next morning, I was informed that two or three of this number had been in such distress of mind, while they saw the sinfulness of their lives, that they neither closed their eyes to sleep, nor lay down during the night. At dawn of day, they returned to my lodging, and others continued to come, till an hour after sunrising, when the number was increased to fifteen. I prayed and conversed with them—then bidding them adieu, went to my appointment in Boston. Here the heavens seemed to be opened, and the glory of God to fill the house. Professors were revived, wanderers reclaimed, and our meeting was crowned with the praises of two or three new-born souls. The four days following I labored in Eden and Boston.

During four weeks that had now passed, the power of God was frequently manifested in our meetings in these towns. While the saints were made to sing and shout for joy, the cries of awakened sinners, begging for mercy, often saluted our ears. Eighteen had professed to find pardon through the blood of the Lamb. Among this number, was one in advanced life, who for eight years had attended but one or two religious meetings. His curiosity being excited by the report, that 'a boy of the age of fifteen, was preaching among the people,' he came out to hear, looking with a scrutinizing eye at the youth, when, as he afterwards stated, the following inquiries were suggested to his mind: 'If that lad is engaged in the cause of religion, and so earnestly desires the welfare of men, as to leave his father's house at this tender age, and go among strangers, far away from home, to persuade men to be reconciled to God; what should I, an old man, be about? I am living in sin in the very evening of life, while he is serving God in childhood.' Conviction reached his heart, and never left him, till he was hopefully converted.

July 29, after taking leave of the brethren in Boston and Eden, I preached in Concord and China, and next day visited Centerville, little realizing the deep sorrows that awaited me. Being told a letter in the Post Office waited my arrival, the recollection of my impression six weeks before at brother Johnson's, in Pike, caused me to tremble, and remark that I believed my mother was no more.

With an agitated step, I hastened to the office. The letter was presented, and a *black seal* confirmed my fears. I paused to prepare for heavy tidings; then opened the letter, and saw the name subscribed was my father's. After naming the reception of my last letter, he wrote thus: "You write, "Dear father and mother;" but, O my son, it has become my painful duty to inform you, that

your mother is no more with us. A sudden attack of the quick consumption confined her on the 16th of May, 1821, and she departed this life on the 29th of the same month." That which I had feared, now came upon me. I could read no further—the tender ties were rent asunder. I retired, that my heart might bleed its anguish. When the first impulse of grief had a little subsided, I read my letter, and with subsequent information, gathered the following particulars.

My parents, after the burning of their dwelling, prepared a neighboring cottage for their abode, into which they gathered a few things, till a house my father had purchased, should be removed to the place they had selected. Shortly after, my mother, having no candles, seated herself in the door of the cottage one evening, to repair garments for the family by moon-light. The next morning she found she had taken cold, and said to my father, "I am ill, and I shall die. Our cottage is uncomfortable, and I will go to one of the neighbor's and there end my days." But he, supposing their late affliction had cast a gloom over her mind, and that ill health had discouraged her, hoped she would soon recover, and be restored to her usual cheerfulness. She went to the house of Mr. W., apparently without serious symptoms of a course of sickness; and said, "I am not well, and have come to your house to be sick and die." Mr. W., surprised at the remark, kindly replied, "You are welcome to my house; but I trust you mistake in expecting death." The same day she took her bed, and seemingly closed her eyes upon the world. Though not yet attacked violently, she said she should no more arise. My father proposed to call a physician. She replied, "It will do no good; but if it will afford you any satisfaction I am willing." Mr. M., a skillful physician, attended, and at first did not consider her case alarming; but soon her destiny appeared to be unalterably fixed.

My brother Friend, while sitting by her, said, "I cannot bear the thought that you should now die and leave us." She calmly replied, "My son, nearly forty-five years have I spent in this world of tribulation. We commenced in comfortable circumstances, with fair prospects of the future; but once have been stripped of all,—twice our dwelling has been consumed. Life has been a continued series of disappointments, and now I am nearly through all my sorrows. The Lord is about to take me to himself,—and O, my child, how can you wish me to stay here any longer." My brother, bursting into tears, could say no more, but retired in secret to vent his grief. Rosanna, an only daughter, of the age of seven, and the youngest, a son of five years, having heard her say she should die, went several times each to her bed, weeping and saying, "Mamma, I don't want you should die." Always, before this, when confined

by sickness, or expecting the approach of death, she had expressed much affection for her children, and concern for their welfare; but now, it seemed that a view of death, and discovery of eternity, had banished anxiety and absorbed natural affection. Though she had always been a tender mother, now the only reply to her innocent babes was, "*Go away.*" Being frequently asked if she did not wish to see David, her repeated answer was, "*No.*" Once, in reply to the same question, she said, "You may think it strange that I say no; but it is because he is engaged in the cause of Christ, which I do not wish him to leave to visit me. I am going home; he will soon finish his work and follow me."

On the morning of the 28th of May, her physician, after giving some directions concerning her medicine, said he must leave, but would call again the next day. She replied, "You need not come; for it will be useless; if you come to-morrow, you will find me a corpse." At one o'clock, P. M., she became speechless, and the pains of death began. Several times, my father desired her to press his hand, if she felt confident of her acceptance with God. This she continued to do as often as requested, until her strength so failed, that she could only stretch her hand a little. Her distress was very great; but at the hour of four, the next morning, her Savior called—she left her pain and anguish—and exchanged this world of sorrow, this vale of tears, I trust, for a world of glory and immortal bliss.

Another little circumstance touched my heart. The dollar that I sent back after the house was burned, was used toward purchasing her grave apparel. O, how distant was the thought, when I received that dollar from my mother, and returned it, that this would be its application!

CHAPTER V.

Particulars of my labors, and other occurrences, from July, 1821, *to November following.*

Elder Kendall kindly gave me the use of a horse to visit our bereaved family. On the morning of August 2, 1821, I proceeded on the journey, which was 130 miles; and on the evening of the fourth, arrived at my father's dwelling. But, O how gloomy! All that met my sight was marked with change. The house I left was gone, and another erected on other ground. The mantle of night had cast its shade around. I knocked at the door, but all was silent as the house of death. Receiving no answer, I entered, and found my younger brother sleeping by the fire. Upon awaking him, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, David! is this you? mamma is dead!" After informing me that my father and eldest brother had gone a few miles from home, he conducted me to the chamber, where the two youngest children were in bed. Awaking from sleep, Rosanna threw her arms around my neck, and with much grief cried, "Mamma is dead." Jeremiah also told me the same, as though the tidings were new. This was a heart-touching scene. Soon my father and brother returned; but O, how empty and solitary the house appeared! Death seemed engraven on the walls, and on all things around. Together we bowed before the Lord, when a remembrance of the solemn scene on the morning of our separation, caused my heart a bitter pang. Our number was less than at that time,—that voice, which then so fervently implored the mercies of Heaven at the family altar, we heard not. Alas! it was silent and mute in death. Memory, faithful to its office, brought to mind the excellent counsel and emphatical warnings my dear mother had given me, accompanied by the painful assurance that they could never again be repeated. The next morning was the Sabbath. I arose early, and viewed in solemn silence the surrounding scenery. The ruins of the old house brought the recollection of departed years; but another spot met my eye. It was where I last beheld the form of my departed mother. O, how dreary and desolate all creation appeared! With bitterness I said, "All below is vanity."

We repaired to the house of worship. The empty seat in the carriage, and the vacant place in the house of God, told us, in silent language, that death had bereaved us; and pointed to the dark confines of the tomb. After the morning service, in company with my father and family, I walked to the "congregation of the dead;" there I gazed on the mound, beneath which rested the

body of my mother, and watered it with my tears. But my heart was not without consolation; I rejoiced in the midst of sorrow; for I thought, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Here she rests in peace. No more the toils of life, the afflictions and woes of this land of pain and death, assail her. She rests in the bosom of that Savior, who on earth was so dear to her, and whose cause was so precious to her heart. Though I deeply felt and mourned my loss, yet, while I knew it was her eternal gain, for her I could rejoice. In a little time I shall finish my work and follow her. After wandering a little longer in the earth, warning sinners and weeping over them, I shall rest from my labors, and rejoin her to sing praises to God and the Lamb for ever. Bidding adieu to her peaceful grave, I endeavored in the afternoon, with feelings of great solemnity, to point sinners to the Savior.

After a stay of four days in Junius, duty called for my departure. Bidding my father and brothers farewell, on the 9th of August, they went to their labor, and my little sister sat alone in the house. Just as I was ready to leave, she burst into tears and said, "O David, don't leave me. It is very lonesome here since mamma died." It seemed as though my heart would break. I tried to console her, and quiet her grief, telling her, it was for poor sinners that I left her; they were going down to death, and the Lord had made it my duty to warn them. This was a trying hour;—but, committing her to the care of Heaven, I proceeded to Wayne, where the Benton Quarterly Meeting was to be held, on the 11th and 12th of the month. The meeting was highly favored from the presence of the Lord. Four were hopefully converted—wanderers confessed their backslidings—and several went to their homes inquiring the way to Zion.

Monday, after riding forty miles to Bristol, to attend an appointment previously left with a landlady for circulation, I found she had not given it notice. She said she believed me an impostor, and had not expected my return. But, notwithstanding I had returned according to agreement, she was then unwilling I should preach in her house. Being destitute of money, much fatigued, and faint with hunger, having ate nothing during the day's journey, I requested some food, but it was refused! then asking something for my horse, this also was refused. So leaving her, I rode about two miles, made application for a lodging, which was granted, and my necessities kindly relieved. The next day I rode thirty miles to an appointment in Perry; and the day following to Centerville, returned the horse I had borrowed, and in the evening attended a meeting. Thursday and Friday I walked 36 miles to Bethany, and preached once by the way.

On Friday, Aug. 17, 1821, I had the satisfaction of being present at the organization of the Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting. Three Quarterly Meetings, viz: Bethany, Erie, and Benton, united by delegation; and the following particulars concerning their rise and numbers at that period, were presented:

Bethany Quarterly Meeting was the first of the Freewill Baptist denomination, organized in the state of New York. It was gathered in 1813, through the instrumentality of Elder Nathaniel Brown, a faithful minister of Christ, who left his brethren in Strafford, Vermont, about the year 1810. At this time, it consisted of thirteen churches, which numbered five hundred and forty-eight members, nine elders, and six unordained preachers.

Erie Quarterly Meeting was organized from the Bethany Quarterly Meeting, about the year 1818. It now had eight churches—which consisted of three elders, four unordained preachers, and one hundred and ninety-eight members.

Benton Quarterly Meeting was gathered by Elder Zebulon Dean, about the year 1818. At this time it consisted of six churches, containing one hundred and twenty-two members, five elders, and three unordained preachers.

Total number in the Yearly Meeting, seventeen elders, thirteen unordained preachers, and eight hundred and sixty-eight members.

On Saturday, a good season was enjoyed. On the Sabbath, a numerous assembly was present. Five sermons were delivered, which were very instructive and refreshing. On an evening of this meeting, I attended worship where several preachers were present, and gave an exhortation; but being a stranger, the people, as they dispersed, left me alone in the school-house, which some one locked. My Master declared at one time, that he "had not where to lay his head;" when I thought of my comfortable shelter, my mind was composed, and placing two or three benches together, I laid myself on them and fell into a sweet slumber. In the meantime, a person who was not a professor, after he had gone a mile toward home, knowing I was locked in the house, felt uneasy, and obtaining the key, returned and awoke me, and would have me go to his house.

From Bethany, I went to Wales and Boston, and preached in each town; then returning home, attended two meetings by the way. I spent about three weeks in Junius, held fifteen meetings, and met with considerable opposition. My trials were great; but the words of Christ, Matt. 13:57, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," encouraged me to walk in the path of obedience,—believing that if God had called me to preach his word, he would uphold me in the day of trouble; and that amid all the changes of life, his grace would be sufficient for those who put

their trust in him. One man gave notice that he would provide a handful of whips at my next meeting, and would give a gallon of whiskey to any one that would wear them out on me. Sickness immediately confined him, so that at my next meeting, he was unable to attend. One of his children was taken ill about the same time, and died in a few days. How great is the care God has of his children!—Not a hair shall fall to the ground without his notice. I understood that, at another time, some of the planks were removed from a bridge, over which I was expected to pass in the evening. The "Guide of my youth" turned my feet another way, and thus preserved me from the snare of my enemies. A member of the church told me, my foes were intending to lie in wait when I went away, and take my life. O that God may not lay these sins to their charge; but in mercy may He give them to see the folly of their ways.

About this time, I felt considerable desire to acquire a knowledge of English Grammar; but as my views of duty would not permit me to leave the work to which God had appointed me, to attend a school, I reasoned with myself thus: If men have had sufficient genius to form and arrange the rules of language, and the experience and learning of ages have presented them in a style, plain and familiar, cannot a knowledge of this science be obtained without going to school? The continued dropping of water will wear even a stone; by resolution and perseverance, any thing within the sphere of man may be accomplished. As a knowledge of grammar might greatly extend my usefulness, I concluded that, if life continue, I can and will obtain this knowledge. Yet I had no book, neither money to purchase one. But, as one day's labor on the Erie canal, that was near, would furnish me with the money, I went to a marsh west of Montezuma, and engaged in pumping water. Soon one of the laborers accosted me thus: "What! you at work on the canal? I thought you spent your whole time in preaching." Telling him the occasion of my being thus engaged, he seemed touched, and gave me a shilling; then called on his comrades to show a like favor. They soon gave me money enough for my desired object, and dismissed me, requesting that I should preach to the workmen the ensuing evening. Accordingly I complied, and enjoyed the presence of God. I understood that some of the wicked laborers had designed to whip me, and that others, learning this, had determined to defend me by force. This, however, they had no occasion to do, for the Lord protected me, and I was permitted to return to Junius in peace.

Having now obtained a book, I commenced the study of grammar; and occasionally received some instruction from friends that I met with in my subsequent travels. I studied while travelling on

the road, for hundreds of miles, and at length measurably succeeded in my desired object.

During my stay in Junius, I was called to witness a solemn scene. A neighbor, who resided near, had stated that, soon after the burial of my mother, a noise was heard in the burying ground like the opening of a grave. The mound also over her had sunk much below the surface of the surrounding earth. From these circumstances, we feared that her body had been taken away, and concluded to open her grave. Our family and a few others were present on the occasion. After prayer, our friends proceeded to open the silent mansion—and with a trembling heart, I waited the solemn sight. If the coffin should be empty, this must give us unpleasant feelings; and if, on the other hand, the remains of the tender parent should be found, I knew this would be a sight from which my feelings must shrink with horror. The lid was raised, and a human form appeared. At first I could hardly believe it was that of my mother. But reflection convinced me that these were the remains of that tender mother, whom I left in health only the spring before. But O, the change! The coffin was half full of dark water, that appeared once to have entirely covered the body. The face had the color of dark earth; the flesh had fallen away from the cheeks, leaving the teeth bare; and her eyes had sunk deep in their sockets. Her arms had sunk in the body, till they were nearly level with its surface. While gazing on these remains, I exclaimed within myself, O my God! is this my mother! Are those the arms that embraced me in infancy!—those the eyes that wept over me!—is that the bosom to which, in childhood, I was tenderly pressed! As an unpleasant affluvia compelled me to turn away, I said of the dust, 'Thou art my mother.' And the thought rushed upon me with great solemnity, 'this is a looking-glass for me. Thus it will soon be with me, and with all the living. But her spirit is not here; it has fled beyond the limits of mortality.' The coffin being again closed, and the grave filled up, we retired from the instructive scene, while solemn reflections of the resurrection gave me great consolation.

September 19, my father kindly purchased me a horse, and allowed me six months to make the payment. The next morning, I left home for Manlius, and rode twenty miles without a saddle, then left my horse in Elbridge, and the day following walked twen-six miles and held one meeting, in which sinners wept and saints rejoiced. One mourning soul cried to God, and soon after found peace in Jesus.

Sunday, 23. A large number assembled at the place of my appointment. The Lord gave me boldness to speak in his name, and his Spirit attended the word. Many who came, expecting the

"*boy*," like Sampson, would only make sport for them, wept profusely. In the afternoon, I preached at Manlius four corners, to several hundred. The Master of assemblies presided and Zion rejoiced. Sinners were pricked in the heart;—and inviting those who were desirous of salvation, to manifest it by rising, my heart leaped with joy, to behold thirty rise in the assembly. Several of them wept bitterly, and eight or nine never rested till Jesus appeared to them the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. Three dollars were given me in this place, for which I thanked God. Monday, I walked twenty-eight miles, and preached in Gettysburg and Elbridge.

After this, I went to Lysander, Oswego, and Scriba. I attended meetings in each place; in the latter some appeared sensible of their danger, and promised to seek the Lord. Sunday, September 30, I rode ten miles, and preached at the Oswego falls, from the word '*Fire*;' and, indeed, felt the word shut up like fire in my bones. The next day I spoke to an attentive audience in Camillus, and the day following returned to Junius.

My father's dwelling was more lonely than ever, my sister and youngest brother having been committed to the care of strangers, thirty miles from home. With me, Junius had lost much of its power to delight. The ties which had made it dear to my heart, were nearly all rent asunder. The places where I had formerly enjoyed the society of my relatives, were now empty, and called up bitter recollections.

After a short stay in Junius, and holding a few meetings, I again visited the Holland Purchase, and enjoyed some favored seasons, while pointing sinners to the Savior. During my visit, I attended the Erie Quarterly Meeting in the town of Holland, on the third and fourth of November, 1821. The sermons were interesting, and some good degree of the Spirit was present.

After visiting and preaching in Boston, I returned to Junius, and arrived at my father's on the 13th of November.

CHAPTER VI.

My Journey to New Hampshire.

From a constant perusal of the Religious Informer, a periodical published by one of our preachers in New Hampshire, I became much attached to many in New England. An anxiety for months had been increasing in my mind to see these brethren, many of whom had been long in the holy war, and had borne the burden and heat of the day. I wished to become acquainted with their spirit and manners, and learn instruction from them. Believing such an opportunity would be useful to me, and having made it a subject of prayer, I now thought duty called me to visit the brethren in that section.

Accordingly, after a stay of an hour and a half at my father's, on Tuesday, the 13th of November, I commenced the journey. My temporal prospects were discouraging. I had a young horse, no saddle, great coat, or money; and was going among strangers, a distance of more than four hundred miles. But being bound in spirit to go thither, I believed the Lord would provide for me. At evening, I attended a meeting on the island west of Montezuma. The next day I crossed the toll bridge at Montezuma, promising to pay the tax on my return. At Brutus, I held a meeting, and there met Moses Manrow, who desired to accompany me to New Hampshire. He also was destitute of money.

Thursday, we attended my appointment in Elbridge. The next morning we came to a turnpike gate in Camillus, and after telling the gate keeper my situation and business, I requested a free passage. Being denied, I offered my hat, coat, or shoes, for security. He replied, he wanted the money; but after detaining me half an hour, let me pass, with a charge never to come to that gate again with a horse and no money. Proceeding ten miles, I preached a little east of Nine Mile Point, at 9 o'clock, A. M. The assembly heard attentively, and seemed not entirely indifferent to "life's only great concern." At 3 o'clock, P. M., I spoke to a congregation in Gettysburg, and in the evening to one in Syracuse.

Sunday, November 18, I spoke to two assemblies in Manlius, in which the benign influence of the Holy Spirit was felt. On the next day, at a meeting in Orville, some appeared to feel the need of salvation. In the evening, I preached at Manlius Square, to a very attentive audience, and the day following, to an assembly in Pompey, where a few shillings were given to enable me to pass the gates. The ensuing evening we met a congregation in the south part of the town; and on the day after proceeded fifteen miles, and

spent the evening in a Methodist prayer meeting. The next morning at 7 o'clock, I preached in Christian Hollow. Here I met with unexpected embarrassment; for, by some means, I had lost the record of my appointments in a strange land. The most I knew of them was, they were in a southern direction. After proceeding twenty miles, I found that I had missed two; and then obtained information of four others.

Friday, we came to a grave yard, where the congregation was attending to the burial of a young woman, who only the Tuesday previous was in the bloom of health. She remarked, while standing before the glass, dressing her hair, she intended to go to school the whole winter. In a few minutes she felt the attacks of disorder, and in thirty-six hours bid the world adieu. During this short illness, she bitterly lamented the misimprovement of her time. Two weeks previous she attended a gay party, and joined in the dance; but now, when death was summoning her to appear before her Judge, with grief she said, "O, that I had spent that time praying to God!" She then called her parents to pray for her. This they had often done, and also counselled her to prepare for the solemn change; but her ears had been deaf to all their entreaties,—for she thought that as she was in the morning of life, she had *time enough yet* to attend to religion. Now she regretted her refusal of the friendly counsel, and said, "O that all young people were present, that I might warn them not to do as I have done! O, tell them from me, when I am dead, not to live in sin as I have." Just before her eyes closed in death she exclaimed, "I am going to receive my everlasting fate!" I am going to dwell with devils!" After her burial the people retired to a house—and as their expected preacher had not arrived, being requested, I addressed them a few minutes, concerning the mortality of man, and the necessity of being prepared for the awful change of death. After praying with them, we proceeded to my appointment in Truxton. The next day I preached thrice; a friend gave me a great coat, which, though considerably worn, was gladly received.

Sunday, Nov. 25, I attended worship in Truxton, where two or three were awakened, and kneeled for prayer. A revival followed, in which several were added to the Lord. Leaving Truxton, I preached in De Ruyter village, and the next day proceeded twenty miles to Murray and Lebanon, and there held four meetings. Going next to Plainfield, I enjoyed the privilege of speaking to a congregation, composed chiefly of young converts. The children of God had been gladdened by a glorious revival in the towns of Plainfield and Winfield, in which many had learned the song of Zion. Saturday I enjoyed a refreshing season with the "Seventh day" Christians. Here an invitation was given me to preach in

Brookfield. As it was eight miles from my intended course, I at first declined; but being much importuned, I finally sent an appointment for the next Tuesday. Sabbath, Dec. 2, I preached in the Free Communion Baptist meeting house; in the evening, on the Cherry Valley turnpike, and the next day at a school house.

Tuesday, I addressed a considerable number of people in Brookfield, from Gen. 3:19, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Many, touched by the power of God, wept, and five sin-sick souls bowed at mercy's altar. Feeling an impression of duty, I made a second appointment at the York school house. Several hundred attended: the Lord led my soul out into the deep waters, and by his Spirit, fastened conviction in many hearts. A good prospect of revival in Brookfield now appeared, and I was in doubt whether it were duty to stay or to proceed on my journey. But, remembering a promise I made, after leaving the revival in Boston and Eden, which stopped soon after, that if the Lord would make me instrumental of one more revival, I would not leave it till sensible it was his will, I concluded to tarry a little season; and I requested my heavenly Father, if it was my duty to stay, and if my eyes should there see his salvation, that, for a witness of it, he would convert two souls before the close of that week. Dec. 9, one was converted, and testified what God had done for his soul; and before the week closed, another was brought into the fold of Jesus. This desired witness satisfying me as to duty, I continued my labors. On Dec. 12, one more was converted, and the number of the anxious increased.

But now the enemy of all righteousness, seeing his kingdom invaded, and his servants deserting his standard, rallied his forces. In their opposition they used for weapons, ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, superstition, and falsehood. Scandalous reports were circulated, both concerning myself and the subjects of the revival. But the Captain of our salvation fought for his people, and suffered not his work to be hindered. In our meeting on the 19th of the month, several ridiculed religion, yet the season was solemn to many, and some cried for mercy. One young man, who was thoughtless and disorderly in the early part of the meeting, was cut to the heart, while witnessing the tears of Christians, whose prayers were raised to God in his behalf. When conviction, which he then called "*a singular feeling*," sunk into his heart, immediately he left the house for home—returned—set out again—returned again—and coming to me, desired my prayers for his poor soul. I bowed with him and supplicated Heaven's mercy. He appeared to be a very humble penitent, cried fervently to God for pardon, and soon after was happy in the Savior's love.

On the evening of Dec. 23, we enjoyed a heavenly season in the courts of our God. I delivered a discourse to several hundreds, and afterward a large number spoke of the goodness of God: others anxiously desired salvation, and prayed for a pardon of their sins. Before the close of the meeting, which was at two in the morning, seven, who thus wept and mourned, were brought to rejoice and give glory to God.

January 1, 1822. About fifteen had professed faith in Christ. I had now been travelling one year to preach the gospel. A mingled cup of joy and sorrow had been my portion. My greatest sorrow had been, to see poor sinners slight the Savior, and by their mad rejection, prepare themselves for eternal wo and wretchedness. I had enjoyed peace of mind, in warning and weeping over them; and feeling encouraged by the success God had given my labors, I determined to spend my life on the walls of Zion.

The work of God continuing, I generally held from seven to ten meetings in a week. At the York school house, there were usually from three to five, and sometimes seven hundred people. Once, after preaching a full atonement and free salvation, I was opposed by a Calvinistic preacher. But we afterward enjoyed heavenly refreshing, and the converts, in a very affecting manner, frequently spoke of the goodness of the Lord. In an evening meeting, sixty spoke of the goodness of God after sermon, and declared that they were resolved, through grace, to persevere in obedience to the commands of the dear Redeemer. Many of their testimonies were in the Spirit, and in quick succession. But in the latter part of January, this happy state of things seemed a little changed. Certain professed ministers of the Prince of peace came into the vicinity of the revival, and preached *their* doctrines. A party spirit followed, and hindered the work. From a conviction of duty, I withdrew my appointments from the York school house, and went into the north and north-east parts of the town. Here sinners began to cry for mercy, and the revival spread. Jan. 18, at a meeting in Gordon's settlement, five or six arose and said, that within a week past they had found Jesus.

Jan. 19. Having labored under much trial on account of a trifling spirit, which frequently influenced my conversation and deportment, I resolved to fast and continue in prayer, hoping to obtain victory over this sinful propensity. With this resolution I went to Eaton, where Elder J. Shaw, a preacher of the *Six Principle Baptists*, had solicited an appointment, hoping the warnings of a youth of sixteen might touch the hearts of his children, for none of them had yet been converted. I held two meetings in that town, and felt much of the solemn power of God. The spirit of truth attended the word to the hearts of the people. A few were awaken-

ed, who covenanted to seek the Lord, and were soon happy in the smiles of the Savior. Their testimonies were blessed to the awakening of others, and this good work continued, till about fifty or sixty were brought into the fold of Christ. Among these, according to the hope of Elder Shaw, I think, were two or three of his children.* Leaving Eaton the same day, I held a meeting at the Baptist Seminary in Hamilton. On the next evening, I preached in Brookfield, and then, having fasted fifty-five hours, and feeling much blessed and strengthened of the Lord, I received food. After this I held several meetings, in which the power of God was manifested.

Six weeks had now passed since I first came to Brookfield,—in this time thirty-five or forty professed to be born again. I also preached frequently in other places, particularly in Plainfield, and at times felt much of the presence and Spirit of God. In this town, also, a few were converted, and a number of wanderers returned to the fold of Christ.

At the close of a meeting I spoke to a young woman of the importance of being prepared to meet God, but she treated the solemn subject of which I spoke, with a degree of contempt that I never before saw equalled by one of her age and sex. Solemn impressions concerning her situation, filled my mind with awful weight; and I said to her, *I greatly fear, if you do not repent, God will take you from time in less than a year.* In about eight months from this, as she was spinning at her wheel, near mid-day, apparently in health, the hand of distress was laid upon her. She left her wheel—retired to the bed—and in fifteen minutes was a corpse! Thus was she snatched away without an hour's warning. O, how sudden! how shocking to her parents and relatives! To them, as well as to her, what a change of scene is presented—and how quick the transition! The daughter, whom a few moments before they saw in health, now lies cold in death. The wheel at which she was busied is still in its place, unmoved—and the roll that was in her hand, still hangs from the spindle. Ye gay—ye thoughtless!—from this take warning, and dare not to trifle with your God!

M. Manrow was with me in Brookfield most of the time, and generally took part in the meetings, though sometimes he made separate appointments. His labors seemed to be useful; but, with pain, I discovered that he was unstable, and trifling in his conversation. He received my reproofs kindly, and often with tears.

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* An individual who resided in Eaton recently told me, that at the commencement of the first meeting the "*boy preacher*" held in Eaton, he arose and said to the people, there were *three* words he wished them to remember. These were "*death, judgment* and *eternity*." Such was the solemnity of his manner, that the effect on the assembly was like an electric shock. Many were in tears, and afterwards several of the converts dated their awakening from this circumstance. [*Editress.*]

Viewing his soul and his gifts precious, I felt to treat him tenderly, hoping he would overcome the follies of his youth. But as he was more ready to *hear reproof* than to *reform*, I sometimes regretted that he had obtained my consent to travel with me.

An old sleigh and two or three dollars were given us in Brookfield. In the latter part of January, taking leave of the converts, we proceeded to Hardwick: there we held several meetings in the *Christian* meeting house, and one in the Universalist. In the latter was a large and attentive assembly; some were very solemn, others opposed, and afterwards, as I was informed, threatened to beat me. After holding several other meetings in Hardwick, and enjoying good seasons, we attended a meeting in Canajoharrie. Eight came forward for prayer. One promised to kneel and pray thrice a day for five weeks, who, together with several others, was soon converted. Here I discovered my horse was sick; but not having money to get him kept in the place, we proceeded slowly twelve miles to Charlestown, and held one meeting. Then, leaving my horse in the care of a good man, we pursued our journey on foot.

February 1, we walked to Rotterdam, and the next day attended meeting with the Methodists in Schenectady. We went home with the preacher, and I desired to leave an appointment at his chapel, to attend on my return. After examining my credentials, and consulting some of his society, he told me they had concluded, as I was a boy, and could not injure the house, to grant me the privilege. Proceeding eastward, we crossed the Hudson, passed through Troy, and arrived at Brunswick in the early part of the evening. Being requested to hold a meeting, immediate notice was given, and about thirty collected, to whom I spoke with freedom.

In the morning we pursued our way, but my mind was in great trial, from the singular and irreligious deportment of the youth who accompanied me. His levity seemed daily to increase, and I now despaired of any reform, for reproof was in vain. I wept, not only for his soul, but for my own misfortune, in having fallen into company that was worse than useless. After consideration, I told him my grievances, and my wish to separate. This he refused, saying, "I can travel as fast, or as slow as you can, and I will go with you to Andover, N. H. It will be useless for you to contend with me, as this will only close the hearts of strangers." I attempted to separate from him, but he prevailed. So, being a stranger, and without friends, I had to submit to his will, painful as it was, and patiently bear with him, till the way should open for my deliverance. We tarried the ensuing night in Bennington, Vt.—the next day,

crossing the green mountains, we waded through a deep snow to Wilmington.

In the morning, after paying our last money for the night's lodging and a few crackers, we went to Brattleboro', where was a toll bridge across the Connecticut river. After telling the toll receiver our situation, I requested a free passage. He inquired if we had money, and received answer that we had not. He then asked me of my business. I replied, I am trying to preach the gospel. "What! you preach?" said he. "Who sent you?" "The Lord, I trust." "What!" he rejoined, "the Lord send you without money! I think then He is a poor paymaster." I answered, "He sent his apostles without purse or scrip; and in like manner I think He has sent me." He then inquired, "Have you any friends in the place from which you came?" "I believe I have," was my reply. He then remarked, "I doubt whether you have any friends; if you had, they would have provided money for your expenses; I guess you are an impostor." On my offering to show him my letters of commendation, he said, "I don't wish to see them; pay your toll and be off." Again I told him, as I had no money, I could not. In a manner too abrupt to name, he bid me say no more, but go back whence I came; then he fastened the gate, went into his house and shut the door. I turned away, and leaned over the railing of the bridge. The recollection of days when I was blessed with parental care, when I enjoyed the society of friends and brethren dear to my heart, and reflections on my present situation, now crowded into my mind; the contrast overpowered my feelings, and my tears mingled with the stream. While thus venting my grief, several passed the gate. At length I fell on my knees, and besought the Lord to open my way, provided he had sent me; and if he had not, I desired it might continue to be hedged up. When I arose, two men stood behind me, and one of them asked, "What is the matter?" I replied, "I wish to pass the gate, but have no money." He then paid our toll, which I think was not more than four cents; and much to my surprise, began to swear, and curse the gate keeper for detaining travellers because they had no money. This has reminded me of the ravens that were sent to feed Elijah, when the Lord's professed people did not; and also of the Scripture, Prov. 21:18, which saith, "The wicked shall be a ransom for the righteous, and the transgressor for the upright."

We had now entered New Hampshire, and were both weary and hungry. On coming to a large house, where all things around indicated that the inhabitant was wealthy, I thought to go in and beg a little food; but this Scripture occurring to mind, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God,"

we passed on, and went into a little cottage, whose appearance bespoke poverty. The people fed us, and I felt to thank God. Proceeding a few miles into Chesterfield, I began, as the sun was setting, to seek a lodging; but at every house, for some miles, I sought in vain. For as soon as they learned the object of my journey, the repeated answer was, "No." Had a poor drunkard asked their charity, doubtless they would have given him as much as a crust of bread, and a lodging by their fire-side; but as I was a poor preacher, of a *dissenting order*, to me they would grant no favors. Some attempted to justify their conduct by this Scripture, "*Receive them not into your house.*"

After requesting entertainment at a certain house, being asked of my business, I answered, "I believe the Lord has called me to labor in his vineyard; and in obedience to this requirement, I am endeavoring to preach the gospel." Then they said that *no one* should *preach* without a *collegiate education ;* and that such characters as I was they considered the *false prophets*, that should come in the latter days—and on such they should bestow no favors. It was now about 9 o'clock in the evening; and having found no shelter, the possibility of perishing in the street by cold, was suggested. Without asking leave, I kneeled down, and entreated the Lord that my way might be opened; or if I must perish, that I might be reconciled, and submit to my fate without a murmuring word, or a repining thought. On bidding them farewell, the woman of the house said, "Stop a minute, I wish to talk with you. What made you first entertain an idea that the Lord had called you to preach?" I answered, "The impression of his Spirit on my mind, and its agreement with the Scriptures." After asking several more questions, she said, "You may stay the night, provided you will be civil, conform to our rules, retire in season, be locked in the room, and at 11 o'clock have a young man come to your apartment and lodge with you." I observed that we wished to leave early in the morning, and inquired at what time they would let us out. She replied, "*At our own time.*" Not choosing to comply with such requisitions, we left them.

We next called on a man who was a deacon. He asked his wife if we could tarry, but she refused her consent. Being busy, he had no leisure to make further inquiries; but giving us a piece of money, said, "You can provide lodgings with that." I thanked both him and my Heavenly Father, and obtained lodgings at the next house. We retired to rest without any refreshment, and in the morning our hostess, who was a widow, kindly gave us breakfast. And with a heart glowing with gratitude to Him who hears the young ravens when they cry, I went on to Sullivan, and there preached Jesus. The following day we proceeded to Bradford,

tarried with a Freewill Baptist deacon, who treated us courteously. We spent the next night in Wilmot, with a brother who received us affectionately, and my heart was comforted beneath his roof.

Feb. 10, was the Sabbath, and finding a congregation in Andover, assembled to hear Eld. Jesse Thompson, we went in, strangers to all present, and took a seat. At the close of his sermon, I made a few remarks. This meeting was very solemn and refreshing. In the afternoon, Elder Thompson invited me to address the people. In compliance with the invitation, I opened my mouth, and the Lord gave utterance; he made his word as sharp arrows in the hearts of his enemies, and almost every face was bedewed with tears. Near the close of the exercises, about one hundred, on being requested, arose to manifest their desires to find Jesus. In the evening I attended a conference meeting, and the next day preached in a ball-room. Several, humbling themselves, bowed with Christians in time of devotion.

About this time, Moses Manrow left me. He now took his own course; soon became irreligious, and at length a base impostor. May God save me, and all who read this, from pride, "the snare of the fowler," which effected the downfall of this youth, who but for this, might have been a burning light.

During the four days following, I held two meetings in Wilmot, two in Sutton, in which several kneeled for prayers, one in Springfield, and on the 16th of the month, went to Enfield, and tarried the night with Elder E. Chase, editor of the Religious Informer.

Sunday, Feb. 17, Elder J. Thompson preached at Enfield, in a ball-room: after sermon, I gave an exhortation; and in the evening enjoyed a solemn season at Canaan, while entreating sinners to be reconciled to God. Next morning, I left without breakfast, having twelve or fourteen miles to walk before ten o'clock. After going nine miles through the deep and drifted snow, my strength was nearly exhausted; but embracing an opportunity to ride the rest of the way, I reached my appointment. The Lord gave me freedom in speaking from Romans 9:13, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated:" and my soul was filled with joy inexpressible. Many wept, and I believe good was done. In the evening, we enjoyed a solemn season in the south part of Wilmot. The four days following, I spent in Andover, and attended six meetings, in which were appearances of good; but not so much prospect of a revival as had been expected. Feb. 23, I held another meeting in Wilmot; the day following in Springfield, and my soul was filled with the joys of the heavenly world.

I was now about to return to New York. The people here had received me in the name of the Lord, and shown me great kindness. I came to them penniless; but, through their liberality, I

had now $10. My prayer was, that God would reward them; for I believed, agreeably to the words of Christ, Matt. 10:42, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall not lose his reward."

Monday, Feb. 25, I commenced my journey; having a chain of appointments four hundred and fifty miles in length, and some of nine months standing. The day before, considerable snow had fallen, and the wind blew, so that in some places, the road was filled to the tops of the fences; yet I was enabled to walk twenty-two miles, and attend three appointments. The following day, after travelling fifteen miles to Washington, I found that I could not get to my appointment in season, and hired a man to carry me four miles: still it was eight miles further and the road not broken. Proceeding slowly, I arrived at the meeting about seven in the evening. The house was filled with people, and I commenced speaking; but was soon interrupted by some that came to make disturbance. I entreated them to behave with decency, but they were the more outrageous, and swore violently. Some present threatened them with prosecution if they did not desist; upon which, one laid aside his coat to fight. After expostulating with them a considerable time, and being convinced that all attempts to persuade them to order would be useless, I left the assembly, and it soon dispersed. This meeting was in Stoddard, N. H., and the only one of my appointments that was ever broken up by the ungodly; probably this would not have been, had not the disturbers been drunken.

I went to the tavern, and some of the assembly followed, wishing me to preach there; but the gang pursued us, and soon all was confusion. Some who appeared friendly observed, that as I was a stranger and had suffered abuse, they would make a contribution, as a kind of compensation. To this I objected. A few cents were offered me, which I chose not to accept; being resolved, if the people would not hear my Master's word, to receive none of their substance. O the grief of my heart, while witnessing the rebellion of this people! My soul mourned, and my eyes ran down with tears. I left the place, and walking five miles further, stopped for the night; but in the morning, finding that amid the troubles of the preceding evening, a bundle of my clothes had been left at the tavern, I hired a horse, and after returning for them, proceeded again on foot.

The road being muddy, and the remaining snow melting, I was much fatigued. All things appeared gloomy; and for miles I strewed my path with tears. Then, sitting down by the way side to rest my weary limbs, I thought of home,—of the great and im-

portant work in which I was engaged; the powers of unbelief; and the hardness of men's hearts. O, how insufficient to preach the gospel, did I feel! But, while reflecting that the Lord's strength is made perfect in weakness, in those whom he sends; that he knows all the sorrows of his children; that he hath said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,"—a voice whispered, "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" My heart was comforted.

Feb. 28, I preached in Chesterfield, near the manufactory, to an attentive assembly and enjoyed the presence of my Master. In the west part of the town, after rising a hill near Connecticut river, I saw, in a vale before me, a large assembly in front of a house: I recollected kneeling and praying near that place, four weeks previous, and making an appointment for a boy of sixteen to preach at this hour. Some, as they were passing by, heard it, and circulated the notice quite largely. As I approached the crowd, an aged, grave, and neatly dressed gentleman, met me; and inquired if I was the young man who appointed that meeting; being answered in the affirmative, he invited me to follow him. The people giving place, we came to the door of the house, which was already full. He handed me his Bible, and placed a chair upon the door step. Standing in the chair, I spoke from the Scripture, "*Many are called, but few are chosen.*" Matt. 22:14. I endeavored to show who are called, even all that are afar off by wicked works, according to the invitation of Scripture, Isa. 45:22. "*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else.*" Then I attempted to show, that they who are chosen, are chosen "through sanctification of the Spirit," and belief of the truth—that they must *believe*, before they can become the chosen of the Lord; and that the reason that *few* are chosen, is, that *few* will *hear* or *obey* the call. Much solemnity rested on the assembly, and the greater part seemed deeply affected. At the close of the meeting, the gentleman before named, returned thanks to the Lord,—for the happy disappointment they had met with—that the young man, instead of ridiculing the religion of Jesus, as they had feared he would,* had come with tears, entreating his fellow youth to be reconciled to God—and besought the Lord to impress the solemn truth they had heard upon their minds. He then proposed a contribution, and several dollars were given me. I was informed that this gentleman was a preacher, and an officer of a literary in-

* From the novelty of the appointment made as above named, for a boy of sixteen to preach, a large concourse of people were expected to assemble. And as the friends of religion feared that either the boy would not attend, or, if he should attend, that his object might be to ridicule religion, they had solicited this traveller to delay his journey a day, and attend this meeting, for the purpose of promoting order, and of preaching to the people if circumstances should require.

stitution of distinction in New England, and that he was now going, in company with his wife, to visit his friends in Vermont. On leaving the place, he carried me in his sleigh two miles, invited me to go home with him, and said he would give ten dollars toward my support at school. As I did not incline to his proposal, he then said, he would himself give me six months' support at college, and that a whole course of collegiate study should be provided me free of expense, if I would return with him. But having appointments, and feeling no liberty to leave the work to which God had called me, I expressed my mind, acknowledged his kindness, and told him I could not accept his generous offer. He then remarked, that education was good, and very necessary; although without it, men called of God, might be useful. To these remarks, I assented; and would gladly have accepted his proposal, could I have done it without the sacrifice of my peace. Science may gain the favor of man—find access to the hearts of many, and may often extend the preacher's usefulness. But the path of duty appeared to lead me in a more humble and self-denying way; to go to the poor and the ignorant;—to tell them, in my simple language, that Jesus died for sinners, and exhort them to flee from the wrath to come. On parting, he gave me good counsel, and bade me "God speed."

I then crossed the Connecticut and West rivers, and found a large assembly in Dummerston, almost weary of waiting for me. The Lord gave me a message to the people. Here was a church that had left the *Calvinistic Baptists*, and declared themselves *Freewill Baptists;* though they knew no denomination professing their sentiments. When they first separated, their number was small; but now it had increased to eighty, and several other considerable churches had united with them. Elders Mann and Wells had the care of them;—like other dissenters, they had been much persecuted. They received me gladly; and we found we were of one heart, of one soul, and spoke the same thing. These churches afterward united with the Freewill Baptist denomination.

March 1. In Marlborough, Vermont, I spoke to a few; of these, some laughed, and some wept. The next day, I crossed the Green Mountains to Bennington; and the day following went to Hoosac, where I had made an appointment at the Baptist meeting house, provided the church should be willing I should preach in it; otherwise, it was to be in the highway. This day being the Sabbath, the church, after consulting together, concluded, that as I could not harm the house, I might address the people. Putting my trust in the Lord, I spoke on the subject of the resurrection. March 4, at a meeting in Brunswick, the Lord gave me much of his Spirit, and touched the hearts of the hearers. Two dollars were here given me.

March 5. I had an appointment at the court house in Troy. On my arrival, finding the door closed against me, I gave notice that I would preach on the steps in fifteen minutes. But before the time expired, the door was opened, a number assembled, and I spoke to them according to the grace given me. A well dressed gentleman, having a large ivory-headed cane, hung by a ribbon on his wrist, sat just before me, and seemed to hear and look very earnestly. At first, he appeared to me like "some great one," who thought, by his presence, to embarrass me; and to my sorrow I found myself somewhat intimidated; but remembering that men are only dust, and that the servant of the Most High should not fear the face of clay, my mind was measurably relieved of its embarrassment. When the meeting closed, he beckoned to me, observing that he wished some conversation. Following him two rods from the court house, he stopped on the side walk, raised his hand, and in an elevated tone of voice, said; "*I am a Methodist preacher in this city, and your friend;—I advise you to go home and stay there till you can preach. You may preach till you are as old as Methuselah, and you will never do any good, unless you preach better than you have to-day.*" He then left me without further ceremony. I stood amazed, and a flood of tears bursting from my eyes, gave some relief to my wounded spirit. Gladly would I have taken his advice, if I could have enjoyed peace in so doing. But my commission had not been received from man, neither could it be recalled by man; and the path of duty had been made too plain for me to doubt at this time. A friend solicited me to go to his house and take refreshment; but an appointment necessitated me to decline. We walked a little distance in company, and he inquired, "What said our preacher to you?" I gave no answer till he remarked, they feared he had said something that would occasion me a trial. I then stated his remarks; upon which he appeared grieved, and observed, "He will hear of this again." In an affectionate manner, he gave me good advice, and said, "Do not be discouraged, but do what you think to be duty;" then bidding me "God speed," we parted. This man was a citizen of Troy, and a justice of the peace. I understood that for many years, he had been a member of the Methodist society, and for some time a class leader. Some others invited me to their houses, and on parting, left some small pieces of money in my hand.

At this time, the ice in the Hudson was broken up, and floating down the stream, rendered the crossing so dangerous, that the ferryman durst not venture with me till evening; then without difficulty we reached the opposite shore. The mud was deep, and the travelling quite fatiguing; I succeeded, however, in meeting my appointment the next morning in Schenectady. On the day following, I went

to Florida, and preached to a solemn assembly in a ball room. The Schoharrie bridge had been carried away by a late flood, which obliged me to disappoint two congregations. Walking up the creek nine miles in the early part of the evening, I crossed on Burton's bridge; and then walked seven miles further, to Dea. Campbell's, in Charlestown; where, at a late hour, they received me affectionately. Here, I found my horse had been very sick, and was now hardly fit for use. I held a meeting in this place, and a good season was enjoyed. The people were very kind, and communicated considerable, for which I felt grateful.

I next held meetings in Canajoharrie, Hardwick, and Winfield. Sabbath, March 10, I spoke to an assembly of several hundred in Brookfield. The converts, with apparent gladness, welcomed my return; and many of them appeared much engaged. Several, who were mourning for their sins when I left the town the winter before, were now happy in the Lord.

On Monday morning I left early, having an appointment at the Baptist Seminary in Hamilton, at 9 o'clock, A. M. When within three miles of the place, as I was riding down a hill on a quick step, my horse stumbled, and I fell on my head; but rising immediately on my feet, a violent pain caused by the fall, deprived me of strength, and I fell into a ditch by the side of the road. The air appeared to me full of fire, and everything had a fiery and unnatural appearance. My mind wavered—feelings of insensibility fast stole upon me;—and, concluding death's cold hand was about to release my soul from its house of clay, in my thoughts I bade adieu to the world with its sorrows:—a calm peace filled my soul, and in a moment I was senseless. The next I knew, a stranger stood behind me, supporting me in his arms. He had seen me fall, and had taken me up, expecting I was dead. But much to the surprise of myself and others, I so far recovered that I was able to ride on a slow walk to my appointment, about an hour after the time. I spoke from Matt. 24:44; "*Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.*" To me this was a solemn meeting, and the audience seemed greatly affected. At the close, a young man desired me to pray with him, and said he was resolved to seek the Lord. During prayer, he kneeled in the presence of the assembly, and soon after found peace in believing. In the after part of the day, though the travelling was very bad, several hundred assembled in Eaton, to whom I spoke with much freedom. Scores wept profusely, and sighed for salvation; about forty arose for prayer. At a prayer meeting in the evening, twenty-five promised, by giving me their hand as a sign, to seek the Savior.

Leaving Eaton, I held several meetings in Georgetown and Nelson; and in the latter place met with opposition from the wicked. My labors in Nelson seemed to me almost lost; but a minister who resided in that vicinity has since told me that he baptized several, who dated their awakening at the meeting which was so disturbed by the ungodly. How little does the sower know, when he sows the seed, which shall prosper "this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good." Often the servant of Christ, after dispensing the word, groans within himself and sighs, while he is tempted to believe his labor has been in vain; but the promise is sure, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psalm 126:6.

On Thursday, I preached at Manlius Square, and during a stay of three days, attended eight meetings in Manlius township. Some were awakened, and eleven or twelve solemnly engaged to attend to "life's great concern." Sunday, March 17, I held two meetings: the latter in Gettysburg was a favored season. The next day, I arrived at my father's, having been absent four months and six days. In this time I had seen much of the glory of God, and his wonderful works among the children of men. My Heavenly Father had watched over me, and supplied my wants, and now permitted me to return in peace, to my surviving parent. Blessed be the Lord for all his tender mercies.

Having used the utmost economy in my expenses, and carefully guarded the small pieces of money given me in different places, I found enough remaining to pay for my horse; and I felt to praise God, and adore his providence in thus opening my way to travel and publish salvation.

CHAPTER VII.

The particulars of my travels and labors for nearly three months after my return from New Hampshire.

During a stay of six days in Junius, I attended four meetings; then leaving home on Tuesday, March 26, went to Scipio, and there saw my youngest brother; and thence went to Genoa, where my sister resided. While with them, my feelings were pained, and my heart was sad, as their presence called to mind the change death had made in my father's family; and although I had good reason to believe they were committed to the care of those who treated them kindly, yet the reflection that they were motherless, almost overpowered my feelings.

Tarrying in Scipio and Genoa a few days, I held ten meetings, in some of which the power of God was manifested. On Monday evening, April 1st, I preached to a solemn and attentive assembly in Dryden; and the next day in Candor, where I enjoyed the sweet presence of my Master. Some were awakened, and soon found Jesus.

From Candor, I went to Owego creek, and attended four meetings; thence to Caroline and preached thrice. In the last meeting, a number were seriously concerned for their eternal welfare, and bowed the knee while we pleaded for mercy in their behalf. Some were soon brought to sing praises to the Redeemer. On the evening of the same day, I preached again in Candor, and the Spirit gave utterance. The power of the Highest gladdened the hearts of his saints, while sinners trembled under his mighty hand. It was a time of mourning and weeping, of joy and gladness. Eight were awakened, and with four other mourners, bowed for the first time, at mercy's altar. Some of these were of the first respectability in Society, soon became happy and sung the praises of Emmanuel.

Monday, April 8, I held a meeting in Owego; then crossing the Susquehanna, entered Pennsylvania, preached once, then returned and spoke at the Gaskill ferry. Many appeared to receive the word with gladness. Crossing the Susquehanna again, I preached a second time in the village of Owego. A considerable assembly was present, and some heard with candor, while others, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. After this, I attended a meeting in Berkshire; and on the morning of the 10th, though very rainy, a large number assembled near Owego creek. The Lord gave me a message, and directed it to the hearts of the people. In the after-

noon I preached again, and in the evening held a meeting in Caroline. Here twenty-two covenanted to kneel and pray twice a day for three weeks, and gave me their hands as a token. Many of these seemed to be deeply sensible of their lost situation without the Savior.

Thursday, I enjoyed a precious season in Candor while preaching Christ. Seven told me, that since my last meeting in that place they had found Jesus, and were happy in his love. In a meeting the next day, I was especially favored with the Divine presence, and heard seven declare their determination to seek the Lord. Saturday, I rode twenty-three miles to Berkshire, and in the evening, spoke the word with freedom. Many appeared tender, and four desired the prayers of Christians.

Sunday, April 14, I held three meetings; one in Candor, and two fifteen miles distant; and the next day attended meeting in Candor. Another soul had been brought into the liberty of the gospel. After sermon, we walked to the stream, and a solemn congregation crowded its banks. Elder G. baptized nine of the converts, who came up out of the water happy, and rejoicing in God. Sinners wept as they beheld the scene; and soon after leaving the water, one heavy laden soul came into the liberty of the gospel. In the evening, the cries of penitents still saluted our ears.

Tuesday, I again spoke in the name of the Lord, and a few came forward for prayers, some of whom appeared to be not far from the kingdom of God. The day following, while speaking the word on the Shendaken creek, the power of God descended on the people. Those who had neglected the Savior, saw the awful nature of sin: and a view of its consequences caused many to sigh. Several gave me their hands, desiring to be remembered at the throne of grace. In the evening, I preached in Candor, and a number of converts, for the first time, confessed Christ.

At a meeting during the revival in Candor, it was impressed on my mind after preaching, to say to the people, that I believed *a person near me would die in three days.* No sooner had I made the remark, than several began to weep bitterly. On the next day, as I was visiting from house to house, I came to an inn; and a daughter of the landlord asked me if she was not the one concerning whom I had the impression on the evening previous. I told her she was. Immediately she wept aloud. I told her my impression did not respect *temporal death*, but a *death to sin.* Then she appeared to be relieved, and said she hoped it would be so. At this instant her father came in, in a great rage, and demanded whether I was the boy that was around *scaring folks to death* by prophesying that they would die. Before I had half answered his question, he chased me out of his house. I entreated him to let me explain what I

had said, but he refused. I then requested that I might pray in the house; this he refused also. I then asked if I might pray at his door steps. He then chased me into the street. His wife and daughter wept and entreated him to forbear; but in vain. I then kneeled in the street before the house and prayed. He shut the door and went out of sight; but his wife and family opened the windows and listened. After this I visited other families, and found that great opposition was raised among the people and brethren. Contempt was heaped upon me without reserve; and some said, "We will see whether he is a true prophet." Sometimes I indeed trembled myself, and feared I had been mistaken. But two or three hours before the three days were out, it pleased the Lord to convert the young woman, and this generally stopped the mouths of gainsayers. I was informed that the landlord had a tenant who was pious, and that by hearing his landlord say much against me, he became doubtful whether I had been sent of the Lord. He had practiced praying daily under a certain apple-tree in the orchard; and now he prayed to *Him who made the fig-tree barren*, if he had sent me, to make that *apple-tree* which had just leaved out, "*wither away.*" From that day the leaves withered, and in three weeks they became dry. He said he sought to find a natural cause for the dying of the tree, but could find none.

Thursday and Friday, April 18 and 19, having appointments, I rode sixty miles in a storm of rain and snow to the town of Milo; and on the two days following, attended five meetings in Benton and Penn Yan. Monday, 22d, I was much distressed with a pain in my side; but rode to an appointment in Jerusalem, and spoke half an hour to an assembly that appeared much affected. At the close of the interview, a young man came forward for prayer, soon professed faith in the Redeemer, and became a bold witness for the truth. In compliance with a request, I went to the house formerly occupied by Jemima Wilkinson, who called herself, "*The Universal Friend;*" and was kindly treated by the people living in the house, to whom she bequeathed her property. I could not ascertain that her followers (as is commonly reported) call her Christ. They say, "*The Spirit of Christ dwelt abundantly in the Friend.*" They would not call her a *woman* or *Jemima Wilkinson*, nor apply to her any of the personal pronouns of the feminine gender. They are industrious, charitable, regular in their habits, much attached to their own customs and sentiments, and treat all with civility and tenderness. They disapprove of marriage.

On Tuesday, I was relieved of the pain in my side by the letting of blood, and preached twice in Middlesex. The day following, I held a meeting in Bristol, thirty miles distant, and the next day preached in Richmond. Passing through Livonia, I preached

Christ in the villages of Geneseo and Moscow. I felt great boldness in proclaiming free salvation, and in vindicating the doctrine, that "*God is no respecter of persons,*" but *will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth.* This doctrine pleased some, and offended others. One of my hearers, whose heart the Lord opened, requested entertainment for me at a public house, promising that he would pay the charge. But the landlord refused, declaring that a man who would preach such doctrine, should have no place in his house. I understood also, that a man followed me with a horsewhip, to chastise me for preaching heresy, but finally was persuaded to desist.

After leaving Moscow, I attended meetings in Perry, Leicester, Wales, Boston and Eden, which closed my line of appointments that had been long standing, and had employed my time for nearly two months.

On Friday, May 3, I left Boston, and at five o'clock, P. M. preached in Attica, forty miles distant; at nine the next morning, in Perry, twenty-two miles from Attica; and at twelve the same day in Moscow. In the latter place, twelve manifested a desire for the one thing needful. The Lord gave me much freedom in speaking to an assembly in the evening at Livonia, and the hearts of many appeared to be touched. After the close of the meeting, I rode eight miles the same evening, in a cold rain; and in consequence, found my health much impaired.

Sunday, May 5, I preached in the A. M. to a people in Bristol, that seemed to hear as for eternity; and in the P. M. to several hundred in the north part of the town. I felt to bless God for the assistance of his Holy Spirit, and the solemnity that reigned. At the hour of five, I preached standing on a stone, in the open street, to about three hundred people in Canandaigua village. Some appeared to receive the word; others cared not for the things which belong to their eternal peace. At ten the next morning, standing on a stump where two ways met, I preached in Gorham to about forty, who seemed to hear for the judgment day; and at one o'clock, P. M., spoke again in the street, to about two hundred, near Federal hollow. In this meeting the Lord gave me great freedom, and directed the truth to the hearts of the hearers. At five o'clock, P. M., I spoke to an assembly in Middlesex. The next day I rode twenty miles, and attended three meetings; and the day following preached twice. Thursday, after travelling twenty-four miles, and preaching in Penn Yan and Benton, I found myself quite ill, and unable to attend my evening appointment in Milo. The next day, being somewhat strengthened, I travelled twenty miles and held one meeting.

On Saturday and Sunday, the 11th and 12th of May, the Benton Quarterly Meeting was held in Junius. I was still very feeble, but being requested, I spoke to the people on the Sabbath, from Acts 17:30: "*And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*"

I now found my illness to be occasioned by the measles; a disorder of which I had not before had the least suspicion. As I had been constantly meeting with people, a large number had taken the disorder, and I felt much tried on the account; but as I could not find that any, who took it of me, died in consequence of it, I was much relieved. After meeting closed, with difficulty, I walked two miles to my father's, was confined one week, and consequently unable to attend my appointments, which extended to the west one hundred miles. This was the first time I had disappointed congregations on account of illness. Large numbers collected in many places; and though unable to be with them in body, I was with them in spirit, and earnestly prayed that Jesus would be one in their midst.

Monday, May 20, having recovered from my illness, I set out for the Owego Quarterly Meeting, which was to be held in Candor, on the 25th and 26th of the month. I tarried two days by the way, in Dryden, and preached the word. At the Quarterly Meeting a good season was enjoyed, and on the Sabbath, several were baptized.

Monday, I left for the Holland Purchase, and in five days travelled one hundred and ninety miles, to Concord. In this town the Erie Quarterly Meeting commenced its session on Saturday, June 1, 1822. A grove was prepared with seats for the people, and about one hundred assembled. After some preaching and exhortation, I addressed the assembly about three quarters of an hour; but enjoying little liberty, I took my seat under considerable depression of spirit, and soon the exercises closed. In the evening, a preacher, who heard my discourse, observed that he did not think it was my duty to preach, and that he was satisfied my preaching had done no good. After replying that I felt I had not a praying audience, he said he did not think I had; that he did not pray for me, for he thought me out of the place of duty. Feeling conscious it had been my *intention* to walk in the path of humble obedience, a degree of peace comforted my heart.

Monday, I preached in Zoar and Concord. My soul was happy, the Lord blessed his word, and in one of these meetings, five awakened souls came forward for prayer. At five o'clock, P. M. the preacher above mentioned held a meeting in Boston. After the conclusion of his sermon, I gave an exhortation, and then accompanied him to Elder R. Carey's. On resuming the subject of for-

mer conversation, he said to me, "*Either you or I have not the spirit of Christ;—It is pride that causes you to travel so extensively,—you wish to get a great name,*" *&c.,*—"*curiosity brings the people out to hear you, and after preaching two or three times in a place, you cannot get so large a congregation as at first.*" To these remarks I made little reply; for being confident, that, in some things at least, he labored under a mistake, they affected me little.

But as I awoke next morning, a gloom veiled my mind. I arose and without taking any food, proceeded on foot, through a severe rain, to Eden, where I had an appointment. While travelling, the remarks of him whom I believed a father in Israel, and to whom I had looked for encouragement, rushed upon me. And reflecting that his labors had been greatly blessed to the conversion of souls—that he was highly esteemed, and considered a spiritual preacher, *sore temptations beset me.* Thinking I might have been deceived respecting duty, and have engaged in a work to which God had not called me, my faith began to fail—unbelief increased—the powers of darkness bound my soul, and all my hope seemed blasted. My distress and trials were past expression, and unparalleled by any thing that I had hitherto experienced. I turned aside into a wood, prostrated myself on the wet ground, and poured forth my grief in sighs and tears. Perhaps I never came nearer sinking under trials, and vowing, like Jeremiah, no more to speak in the name of the Lord, than I did at this time. I lamented that I had any appointments, and concluded that after attending those I had already given out, I would make no more; and in case there was no change in my mind, would tell the people that I had been deceived and should preach no more. O how important, that fathers in Israel be exceedingly careful that they hurt not the oil and the wine. Young preachers, and those who are inexperienced, cannot, at the best, exercise the wisdom and skill of more experienced ministers. They may often err in judgment as to duty—they may often err in the selection of a subject, and in the explanation of Scripture, as possibly *I might* in *this case*, and probably *may have done* at some other times. Yet as these errors are almost inseparable from the improvement of young and weak gifts, how necessary it is that elder brethren deal tenderly with such; striving with gentleness to admonish and correct them, when they see them in error. A few words of discouragement from one of age and experience, may forever destroy the confidence and faith of the tender mind. Experience lamentably proves the hurt that is done tender minds by *harsh treatment* and *severe reproofs* from the *fathers* and *mothers* in Israel. Instead of its disposing them to *trust more in the Lord*, it generally discour-

ages and disheartens them, and frequently causes their faith to fail. O may the Lord give his followers wisdom to become *nursing fathers* and *nursing mothers* in Israel, and gently lead the children along in the paths of duty. I arose and went to my appointment with a gloomy mind, and dreaded to meet the people. On entering the assembly, I remained in silence a few minutes, thinking to tell them I had been deceived with regard to my duty; but in an instant, former experience and former evidences of the duty God required of me, rose clearly to view; and with them, peace flowed into my soul. My doubts fled—and reflecting that "*Great men are not always wise;" neither are good men always perfect,* I was convinced my duty might be better known to myself than to any other erring mortal; and, though saying in my heart with the apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I arose and commenced speaking. The word of the Lord was like fire shut up in my bones, and his power attended it to the hearts of the people. Sinners wept, saints rejoiced, and my soul was happy in God. Seven were awakened and bowed before the Lord, while we pleaded for mercy.

I next preached with much freedom in Hamburg, Attica, and again in Eden.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Journey to Ohio.

For some time I had felt that it was my duty to go to Ohio, and declare the glad tidings of salvation to the inhabitants of that new section of country. And having made such preparations for my journey as were practicable, I left my horse with a friend in Hamburg, went to Black Rock on Wednesday, June 12, and engaged a passage in a schooner to Portland, Ohio. In the morning we embarked, and sailing up Niagara, anchored opposite Buffalo till about four o'clock, P. M., when we weighed anchor, and before a gentle breeze sailed up the lake. The sun shone beautifully, and the waves rolled gently, as the land of my friends and acquaintance gradually receded. Placing myself at the stern, I fixed my eyes on Buffalo, till night rendered every object indistinct; and I said adieu to many precious brethren and agreeable acquaintances, who have often administered to my necessities and soothed my sorrows. Then turning my thoughts to the land in which I should soon be a stranger, tears stole down my cheeks. But reflecting upon the care my Heavenly Father has over his children, I retir-

ed to the cabin, and soon sunk into a gentle slumber for the first time on the water, and passed the night in a calm and sweet repose. In the morning we found we had made ninety miles; the sun again shone pleasantly, and the bosom of the lake was peaceful. At the south stretched the Pennsylvania shores; at the north appeared a vast expanse of water. While gazing on the sublime and beautiful prospect before me, my heart was filled with adoration. A calm succeeding, we advanced but little; and on Saturday were still in sight of Pennsylvania. Being requested, I preached on deck from John 3:14, 15. Although the crew seemed to listen attentively, the word appeared to have little place in their hearts. This day I ate the last of my provisions; the weather became unpleasant, and the lake that a little time before was almost unruffled, now became very tempestuous.

Monday, June 17, the wind and storm abated. Our voyage having been longer than we expected, and the wind being still contrary, the captain of the vessel, notwithstanding his engagement, now refused to take me to Portland; and after receiving my last money for the passage, he set me with four others on the peninsula west of Sandusky bay, and six miles opposite Portland. Here was a light-house, and besides the man who kept it, there were no inhabitants on this part of the peninsula. It was now after sunset, and during the last forty hours I had eaten but one meal, which was given me by the captain of the vessel. The man who kept the light-house, had but little provision with him, having been disappointed of an expected recruit in consequence of the unfavorable wind. So without tasting any food, I lay down on the floor and closed my eyes to sleep, hoping to forget my hunger. But recollections of the kind brethren in New York, who had often fed and lodged me with willing and joyful hearts, together with the painful contrast of my present situation, crowded into my mind, and drove slumber from my eyes. When the men who landed with me had fallen asleep, the keeper, remembering the poor boy that had come far from a father's house to preach the gospel, brought me a cracker and half a pint of milk. This was a delicious morsel, and I received it with thanksgiving. Next morning the sun rose with splendor, and I walked out to view the surrounding scenery. The waters of Erie lay on the east, west and north; south, the prospect was bounded by a wood; across the bay, Portland appeared in sight. But I knew no way to go thither, for there was no vessel on this part of the peninsula, and I could not go by land, as the distance was sixty miles, through a marshy wilderness. Going into the top of the light-house, I looked eastward, and, though my hunger was oppressive, and I could neither see my native land, nor any place where I had formerly travelled, yet I

found Christ to be precious, and his love filled my soul. Two of the men who landed with me had each of them a rifle; and going this morning into a wood, they killed a fawn, which we cooked and ate without seasoning, or any other kind of food; and it seemed a delicious morsel as ever was tasted. After this, while walking in the wood for meditation, I came suddenly to a prairie, on which the grass that was two or three feet high, was gently waving over the extended plain. Here nature displayed its lovely charms. I sat down under the shade—gazed on its beauties—and praised their Author.

The next day, being weary of waiting for a passage, one of the men and myself caulked an old skiff, that had been washed upon the shore, and set off for Portland. The skiff was so small, that our weight sunk it nearly to the top; and it leaked so fast, that it kept me busy in lading out the water with my shoe, which I used for want of something better. After rowing along the shore about two miles, we changed our course directly across the bay for Portland. The wind was against us; and when about one mile from the shore, the waves ran three or four feet high, and frequently came over the top of the skiff. As we could not swim, we now began to view ourselves in danger; but having no wish to return, we endeavored to make our way through wind and waves. Every moment our situation grew more perilous. The wind increased, so that we made but little progress; and we determined to return if possible. On turning the skiff about, we were in danger of falling into the troughs; but we succeeded so well, that not more than a pail full of water ran into our vessel; and we reached the shore at Sand Point, about two miles from the light-house. I was glad to get on the land again, though I suffered with hunger, in addition to being both wet and cold. Nature itself seemed to frown; the sky was lowering; the cold north-west wind rustled among the trees, and the water in billows dashed the shore. Having eaten nothing but fresh venison, without salt or other provisions, my stomach became disordered, and brought on weakness and stupidity. I walked along the shore; and while my former condition, when I enjoyed plenty beneath the parental roof, or among kind brethren, was contrasted with my present situation, in which I had not even the privilege of entering the *houses* of *strangers*, I wept bitterly. Falling on my knees, I called on the name of the Lord. My soul was soon happy and joyful; and, though I knew no way to get off the peninsula, or after getting off, to succeed among strangers without money, I repented not my having come into this state.

Soon we met with a man who came to the peninsula in search of cattle, and was waiting the arrival of a vessel. I gladly warmed myself by the fire he had kindled; and he gave us some bread

and pork; but my stomach was so out of order, I could eat little. In the afternoon we were gladdened by the sight of a vessel, coming from Portland; and on its arrival, we solicited a passage. As their business would not permit them to land us at Portland, they took us across the bay to Cedar Point. Taking our portmanteaus on our shoulders, we walked nine miles on the beach of the lake, before we came to any house; and being very thirsty, were glad to drink some poor water. After travelling three miles further into Milan, I found brethren, who received me affectionately. Blessed be the Lord for all his goodness.

In this town, a Freewill Baptist church had been gathered three years before, by Elder J. N. Hinkley; and from that time it had been visited by only two or three preachers of the Freewill Baptist order; yet, they had continued their meetings, and in a good degree maintained a gospel walk. Thursday, June 20, I had the privilege of preaching to them.

After this, I attended meetings with some appearance of success in the towns of New-London, Clarksfield, and Danbury. In the latter, a backslider, at the age of seventy, was called to exchange worlds. When viewing himself about to go into eternity, he remarked, that although he did not *then enjoy religion*, he knew he *once had;* and therefore it was impossible that he should be lost; for he doubted not, that all who had *once* experienced pardoning grace, would be saved. So, quieting his mind thus in his last moments, to all human appearance, he left the world without concern. In compliance with a request, I preached the funeral sermon. Soon after the people had collected, two sons of the deceased entered the house. They came to visit their ancient sire, ignorant of the sad tale. But disappointment and anguish filled their hearts, and their lamentations rendered the scene still more solemn and affecting. We followed him to the silent tomb, the house appointed for all living; then each went his way, and the mourners returned to their habitation, weeping.

Elder Collins of New York, and myself, appointed a general meeting in Milan on the 29th and 30th of June. Brethren attended from three small churches, in Milan, Greenfield and Clarksfield; which were the only Freewill Baptist churches in this part of the country. On the first day, our number was about twenty; and truly, the form of the Son of God was in our midst, to the great joy of our hearts. A Quarterly Meeting was this day organized, called Huron Quarterly Meeting. On the Sabbath, about one hundred and fifty met in a barn. I spoke to them from Isa. 33:16, 17: "*He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks,*" *&c.* Being requested to preach again in the afternoon, I spoke from Jeremiah 17:11: "As the partridge sit-

teth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." Elder Collins delivered a discourse from Heb. 4:9: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." We then ate the bread, and drank the cup in remembrance of our Lord's body that was broken, and his blood that was shed for us. Several animating exhortations followed; many tears were shed; and many, we trust, felt the need of salvation, and went away sorrowful. July 2 and 3, I attended meetings in Milan. The four days following were spent at a Methodist camp meeting in Florence, Huron county, in which I enjoyed the privilege of preaching once from the stand, and of speaking several times at prayer meetings. During this period some were hopefully converted. Monday, July 8th, a Methodist brother in Brunswick, kindly lent me a horse to go to the south part of the state. I preached during the week in Greenfield, Plymouth, Brunswick and Fitchville. In the latter place the power of God was among the people. Seventeen engaged, by giving me their hands, to commence immediately seeking the salvation of their souls. A revival followed this meeting, in which fifteen or twenty were converted to God.

Tuesday, July 16, I preached in Greenwich, after which a church was organized. In the evening, I spoke to a very attentive assembly in Plymouth, ten miles distant; and the next evening preached in the court house at Mansfield, thirty miles further south. The congregation was large and solemn. Thursday and Friday, I travelled fifty-five miles to Raccoon, and there attended worship. On Saturday, I rode thirty miles to a Methodist camp-meeting. Here, I spent three days, and had the privilege of preaching once, which was at midnight; and of exhorting and praying several times. Resuming my journey I passed through Chilicothe, thence down the Sciota river to Portsmouth, situated on the Ohio river at the mouth of the Sciota.

The country through which I passed was interesting to the stranger. For two hundred miles it is level and fertile; and by the way, are many large farms in beautiful order. At one place, where I called on a farmer, I noticed the largest field of corn that I had ever seen, and asked the number of acres it contained; he replied, "one hundred and sixteen;" and remarked that he had two hundred acres of corn then growing on his farm; and that the year before, he raised ten thousand bushels. However, this could hardly be called a "land of brooks and springs," for in general water was both scarce and poor.

On this journey I had an interview with a minister of considerable talents, belonging to a sect who called themselves *Separate Baptists;* but are denominated by some, *Wash Feet Baptists;* be-

cause they believe washing the saints' feet to be an ordinance of the gospel, and make its omission a bar to communion. He informed me that they held to *free salvation*, the *freedom of the human will*, the *final perseverance of the saints*, and what is called *close communion*. I understood there were several churches of this connexion, perhaps twenty—several able ministers—and that they formerly seceded from the Calvinistic Baptists.

At Portsmouth, I found Elder Rufus Cheney, who removed from New York to this place six or seven years before. He informed me there were no Freewill Baptists in this region at that time; and that he lived several months, as it were alone, frequently preaching, but with little appearance of success. At length he saw a powerful revival, in which many learned to sing the sweet songs of Zion. Seven first united to take the Scriptures for their rule of faith and practice; their number increased, until it now amounted to one hundred and twelve. I spent five days among them, preaching the word of the Lord, and enjoyed some good seasons.

During my stay in Portsmouth, I sent an appointment across the Ohio river, into Kentucky; but when the time came, the boat used for crossing the river was absent. The stream, I think, was about half a mile wide; and as I was unwilling to disappoint the people, I began to contrive a way to cross; and going alone down the river side, after an hour's labor, I succeeded in getting an old canoe from among the flood wood, that had an opening in the bottom, from end to end, nearly an inch in width. As the water appeared to be shallow, and the current gentle, I thought, with little difficulty, I should soon reach the opposite shore, and accordingly set off my little bark. Taking a board for a paddle, and placing another across the canoe, I seated myself, when my little vessel, sinking in the water, filled within two inches of the top. Thus I ventured forward; but soon found myself in deep, agitated water; and casting my eyes toward the shores, they seemed to be in rapid flight. My little bark whirled round and round, and I wished myself on the land, thinking this, perhaps, was an imprudent step. Resolving, however, not to despair, I endeavored to gain the Kentucky shore. After floating down the stream half a mile, I came within one or two rods of the bank, where the water was very deep and the current swift. A quantity of flood wood was lodged a little below me, and I could see no way to avoid falling amongst it; but happily a stick, projecting from the bottom of the river nearly to the surface of the water, fastened in the bottom of the canoe, and held it. Presently I caught a rail that was floating down the stream, and placing one end of it on the canoe, and the other end upon a log, walked on it to the shore. A large number, chiefly

people of color, assembled, and I felt that Heaven assisted me in preaching. Their tears flowed freely, and my soul rejoiced for the privilege of pointing Afric's injured sons to the Lamb of God, who is able and willing to sanctify their wrongs to their eternal good. Several, apparently much affected, came forward for prayer, and promised to seek the Lord. Nearly the whole assembly kneeled in time of prayer: and I was informed this was the custom of the country. It is indeed but a respectful custom, when God is addressed by his creature, little, sinful man. Duty demanding my immediate return, I obtained assistance in getting my canoe to the shore, and in preparing a paddle; and after floating down the stream another half mile, reached the opposite shore in safety.

Monday, July 29, proceeding twenty-five miles up the Ohio river, I held a meeting in Raccoon. The next day I went twenty-five miles to Rutland, and there met brethren Rothburn and Hatch, who had been Freewill Baptist preachers in New England several years previous to this time. When they came to this country, they found Elder Stedman, an influential preacher of their own order, happily engaged in the work of the Lord. Elder Stedman removed from New England about the year 1805, established several churches, and formed a Quarterly Meeting; which became so large, that it was divided into two, and these two organized a Yearly Meeting. Elders R. and H. became fellow laborers with Elder S. in the precious cause of Christ, till the parched ground became a pool, and the thirsty land, springs of water. The church was nourished by the dews of Heaven, and the wilderness became vocal with the praises of Emmanuel. But soon the scene changed. The circumstances as related to me were as follows:

At a session of their Yearly Meeting, one who had been considered a father in Zion, came into the assembly, fell on his knees, and, to the surprise of all the congregation, confessed, with bursts of grief, a crime of which even his most violent enemies had not suspected him to be guilty; and which, but for this confession, might have remained a secret till the Judgment. The assembly were astonished; the hearts of his brethren were broken with grief: and even his enemies, who had formerly sought occasion against him, now wept profusely, and scarcely a dry face was to be seen in the whole assembly. Deep sorrow sat on the countenance of every friend; and some of the preachers wept the whole night. A little before day, the penitent came to their lodgings, kneeled at their bed-side, and after weeping a while, he asked them if they could forgive him. They said they could as to personal feelings—but still they wept again, for the occasion that had been given for the enemies of the cross, to speak reproachfully. The

wicked now triumphed; and among the brethren there was a division; some thought they should forgive him, and let him retain his eldership; others, though willing to forgive, were of opinion that his eldership ought to be taken away. Not far from this time, they were visited by several talented preachers from Miami and Kentucky, belonging to the sect called "New Lights." The Yearly Meeting was in a rocking and tried state. The preachers being mostly young, and little used to such trials as now assailed them, felt unable to sustain the shock. The visiting preachers proposed a union with their denomination. The parties held a conference to learn the existing difference of opinion; and after the investigation, concluded there was no essential difference,—that they should be one people,—and accordingly they united. Some of the churches, however, and many individuals in the Yearly Meeting, were much dissatisfied; and for several years would no acknowledge the union.

I preached with them once or twice; and on Wednesday, July 31, commenced my return to New York. On Sunday, August 4, hearing the New Lights held a camp meeting at Mount Vernon, I rode fifteen miles in the morning, and entered the camp ground, a stranger to all. My garments were worn nearly to rags—much soiled by my late travels in the heat and dust—and I had no change; still I believed duty called me to speak to this people. Having the impression that an introduction somewhat singular, would in this case render the hearts of the people more accessible, I gave my portmanteau to the first man I met, went upon the stand uninvited, and took a seat without speaking, or fixing my eyes on any one, till the close of a discourse which a preacher was then delivering. Then I asked the privilege of addressing the assembly. The preachers and people looked at me with apparent suspicion; and after a little hesitation, a minister called for my credentials. As I left the stand to search for my portmanteau which contained my letters, they called me back, and said, that after an intermission of half an hour, my request should be granted. As the "New Lights" had been much persecuted, I understood some supposed me to be a wicked lad, that had been sent by their enemies to impose on them; but they hoped my attempt to preach would be instrumental of my awakening. The whole assembly watched me very closely till I retired for prayer. When the time of intermission had expired, even before the people had assembled, I went upon the preachers' stand alone, and without ceremony, falling on my knees, began to pray. The Spirit made intercession and the windows of heaven seemed to be open. When I arose, the people, who were in number about one thousand, stood thick around the stand, and many countenances were bathed in tears. A text

occurred to my recollection; Num. 10:29, "*We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.*" In the illustration of this passage, I noticed the analogy, first, between the house of Jacob and the true Israel, or heirs according to promise; secondly, between Moses, the leader of ancient Israel, and Christ, the leader of the true Israel; thirdly, between this journey to the promised land, and the Christian's journey to the rest promised to the true Israel; and fourthly, the analogy between the good promised by Moses, and that which is offered by Christ. The Lord showed me favor, and enabled me to speak an hour and a half with great freedom. The assembly stood during the whole time, and many were powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit; saints rejoiced, some shouted, and tears rolled down the cheeks of hundreds. Some powerful exhortations were added, and the table of the Lord was spread before the assembly.

Before the meeting closed, which was on Monday morning, several were hopefully converted. During this time, various persons put small pieces of money in my hand, which amounted in all to ten dollars; and a merchant gave me cloth and trimmings for a pair of pantaloons. O, how kindly has the Lord provided for his unprofitable servant!

In compliance with the request of a gentleman in Mt. Vernon village, I called at his house. His wife met me at the door with her face bathed in tears, and giving me her hand she affectionately said, "*Glory to God, for what I have experienced this morning.* I was bred in a *formal religion*, and yesterday went to meeting an *unbeliever* in *experimental religion*. But while you were speaking God sent an arrow to my heart, and from that moment I have felt the horrors and pains of hell till this morning; and, bless the Lord, I have just now found peace that is beyond expression." Her husband was a professor, and we had a season of rejoicing. He informed me that several in the village proposed making a contribution for me. But I felt rich and happy, and after expressing my thanks for their kindness, told him I had enough.

My next meeting was in Jefferson. It commenced in the afternoon, and continued till midnight. The power of God was present, and eternity seemed unveiled; several were awakened, some wanderers confessed their backslidings, and the praises of three happy converts crowned the interview.

Wednesday, Aug. 7, I arrived at brother Reynolds' in Brunswick, Huron county, and returned his horse, which I had rode about six hundred miles. He would take no pecuniary reward. Pursuing my journey, I attended meetings in Brunswick, Brown-

son, Plymouth, Greenwich, Fitchville, Clarksfield, Milan and Portland, sometimes called Sandusky city. In some of these my soul was greatly blessed, and the seasons appeared to be profitable to the people.

On Thursday, the 15th, I crossed Sandusky bay and visited a small settlement, a few miles from the light-house, where I was detained in coming to this state. I was informed there had been no preaching on the peninsula for more than a year and a half. The Lord gave me freedom, and solemnity reigned in our midst. After sermon, I began speaking to individuals; but looking around I perceived the greater part had left me, and were looking in at the doors and windows, where they could hear and avoid being spoken to themselves. Some appeared tender, others inflexibly hard. I dined in the place, and, as a friend afterward informed me, the woman of the house hurried the company while I was washing without, to take seats at the table lest I should give thanks.

Friday, I returned to Portland, and waited the arrival of a vessel to take a passage to Buffalo. The steamboat did not arrive at the expected hour, and word soon came that it had suffered in a gale of wind, and was laid up for repairs. Information was given me, that several had expressed doubts as to the correctness of a remark made in my late visit, saying, that I never preached written sermons. They were suspicious the discourse I delivered to them had been committed to memory; and to prove me, desired that I would preach from a text they should give me. I told him they might notify a meeting and give me a text as I arose to speak. Nearly two hours before the appointed time, Mr. Marsh, keeper of the steamboat hotel, sent a note, requesting me to preach from the following text: Gal. 3:8, "And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed." I retired to a grove, spent a few minutes in prayer, then returned and anxiously waited the appointed hour. About all the village assembled, and after reading my text and making some introductory remarks, I noticed, first, *the Scripture promises of the Messiah;* secondly, *their fulfillment, and the manner in which all nations are blessed in the seed of Abraham; and,* thirdly, *the faith through which the heathen are justified.* The fear of man was removed, and my soul led out into the deep things of God. The awakening influence of the Holy Spirit was manifest in the assembly, and many faces were bedewed with tears. Mr. Marsh, with two or three others, made me a present of nearly three dollars.

Aug. 17, finding no opportunity for a passage on the lake, and hearing that on Tuesday following, a vessel was to go from Cleave-

land, a port sixty miles distant, I left Portland at the setting of the sun, with my portmanteau on my shoulder, and in a day and a half walked to Cleaveland, when to my disappointment I found the vessel had sailed an hour before my arrival. After walking thirty-seven miles from Portland, on the beach of the lake, sinking much of the way to my ankles in the sand, a stranger overtook me, who said he had heard me preach, and offered to carry my portmanteau to Cleaveland. It contained my money, watch, and other articles to the amount of $40. My weariness made me gladly accept his offer. During my haste in the latter part of this journey, I had not allowed myself time to eat, and the cravings of my hunger were now severe. As I could find nothing of the man with my portmanteau, neither could procure any thing to eat, I went out from the town a little distance, sat down by the way side in the rain, anxiously watching for the stranger. To my joy he made his appearance in about two hours, and with thankfulness I supplied my wants.

I tarried in Cleaveland one day, and on Aug. 20th, I set sail in the Nicator for Buffalo. We had a fair wind, and a prosperous voyage; but the company were profane and wicked. Thursday, I landed at Buffalo, went to Hamburg where I had left my horse, and the six days following attended meetings in Hamburg, Eden, Boston, Concord, and Ellicottsville. Some of these seasons were refreshing. Several, who had been living without God and without hope in the world, were made to feel their poverty, and desired the prayers of Christians in their behalf. After this, I visited Elder J. Folsom, of Boston, who was nigh unto death. To me it was an impressive and memorable season. Elder F. had been a faithful and spiritual watchman. I mourned in the certain expectation, that soon he would leave the care of Zion; and as I looked upon the companion of his youth, and their numerous family, all my sympathies were awakened. His soul was happy, and he rejoiced in God. With the firm and blessed hope of meeting him in the land of immortality and eternal bliss, I pressed his pallid hand, and bade him adieu.*

From Boston I went to Attica, where the second session of the Holland Purchase Y. M. commenced on the 31st of August, 1822. Several discourses were delivered, and followed by animating exhortations. A comfortable season was enjoyed, but nothing special occurred. In Elders' conference, a resolve was passed, advising our preachers and brethren not to connect with masonic lodges. I

* A few months after this, Elder Folsom left the world in the triumphs of that faith he had so often recommended to others. His funeral sermon was preached by Elder R. Carey, one of his spiritual children. His death was lamented by hundreds of the church of Christ, but they mourned not as those without hope.

did not vote for this resolve with the conference, because one of our preachers, whom I thought one of the best, was a free mason; and I concluded if masonry was not good he would come out from it.

After the close of the Yearly Meeting, I continued my journey toward Junius, and on the way preached once in Covington, thrice in Richmond, once in Gorham, thrice in Benton, twice in Milo, and attended eight meetings in Wayne. The Lord blessed some of these seasons with his presence; and I trust some fruits of the same will appear in the day of eternity. In Milo, many seemed resolved to submit to Jesus, and several desired the prayers of saints.

On Monday, Sept. 9, I arrived at my father's dwelling, but found it empty. My father was absent on a visit to his relatives in Connecticut, and my two eldest brothers were living in an adjacent neighborhood. As there was no friend to welcome my return, I walked out over the places that had been familiar to me, to indulge the solitude of my feelings, and reflect upon the changing scenes of time. Here was the place where I mourned my wretched state, when unreconciled to God. There, beneath the shade of that wood, I supplicated Heaven's mercy; and there despaired, fearing my day of grace was over, and my state unalterably fixed. But O the change, since that distressing hour! Bless the Lord, that my soul ever experienced it. Here, when the 'wo' was laid on me if I preached not the gospel, I walked on the banks of this little rivulet, and wept, saying, "*Lord, I am a child, how can I go?*" There, while on my knees, beneath the boughs of that white-wood tree, I resolved to obey the Lord, and be an exile and a wanderer in the earth to preach the gospel of Christ. Here stood the dwelling in which I bowed, on the morning of my departure, with my parents, sister and brothers, and for the last time, heard my dear mother's voice lifted to God in prayer. Here my mother, trembling, gave the parting hand, while the tears that rolled down her cheek, bespoke the parting severe. Now she is gone—that bosom is heaved by affliction no more. As for myself, I am an exile; still but a child of sixteen—strewing my tears from place to place—wearing out my life, and exposing myself to a premature death for the welfare of my fellow mortals—who for this, often aim the vile weapons of slander and detraction. Often I lack the necessaries of life—but immediately something whispered, 'Hush, David. Shall mortal man complain? Thou hast received thy pension, a hundred fold in this life, with persecution, which is a part of thy salary; therefore thou art blessed. Cast thine eyes above, there thou hast an Almighty Friend; there is thy inheritance and thy treasure. And as thy day is, shall thy strength be." Peace flowed into my

soul, and I exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, *thy* will, not *mine*, be done. Help me in patience to possess my soul, and make me useful in thy vineyard, the little time thou shalt allot to me in this vale of tears. When in death's cold arms I fall, though it be in some distant land, far from my native soil, be thou my friend, and accompany me through the gloomy vale. May my flesh rest in hope, and in the morning of the resurrection, have an entrance into the celestial city, where thy soft hand shall wipe away all tears, thy children be united in one, and with their harps all tuned, sing that song which never ends."

CHAPTER IX.

A Journey to Connecticut.—Another to Upper Canada; and the particulars of my travels, to the age of seventeen years.

From the commencement of my travels I had often wished to visit my relatives in Connecticut, and according to the grace given me, preach the gospel in that section also. Now the long desired opportunity presented, and I concluded, after visiting my brothers, and preaching in Junius, to depart immediately. Saturday and Sabbath, Sept. 14 and 15, I attended three meetings in Galen, and had the satisfaction of seeing one that had been awakened in my last meeting in this place, now rejoicing in God. O, the value of one soul. The next day, after riding forty miles, I preached a dull sermon. The day following, I reached Brookfield, and was welcomed by my friends with expressions of surprise and gladness,—for having heard that I had been assassinated, they expected to see my face no more. I attended three meetings with them, in which we were blessed with the smiles of the Savior. On Friday, I rode thirty miles through the rain to Cherry Valley, and appointed a meeting in the evening at the academy. Many of the villagers, excited by curiosity, came out to hear the "*little stranger*;" and by the weeping of *some*, and the seriousness of *all*, it seemed that good was done. Saturday, after travelling forty miles, I again found myself nearly destitute of money. My supper was given me, and in the morning I paid my last money for the night's lodging, and left a vest as security for my horse-keeping, till my return. Proceeding on my way twenty miles to Greenville, I saw a congregation coming out of a school house, and was impressed to kneel on the green and pray. This I did, and found access to the

throne of grace. The people soliciting an appointment, I stopped the afternoon, and preached to several hundreds. The Lord opened the hearts of some, and they communicated about three dollars. Thus did kind Heaven again supply my necessities. Monday, I crossed the North river at Hudson, and preached at a tavern in Egremont, Mass. A young man of the family manifested a desire to seek an interest in the dear Redeemer. They kindly gave me entertainment, and in the morning, after praying with them, I left them in tears.

At evening, I came to the dwelling of my grandfather Marks in Burlington. As both he and my uncle Marks were of the Episcopal church, but myself a member of a *dissenting*, consequently an *unpopular order*, I had prepared my mind for a cold reception. But in this I was happily disappointed; they received me affectionately, gave me much good instruction and wise counsel, exhorted me to be humble and faithful, and discharge my duty in the fear of the Lord. I found my grandfather to be a man of experience in the things of God, and possessed of that charity which suffereth long. He despised a *profession* without *experimental religion*, a *form* without the *power* of godliness, and a *ministry* without holiness of heart and *communion* with God. My uncle also was as a father in the gospel to me, and time passed pleasantly in the society of his family. Ten years had elapsed since I had seen these kind relatives, and now the privilege of visiting them and the places of my early childhood, which time had almost obliterated from my memory, was sweet to my soul.

I visited the grave-yard in Plymouth, and beginning to search among the white marbles for my brother Jeremiah's grave, soon espied his name on a white stone at the head of a little mound, and, with much emotion, read the following lines, which the passing years had erased from my memory:

> "Short was my life, and sweet the date—
> I called the Savior at the gate;
> And sweetly did resign my breath
> Into the hands of cruel death."

His good advice and pious warnings, with his dying words, "*I fear——David will run a wicked race,*" were remembered. Ah! thought I, if he were now alive he would rejoice and be glad for the great things the Lord has done for me; God has answered his fervent prayers, and converted my soul. I gazed upon his grave, and almost coveted his repose, saying in my heart, if faithful to my calling, when I have wandered a few more days to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God, my latter end, like thine, shall be peace; like thee, I shall rest from my labors, and my works follow. Leaving his peaceful grave, I went to Southington, where

my grandfather Merriman formerly lived, and whither my parents had often taken me when a child. But both my grandfather and his companion, were gone 'the way of all the earth.' Some of my uncles and other relatives also, were no more. All seemed so desolate, that after staying the night with a brother of my mother, I went to Middletown, and visited Elder Josiah Graves. He married a sister of my mother, and from him and his family I met with a very affectionate reception.

Elder Graves had been a member of the Calvinistic Baptist church, and a preacher of good report in that denomination sixteen years. Then, from a *critical examination of the Scriptures*, he changed his sentiments, and boldly preached the doctrine of *free salvation* and *free communion*. For this he was viewed as one that had departed from the faith of the gospel, and was excluded from the fellowship of the church. Several of its members immediately seceded, and with him were organized into a church, calling themselves *Free-will Baptists*. Hitherto they had neither known our denomination or sentiments; still I found their doctrine and practice were the same that are held by the Free-will Baptists. I enjoyed the privilege of preaching with them, and Elder Graves remarked he had not before heard his own sentiments fully preached by another. I had the satisfaction of introducing to them our religious periodical, [Religious Informer,] and by this medium they became known to the denomination, and soon after joined the Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting. After visiting an only sister of my father in Hartford, I went to Berlin, and preached in the rain to a small congregation in the street. Some good appearances were visible. The next day I held a meeting in Southington. Sunday, Sept. 29, I attended meetings in Southington, Bristol, Plymouth, and Burlington, and the day following preached at the house of my grandfather. Here I had the satisfaction of meeting my father, but enjoyed only a short interview with him, as a chain of appointments, extending about three hundred miles to the west, now made it my duty to leave.

On Thursday, bidding my father and kind relatives farewell, I proceeded to Winstead, and attended worship in the evening. The next day, after travelling thirty-seven miles, I spoke with much freedom to a congregation in Egremont, Mass., and at evening held a meeting near the city of Hudson. The assembly was large and solemn, and by some, I trust, this season will be gladly remembered in eternity. The next day I crossed the Hudson, and preached to about two hundred people in the *Christian* meeting house at Greenville. Here a collection of five dollars was given me. Having an appointment at ten o'clock the next morning, twenty miles distant, I took my leave of the kind people, after nine in the even-

ing, and walked the greater part of nine miles. In the morning I reached the appointment, and preached from 1 Cor. 13:4—8. The Spirit of God was manifested in a special manner. One was powerfully wrought upon and fell, upon which the people were alarmed, and broke the order of the meeting. I was obliged to leave them in haste, as it was but little more than an hour to my next appointment which was ten miles distant. I found a crowded assembly, and felt that the Lord gave me utterance in speaking to them. Many appeared to be deeply exercised and wept, but some publicly opposed. After the meeting, a stranger gave me a dollar, and wished me success in the cause of truth; and I left the place rejoicing in God, who had favored me with much of his Holy Spirit. At evening I preached in Sharon to a very large assembly that heard with attention.

Monday I rode five miles, and at sunrise preached to about forty people in a field; then went to Springfield and spoke to about two hundred in the Baptist meeting house. It was a time of much solemnity. My soul was happy, and I felt to praise the Lord in the congregation. O, the stupidity of men! who neglect to honor God and call upon his great name. Alas! how indifferent are thousands; yes, the greater part of the world, notwithstanding eternity is depending on the passing moments. I rode twenty-two miles to Plainfield, and preached in the evening. Until this time, I had travelled on foot or on horseback, and often with great weariness. A friend here kindly offered to sell me a light wagon for thirty-five dollars, provided I could pay twelve dollars now, and the winter following send the remainder by mail. I thanked the Lord for this opportunity, accepted the offer, and was enabled to meet my engagement. The next day I attended meeting in the afternoon at the west part of the town, and another at Hamilton Seminary; the day following I travelled thirty miles and preached in Cazanovia, Pompey, and Manlius. Thursday, I rode thirty-five miles and attended two meetings, which were truly seasons of refreshing. The next day I preached in Junius, at the house of Major Chamberlain, who was in a low state of health. He professed no religion, but was under serious exercises of mind and requested me to pray for him. When we parted he left a dollar in my hand.

Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12 and 13, the Benton Q. M. was held in Benton. We were favored with the Divine presence, and our hearts were made glad in the Lord. In the Elders' conference on Monday, much union existed, and the business of the meeting was transacted in the fear of God.

On Tuesday, I attended a meeting in Phelps, and the Holy Spirit seemed deeply to touch the hearts of some. After this I went ninety miles to Bethany, where the Bethany quarterly meeting

opened on the 20th of the month. The weather was extremely unpleasant, yet several assembled, and the preaching was in the power and demonstration of the Spirit. Our hearts were warmed with heavenly love, and many went away rejoicing in the God of their salvation. After meeting, I went to Black Rock, and crossed the Niagara river into Upper Canada. Proceeding a few miles down the river, I took an active part in a Methodist prayer meeting. A brother desired to know why I came into this section to preach, rather than stay and preach within the circle of my acquaintance. I replied, that if God had given me a mission, it was not to *stay* and preach; but, according to Mark 16:15, to "*Go* and preach;" and that duty led me to travel, as the apostles and the blessed Jesus did, to publish the glad tidings of salvation to all classes of men; so that hearing the truth from various witnesses, some might thereby be saved.

Friday, Oct. 25, I walked twenty-two miles to see the cataract of Niagara. I descended a spiral staircase of one hundred steps; then casting my eyes upward, beheld the rocks towering one hundred and fifty feet above my head, while immense volumes of water poured from this height in awful majesty. These circumstances, together with the continued roar of the water falling into the awful gulf beneath, and then passing along in dreadful agitation—the trembling of the earth around the cataract—the rising spray, with the attending rainbow—united to form a scene more sublime and impressive, than any I had ever witnessed. Stupid must be the mind that can view such a wonder without being led to adore its Divine Author. On this occasion my heart adopted the language of the inspired penman, "*Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods! who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.*" "*The heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament showeth thy handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.*"

While beholding the constant motion of the stream, I was forcibly struck with its analogy to man's voyage down the stream of time. A few miles above the falls, the river glides gently and undisturbed;—so the morning of life passes smoothly away. As in a little distance, the smooth surface of the water is broken in passing over the rocks, and with inconceivable swiftness is finally hurried down the tremendous precipice;—so after a few days, the fair appearances of earthly prospects are broken on the rocks of disappointment, and every passing moment hastens the living to that dread precipice, whence they must launch into eternity. Still, while the sons of vanity know this, they sport and amuse themselves with that which cannot profit, and that which renders their hearts insensible to their dreadful danger. Thus they remain stu-

pidly ignorant of the horrid gulf into which, unless they soon awake, they will as surely plunge, as the waters of Niagara, in their course, plunge down the precipice. Should we not think people beside themselves, were we to see them enter a vessel a few miles above the falls, suffer it to float with the current, and in the meantime waste their hours in sleep, or amuse themselves with frivolous reading, dancing, card playing, decking themselves with ornaments, or gorgeous and costly apparel, till they should find their bark leaving the gentle stream, and hastening with awful speed down the irresistible current? Then in vain they might awake, see their helpless state, and cry for assistance;—in vain might they attempt to escape;—in vain they might turn their eyes from the danger;—in vain might they strive to forget their condition. Nothing now can save them from the sad and final doom! Should we not pity them? Should we not, before they are passed beyond the reach of help, labor diligently to arouse them from their stupidity; to warn them of their danger, and to turn them from their fatal course? Humanity answers, yes. And while men, floating rapidly down the stream of time, must soon launch into eternity—and, if not aroused from their insensibility to spiritual things, must sink into the burning lake; shall we labor less diligently for their eternal welfare—or be less anxious to save them from the far more dreadful destruction that awaits them? Heaven says, no. Reason and revelation say, no. And conscience approves the decision. But, O! how astonishing the mournful truth—that men are offended when we seek their welfare; when we strive to awaken them from fatal stupidity; and for this, count us enemies, and treat us as foes!

In the evening, I held a meeting at the little village of St. David's, and after its close, several gentlemen, as they passed out, laid some pieces of money on the table before me. The two days following I spent at a Methodist quarterly meeting in the township of Stanford. They received me kindly, and I used the liberty given in the gospel. This was a precious season. After the quarterly meeting closed, I preached in the evening at the Methodist chapel in Lundy's Lane; and the next day visited and prayed in several families. One of these families consisted of a widow and two sons; and as soon as I began to converse, the sons fled to the barn. I followed and prayed with them. They appeared rather seriously exercised, yet angry at my perseverance in persuading them to be reconciled to God. At 1 o'clock, P. M. I held a meeting a few miles west of St. David's. The Lord heard the groanings of his people, and his Spirit reached the hearts of sinners. Twelve that were awakened, bowed at the altar of mercy. In the

evening I preached at the chapel in Stanford, and the day following in St. David's.

On Wednesday, I walked thirteen miles through the mud, and attended meetings in Queenston and Chippeway: in the latter I was much shut up and exceedingly tempted. My trials were so severe, that like Peter, I found my faith weak and myself sinking; but the promise that we shall not "be tempted above that we are able, but with the temptation shall find way for escape," encouraged me. I cried unto the Lord, and blessed be his name, he heard my cry and delivered me out of trouble. On Thursday, I attended two meetings; in the latter, at Waterloo, the Lord made it a season of refreshing to his saints, and of trembling to some sinners. The day following, I crossed the Niagara at Black Rock, and preached at Hamburg in the evening. On Saturday, I labored under much indisposition, but was enabled to attend appointments in Aurora and Wales.

Sunday, Nov. 2, I held two meetings in Bennington. At the close of the latter, a daughter of a Presbyterian minister came forward weeping, and asked me to pray for her. I replied, you must pray for yourself. She said she could not, and repeating the Scripture, "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much," again requested my prayers in her behalf. I asked her if she was willing to kneel. She said, "Yes;" and bowed the knee, weeping while I prayed for her, as if her heart was broken. Shortly after, she was brought to rejoice in the Redeemer, and united with the Presbyterian church. At two o'clock, P. M., I preached again in the east part of Bennington, and at evening in the village of Attica. These were to me seasons of rejoicing.

CHAPTER X.

My travels and labors in different places; Revival in Batavia, &c.

Monday, Nov. 4, 1822, completed my seventeenth year. As the sun arose in splendor, my mind was filled with solemnity, and I rejoiced in God the Rock of my salvation, for the great things he had done for me. I said in my heart, 'hitherto he hath been my helper, and in all my tribulation his right hand hath upheld me.' He has soothed every sorrow, and poured heavenly consolation into my bosom. 'O, my soul, declare his greatness, and his goodness in the congregation of the living; and when death shall call thee hence, shout his praises, and speak of his power in that hour of trial; for surely, had not his arm been strong, and his mercy great, ere this time thou hadst fallen by the hand of Saul."

"His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love him too."

Now I covenanted with God to be more faithful in his cause,—praying that I might see a more abundant outpouring of his Spirit, and more souls persuaded to turn and live. On this day I went to my appointment, four miles north of Batavia village. Brother J. Barker received me affectionately; and being a stranger, I inquired of him the state of the people. He declined giving any information, and exhorted me to inquire of the Lord, saying, if he had sent me, his Spirit would direct. I found a crowded assembly, but had no particular text. In the introductory prayer, I asked the Lord to direct me to a subject; and opening the Bible, the first that met my eye was, Proverbs 1:24—27, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you." Believing the Lord had given me this for a text, I commenced speaking from it. Within ten minutes an awful solemnity rested on the congregation, and every cloud seemed to disappear. The place was glorious and awful on account of the presence of God. Poor wanderers lamented their backslidings, and declared their determinations to return to their first love. Many sinners awoke to view their danger and wickedness in forgetting God. When the meeting closed, the greater part of the youth, crowding around in tears, requested prayer, and several kneeled,

while I entreated the Lord to have mercy.* This vicinity had long been noted for neglect of religion, and though it had been inhabited seventeen years, no revival had ever been in the place. The faithful servants of God had often visited the people and preached repentance, but generally they complained of being much closed in their communications; and sometimes almost concluded the Lord "*could there do no mighty work—because of their unbelief.*" But now he unexpectedly visited them in mercy. They permitted their eyes and ears to be opened, and many dared no longer to bolt the Savior from their hearts, lest he should unsheath his sword of vengeance against them, and forever forget to be gracious. O, how fearfully dangerous to reject the calls of the gospel, and slight its solemn warnings!

My mind was again brought into trial in regard to duty. The appearances of a revival here, seemed to demand my stay; but my appointments called me one hundred miles to the east; and having purposed returning to Canada, I had also left appointments in that province. Under these circumstances, I concluded that it was duty to fulfill my engagements. So leaving an appointment to attend on my return to Canada, I went on my way November 5, and attended meetings in Byron, Ogden, Penfield, Ontario, Williamson, Sodus and Lyons. In Sodus, many tears were shed, several were awakened, two of whom were soon after brought into the liberty of the gospel.

Sunday, Nov. 10, I preached in Lyons, and the Lord gave me a tongue of utterance. In the afternoon and evening, I held meetings in Sodus, and the day following walked seventeen miles, and attended a meeting one mile east of Rochester. Tuesday, after walking thirteen miles to Ogden, and preaching at one o'clock, I found myself much fatigued, and unable to walk to my next meeting, which was at four o'clock, P. M. I entreated my heavenly Master to open the heart of some one, to lend me a beast to ride as far as Byron. Soon my desire was granted. I attended meeting in Bergen, then hastened to Byron, and there had to leave my borrowed horse about the setting of the sun. It was yet eight miles to my appointment in Batavia. And feeling anxious to reach this meeting, particularly on account of the encouraging prospect that appeared there on my former visit, I endeavored to obtain a horse. But all my efforts were ineffectual, till night came on, when I met a man with a span of horses, returning from labor. After relating my situation, I asked him for a horse. He replied that

* Mr. J. Barker writes March 16, 1846, respecting this meeting, "Your husband came to my house the day he was seventeen years old, and preached in the evening with wonderful power. So great was the effect on the congregation, that his voice was completely drowned by the loud cries and sobs of his hearers." [*Ed.*

his beasts had labored hard and eaten nothing since morning, and it was folly for me to attempt to reach Batavia that evening. But the appointed hour had already come; I could not reconcile myself to the thought of a failure, and offered five dollars for the use of the horse. After feeding the beast half an hour the man consented, but would take no reward. I reached the appointment at about half past seven, and found several hundred people anxiously waiting. I enjoyed a favored season, and the heavenly cloud seemed, as before, to hang over them. After returning the horse in the morning, I borrowed another in Batavia to go to Canada. The next day I crossed the Niagara river at Lewiston, attended a meeting at the village of St. David's, and the day following preached in Thorold, where the Lord lifted upon us the light of his countenance. The kind people gave me two dollars.

Sunday, Nov. 17, having been requested, I preached twice in Lewiston. During the first sermon, I felt especially assisted, but in the afternoon labored under much trial. I had need to exercise faith, and strive to be patient in tribulation, knowing that this Christ hath appointed for our good. It is no difficult thing to rejoice in the light of God's countenance; but he who can rejoice when the Lord hides his face, has obtained no small victory over the world, and boldness in the faith. Yet it is the duty and privilege of every Christian to be so established, as to be unmoved amidst the most trying seasons of persecution and affliction. In the evening, I preached at an inn kept by Mr. H. on the Ridge road. One of his daughters then lay a corpse in the house. My mind was directed to Matt. 9:18, "My daughter is even now dead, but come and lay thy hand upon her and she shall live." I enjoyed a highly favored time; the Spirit of the Lord seemed to touch many hearts, and tears fell like drops of rain. Being requested, I attended the funeral at 10 o'clock the next morning, and had reason to hope that this meeting, as well as the previous one, will be joyfully remembered in the great day of accounts. Mr. H. with several others, gave me five dollars.

In the evening I preached at Royalton to an attentive assembly; the next morning to a few in the east part of the town, and then proceeded to my appointment at Batavia. A large congregation was present, and kind Heaven aided me in dispensing the word of life. Though none had as yet been converted, the prospect of revival was more promising than ever. Several were heavy laden with a sense of their iniquities, and anxiously inquiring the way to Zion. A door seemed to open so effectually for preaching the word in a place that had never before received the Savior, that I thought it duty to make no more appointments at present, which would infringe on any opportunity for usefulness in this vicinity. Wednes-

day, Nov. 20, I visited and prayed with fifteen families, and found several among the number seeking Jesus sorrowing. In the evening, I held a meeting at a place called Sodom, which I understood was so named on account of the wickedness of the people. The next day I visited from house to house, striving with tears to persuade the inhabitants to flee from the storm of wrath that awaits the ungodly, and seek for refuge in the "sinner's Friend." In the evening we held a meeting on the town line, and enjoyed a profitable time. Backsliders took words and returned to the Lord. At the close eight or ten came forward and kneeled, while their tears and sighs manifested a deep concern for their eternal welfare.

On Friday, I visited several families, held one meeting in Stafford, and another in Le Roy, where the Lord gave me a tongue of utterance. Great solemnity rested on the people, and many trembled under the mighty power of God. Several were awakened, and shortly after I learned that fourteen of the number had experienced a change of heart, and were happy in the Redeemer. O blessed be the Lord, for his wonderful works among the children of men.

Saturday, we met in Batavia for a conference. Several related their exercises of mind, some expressed their desires for salvation, and entreated an interest in the prayers of the saints. Sunday, Nov. 24, early in the morning the house of worship was filled to overflowing. In the former part of the day my mind was directed to 2 Kings 7:3, 4, "And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate, and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say we will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit here we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians; if they save us alive we shall live, and if they kill us we shall but die." In the afternoon, my text was, Heb. 11:24, 25, 26, "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharoah's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." It was a heart searching time among sinners, and attended with some new cases of awakening. At evening I held another meeting in the same place. The Spirit of the Lord was powerfully manifested, and the sighs of heavy laden souls were heard in every part of the assembly. The cries, "*Lord have mercy!*" and "*Pray for me!*" saluted our ears from some of the most respectable young people in the place. Twenty-five came forward and kneeled while prayer was offered in their behalf. Truly, the tall

oaks of Bashan were made to bow before the God who ruleth in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.

On Tuesday, in the same place, I spoke with much freedom nearly two hours, from 1 Cor. 9:16. "*For necessity is laid upon me; yea, wo is unto me if I preach not the gospel!*" After sermon, forty-one spoke, twelve of whom were seeking the Lord sorrowing; while cries and sobs were heard in almost every part of the assembly. Among those who spoke, were several that had never before said anything publicly on the subject of religion. They now freely confessed their sins, related the exercises of their minds since their awakening, and declared their resolutions to reform and turn to Jesus. Several were soon brought to rejoice, and they praised the Lord aloud. At the close of the meeting thirty, firmly fixed on seeking heavenly joys, came forward and kneeled at the altar of mercy. While I beheld the proud youth, who had been forgetful of the Savior that all their miseries bore, come forward weeping and crying to God for mercy, my heart was greatly affected and my feelings almost overpowered me. Yet, I rejoiced in hope of their deliverance from sin, and soon was glad to find six happy converts united in exhorting their mourning associates not to despair, but to look earnestly to the Lord for salvation. The day following I held a meeting on the town line of Batavia and Stafford, in which one cried for mercy, and soon professed to find pardon through the "Son of the blessed." On Thursday I preached again in the revival, after which about twenty spoke of the goodness of God.

Sunday, Dec. 1, we met again for worship, and as usual, enjoyed a blessed season. Since our last meeting another had been converted, who now gave a good testimony. Some heavy laden souls were almost in a despairing state, yet we rejoiced to hear them say they were resolved to continue seeking the grace of God, and if they perished, to die pleading for mercy. My heart was glad in the Lord, and my soul was comforted by the light of his countenance.

On Monday, Elder —— came into the place. This was the preacher, who, previous to my journey to Ohio, thought me not in the way of duty, and who told me that either he or I had not the Spirit of Christ. (See page 73.) Now on hearing of the revival, he was filled with great joy. For in time past, he had been greatly bound in spirit while preaching to this people, and had viewed them as almost forsaken of the Lord. Till this time he had appeared unfavorably disposed toward my course. Now when he witnessed the grace of God, he fell on his knees, confessed his past feelings, and thanked the Lord for what his ears had heard. He affectionately bid me "God speed," and to this day our heart

has been like the heart of David and Jonathan. He held a meeting with us and enjoyed a blessed season.

As I had appointments leading nearly two hundred miles eastward, I was now, for a time, under the necessity of leaving. This was very trying and painful to me; for the minds of many were much exercised, and some were almost in despair, and greatly needed encouragement. But wishing to meet my engagements, I committed them to the care of the great Physician, and took my leave. The winter had now become very cold; still I had no over garment, and my clothes being worn considerably thin I had suffered much from the severity of the weather. Having frequently spoken to crowded assemblies till in a state of profuse perspiration, and then exposed myself to the evening air, I had taken several violent colds which had greatly impaired my health. The Lord now opened the heart of a brother in Batavia to give me a great coat, which, though more than half worn, made me very comfortable.

Sunday, Dec. 8, I preached in Lyons; my health failed and forbade the immediate performance of my journey. I had yet seventeen appointments; and after resting one day I went to Junius, hoping to be able to attend them. But finding myself unable to travel and meet my engagements, I was compelled to abandon the design. Some of these appointments I withdrew by letter; still there remained a larger number of congregations than I had ever before disappointed. I could only pray, that they might be favored with the Divine presence. After staying a short time till my health would permit me to travel, I returned to Batavia. My friends welcomed me affectionately, and I rejoiced to find that during my absence some had obtained a hope in Jesus, and were now happy in that love that passeth understanding. From the 17th of Dec. to the close of the month, I continued in the vicinity of the revival; but as my health was not yet restored I held but five meetings in a week. The work continued without abatement, and some of the converts were strong in the faith. Some who were near a despairing state when I left the place, were now happy in the Lord; and by their spiritual exhortations contributed much to the spread of the work. Our congregations were large; the Lord often spread his banner over us—we sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to our taste. Opposition and persecution showed their deformed heads at times, yet not more than is usual when God pours out his Spirit; for it may be justly doubted whether a revival of pure religion ever passed without more or less opposition from the ungodly. When the Lord revives his work, the adversary rages; and when the sons of God meet together, as in the days of Job, satan comes also.

On the first day of the year 1823, I preached from Lev. 25:10: Heaven smiled upon us, and many remarked that it was by far the happiest New Year's day they had ever seen. In the evening the Lord enabled me to speak with much freedom to an assembly in Elba; after which seventy-two spoke of the exercises of their minds. Among this number were several converts who had received tickets soliciting their attendance at a ball in the village of Batavia, where the thoughtless gay were to waste the first evening of the new year. Many covenanted to spend this year in humble obedience to the Lord. Between ten and eleven the exercises closed, and scores went away "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" while others weighed down under a sense of their lost condition went to their homes in sadness.

After a few weeks' absence in attendance upon the Benton and Bethany quarterly meetings, I returned to Batavia, and heard the solemn tidings that one of the happy converts, a young woman, had gone suddenly to her eternal home. She was brought to rejoice but a few days before my departure, and at that time enjoyed health and the prospect of long life. Soon after the attack of her disease, she was sensible her days on earth were nearly concluded; but amid this expectation, the religion she had lately embraced, buoyed up her spirit; and when passing through the valley and shadow of death, she rejoiced in hope of immortality. While we saw her empty seat, we wept for our loss, but rejoiced in the consoling belief that she had made a happy exchange, and joined the blood-washed throng.

During the two succeeding weeks I labored in the revival, and held eight meetings in adjacent towns.

During the revival at Batavia, an individual from Riga who was on a visit to this place, was touched by the preaching of the word, and after returning home was soon converted. By this means I was invited to Riga, and sent an appointment. February 11, I attended two meetings in that town, in which the power of the Lord was manifested, particularly in the last. Several appeared deeply convicted of their danger without an interest in the Savior, and confessed their resolves to turn to the Lord. I left them in tears, believing that some of them were nigh the kingdom. Nor was my faith vain, for soon after, as I was informed, five or six found Jesus to be precious to their souls.

Feb. 14, facing a tedious storm, I walked to Byron, and spoke to a few from Dan. 5:25: "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*" Saturday morning, the snow having fallen nearly two feet in depth, a friend kindly sent his son to carry me three miles. I then walked a mile and a half, when my strength failed. It was now the middle of the day, the road yet unbroken; and as it was impossible to

reach my appointments, I tarried over the Sabbath and attended a meeting. Monday, I returned to Elba and Batavia and attended two meetings. In the latter, the converts gave many excellent and weighty exhortations, which greatly cheered my heart.

Feb. 21, I went to the south part of Le Roy, and preached from 1 Chron. 9:17—19. The Spirit of God was manifested in the meeting with great power, and weeping and lamentation were heard in every part of the assembly. My heart was made glad at the close, when thirty awakened souls came forward, desiring the prayers of the saints. A revival followed this meeting.

Sunday, Feb. 23, I preached again in Batavia, and at evening held what some would call an "*open class meeting.*" Though we met with some opposition from the irreligious, we were encouraged and made strong by the smiles of our Master—by the Mighty God of Jacob. The day following I preached in Stafford, and on Wednesday attended two meetings in Le Roy. The latter of these was in the south part of the town, where on my former visit, thirty came forward for prayer. The assembly was large, attentive and solemn; twenty promised to seek the Lord, and gave me their hands in token of their covenant. Soon after I was informed that nearly all of this number, and some others, had professed to pass from death unto life.

Friday, I went to Stafford, where I had an appointment; but on account of illness was unable to attend it. The next day, feeling a little better, I walked to Batavia and preached in the evening. Sunday, March 2, though still laboring under much infirmity of body, I went to the south part of the town and heard a Universalist preach on a funeral occasion. This man was learned and eloquent, and in many instances had been successful in persuading the wicked that it should be well with them, even though they should die by drunkenness, by the violence of their own hand, or on the gallows. His text was, Eccl. 12:7: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." In the latter part of his discourse, he stated there was not a passage in the Bible, which said, after the spirit had once left the body and gone to God, that it should ever depart. Upon this, the query arose in my mind, whether he would not find himself to be one of those, who, having taken from the words of the prophesy of the book of God, shall have their part taken out of the book of life. (See Rev. 22:19.) For says Christ, when speaking of that awful day in which he shall gather all nations before him, "These" (the wicked) "shall *go away* into everlasting punishment." Matt. 25:46. "*Depart* from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Matt. 25:41. According to Universalism, the wicked shall *not depart;* but according to Christ, *they shall depart.* Which shall we believe? O! how

many of the unsuspecting youth are caught in this fatal snare, and make this a substitute for repentance and faith in Christ!

March 6, I rode forty miles to Buffalo, and about sunset, called on a family that professed to be followers of Christ. When I preached here eighteen months before, they kindly entertained me, and invited me to call again. I now called and desired to leave an appointment—but they told me, as the people were well informed, and pretty particular, they would not receive the word from one of my age, ability, and information; so I started immediately for Hamburg, with a young brother who had accompanied me from Batavia. Ten miles of our road lay through an Indian reservation that was uninhabited, except by Indians. When we were about half way through this wood, it being very dark, we missed our way and followed an Indian trail three miles before we discovered our mistake. We found some of the natives who had lain down for the night, and from them obtained directions for our return. When within half a mile of the road we had left, my horse started and ran down a steep hill with such violence, that coming in contact with a bass-wood tree, one thill of the sleigh stuck like an arrow fast in the tree, while the other, breaking, hung in the harness, and the horse left the sleigh. It was then about 11 o'clock in the evening, and we were six miles from any white inhabitants. We cut a bridle into strings, and fastening the traces to the sleigh runners, one of us led the horse, the other held the sleigh to prevent it from running too fast on descending ground, and thus we arrived at the house of a friend in Hamburg about one o'clock, and were kindly received.

Sunday, March 9, I preached in Buffalo, and in the four days following, held ten meetings between Buffalo and Batavia. Some of the assemblies were large and attentive. Between the 14th and 25th of March, I attended meetings in Bethany, Attica, Bennington, and Alexander, and spent the rest of the time preaching in Batavia and Elba.

March 24, as I awoke, Elder Parmenter said to me, "I have had a dream, and I believe it is from the Lord. In my dream I went to the house of Moses King in Groveland, and was asked if I knew David Marks, the "*boy preacher?*" I answered, "Yes;" to which they replied, "he is near by in a swamp, cutting cedar to build a house; and for several days has been waiting for you to come and assist him in putting it up.'" He then said, if I would go to Groveland, he believed I should there see the work of the Lord. This town I had never visited, and did not recollect of having heard even its name. I felt rather inclined to visit the place immediately, but made no conclusion till the next morning, when Elder P. said to me, "I have dreamed yet another dream;" which

he related as follows: "I was at the house of William Whitman in the town of Geneseo, three miles from Moses King's in Groveland, and brother W. asked me the same question that was proposed to me in my former dream, and received the same answer. He further said you had just been there, and was now near by in a quarry, hewing stone to build a house, and for some time had been impatiently waiting for me to come and help you build it; also, that you had that day remarked, if I did not come you should come after me." Then said I, the dreams, like those of Pharaoh, are "*one:*" God having shown to his servant "*what he is about to do.*" "*And for that the dream was doubled; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass.*" Gen. 41:25—32. This decided my going to Groveland; for I firmly believed the Lord would there revive his work.

Tuesday, March 25, I preached in the south part of Le Roy, and again the next morning. The Spirit of the Lord attended the word, and sinners wept. Ten individuals at each meeting spoke of their lost condition, and declared their determination to seek Jesus. I left them in tears, and on my way to Groveland, held five meetings in Riga, which, I trust, through the blessing of God, were profitable. In the last meeting, a man who had lived nearly seventy years without an interest in Christ, now, for the first time, expressed an anxiety to be prepared for the great change he must soon meet. I also attended one meeting in Wheatland, and the morning after, one professed to receive the pardoning grace of God at the house where I spent the night. On Monday, March 31, I attended a meeting in Caledonia. Some appeared to be serious, others were offended. April 1, I arrived at the house of brother Whitman, in Geneseo, and was kindly received in his family. I told them I expected immediately to see souls converted in that place, but they seemed slow of heart to believe. I appointed a meeting at his house in the evening, and spent the afternoon in visiting the people. But few attended the meeting; professors of religion were generally in a lukewarm state, and the prospect seemed not so encouraging as I had hoped to find it. The next day I held a meeting in Groveland, and the prospect here appeared no more encouraging than in Geneseo. I determined, however, to stay a few days and see whether the Lord would revive his work. For five days I held meetings alternately in Groveland and Geneseo, and employed the leisure hours in conversation and prayer among the people. The congregations increased in each town, and an increasing solemnity was observed. Yet I had felt disappointed, fearing my labor would be in vain, till in the last of these meetings, the hearts of some began to melt. This encouraging prospect appeared as "a little cloud like a man's hand;" and, remem-

bering the confidence I felt when coming to the place, that the Lord had sent me, I doubled my diligence, and from the 5th to the 10th of April, held one meeting a day in each town. The cloud of mercy now hung over the place, and we heard the sound of rain. Scores were weeping for their sins; some backsliders returned with tears, and met a welcome reception at their Father's house; the Laodicean Christians began to do their first work, and again to enjoy their first love.

Sunday, April 13, we met for worship at a school house in Geneseo. A hundred people who were unable to enter the house stood without, and all seemed to hear attentively. As the meeting commenced many began to weep; and in the course of the exercises their number increased till near the close of the sermon, when about the whole assembly were melted into tenderness. Several vented their grief by sighs and groans, and cried to God for mercy. This interesting interview continued about five hours, and before it closed two or three were hopefully converted. Some returned weeping, others remained as though loth to leave the place till they should find Jesus. A man over forty years of age, who was not easily or often moved, wept and trembled on account of his sins. He said he had sinned against the true light in which he might have walked, and now feared there was no mercy for him, and that he never should have strength even to leave the house. Soon, however, he gained strength to go to a neighbor's house, and in a few days found some comfort; yet he made no public profession till about three years afterward, when he joined the church. On Thursday I held a meeting in Groveland; nearly two hundred attended, and we had a refreshing season. Five or six, who went away heavy laden on Sunday evening, were now praising the Lord; and more than twenty came forward for prayer.

Continuing my stay in Groveland and Geneseo, we had one, two, or three meetings almost every day, and usually some were brought into the liberty of the redeemed.

In one meeting, shortly after it commenced, a young woman began to weep aloud, as though indifferent to all around, and continued without cessation till the sermon closed; she then arose and said with emotions of poignant grief, "O that I had never been born! Wo is me that I have a being! for my sins cannot be forgiven! Would to God that I had died when a child! and now I should have been happy! O mothers, how can you weep for your children that died in infancy!" A deep excitement was noticed through the whole assembly, and several fervent prayers were offered up to God in behalf of this young woman, and for some others who were in great grief, as though the sorrows of death had compassed them about. After the assembly was dismissed, the young woman

before named passed through the street, weeping like one that now felt no interest in what the world might remark. It was truly affecting to hear her lamentations at the distance of a quarter of a mile, while not only those who attended the meeting, but those in the houses and fields of a thickly settled neighborhood, stood listening till her mournful accents receded and died away upon the ear. She went home, and asking forgiveness of her parents for neglecting their warnings and counsel to seek the Savior, she made a solemn vow neither to eat nor sleep till she knew the worst of her condition. Two days and a half she passed thus, mostly alone, bewailing her state day and night. She was sitting pensive by a small stream in a solitary wood, when suddenly its innocent murmur assumed a pleasant sound. She looked into the water—it was beautiful. She turned her eyes upward—the leafless trees were bright and praised God. She exclaimed, "Glory to the Lord!" and returning to her parents, told them Jesus had pardoned her sins. She came to the next meeting, and the moment she entered, several with myself were confident from her countenance, that she had found peace in believing, though we had heard nothing of any change. She declared what great things the Lord had done for her soul, and her testimony was like a sharp sword.

On Monday, May 5, I left Groveland to attend the Benton quarterly meeting, which opened at the Presbyterian meeting house in Brutus on the 10th.

Previous to my leaving, several of the converts requested an opportunity of being baptized. They had never seen any immersed, nor had any one preached to them on this subject since the revival. I told them that I could not baptize, and as there was no church of Free-will Baptists in this town, they might do well to find a home with the Methodists. They replied they could not do this, for some of them had been sprinkled, and now they believed it was their duty to be baptized. In accordance with their request, I had solicited Elder Norton, a stranger to them, to come and see the work and baptize. On Wednesday and Thursday, brother Norton preached in Groveland much to the satisfaction of the people, and six or seven related their experience for baptism. We went down to Conesus lake, about half a mile distant. The day was pleasant, the water clear and beautiful, and the earth arrayed in all the beauties of May. The converts in heavenly smiles stood on the shore, while the spectators lined the bank. Here I felt the warm breezes of heaven on my soul, and could scarcely refrain from crying, "Glory to God in the highest." When seven had come out of the water praising God, a young man of re-

spectability came forward, related his experience, and was baptized.

A few days previous to this, a letter had been sent to Elder Hinkley of Parma, requesting him to come to Groveland to preach and baptize. Three days after the first baptism, brother H. came, accompanied by two brethren. He preached on the Sabbath; seven more related their experience and were baptized. On Thursday, I proposed to a young lady in despair to fast two days, praying ten times in each for the salvation of her soul. To this we both agreed, and I went immediately to the Bethany quarterly meeting, held on the town line of Batavia and Elba. Saturday, May 24, my two days of abstinence closed. I was quite hungry, but had two sources of satisfaction; one, that by fasting, my mind was more clear, more fervent in prayer, approaching nearer to God; the other was, a witness that the young woman had been brought into liberty. On this day the quarterly meeting commenced, and through the whole we had a comfortable season. On my return to Geneseo, I found that the young woman who covenanted to fast, had obtained a hope in the Savior several hours before the two days expired. Now she was happy; and looking back to the time when she with a mournful heart made this vow, and viewing the blessed contrast in her state, her joy was full.

May 31, 1823, Elders Parmenter and Norton, with some others, attended as a council from the quarterly meeting, and organized a church of seventeen members. One was added the same day, and the day following three were received upon baptism.

June 5, I attended a meeting in Livonia, and after the sermon proposed leaving another appointment. A professor of religion objected—and stated to the assembly that he once heard me say, when speaking publicly of my leaving home, that I had left the care of herds and flocks to seek the welfare of souls; but he had been informed that my father was a poor man, and had neither flocks nor herds. He also said further—"He says he is but seventeen years old, and I appeal to this assembly to judge if he have not seen more years than he states." After answering his remarks, I accepted the invitation of a deist to dine with him; then walked to Conesus lake and crossed while it was quite rough, insomuch that once a wave run over into the skiff.

From June 6th to July 9th, I labored in various towns in the vicinity of Conesus and Canandaigua lakes, and saw some persuaded to leave their sins and choose the service of Christ.

In Livonia the people seemed barred against the word; and when I inquired of certain why they repented not, they replied that they were waiting for *God's time to come;* and thus cast the blame of their neglect upon the Lord, saying he had withholden

the grace needful to enable them to believe. My "spirit was stirred up" within me, when I saw nearly the whole neighborhood given to *fatality*, or the doctrine of *predestination*. I appointed a meeting to examine publicly these excuses, and requested all the advocates of such doctrine to attend. At the appointed hour the house was filled; and after entering the assembly, I desired some one to give me a text. But none being presented, I opened my Bible, and the words that first met my eyes, were Ps. 94:20: "*Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee?*" I endeavored to show that the prince of this world sits upon the doctrine of *necessity*, as upon a throne; telling the wicked they *cannot repent*, though God has *commanded them to repent*, and thus stills their consciences, insinuating that the cause of their living in sin, is, that *God hath not given them ability to turn to him.* I believe the Lord filled my mouth with arguments, and many, I observed, appeared quite restless. After concluding my remarks, liberty was given for any to confute the reasons that had been urged to prove the guilt of the sinner, and the free grace of God. After a short silence, the minister of the place appeared much excited, and asked, "What is the difference between the *foreknowledge* of God and his *decrees?*" I replied, "*Decree* is a *determination* that an event *shall* be. *Foreknowledge* is simply *acquaintance with* a future event. And while God knows what *will* be the act of a free agent, he knows at the same time, that he *may* act otherwise, because he has given that agent *power* to act otherwise. And God's *beholding* his act, no more *compels* him to act as he does, than *my* beholding a man act, *compels* him to the same. *Foreknowledge*, like repentance and anger, when applied to God, is a word adapted to our capacity; but with God, strictly speaking, there *is no foreknowledge*, because all is with him one *eternal now: 'One day—as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.'* Therefore, with him is no succession of events, but a man's death is as much present with God as his birth; consequently, *foreknowledge* can go no further than *afterknowledge* in *proving decrees.* From these principles I argued that *foreknowledge* could have no effect upon the *actions* of men. God said to Jeremiah, when he sent him with a message to the house of Judah, 'It MAY BE *that the house of Judah will hear.*' Jer. 36:3. The prophet went. They did not hear. God knew they *would not* hear. Still he knew they *might* hear." After the conclusion of my remarks, the preacher observed, that he did not know but he agreed with the speaker in this, that the foreknowledge of God has no effect on the agency of the creature. The meeting closed, and the people dispersed.

Thursday, July 10, I met a large assembly in Dansville. The word of the Lord was quick and powerful; many were touched

by it, and their hearts melted. One, in much distress, wept aloud on account of sin, and solemnly engaged to turn to the Lord. The next morning at 8 o'clock, I held a meeting on Oak hill. The solemn power of God searched the assembly, and caused such a trembling, that in the time of preaching, their tears dropped profusely; and one cried, "I perish! I perish! I perish!"

The ensuing nine days I labored in Geneseo, York, Le Roy, and Batavia.

Sabbath, July 20, I spoke to a large and serious assembly in Attica village, and in the evening preached at Alexander. The Lord blessed me, and filled my heart with gratitude and love. Monday, I held a meeting in the south part of the town. Jesus made one in our midst, and at the close of the interview, eleven came forward for prayer. On Tuesday I returned to Geneseo to take leave of my friends, and bid them adieu. I had enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the number of converts increased to thirty-five. Twenty-eight of these had been baptized, and the church increased to thirty-three. With them I had enjoyed many happy seasons. They were all in union, and the parting hour, as it drew near, excited much solemnity in my feelings. On Wednesday I gave my farewell discourse in Geneseo, and the next day in Groveland. Many, by reason of the crowd, were unable to enter the house where we assembled. And when the hour of parting was come, we all wept sore. A sense of the changes that a few years would make, so affected me, that I could scarcely refrain from crying aloud. Alas! thought I, no age of God's grace to man, has passed without being stained by the backsliding of some, who have especially shared in his favor. I looked upon the converts, who were dear to my soul as life, and queried: "Who among these will depart from the holy commandment? Which of these who now appear so humble and happy, will wound the Savior in the house of his friends?"—I could not designate one that I thought would. Still the painful reflection was suggested, that it is by degrees, little by little, that the unsuspecting convert first finds himself in darkness, and at length discouraged; then satan leads him captive. "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." 'O!' said I, 'that these may ever shun its baleful influence.' After much exhortation, I left them, and proceeding to West Bloomfield, attended one meeting by the way in Richmond, and two in Bristol. I spent a few days in West Bloomfield and held several meetings.

CHAPTER XI.

Particulars of my labors from Aug. to Dec., 1823.

Aug. 1823. About this time my soul was weighed down by viewing the shelterless condition of the wicked. God led me into his sanctuary, and I beheld their *end*, their *awful end.* Often in my sleep, while imagining myself entreating them to turn and live, I lifted my voice and cried aloud, frequently waking all in the house where I lodged, before my own sleep departed. Sometimes I would speak a quarter, or even half an hour, before I was sufficiently awake to know that I had no assembly. And as by preaching from one to three times in a day, I could not free my mind,—in my leisure hours I wrote an address to the unconverted of three classes, "*the aged, the middle aged and the youth,*" which was published in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages.

Aug. 9, I received it from the press at Canandaigua at 2 o'clock in the morning, and rode thirty-three miles to Barrington by 1 o'clock, P. M.; at which time the Benton quarterly meeting commenced at that place. During this meeting many of the dear followers of the Lamb were quickened by the spirit. In the ministers' conference on Monday, my brethren examined my views of the character of Christ; and decided that I was not sound in doctrine. While in Ohio, I staid a night with a Methodist brother, who was a class leader. He warned me very pointedly against the sentiments of a people called New Lights, representing them to be Unitarians and a species of modern deists—and handed me a pamphlet containing their views of the character of Christ, written by one of their leading men. His object was to inform me of their sentiments. On retiring to my lodging, I took this book with me and read till midnight. It appeared to have been written by a learned man. I was but a youth, unacquainted with the doctrines of men, and erroneously supposed that if called of God to preach the gospel, I should be able to answer every argument that the sophistry of men might suggest in support of false doctrine. I believed the Unitarian doctrine to be false; but to my confusion, I found myself unable to answer the arguments I read. They were new to me, and struck my mind with unexpected force. Still I feared that the talents of the author had been too powerful for my youth, and falling on my knees, I prayed the Lord to keep me from embracing error. But as I was unable to answer the arguments, I *imprudently* yielded to their force; for, instead of impartially and thoroughly searching the Scripture, with a full reliance on its testi-

mony concerning the nature and character of Christ, separate from all the doctrines of men, I falsely supposed that if these Unitarian views were not consistent with the doctrine of Christ, the Lord would enable me to discern their fallacy. And as I could not perceive how *two persons* could be *one being*, from this supposed difficulty, the Unitarian mode of reasoning, and the Unitarian views of Christ, gained the ascendency in my mind. This circumstance happened when I was sixteen years old. My manner of preaching, however, continued the same as formerly; for I thought myself perfectly safe in using Scripture language while speaking of the Savior, and I wished from my heart to believe and preach nothing less of my Savior than was written of him in the word of God. The ministers' conference, though composed of those that firmly believed in the real divinity of Christ, thought it best to renew my letters. They did this, not on the principle that they believed me sound in doctrine, but because they believed the Lord had sent me to preach; and they believed that the truth of God would lead me out of what they called my childish thoughts. They gave me a solemn charge to examine the Bible carefully and try to find the truth. This advice I accepted thankfully. The issue of my reflections, the sequel will show.

Leaving Barrington, I travelled eastward some more than one hundred miles to Brookfield, and on the way attended several meetings. Sabbath, August 17, I preached twice in Brookfield, and on the next day heard Lorenzo Dow at Bridgewater. His manner of preaching was very peculiar—its character is generally known. I could but admire his dress, as it exhibited studied convenience and profit, independent from the changeable fashions of this age of superfluities. In the afternoon of the same day I held a meeting in Plainfield, and the Spirit of the Lord was in the midst. Tuesday and Wednesday, I went to Fabius, and again heard Lorenzo preach to about five thousand people in a wood. Fifteen minutes after his meeting closed, I spoke to about seven hundred in the same place, and the Lord favored me with a good degree of his Spirit. Several appeared much affected, and O! that the good seed may spring and grow, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. In the evening Lorenzo preached at the Calvinistic Baptist meeting house. His subject was the tree of life. Rev. 22:1, 2. He remarked that this tree was generally thought to be Christ; but the circumstances of its being represented in the feminine gender, "yielded *her* fruit," and of its being *watered* by the river *from* the throne of God and the *Lamb*, and of its being on *either side* of the river gave the preference to the conclusion that it is the *church*. The fruit, he said, was the various graces and virtues of the Christian; and the leaves signify the prayers of the church for the healing of na-

tional transgressions. In the discourse he described the different classes of Christians, and said, "Of the Baptists, there are two kinds; the *free-willers* and the *bound-willers*;" then turning to me as I sat behind him in the desk, he put his face close to mine, and looking me in the eyes, said; "Do you be careful, and never get to be a *bound-will Baptist*." This excited a smile from some, yet he appeared to be perfectly serious. As he sat down he invited me to speak, and accordingly I made a few remarks.

The next morning, hearing a wagon pass at break of day, I arose and looking out at a window, saw Lorenzo, who had lodged at another house, hastening on his way to Tully corner, seven miles distant, where he had an appointment at eight o'clock, A. M. I made ready, went to the place, and called at a public house. The landlord met me at the door, and said; "Are you the *Levite?*" As I queried concerning his meaning, he said; "Mr. Dow called for breakfast for himself, his wife, and a little *Levite*, that he said would soon come." He then led me to the room where Lorenzo and his wife were seated at the table. Lorenzo said, "There comes the Levite." A seat, plate, &c. had already been prepared for me, though I had not intimated to any one the slightest intention of coming to the place at this hour.

At the appointed time he seated himself on a horse-block, and named his text; "*Go out—and compel them to come in.*" After his introduction, he said, "We are not to suppose that God Almighty will bring men in by *irresistible* power, as I pull this man by the collar of the coat."*

On the same day Lorenzo had a meeting at Otisco lake. About fifteen hundred people were assembled, and before his sermon I had the privilege of addressing them. His discourse was on prayer, and full of instruction. In the evening I held a meeting in Onandaga, and on Friday at 2'clock, P. M., in Skeneateles. At three, Lorenzo preached on the green in this place to about two thousand from a clause of Acts 5:35: "*Take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men.*" After the close of his discourse, I gave notice that if any were disposed to stay I

* At the same time, seizing my collar, he drew me from my seat. This circumstance was so singular and unexpected, that it made me laugh, till I felt ashamed, and I wept for having been so much off from my watch. This, and several anecdotes that he related, excited considerable laughter in the assembly, and brought a trial on my own mind. After meeting I asked him what his motive was in being thus eccentric; and remarked that it appeared to me, the ministration of the word of God ought to be with much solemnity: and such things, by exciting a trifling spirit, would prevent the good that otherwise would be done. He replied, "There is so much fatality in these little villages, that many sinners *will not* repent; and still they *will* cast the blame on God, saying they cannot do otherwise; therefore they must be convinced of their false doctrine which is leading them to destruction. My object is to impress truth on their minds, in such a manner, and by such circumstances as are innocent, and yet will not permit them to forget it. And as to their laughter, I have nothing to do with it; they must see to it."

would preach to them in fifteen minutes. A thousand or fifteen hundred remained, and listened attentively to the word. On the Sabbath I heard Lorenzo preach to six or seven thousand in a grove in Auburn. The next day I attended his appointment at Waterloo, and the day following heard him preach twice in Geneva. I solicited him to attend the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, and preach at least one discourse; but he would give little encouragement. I went to West Bloomfield, and found that a present of clothes, to the amount of five dollars, had been left with Elder Millard for me, about fifteen minutes after my departure when here before. May the Lord reward this kindness. At Rochester I heard Lorenzo again, and enjoyed a pleasant interview with a preacher who had kindly encouraged me, and strengthened my hands in the first of my labors. Friday I went to Parma and preached free salvation; some disliked it, but I trust good was done.

Saturday, Aug. 30, 1823, the Holland Purchase yearly meeting opened in Sweden at ten o'clock, A. M. From impression of duty, I gave the first discourse, on 1 Thess. 5:19: "Quench not the spirit." At 12 o'clock, Lorenzo Dow unexpectedly entered the meeting. Every eye was turned upon him, and all wished to hear him preach. Presently he named Songs 6:10: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" His discourse was not only full of instruction, but also of the Spirit. No useless singularities damped our joy, but every heart seemed touched, and we felt to bless God for this sermon. I had now heard from him twelve discourses, which were all quite instructive, though the latter appeared the most powerful. In the afternoon Elder Craw preached; and in the evening, meetings were held in different neighborhoods. The next day I attended the ministers' conference, and received a letter of commendation for the service of the church.

A pious female, who was a member of the Congregationalist church, and a school teacher in the place, observing that my coat was much worn, prevailed on her friends to make a collection; to which she added a few dollars, and presented me a garment that lasted me to travel many thousand miles, and to preach to many thousand sinners. I received it as from the Lord. After attending one or two meetings, I went to Geneseo and Groveland in company with Elder Dean, and we held a few meetings which were interesting. It had been said by the unbelieving, that as soon as "*David*" was gone, the converts would turn again to the world; but now I had the satisfaction of finding this prophecy false; for they were all apparently well engaged, pursuing the way to heaven. In the last meeting we held, nearly all the converts were to-

gether; and every one present spoke of the loving kindness of the Lord, and expressed a resolution to persevere in the grace of God. After this we visited and preached in Naples and Poultney; and crossing Crooked lake, we went to Jersey and held several meetings. Some were awakened, among whom, as I understood, was a physician that had been a professed deist. Next we went to the Little lake, where, upon short notice, a considerable assembly came out to hear, most of whom were irreligious; still they were much affected by the word, and when dismissed, were loth to leave the place.

Tuesday, Sept. 9, we arrived at Benton. I retired to a grove, and dedicated myself anew to the Lord; solemnly covenanting to live nearer the fountain of goodness, that I might know the height and depth of perfect love, and be more successful in winning souls to Christ. Returning to the house of Elder Dean, I endeavored to persuade a young woman no longer to procrastinate repentance. She wept profusely, but would not promise to turn and live. Alas! how many, when the Lord calls, and makes them sensible of the awful danger of living in sin, still harden their hearts and refuse their *best*, their only *eternal friend* admission, till sooner than they are aware, they find themselves on a bed of languishing—on the verge of the eternal world—unprepared to meet the awful "swellings of Jordan!" O Savior! help me, teach me to persuade them.

Wednesday I held a meeting in Benton, and the next day preached at Jerusalem on the "Judgment to come." Some were touched by the Spirit, and wept under the word. On Friday, I visited my youngest brother, then about seven years old, who was living with a man on Bluff Point. I found him in a field, but he did not know me. I told him I was his brother David. He wept—but said nothing. The recollection of past changes touched my heart, and looking upon my little brother I wept, and raised a prayer to God to protect him from the evils of the world, and have mercy on his soul. After staying a few hours, I bade him adieu, and went to Dresden.

In this village I spoke to an assembly, partly attentive and partly confused. During the sermon one or two stones were thrown at me, but did no injury, except to witness against those, who thus showed their enmity to God and to their own souls. As I retired from the meeting, some one threw part of a pail of water upon me, and not satisfied with this, threw stones till I was out of reach. But as David said nothing to Shimei when he cast stones at him, so I thought best to pass in silence, yet groaning in spirit, and reflecting on the words of Christ: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and STONEST them which are sent unto thee, how

often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

On Saturday 13, I attended monthly meeting with the church in Benton, and preached a short discourse on Col. 2:6. The brethren appeared to renew their strength, and resolve through the grace of God to be his faithful servants. The next day I held two meetings in Milo. Much solemnity and weeping were in the assemblies, and I could but hope some good fruit will appear in eternity. In the evening, I preached at Benton, and it pleased the Lord to favor me with unusual liberty. Monday was spent in visiting and praying from house to house. I delivered a discourse in the evening, and the banner of the Lord seemed to be over my soul. The next day I met another congregation in Milo, and while speaking, the people were clothed with much solemnity. In the mean time, an enemy came without, and close by the window at which I stood, gave a hideous yell, and then fled. Ah! thought I, poor guilty man may flee now, to keep his guilt secret—but a day will come, when he would gladly flee beneath a falling mountain, to hide from "*Him that sitteth on the throne*," and from the wrath brought upon him by his sins. But alas! he will not be able to find a refuge.

Wednesday I was attacked by a fever; but having an appointment some miles distant, I thought it duty to attend. It rained considerably, and on reaching the place I was very wet, and found but few collected. After preaching to them I returned to Elder Dean's, and passed a very restless night. Feeling some better the next day, I accompanied Elder Dean to the west part of Junius, and gave a discourse. Friday I visited my father's family, and after a short stay proceeded to Lyons, and preached in the evening. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20 and 21, I attended a two-days' meeting in Sodus. This was an interesting season, and good, I believe, was done. O that fruit may hereafter appear.

During five days following, I held six meetings in Williamson, in which I enjoyed the free Spirit, and saw some good signs of repentance among the people. From Sept. 26 to the 1st of Oct., I held four meetings in West Bloomfield, two in East Bloomfield, and one in Mendon. Some of these were solemn, and a few souls appeared to be penitent. Wednesday, Oct. 1, I went to Le Roy, and enjoyed a pleasant interview with my eldest brother. He accompanied me to Ogden to attend a general meeting on Saturday and Sabbath, Oct. 4 and 5. We had considerable good preaching.

Oct. 11 and 12, I attended the Benton quarterly meeting, in the town of Galen. The weather was rainy and quite cold, still we enjoyed a precious meeting. On Monday and Tuesday I met attentive assemblies in Junius. While addressing them, it pleased

the Lord to send his light into my soul; and I felt to thank his name for the verification of his promise: "*Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world.*" When dismissed the people were not in haste to depart, but remained as though they were still hungry for the word of life. Wednesday I held a meeting in Phelps, and the day following had an appointment at Manchester. In the latter place I was a stranger, and knew not the state of the people. As I drew near I felt a solemn impression that God would immediately revive his work, insomuch that upon my arrival, I stated to several my expectation of seeing the salvation of God in Manchester. A large number were convened, and I felt the special aid of Heaven while speaking to them. But nothing unusual occured till a young woman cried aloud for mercy at the concluding prayer. As soon as she had opportunity she addressed the assembly, told them she was a sinner, and needed salvation, and gave an affecting invitation to her associates to go with her to seek Jesus. Many were much impressed, wept bitterly, and from this time began to seek the Lord. The next morning, a little after the sun was risen, we had another meeting, in which several were wounded by the king's arrows; and it was truly a melting hour.

After preaching twice in Williamson, I passed to Ontario, where the Bethany quarterly meeting opened on Saturday, Oct. 18, 1823. This day, though heavenly to many, was to me dark and melancholy; but in the evening, while preaching near the ridge, the Lord comforted my soul and made me happy. O how abundant is his goodness. He satisfieth the hungry with food. Sabbath morning, worship commenced at nine o'clock. Elder Jenkins preached in the Spirit from Heb. 11:10: "For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." This was followed by an instructive and refreshing discourse from Elder J. N. Hinkley, upon Eph. 2:8: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." In the latter part of the day, after another sermon had been given, I believe the Lord opened my mouth on Matt. 7:14: "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Not a cloud veiled my mind,—I felt the power of the blessed God in my soul, and on my tongue. This quarterly meeting, by the grace of God, was made a blessing to many, and great solemnity clothed the concluding scene. Many retired with a desire to become acquainted with the Savior; and not long after, several obtained their desire. In the evening I attended a meeting in the south part of the town; and on the next day witnessed a pleasant scene—the baptism of six happy converts, who were added to the church in Ontario. On the evening of the same day, I held a meeting in Williamson; and as the in-

quiring Greeks showed their solicitude saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus," (John 12:21,) so eight or ten in this meeting manifested the same desire; and so deeply were some of them affected, that they wept aloud.

Tuesday, I returned to an appointment in Manchester, and rejoiced to find that some who were in much distress when I left the place, had obtained deliverance and were now happy in the Lord. The next day we assembled again in the same place: some mounted on wings of love, while others in the bitterness of their souls cried aloud to the Lord for mercy. In the evening I enjoyed a good meeting at Williamson, and the next day, at ten o'clock, A. M., a powerful and awakening time was experienced in Ontario: a number, deeply impressed, manifested a determination to turn and live. The same day, I preached to an assembly in Manchester. On the day following we met again. The assembly was large, and our interview was crowned with the special presence of God, which touched many hearts, and caused a great weeping throughout the assembly.

On Saturday, there fell a tedious storm of rain and snow, and having an appointment the next day in West Bloomfield, I rode twenty-five miles and took a cold, much to the injury of my health. Sabbath, Oct. 26, I preached twice in the same town, and was much opposed by a Universalist. On the day following I returned to Manchester, and spoke from Eccl. 8:11;—a few were awakened. Tuesday and Wednesday I preached in Williamson and Manchester; in the latter place we were again much blessed. The glory of God filled the hearts of his people—fifteen came forward for prayer, and kneeling, we called on Him who "hath power on earth to forgive sins." I held another meeting in this place, one in Livonia, and three in Groveland,—in all of which my blessed Master was with me and gave me freedom.

Nov. 4, 1823. This day completes my eighteenth year. And while I look on my past life, and review the afflicting scenes through which the Lord hath led me; when I contemplate the great good that my God has bestowed on me in childhood, I am constrained to wonder and admire. I think my soul feels the importance of improving the talent committed to the charge of my youth. The language of my heart is, O Lord, help me to live to thy glory, and in all that I do, have an eye single to thy praise. Strengthen me, that if my life be spared, I may spend this, my nineteenth year, in thy service, and proclaim salvation to a world lying in wickedness—that when my course shall be concluded, it may be finished with joy.

From the 4th to the 30th of Nov. I labored in various towns lying in the vicinity of Canandaigua lake, and saw several conver-

sions. In Canandaigua, I saw my Baptist friend, that nearly three years before took me from the village to his house when my soul was in affliction, and advised me to return home. Now, he told me he had changed his mind, and advising me to continue my labors, bid me "God speed." In Middlebury and the east part of Attica, a considerable number were powerfully awakened, and never rested till they gave their hearts to the Savior. In these places, the children of God, seeing a cloud overshadow the church, were filled with ecstacy. O, what an hour of joy it is, when the Lord hears the groanings of his children, and comes down to deliver.

Sunday, Nov. 30, I preached in Attica and Alexander, and the next day proceeded to an appointment in Batavia. Here, calling on brother Seymor, I met with an affectionate reception, and found that my sleigh, which had been left there through the summer, was taken away the evening previous. A part of it was put on a hay stack about a quarter of a mile distant, and the other part was hung on a broken tree. As only one or two little things were injured, I would have thanked these nightly adventurers, could I have known them, for restraining their spirit to this little injury. In the meantime I understood that many slanderous reports were in circulation, and some were using much effort to injure me, and had reported that I would not attend my appointment. These things, however, moved me not, for I had to reflect, that as yet not quite "*all manner of evil*" had been spoken of me. A goodly number attended my appointment, and the Lord favored us with an impressive season. I believe he gave me words to speak, and thus it was easy preaching.

Dec. 2, 1823, I preached in Bethany, and the next day in Middlebury. At this meeting several weighty testimonies were given by converts, who had lately been brought into the fold of Christ. More than twenty covenanted to seek the Lord from this time, and gave me their hand as a sign of their covenant. Friday evening, I attended worship in the west part of the town, and enjoyed a refreshing time, one not soon to be forgotten. Sunday, Dec. 7, I spent on the town line of Batavia. In the forenoon we had an interesting season, and in the afternoon it seemed as if the Holy Ghost descended and filled the house. Many wept, and many rejoiced. Bless the Lord for this visitation. In the remaining part of this week I held meetings in Stafford, Elba, Clarkson, Parma, and Ogden, and felt that I was not alone. In some of these places the state of engagedness was low.

I next spent six days in Groveland and Geneseo, and held several meetings. The Lord was in our midst, and filled his children with his Spirit. I felt to say with the Psalmist, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after,—that I may dwell in

the house of the Lord all the days of my life." At this time, nearly a suit of new clothes was given me by several females, who had been converted in the late revival. I felt to thank the Lord, and pray that they may provide for themselves "garments that wax not old."

Sunday, Dec. 21, I preached my last discourse in these parts for the present, and to me it was a solemn time, for the saints in these towns were particularly dear to my heart; yet the joyful hope of reaching a land where there will be no more parting was a source of great consolation. Monday, I left at the dawn of day, and staid the night in Farmington with a deist. We had much disputation, and I could but groan in spirit while hearing his light and trifling remarks on that religion which alone can prepare us for the joys of heaven. O that God may have mercy on his soul. Tuesday, I preached a farewell sermon in Manchester, and enjoyed a good time. A collection was taken and given me at this meeting, to assist in bearing my expenses to New England. Wednesday, though very blustering and tedious, I rode forty miles to Benton, where I enjoyed a sweet refreshing in the worship of God. Friday, I returned to Junius, and found a step-mother in the empty place of the departed.

CHAPTER XII.

My Second Visit to New England.

In Junius I staid two days, and attended the monthly meeting of the church to which I was attached. I also met two assemblies, to whom the Lord helped me to speak the word of life.

Dec. 28. The time had now come that called me to attend a line of appointments leading to New Hampshire, which had been given out more than two years. Soon I expected to be in a land of strangers, where often the secret places would be preferred to the cold-hearted society of those who neither know nor feel a stranger's sorrow. My heart was full, and though I seldom attempted to sing, I gave vent to my feelings by trying to sing the following lines of Colby.

"O, if poor sinners did but know
What I for them do undergo.
They would not treat me with contempt,
Nor slight me when I say repent," &c.

I retired alone, and entreated the Lord to reconcile me to my lot, and bless my labors in this journey. I then returned to bid my father farewell. As he took me by the hand, he said, "My son, it is harder parting than it ever was before." I met an appointment in the evening in Galen, and, Oct. 31, arrived at Brookfield in Madison county. In this town I spent several days, preached eleven times, and saw several awakened to feel their need of an interest in Christ. After this I gave six discourses in Plainfield, one in Burlington, and one at the Free Communion Baptist meeting house in Winfield. Some of these were attended with much solemnity, particularly the last. Jan. 16, 1824, I left those parts, went to Western, and met with brother Jacob W. Darling, a young preacher from Rhode Island. I attended meetings with him on the 17th and 18th of the month. These interviews were graced by the presence of the great Head of the church—joy beamed on the countenance of Zion, and her children made mention of the name of the Lord. On Monday, backsliders confessed their wanderings, and returned weeping. In the evening I attended a meeting at the east part of the town.

On Tuesday I preached in Floyd, and enjoyed a sweet visitation of the Holy Spirit. Some were 'pricked in their heart' and wept bitterly; at the close of the meeting a young man came trembling, and giving me his hand, entreated me to pray the Lord to have mercy on him. After going to Western and preaching twice, I went to Rome and spoke to an attentive audience in the court-house; favorable impressions seemed to be made on the minds of some. Jan. 28, I had an appointment at a school house in Floyd, but some opposers appointed a spelling school at the same place, and said they would prevent our meeting in the house, if they had to keep us out with clubs, so we repaired to the Baptist meeting house. This proved rather an advantage to us, for not half the assembly could have entered the school house. I spoke from Heb. 12:25: "*See that ye refuse not him that speaketh,*" &c. The Holy Spirit rested on the people, and many trembled at the word of the Lord. Wednesday, I preached on Quaker Hill, from Prov. 16:18, "*Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*" I spoke very pointedly on the destruction of the wicked; yet a professed Universalist arose weeping, and said they had heard the truth, and entreated the assembly to receive it.

Pursuing my journey eastward, I preached several times in the towns through which I passed, and saw some of the obdurate and high minded weep for their sins, and, I trust, persuaded to forsake them.

On Wednesday, Feb. 9, I visited a school in Canajoharie for the deaf and dumb, and enjoyed much satisfaction in conversing with

the scholars by writing. They manifested much seriousness and reverence on seeing the name of God, and seemed to have solemn ideas of their accountability. In the evening, I attended a meeting in this town, and the next day one in Root. Saturday, I met an assembly in Charlestown, and on the Sabbath preached again in Root. The Lord blessed me with freedom. An unconverted man, with whom I staid the night previous, promised in tears to seek and serve the Lord. One of his family was serious also, and desired prayer. Sabbath evening, I spoke to a solemn auditory in the north part of Charlestown, and the next day with much freedom in Charlestown meeting house. On Tuesday I went to Florida, and preached to a weeping assembly; and the day following addressed a large congregation that seemed hardened in sin. A cloud hung over us, and but little light found way to the people. Alas! how 'slow of heart' are men to believe, and how many wait for conviction, till they are convicted by the miseries of a hapless world! The next day I preached again in Florida.

Friday, Feb. 20, I commenced attending my appointments of long standing, and preached to about one hundred in a ball-room at a place called Yankee street. This was a very good time. In the afternoon I proceeded on my journey in a sleigh. A thaw commenced, and for ten miles before I reached Schenectady the ground was mostly bare. I now had to walk; and as there appeared no prospect of snow, the way was very gloomy. On arriving at Schenectady, I found my appointment had been forgotten. I dined with brother Smith, a Methodist preacher, and proceeded on my way, querying in regard to duty. I was among strangers, neither able to purchase a saddle, to hire my horse kept, nor to reach my appointments on foot. But loth to fail of them, I reached Troy, after much fatigue, in the evening, and found the people through mistake had assembled in the afternoon. Sabbath morning, Feb. 22, I proceeded through a cold snow storm to Brunswick, preached to an assembly at nine o'clock, and felt much comforted. I succeeded in borrowing an old saddle at this place, and proceeded to Pittstown. At two o'clock, P. M. I spoke to an assembly in the Baptist meeting house, and some appeared to be much affected. In the evening I held a meeting in Hoosac, and the next morning met another assembly at nine o'clock in the Baptist meeting house, which was quite crowded. The Master of assemblies stood by me, blessed be his name. The hearts of the people were opened, and they gave me about three dollars.

Passing through Bennington, I hasted over the Green Mountains, in order, if possible, to reach my appointment in Wilmington at nine o'clock the next morning. The snow was about eighteen inches deep on the mountain, and the road little broken. Night

came on—and soon I entered a wood where it was five miles to the next house. The evening was cold, and my clothes thin for travelling on horseback. My feelings on this occasion may be more easily conceived by those who have been in similar circumstances, than by such as usually sit by their firesides during the bleak winds of winter, and enjoy the society of their friends.

An opening at length appeared; I returned thanks to the Lord, and soon procured lodgings at a tavern. The next morning I travelled ten miles, and reached my appointment in season. A considerable number met in the Congregationalist meeting house, among whom was a woman ninety-two years of age, who had walked nearly two miles this cold morning to attend the meeting. She appeared to have a blessed time, and rejoiced that she had come. I spoke to a few in Marlborough the same day, and the day after met about two hundred in Dummerston. Here was one of the churches that had separated from the Calvinistic Baptists, and established themselves on free principles. Some, solicitous of hearing a *Free-will Baptist*, had come more than thirty miles to this meeting. I endeavored to give a summary of the principles of Bible doctrine, and enjoyed much freedom. Considerable seriousness was manifested in the assembly. The bridge at Brattleboro' having been swept away, I crossed West river, and proceeded to the Connecticut river, expecting to cross at a ferry; but the boat being bound in ice, I passed up the river a few miles to another ferry, and crossed at 8 o'clock in the evening, with some difficulty and danger, as the river was full of ice floating down with the current. The next morning, I proceeded early through a storm of snow, seven miles to Chesterfield, and at nine o'clock spoke to an assembly of about two hundred people. Many seemed deeply affected. At twelve o'clock I started for Stoddard, twenty-three miles distant, where I had an appointment for the evening. A little before sunset, when still six miles from the place, I found the road filled with drifted snow, and could proceed but slowly. I had to face a piercing wind, with rain and hail—and it was soon so dark that I could not discern the road. At length I found that my beast was wandering in a field, and I knew not where to go. My clothes were frozen around me—the wind had increased to a gale—and soon my way was again hedged by drifts. I thought of my affectionate friends sitting by their pleasant firesides, and queried whether I should perish by the cold, or again enjoy their society. But the reflection, that not even a hair of my head should fall without my Heavenly Father's notice, comforted my spirit. Presently I saw the glimmering of a distant light,—guided by it, I found the road, and at eight o'clock arrived at Stoddard. Finding the assembly had dispersed, I put up at an inn, and was very hap-

py in the reflection that my blessed Master had prepared for me a home, where through grace, I hoped soon to rest for ever from the arduous toils of a travelling life.

Friday, on my way to Bradford, I found the road again obstructed by drifts. I took down the fence, and went in the field till I came to a stone wall, then passed into the road and led my horse. After passing such difficulties in a number of places, I reached an appointment at two o'clock, and in the evening met another assembly in the north part of the town. During the six days following, I met eight appointments in different towns between Bradford and Enfield. From these labors I expect to meet some fruits in eternity.

Friday, March 5, having been inclined to go to the south, I hoped that somewhere in that direction, the Lord would grant unto me to see his salvation. Accordingly I went about thirty-five miles, and held a meeting in Bradford. This was a solemn, awakening time, and it was impressed on my mind, that the Lord had a work for me to do in this place. A woman that was an opposer of religion, and had not attended a meeting for several years, was excited by curiosity to come and hear the youth. It pleased God to send conviction to her heart; she became much distressed, asked forgiveness of those whom she had persecuted for righteousness' sake, and sought the Lord night and day, till she professed to find comfort. I held meetings in Bradford generally every day, and sometimes two or three times a day. The "true light" shone upon the people, and in almost every meeting some were awakened. Soon the songs of redeemed souls gladdened the church militant, and doubtless made the angels rejoice. As is usual in revivals, our meetings were crowded, and the hearts of many were seriously impressed by the word of the Lord. Sometimes the spiritual testimonies of the converts added much to the interest of the meetings. Some backsliders were reclaimed, and took away the stumbling blocks they had laid—many lukewarm professors were awakened—and almost every day some requested the prayers of saints, and kneeled, seeking the mercy of God.

On one occasion I had quite a severe trial. Meeting a considerable assembly in the south-east part of the town one afternoon, I opened the meeting by prayer, and named a text as usual. After speaking about five minutes, a dark cloud veiled my mind. With much difficulty I uttered a few words—then all was closed up, and finding nothing to say I took my seat. After weeping a few minutes, I told the people God had given me no message to them, and therefore I could not preach. In half an hour they dispersed, and I started for Fishersfield. But the trial I now endured no tongue can tell, no pen describe. Egyptian darkness covered my mind,

and I was loth any one that attended the meeting should see my face. It seemed as if the Lord had forsaken me, and all comfort had fled from my bosom. My life appeared as a vapor—like a solitary shadow, a worthless thing,—and once I dismounted, and turned aside to pray the Lord to take me out of the world. But a monitor within whispering, "This will be sin," I again mounted my horse, and as I passed along, strewed my tears by the way for nine miles. I arrived at the house of Deacon Morse, where an appointment had been given out for me on that evening, yet my spirit had found no rest, and I desired a place in the wilderness to bemoan my sorrow. Soon I found myself about a quarter of a mile distant, lying upon the snow in a wood, and pouring out my anguish in sighs, groans and tears. I thought it had been good for me if I "had never been born." The devil tempted me with deism and atheism; my mind was thrown into much confusion, and I often cried, "Lord, have mercy on me;" yet I found no relief. Night came on. I returned to my appointment, as the people were collecting. I thought they would be disappointed; for I had concluded not to preach without a change of feeling, and this I did not expect. But just as the people were seated ready to hear, it seemed as though the dear Redeemer came and touched me; in an instant all my doubts fled away. He unveiled the beauties of his face, and the very room and assembly appeared to shine with the glory of God. I arose and spoke with much freedom, and blessings were poured upon the assembly. Thus the Lord brought me through a fiery trial; and although while enduring it, I could see no good that could arise from it, my heart now felt to bless God even for this visitation,—for it had increased my faith, and taught me more effectually my entire dependence on God. On my return to Bradford, I was told that a professor of religion had said of me: "*The Lord has not sent him to preach, for if he had, his mouth would not have been closed.*" One that was not a professor, replied, "*If he has come without being sent by God, I should suppose that he could preach as well at one time as at another.*" I understood that an aged sinner who attended the meeting, went home much affected, saying, "We are so wicked that God will give his servant no message to us."

Soon after this, a deist came to my appointment, and while the people were gathering, he thought to embarrass me by his arguments. In a little time he affected to be disgusted by my talk, and left the assembly. I understood that he returned home and took his bed, saying he was sick, but would not have a physician, or receive any food for nearly three days, when he exclaimed, "My sickness is not of the body, but of the soul! O, what have I been about these forty years!" Then he sent to a Christian friend to

come and pray for him. This was the first time he had ever permitted prayer in his house. In a short time he professed to be converted, and expressed great astonishment that he could have neglected the Savior and his own soul so long as he had. As he had been a great opposer of Christianity, this change in him touched the hearts of several. The work now revived afresh, and assumed an aspect still more promising. In a short time others professed to come to the knowledge of the truth.

During my stay in Bradford, which was six or seven weeks, twelve or fifteen named Christ. Several of them were baptized by Elder Rowe, who resided in the place, and were added to the Free-will Baptist church. Many others were awakened, but did not at this time give their hearts to God. I also visited and preached in Hillsborough, Henniker, Hopkinton, Warner, Salisbury, Sutton, Fishersfield, Wilmot, Springfield, Enfield, Newport, and some other towns. In a few of these places I held five or six meetings each, and they were blessed to the awakening of some.

Leaving Bradford, I went to West Windsor, Vt., and enjoyed one or two good meetings. The brethren here gave me about seven dollars, principally in clothing, which I greatly needed. In the last of April I visited Weare, held three meetings, and enjoyed a profitable interview with Elder Hezekiah Buzzell;—he baptized two during my stay.

Saturday and Sabbath, May 8 and 9, 1824, I attended the Rhode Island quarterly meeting, at Taunton, Mass. The assembly was large, and the preaching interesting. I had the privilege of delivering two discourses at this meeting, and in one the Lord gave me freedom. After the quarterly meeting, I preached in Rehoboth, Attleborough, and in some other towns in Massachusetts. Some were seriously affected, and in one meeting the cries of anxious sinners were heard. I next went to Rhode Island, and attended a meeting with Elder Greene in North Providence, where a revival had just commenced. The Lord was in the midst, and a great weeping was in the assembly. Several cried with earnestness, "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!" At the close, ten kneeled for prayer.

I staid sixteen days in Rhode Island, and each day held meetings in different towns, among which were Cranston, Johnston, Smithfield, Burrillville, and Gloucester. Having read Colby's journal of his labors in some of these towns, when the Lord visited his people, and made Zion like a fruitful field, I expected to find the brethren engaged in holy humility and fervent devotion. But not considering the changes that are made by time, I felt some disappointed.

In the latter part of May, I visited my relatives in Burlington, Conn. My grandfather and uncle welcomed me affectionately. A revival in this place had lately gladdened Zion, in which about one hundred had professed to experience regenerating grace. Some of my relatives were among the converts. I held one meeting with them, and it was a weeping time. In Middletown, I enjoyed a pleasant interview with my uncle, Elder Josiah Graves, and his family. Two of his children were engaged in the service of God. His eldest son had lately commenced preaching with considerable success. I attended two meetings, felt much freedom in speaking, and several were solemnly affected.

On Monday, taking leave of my kind relatives, I went to Hartford, and the next day, June 1, 1824, to Tolland, where an Indian mulatto was to be executed for taking the life of his wife. This deed was done when he was intoxicated. As I drew near the place of execution, and saw thousands running to the field of death, great solemnity filled my mind. And on rising a hill, the fatal gallows, surrounded by a vast multitude of people, met my sight, and reminded me of the judgment of the great day, when the nations shall assemble before JEHOVAH to receive their sentence according to the deeds done in the body. Alas! then will the ungodly have their sentence, to be cast into the burning lake, executed on them, and none will deliver them. I stood near the scaffold, and at a little distance beheld the gloomy prison which confined the unhappy criminal. Soon he was taken from his dreary cell and seated in a wagon on his coffin. Enclosed by the officers and guard, and surrounded by the multitude, the criminal advanced slowly—the sound of the '*death march*' now fell on the ear with more awful solemnity than any music I ever heard. They came to the fatal spot—the convict alighted—walked to the stairs, and ascended the scaffold apparently with indifference. I was told that he had no hope in God! yet he appeared to be senseless of the awful change of this hour, and exhibited a striking instance of the obduracy of the human heart, when inured to crime, and its feelings destroyed by *strong drink*. He looked scrutinizingly at the gallows, scaffold, and all the preparations for his exit; and appeared anxious that the rope should be placed easily on his neck. This being done, he stood erect—the plank fell—and he was silent in death. I looked upon the people, many were in tears, and some had fainted. Then, thought I, this man suffers justly for his crime, receiving his due reward: yet how many tender sympathies are awakened for him, and how many tender females are weeping at his fate. But when the Savior of the world suffered! what a difference! He *walked* to the place of execution, "*bearing his cross*," while on him was "*laid the iniquity of us all!*" His disciples had forsaken him and

fled! he was surrounded by the persecuting Jews, and the unfeeling Romans. He suffered not a momentary pain by a rope, but hung three dreadful hours nailed upon the cross, notwithstanding he had already "*sweat as it were great drops of blood*" in Gethsemane. But who was there to sympathise and weep when Jesus suffered? True, the beloved disciple, with three or four holy women, whose affection had summoned more courage than the apostles had, stood by the cross of their dying Lord, and were melted by the sight. But though so small a number in this world felt and wept when Christ was crucified—yet, one that never wept before, now veiled his face—the sun could not endure the sight—"and there was darkness over all the earth." The rocks too, felt, and rent asunder—and the slumber of the dead was broken.

I retired from the scene with a heart full of feeling, and returned to Rhode Island, preaching by the way.

On Thursday, I journeyed forty miles to Littleton, Mass. where I had an appointment. This was made in the street, as it was difficult in these parts, to find an open door for a dissenter from what is esteemed orthodoxy. Having mistook as to the distance, I arrived at the place one day before the appointment, and calling at a tavern I desired that my horse might be taken care of. The landlord, knowing that I had given the appointment, said, "No." I asked the reason, as he kept a public house. He said he would not encourage me by entertaining me. I asked him if my money was not as valuable as that of another. He then changed his tone, saying, "O yes, if you will pay me, I will willingly entertain you." The time passed away very slowly, and was principally spent in a field, fasting. The next morning a neighbor that came in, asked if I was the one that appointed the meeting, and whether I had credentials. I handed them to him; he read them, and said, "Ah, then you belong to the *Free-will* Baptists? Well, what do the Free-will Baptists believe?" I named free agency as one of their sentiments. He began to argue against it, and condemned it as not orthodox. I said, they believe that "Christ tasted death for every man." He treated this sentiment in the same manner that he did the other. And thus he disputed every principle that did not accord with his own views, insomuch that I could not find opportunity to answer his question. After disputing the doctrine that I had advanced for some hours, he invited me to his house, and there I could have very little conversation except controversy. At length he gave an invitation for the meeting to be held at his house. I enjoyed much freedom, and many were melted into tears; among them was the man who opened his house for the assembly. After meeting, I paid my bill at the tavern, and left the town happy in God. I met a crowded assembly at Mount Vernon, and many

showed signs of contrition. After meeting closed, I was reprimanded for preaching *free* salvation, *free* agency, &c.; but as this doctrine had just been powerful in touching the hearts of sinners, I was the more confirmed that it was the doctrine of Christ.

Saturday, June 12, 1824, I attended the New Hampshire yearly meeting at Weare. The day was principally occupied in hearing reports of revivals in different parts of the yearly meeting, and the testimonies and exhortations of the saints. Accounts were also given of some glorious revivals in the state of Maine. Sabbath forenoon, Elder John Buzzell spoke about two hours. Though aged, his eye seemed not dim, nor the patience of the people wearied. In the afternoon, the galleries being much crowded, began to give way; many were frightened, and some confusion ensued. Several left them, and soon the assembly was composed. Elder Enoch Place then preached a long and affecting sermon—many hearts were touched, and the meeting closed with signs of good. On Monday, I attended the Ministers' conference, which was interesting and conducted with much harmony.

Tuesday and Wednesday I went seventy miles to Sandwich, in the easterly part of New Hampshire. At this time there was some revival in the place, principally under the labors of brother David Moody, a youth of nineteen years. I spent nine days laboring with them, and preached thirteen sermons. It pleased the Lord to give us heavenly seasons. We saw several new instances of conviction—heard the cries of the penitent, and sometimes the songs of the delivered. At one meeting, within the space of twenty minutes, four were brought into liberty, and praised God for salvation. 'Glory to the Lord for all his mercies.' Some articles of clothing were given me, and were thankfully received. When I left the place, about twenty had been hopefully converted, and it was thought the good work had but just begun.

In the latter part of the month, I visited several towns in the state of Maine, and enjoyed some blessed seasons in preaching Christ. I held a meeting in Parsonsfield, and was affectionately received by Elder John Buzzell, a faithful minister of the gospel. He was contemporary with Randall, and had spent the greater part of his life in preaching Christ. I attended three or four meetings in Porter, and saw some powerfully convicted; and a few who had forsaken the right way, confessed their wanderings, saying, they were resolved to turn again and live. I received information afterward that a revival followed these good signs.

Returning to New Hampshire, I met an assembly in Effingham, and the Lord enabled me to speak in the power of the gospel. In the meantime a dark cloud overspread the sky, and vivid lightnings with heavy thunder, increased the solemnity of the meeting. I

said to the sinner, "You have no security while living in sin, and for aught you know the next thunderbolt may hurl you into the eternal world." I had scarcely spoken these words when a sudden peal of thunder shook the house, and almost stunned the assembly. A blazing tree, but a few rods before the door, discovered to us that the shafts of death had passed just by us. This seemed to alarm many, and they wept for their sins. Some desired prayer, kneeled with us, and covenanted to seek the Lord. A revival followed the meeting, and thirty or forty professed to be converted.

In the early part of July, 1824, I returned to Weare, and found that brother Abel Thornton, who had agreed to accompany me to New York, was laboring successfully among the people. As he had appointments given out for a few days, I staid and attended several very interesting meetings with him.

Sunday, July 11. We had appointments to preach our farewell discourses, and expected to leave for New York the day following. But at six o'clock, A. M. a messenger arrived from Bradford, a distance of seventeen miles, bringing tidings of the death of brother Joseph Cheney. He said, that a little before his death he requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. This news awakened all my tender feelings, and excited a lively recollection of happy hours that I had enjoyed with him during the revival at Bradford. He was then confined by a diseased leg, and was some of the time in a gloomy state of mind. He endured great pain for many months, when, hoping to recover, his leg was taken off. But this was done too late—the disease had gone too far to be stayed. The Lord raised his mind from doubts and gloom, and in sweet submission to his Heavenly Father's will, he left this world of pain and sorrow. I left Weare at eight o'clock, A. M., and reached the house of mourning at twelve, where several hundred people had collected. I spoke from Rev. 14:13: "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.*" The amputated limb had been taken from the earth, and placed with the body in the coffin. As the mourners entered their solitary habitation after the funeral solemnities closed, they poured forth their grief like a flood, and every spectator wept. I conversed a few minutes with the afflicted widow, who was a devoted Christian, and strove to impart some consolation. But this seemed only to revive the memory of past scenes, and deepen the sense of her bereavement. Thus brother Cheney died in the morning of his days—left a wife to weep—two pleasant babes, scarcely to know a father's kindness—and the church to mourn their loss. This was one of the most solemn days of my life. Taking leave of my afflicted

friends, I returned to Weare the same evening, and on the way enjoyed much serious reflection, and heavenly consolation.

Monday morning, brother Thornton and myself left Weare, and proceeding on our journey we passed through Brattleboro', Vt., crossed the Green Mountains, held one meeting by the way, and on the 16th of the month arrived at Ballstown, New York. We preached a few times in this town, and found friends. We visited the celebrated mineral springs, and drank of the water. But these waters, thought I, can bear but little comparison with the water of life. Large numbers come to these springs, from all parts of the country, for the recovery of their health; yet how many fail of their desired object—return home—and die. But whosoever "*drinketh of the water*" that Christ shall give, "*shall never die.*" Yet, what vast multitudes refuse to come to the "water of life," though it is free, "without money and without price,"—and though, unless they come, they know they must endure the pains of eternal death.

Leaving Ballstown, we crossed the Mohawk and continued our journey to Canajoharrie, where we spent a few days, and preached often, but saw little fruit of our labor. Yet, as "the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience," so we hoped that some fruit might yet appear. From the 25th of July to the 20th of August, we visited and preached in Plainfield, Winfield, Brookfield, Paris, Brothertown, Westmoreland, Verona, and Rome. In these meetings we witnessed good seasons. Some were awakened, and a few brought into the liberty of the gospel. In Brookfield, Brothertown and Verona, glorious revivals had lately gladdened the hearts of hundreds. We enjoyed some refreshing interviews with the converts.

In the latter part of August I arrived at my father's in Junius. I had been absent about eight months, and was received with unusual gladness,—for my friends having heard that I was sick nigh unto death, little expected to meet me again in this world.

On Wednesday, 25th, we held a meeting in Benton, and after this proceeded fifty miles to Groveland. In this place the yearly meeting opened in a grove, on the 28th of August, 1824. The reports from the different parts of the yearly meeting brought good tidings of the prosperity of Zion in several churches. On Monday, we had a Ministers' conference, in which we knew by happy experience, that it is good for brethren to dwell in unity.

I labored with brother Thornton several days in Vienna, Verona, and Westmoreland, with some success. As he decided to preach for a little season in these towns, Sept. 11, I bade him farewell. To me it was a painful parting. I had enjoyed many happy hours with him. He was humble, grave, holy in conversation

and deportment; his fervent love to Zion, his many tears, and unwearied labors for sinners, had greatly endeared him to my soul.

I now thought it my duty to visit several churches in the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, and to make preparations to travel far into the western country, to preach the kingdom of God to the destitute people in the wilderness. Taking a passage on the canal, I went to Junius, staid at home some days, and held several very solemn meetings. The seriousness was increased by the death of a near neighbor of my father, who was drowned. In one of these meetings two spoke for the first time. I visited Groveland again and held five meetings. In one we witnessed the outpouring of the Spirit, much to the comfort of the saints. Next I attended a meeting in Bristol, and four in Middlesex. In two of these the Lord greatly blessed me while speaking, and so filled my soul with his glory, that there seemed but one step between me and heaven. Blessed be the Lord; I believe he gave me the word, and the people received it as from him. I held a meeting in Jerusalem, and found Wm. Van Tuyl, a young man who was awakened in my last visit, now happy in the Lord. Leaving Jerusalem I went to Dresden, and while crossing the Seneca lake to Ovid, there was a great calm, so that we were four hours in going five miles. In this time, as a shower came upon us, I took an umbrella and seated myself in my gig. Instantly the carriage turned over backward, and my head just hit the side plank in such a manner, that had I fallen an inch or two further back, doubtless I should have finished my course. I felt thankful to God for his preserving care, and said with myself in the language of Dr. Watts:

> "Dangers stand thick through all the groud,
> To push us to the tomb."

Wednesday, Oct. 6, 1824, I enjoyed an interview with my sister at Ithica, whom I had not seen for nearly three years. She lived in a religious family, yet I could but think of the time when she had a *mother's* care. On parting with her, we experienced all those tender emotions which soften the heart on such occasions. The next day I returned to my father's, and on Friday went to the Benton quarterly meeting, which was held at Sodus on the 9th and 10th of the month. Here I unexpectedly had another interview with brother Thornton. The opportunity was sweet to my soul; but the reflection that we were soon to be parted, perhaps forever,—and that in a few days I should be travelling in the lonely forests of the west, made the hours to haste away like the shadows of the plain. His preaching was spiritual, and gave much satisfaction. Monday, we took the parting hand, and dropped the parting tear. I was bidding farewell, *to meet no more in this world.* Yet the blessed hope of rejoining each other in our Heavenly Father's kingdom comforted our hearts.

CHAPTER XIII.

My Second Journey to Ohio.

On Wednesday, Oct. 13, I bade my father and his family adieu, intending if it should be the will of the Lord, to go as far west as the Mississippi river, and publish the glad tidings of salvation to the needy in that section. I had only sixty-nine cents to bear my expenses a journey of one thousand miles, nine hundred of which were among strangers. But feeling constrained to go, my trust was in Him who said, "*Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*" He had shown me great care, and I believed he would still protect me.

Pursuing my journey westward to Hamburg, near Buffalo, I preached in most of the towns through which I passed. In Parma, where a revival had commenced, a large number came forward for prayer. I stopped two days with my faithful friend, Elder Hinckley, who gave me much good counsel, and presented me six or seven dollars. In Alexander, several careless sinners were awakened and prayed for mercy.

Thursday, Nov. 4, 1824. Another year has fled forever—and still I live. I remember that a year ago to-day the query arose, '*Shall I live to see another year?*' This is decided. But O, how many have left this world and are now conversant with eternal scenes! Heaven has spared me till nineteen years of my life are passed. And why is this? Is it that I may be useful to Zion, and glorify God? Alas! how little successful have I been the past year in winning souls to Christ. How many thousands have heard me preach—yet how few of them have been persuaded to turn and live! Had I lived nearer the Lord, I should have been more successful—and many to whom I shall never speak again, might have been saved from death. But these opportunities are gone forever—till the heavens be no more. Then I must meet them, and give account to God of what I have preached, and how I have preached. *O Lord, forgive all the unfaithfulness of thy unprofitable servant, and enable me henceforth to have no will but thine—no object, but thy glory—and no work but what thou shalt assign me.* But whether I shall live to see another year or not, is known only to Him with whom all things are present. Therefore, may I live each day as humble as though it were my last, and preach every sermon as faithfully as though it were my last; so that should my time come "as a thief in the night," I may be prepared. "Even so let it be, Lord Jesus."

I spent the three following days in Boston, and held five meetings. Some heard with tears, and a few promised to seek the Lord. Next day I preached twice in Eden and held two meetings. Friday, I proceeded on my way toward Ohio,—not knowing what should befall me, save that experience bore me witness that poverty and afflictions awaited me. Yet the Lord wiped away my tears, and I felt peace—believing this journey was in obedience to the requirement of my Heavenly Father. Saturday, held a meeting at Hanover, but enjoyed little freedom. On the Sabbath, preaching again at Hanover, the gracious Redeemer freed my spirit, and made my soul to mount up as with wings. At the close, fourteen kneeled, while prayer was made for their salvation. Continuing my journey, I preached in several towns in New York and Pennsylvania.

Tuesday, Nov. 23, I entered the state of Ohio, and spoke with freedom to a solemn assembly in Conneaut. Here a glorious revival was gladdening Zion, under the labors of Elder Asa Morrison. About two hundred had professed to find the "pearl of great price." On Thursday I attended Elder Morrison's appointment to preach a funeral discourse. He read 1 Pet. 1:24, 25, for a text, spoke about ten minutes, then told the people he could not preach; and after addressing the mourners about five minutes, he took his seat, apparently much depressed in spirit. Feeling an impression of duty, I arose immediately, and spoke from the same Scripture. It pleased the Lord to give me much liberty. Blessed be his name. Thursday, Nov. 25, had been appointed by the governor of the state for a day of public thanksgiving. I met an assembly in the evening at the centre of the town, and many I believe felt that thankfulness which makes the soul happy. The next day I preached in Monroe, and the word appeared to touch the hearts of some. The day following I visited a family who professed no religion—conversed and prayed with them, and left them all weeping. Sabbath I addressed an assembly at Conneaut centre, from Jeremiah 6:16. Through the whole there was much solemnity; and at the close, nearly twenty mourners came forward for prayer. In this place, five dollars were given me, for which I returned thanks to my Master. In the evening I preached at Kingsville.

On Monday evening, I preached a few miles west of Ashtabula, from Gen. 1:3. After meeting, Mr. —— invited me to stay with him the night. I accepted his invitation: he asked me to eat no supper—gave me no breakfast—and charged me for keeping my horse. I paid my bill, bade him adieu, and rode twenty miles to Perry. Being requested to hold a meeting in this place, I complied, and was kindly received by the people. The next day I preached in the Baptist meeting house at Euclid, twenty-five miles

from Perry. A precious season was enjoyed, and many entreated me to stay awhile. But believing that duty forbade, I proceeded the next morning at dawn of day, and on Friday arrived in Milan, Huron county. Having preached in this town considerably in my former visit to this state, I now found acquaintance, and was affectionately received. I spent nearly a week in this town, preaching daily. My mind was shut up in doubts and trials in some of these meetings,—in others the Lord blessed me. I met some opposition from predestinarians, and from the advocates of infant sprinkling. I merely entreated them to search the Scriptures, and see whether I had preached according to truth.

Saturday, Dec. 11, I spoke to an assembly in Bloomingville, from Rom. 10: 10. In this discourse I preached a full atonement —and that the Savior is willing to save all men, if they will repent and believe according to the grace given them in the gospel. When I closed my remarks, a man arose and objected to the doctrine: he said it represented God as superfluous in his work; "For instance, like a man who intends to build a house *twenty* feet by *twenty*, but digs a cellar *forty* feet by *twenty*." "Therefore," said he, "as one half of this work would be superfluous, so would a general atonement be, unless God designed to save all men." To this I replied, that the Lord sends the rain and snow on the barren wastes unoccupied by man, also upon the fields of the slothful. Likewise he maketh the sun to shine, where seemingly there is no need of light. Yet this does not prove that the great Creator is superfluous in his works. No more can a general atonement, whereby all men *may have salvation*, be a superfluous work. For by it alone the *equality* of God's ways to his creatures is manifested, and the sinner's personal guilt made to appear, and to fall upon his own soul in such a manner as to leave him without excuse. This will make him speechless in the great day of retribution.

On the Sabbath, I gave two discourses in York. After the close, several young men who were mourning for their sins, kneeled in the time of prayer. My horse having met with an accident, prevented me from pursuing my journey. I endeavored to improve my detention in labors to save souls in the vicinity where I was staying. During the remainder of Dec. I labored according to the grace given me, in various towns in the neighborhood of York.

In Green Creek, I visited a man named Abraham Marks, who was at the point of death. At this time, he was vomiting a black substance, which, as his physician afterwards stated, was his vital parts. Still he was free from pain, and seemed to be almost without concern. He knew not that death was nigh; but in a few minutes his spirit took its flight. The day after, I attended the funeral and preached from Eccl. 7: 2. "*It is better to go to the*

house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart." It was a time of much weeping. But alas! the sorrow of many continued only for a little season, and their forgetfulness of God returned. While on our way to the grave, which was in the edge of a forest, the sun went down, and the solemnities of the burial were much increased by their being performed by moonlight.

January 1, 1825, I addressed a solemn assembly in York, and started again on my journey, but had gone only five miles, when my horse became so lame that I was unable to proceed. So I returned to York, and held a few meetings. As my beast remained unfit for use, and as no prospect appeared of a change for the better, I concluded to teach a school in this town and preach with the people. Accordingly I engaged one for three months at ten dollars per month, hoping by this to be enabled to supply my wants, and free myself from embarrassment. From the commencement of my travels, I had endeavored to employ all my leisure time in study, and by this course had improved my education. Still I was poorly qualified for the business; but the school being backward, I thought by diligence and perseverance I might get along. This was my first engagement in any worldly employment for four years. I now made stated appointments twice a week in York, and twice in Green Creek, five miles from my school. I generally walked to the latter place after the close of my school, frequently without having taken any food after breakfast, except a piece with my scholars, and often arrived at the meeting too late to partake of any refreshment till after the exercises. Sometimes, in order to meet my engagements, I would leave Green Creek without any breakfast, and arriving only in season to commence my school, I would have no opportunity to get a regular meal till night. Three or four miles of this distance lay through woods, and having no guide except marked trees, twice I lost my way, and wandered for some time. These toils and privations I endured joyfully, that I might warn the wicked and win souls to Christ. Sometimes the Lord gave me freedom, led my soul into the deep waters, and comforted me with the cheering light of his countenance.

In York, a few believed in the Lord, and in the latter part of January, a church of twelve or fourteen members was organized by Elders J. Mugg and Samuel Bradford. This month I attended the Huron quarterly meeting, which was a quickening, refreshing time to Zion. In Green Creek, we had some good seasons. A small number professed to find Jesus, and many others were much impressed, but shrinking at the cross they found no salvation. Still I sowed with the hope, that the good seed of the kingdom would yet spring up and bear fruit. In this town I was called to preach

on two funeral occasions. One was a young man just married, who after one week's sickness, was cut off from life. The other was an aged man. Neither of them professed to have any hope in Christ. Alas! how many live without God, and are unprepared when called to meet the conquering foe. I visited other towns at the distance of ten, twenty, or thirty miles, and preached according to the grace given me. At some of these meetings, there were good signs; at others, my spirit was cast down, and the solitary places were witness to my groans for the salvation of sinners. Generally, however, I enjoyed peace of mind, which was sweeter than anything this earth can afford.

About two months after the commencement of my school, sickness began to prevail, and a number of my scholars were taken ill. This so reduced the school, that after obtaining the consent of my employers, I dismissed it. By faithful care, my horse had become fit for use, and I made preparations to go my way.

March 18, I crossed the Indian reservation, twelve miles through the wilderness, and the day following, attended a meeting at the Methodist missionary station at Upper Sandusky. March 20, I proceeded to Big Island in Marion county, where I found an assembly collected to hear Elder David Dudley, who was a Free-will Baptist. Many more were present than could enter the house. Being a stranger, I took a seat without, till the discourse was closed. Then, going to the door, I looked in and said, "There is in this town, a certain son, who has received of his father a rich inheritance, with every kindness a parent's love can bestow. The father has visited the son several times;—but, without cause, the son has absolutely refused even to receive him into his house! The father has reasoned the case, and affectionately entreated the son again and again,—reminding him of his liberality and uniform kindness. Still, this son, though he did not pretend to dispute the kindness of his father, nor assign a single reason for his own conduct, has obstinately persisted in refusing to give his father admission into his habitation." Inquisitive countenances, surprise and disgust, with a breathless silence, immediately ensued. After a pause, I said, "This son is now present." The anxious inquiry, "Who can it be?" seemed heightened, and the people looked on one another with astonishment. Then said I, "*Sinner*, thou art this rebellious son! God, thy Father by creation, has given thee all the good thou hast ever enjoyed. Often he hath visited thee in mercy, and knocked at the door of thy heart—but by unbelief thou hast obstinately bolted him out!" The Spirit of God set this home to the assembly—and many wept. A justice of the peace, that was present, felt this applied to him as though a voice from heaven had said,

"*Thou art the man.*" He felt that he was the rebellious son, and mourned for his sins till God spoke peace to his soul.

Here my acquaintance with Elder Dudley commenced. He removed to this town about two years previous, and gathered a small church, but they had labored under many trials. Elder D. had often wept for the unbelief of the people and the low state of Zion. The Lord had lately answered his prayers, and revived His work. He was witnessing a revival in the place of his residence, and in an adjacent town. A large number had already been converted, and the church increased to forty-five or fifty members, all happily united in the service of God. I found many open doors for preaching; and my health being poor, and the time so far passed, I gave up the idea of going to the Mississippi; and for a time labored in Big Island, Salt-rock, and at Marion county seat. The Lord favored me with some good seasons.

About this time, I visited Grand township, which joins Salt-rock, and preached in a neighborhood situated on the line of these towns. Being strongly solicited by several brethren to teach a school in this vicinity, I engaged one for three months, thinking that still I might preach as much as my health would admit. I had subscription for twenty-five scholars, at $1,50 each, and commenced teaching on Tuesday, March 29, 1825. I made stated appointments, three times a week at my school house, and once a week about five miles distant. In the vicinity of the last appointment the people appeared to have as little idea of repentance, of regeneration, and the nature of the gospel, as any people to whom I ever preached. I attended my appointments with them a few weeks, and sometimes spoke with much freedom; but the effect seemed no more than beating upon an adamant. At length, despairing of seeing any success I withdrew my appointments. In the vicinity of my school, I found it hard preaching, as the people generally had little faith in the gospel, or little understanding even of its theory. Their views of the way to heaven seemed to be these: —to cease from immoralities—to do good—join the church, and attend meetings and prayers regularly. Once I remarked in a discourse, 'that a man may be strictly moral,—may be a member of the church,—attend family prayer,—and still die in his sins, and go to hell.' This remark was much spoken of as a presumptuous saying. But few weeks passed, however, before I felt the Spirit of the Lord "like a fire shut up in my bones;" and the power of God attended the word to the hearts of the people.

Sabbath, April 24, I spoke in the forenoon from Luke 9:25: "For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away?" In the afternoon, I spoke from verse 23, of the same chapter: "If any man will come after me,

let him deny himself," &c. Several were pricked in the heart and cried to the Lord for mercy. In the evening we had another meeting, and were still more favored of the Lord. Four anxious souls were brought into liberty and praised God. Col. C. of this place, arose weeping, and said, "Christian friends, do pray for me;" then he fell upon his knees and wept exceedingly. In about a week he found peace in believing, and publicly confessed Christ. His conversion was instrumental of the conviction of his wife, who also soon found Jesus.

May 16, 1825. While dining near the school house, I heard a sudden sound, like the coming of a mighty whirlwind. A breathless silence ensued, and in an instant, all left the table. Apprised of what was at hand, I thought of my scholars, and petitioned Heaven to protect them from danger. About twenty-five were in the school-house, which was situated in a grove of large oaks. On coming into the open air, such a scene was presented as I had never witnessed. The trees of the adjacent forest seemed to bow before a dreadful hurricane, like grass before the mower's scythe. Large branches of trees were flying in the air over the fields like husks, the earth trembled at the sound, and all around seemed as if the judgment day had come. We clung to the body of a log-house that had just been rolled up, to keep from being driven away. In about two minutes, this seeming agitation of all nature a little subsided. On looking around, we saw an oak four or five feet in diameter, which had fallen within two rods of us, but such had been the noise, that till now, we had not perceived it. We were yet more astonished on finding that the wind had blown very little, for perhaps within twenty-five rods of the school house—and though the trees fell in great numbers each side of it, not one fell within this distance. After the tempest, many pine shingles were found in the neighborhood; and as there were none in these towns, the people concluded they must have been brought from the west over a fifty mile forest which joined the neighborhood in that direction. We understood that in the western settlements, the tornado levelled almost every house in its course, till it came to this forest. We also learned from the public papers, that after it left the county of Marion, its violence much increased as it moved eastward, till it came to the east and west forks of Licking. Then it swept every thing in its course, levelled nearly every house and barn, carried many large trees in the air, throwing them end over end like the stalks of corn when carried by a fierce wind. The destruction of property was great, and several lives were lost. I understood that one man who fled from a large brick house into an orchard, had his brains dashed out by a stick twelve inches in length and one and a half in diameter, that was driven by the wind. The

house from which he fled was levelled, and the family escaped by taking refuge in the cellar. We were also informed, that two men on a plain, seeing a cloud rising in the west, watched it, till they discovered that it was a cloud of trees, branches, &c. brought by the wind. One hid himself under a fallen tree; the other was carried by the wind half a mile, but by clinging to brushes that were flying in the air, he finally escaped with his life and sustained little injury. This whirlwind was thought to exceed in its violence any that had ever visited this country. I thought, Alas! what will sinners do, when the "*whirlwind of the* LORD *goeth forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind; it shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked,*" "*and they shall not escape.*" Jer. 30:23; Job, 11: 20. Let him that is wise seek a hiding place from that awful storm of wrath, which will soon be poured out upon the ungodly.

The revival continued to progress in the townships of Grand and Salt-rock, till twelve or fifteen professed to experience salvation. Elder Dudley preached with us twice, and baptized eleven of the converts, among whom were Col. C. and Esq. H. who was awakened at the time I addressed the sinner under the character of the rebellious son. These united with the church at Big Island. In the meantime, Mr. J. Dixon, a circuit preacher of the Methodists, came into the vicinity of the revival and gathered a society of about twenty-five members. Of these, I understood that only four or five professed to enjoy religion. He urged the anxious forward, saying to them, if they would take up the cross and join the society, perhaps they would immediately find salvation. Accordingly they complied, but sad was the apparent effect; for from this time, as they were within the pales of the church, they seemed to feel measurably secure, and soon, to appearance, their concern and anxiety for salvation died away. I think, of the twenty anxious souls that united with the society, there was not one, or at least not more than one, that professed to experience a saving change of heart. Thus the revival stopped. O! how this pained my soul. I wrote a letter to Mr. Dixon, and endeavored to convince him that his course had been unscriptural, and stated the effect, which, to appearance, it had on the minds of the anxious. He returned me an answer, in which he justified his practice of building churches or societies of unconverted persons. To the answer he added a lengthy poetic satire. In this, he called me "*Folly's eldest son;*"—and made an *epitaph* accordingly, to be put on my tombstone. As he was a professed minister of the meek and lowly Jesus, it deeply wounded my soul. With an aching heart, I laid it before the Lord, and concluded to let it rest till I should meet him at that tribunal from which there will be no appeal. I was informed that some of the Methodist brethren were grieved with him for this satire, and

talked of reporting him to the Conference. But this was the last I heard of it. O that he may repent and find mercy in the day of the Lord.

During my school, I frequently preached in other neighborhoods, particularly in Big Island, and at Marion county seat. In the former place the revival under the labors of Elder Dudley continued, and the church in his care walked in great liberty. A more happy and engaged people, I think I had never seen. Such power and glory were frequently manifested in their meetings, that they were indeed awful on account of the presence of the Lord.

I was present on a baptismal occasion, that was remarkably interesting. The day was beautiful, and baptism was performed in the river Sciota, in the midst of the great prairie between Big Island and Marion. Scarcely a tree or shrub obstructed the sight for several square miles. The grass that was now four or five feet in height, 'bended gently before a breeze, while the assembly formed a procession between one and two miles in length. They came to the river about the centre of the prairie where they had been wont to baptize, and there met another company of people from Marion county seat. A large proportion of this assembly were holy Christians and happy converts. They began to sing one of the songs of Zion, and were filled with joy somewhat like that which gladdened the heart of the disciples, when, as their blessed Master was riding into Jerusalem, they cried "*Hosanna to the Son of David!*" We kneeled on the grass while prayer was made to God; then Elder Dudley led five happy converts into the stream who came out rejoicing. Much solemnity pervaded the assembly and many wept. At the conclusion of this interesting season, the church, joining hands, formed a ring, in which those just baptized united, and thus received the right hand of fellowship. Then all kneeled and prayer was made for them, for the anxious that were present, for the assembly, and for the whole world. They united again in a song of praise, that with heavenly melody rang over the plain. Shortly after they commenced singing, they began to shake hands with each other, and before the hymn closed, this salutation was exchanged by nearly the whole assembly; and many seemed almost "caught away by the Spirit." While the congregation was dispersing, I watched the different companies as they followed the winding paths through the waving grass, and from some I heard the voice of singing and gladness till they were lost from sight in the distant oak groves that surrounded the prairie of Sciota. My soul was melted by the sublimity of the scene; and as I retired, I wept for joy. This day I remember as one of the most interesting of my life.

My school closed on the 25th of June, 1825. I uniformly began

and closed the exercises of the day with prayer; and frequently made addresses to the scholars, which seemed to gain place in their hearts, and they often listened with tears. They had treated me with much affection, and I found the thoughts of parting with them quite painful. The manner of their instruction from former teachers, was very different from that with which I had been acquainted; and pursuing the method usual in the eastern states, it was not only new and pleasing to the scholars, but also to my employers. Many solicited me to engage for another term. I had enjoyed peace of mind, and did not feel that I had erred in past engagements; for I had opportunities of preaching often, and the Lord had blessed the word to the salvation of some. I had also enjoyed an advantage that I did not anticipate. I found that instructing others had contributed to my own improvement. At the commencement of my school in York, I began the study of figures without an instructor. As I boarded with my employers, and preached five or six times in a week, I had little leisure for study, till after others retired to rest. By continuing my studies till midnight, and sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning, I succeeded, with two or three exceptions, in working all the sums in Adams' Arithmetic, before the close of my second school.

July 1, 1825, I engaged to teach the same school another term of three months. Soon I felt impressions, that the harvest time with sinners in this place had passed, that several who had been awakened to seek God, had grieved his Spirit, and that now the Lord had said of them as he did of Ephraim: *They are "joined to idols; let them alone."* I told these impressions in public, and at the same time felt a deep sense of the awful justice of the great God. I felt that it was a sealing time, and these presentiments proved true; for not one soul, during my stay, afterwards professed to find salvation. Still I continued preaching with great freedom, and much peace of mind. My discourses, however, were principally directed to comfort and strengthen the saints. I observed some seriousness in my school, and hoped that at some future period, the good seed that had been sown with many tears, would spring up and bear fruit. These hopes were not unfounded. One or two years after I left Ohio, I received a letter from a friend, stating that several of these children had been converted, and often reflected on the serious impressions they received in this school.

About this time, I began to have forebodings that sickness awaited me, and perhaps death. I spoke of these several times to my friends, particularly to brother Bates, formerly from Montpelier, Vt. He had been in the the holy war forty-six years. The Lord had blessed him with a convenient dwelling, and the good things of

this life; and he kindly invited me, if I should be ill, to come to his house, where he assured me I should have every kindness in their power to bestow. On the 10th of August, I began to feel unwell; but continued my school. The next day, my indisposition increased, and with considerable effort I passed through the duties of the school, then told my scholars that I was ill, and they need not come again till they heard from me. A shower was now rising, and as I felt anxious to reach brother Bates', a distance of three miles, I rode very fast; but being overtaken by the rain, when within half a mile of his house, I called on a friend, took a bed, and staid the night. The next morning, I was only able to ride to brother Bates', where I was affectionately received, and went immediately to bed. A fever had fastened upon my system, and as the climate was unfavorable to my constitution, it was thought my illness would be severe. This I expected; but as it increased, clouds veiled my mind, and I enjoyed little comfort. I tried to pray, but my prayers seemed like a chattering noise. Occasional flashes of light, only kept me from sinking. I had often thought, if laid on a bed of sickness in a land far from home, the smiles of Him in whom I had put my trust would render even this situation pleasant, and chase my woes away. But now as my distress increased, and the light of God's countenance was withdrawn, my trials seemed greater than I could bear. I felt that my soul was wading through a furnace of affliction; I sought the cause, but found it not. I knew not that I had neglected any particular duty, or committed any particular sin, for which I was thus forsaken of the Lord. In consequence of my gloomy state, sceptical suggestions troubled me; and satan tempted me to doubt the reality of religion, the immortality of the soul, and even the existence of God. But the many evidences of the divine authenticity of the Scriptures, with my own experience, wherein my soul had been made exceeding joyful in circumstances, temporally, very afflictive, prevented these evil suggestions from taking any root in my mind. Again, I reflected, that this state is one of trial, and in the intimate connection of soul and body, it would be strange indeed, if the state of one should not in some measure affect the condition of the other. If, by trouble of mind the outer man wears away, as of consumption, why should it be incredible that disorder of body should affect the mind? From these reflections, I resolved that a happy state of feeling should not be the basis of my hope; that though my sight was dim, I would still walk by faith. Yea, I said in my heart, "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.*"

In a little time after my confinement, I became very sick, and lost to myself. After midnight, brother Bates went several miles for a physician, and soon another was called. They were both

men of skill, and very attentive. In about ten days they succeeded in checking the fever, and I began to amend. The family seemed to know no weariness in the abundant care and kindness they bestowed upon me; and to this day the remembrance of it melts my heart.

In the latter part of August, a quarterly meeting was to be organized in Norton, twenty-five miles distant. Feeling anxious to attend, I ventured to ride five or ten miles in a day till I reached the place. Four churches united and formed the Marion quarterly meeting. Three of these were in Big Island, Marion, and Norton. The quarterly meeting contained two Elders, David Dudley and Samuel Bradford, and about one hundred members. My heart was glad for the good work of the Lord in this wilderness. But my short journey had been too much for my strength, and my fever returned; so that during the meeting, I did not stay in the assembly more than two hours. In this time I sat in a chair, and preached about an hour with some freedom. I retired immediately from the barn where the meeting was held, went into a chamber, and lay down on a sheet expanded on a frame, to prevent the inconvenience of the heat. Here I continued, mostly alone, passing the time in much restlessness and weeping, till the quarterly meeting closed. Then I returned slowly to Marion county seat; and when I arrived, my strength was so exhausted, that I thought I should fall from my horse. Col. H. Gorton, a brother and friend, seeing my situation, met me a few rods from his door, and helped me into his house, and on to a bed. In a few minutes a chill struck me, my mouth and tongue became cold and numb, and for a little time I was unable to speak. After this I was confined by what is called a *chill fever*, a complaint frequent in Ohio, and which often proves fatal. I remained at brother Gorton's about a week, and was attended by one of my former physicians; then I went to the house of Elder Bradford, and staid another week. I endured much pain at both these places, and frequently had turns of derangement; but at the close of the second week, through the blessing of God, my health was measurably restored. The kindness I received from these friends will long be remembered. May Heaven bless them. I had formed some acquaintance with Elder Bradford in New York, and the opportunity I now enjoyed with him was comforting.

About the middle of September, I was able to move slowly from place to place, and hold a few meetings. I called to see my physicians, and though they did not profess religion, they declined receiving any reward for their services, and seemed to take satisfaction in showing me these favors. O that it may be said to them in a coming day, "*I was sick and ye visited me.*" After this I re-

turned to Grand township, again commenced my school, and continued it two weeks.

In the early part of October, 1825, I attended the organization of the Ohio yearly meeting, in Center, a township joining Big Island. Elders David Dudley, Moses Dudley, Marcus Kilbourn, Samuel Bradford, and two or three other preachers were present. Huron, Marion, and Miami quarterly meetings united; and in these, I think there were ten ordained preachers, and thirteen small churches. The number of members was not ascertained, but probably did not exceed three hundred. We enjoyed some refreshings through a part of the meeting; but on the Sabbath it appeared to be a time of mourning, especially among the preachers. In the latter part of the day, however, the free Spirit dispersed the gloom in some measure, and several weighty exhortations excited a degree of feeling in the assembly. As the meeting was about to close, a great solemnity filled my soul. By faith, I saw the "*Plant of renown*", spreading its tender branches over the wilderness of the west and south. It seemed as though the future prosperity and glory of the church were instantly presented before my eyes. I beheld the little praying bands scattered amid the plains and forests of Ohio from Lake Erie to Ohio river, and west into the deserts of Indiana, and saw them worship in their log cottages. And the period seemed near, when this little company, now assembled in a barn to hold the first yearly meeting, should become a great people. I thought with myself, O what will the Lord do for them in twenty years! Surely we have reason to believe he will work wonders. O, if Randall and Colby could have been here to-day, and have seen the white fields ready for the harvest, how would they have wept for joy. Twenty years from this time, if the brethren remain steadfast, and the Ohio yearly meeting assemble, what wonders, what glorious revivals and additions can they speak of to the praise of their Redeemer. Then they may look back to this day, and remember they were but as a handful. The meeting closed with much solemnity, and many I believe went away comforted.

I had labored under constant depression of mind since the time of my confinement; and only at intervals, and even then but for a few minutes, was I happy. At this meeting, the Lord granted some comfort to my soul; but to my sorrow, I found that my joy departed immediately after. My days were again solitary, and spent in mourning; and my prayers seemed an empty sound. I felt that I had little more work to do for the Lord in this part of His vineyard. A constant gloom continued to veil my mind, my labors seemed more worthless than the dust, and I could see no prospect of their being useful. One month of the term for which I had engaged to teach was yet to come, and I concluded to ask a

dismission, that I might return to New York. This was granted; and in two days, all my employers, with one or two small exceptions, paid what was due on the school bills. I attended a few meetings in the vicinity of my school, and in neighboring towns. Thick darkness seemed to cover me, and I deeply sighed for barrenness of soul. Could the trees on the plains of Marion county speak, they might tell the solitary hours I there spent in sighs and groans.

About the 10th of October, 1825, I bade my brethren and friends farewell. It was a solemn parting—and to me a gloomy time. My health was still poor, and I was very feeble. A journey of nearly five hundred miles lay before me, to travel principally on horseback, amid the winds and rains of autumn. But this was nothing compared with the cheerless winter that chilled my poor soul. Sometimes I would try to apply to my case the words of David: "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.*" Still this could not bring the life-giving presence of my Savior; nor recall the happiness of former days. I proceeded on my journey to Green Creek and York townships, a distance of about fifty miles. After resting some days and holding a few meetings, I continued my journey to Wayne, preaching occasionally by the way. I arrived at this town the first day of November, gave notice for a meeting at the house of Mr. Morse, and a considerable room was soon filled. A revival had lately gladdened Zion, and if I was correctly informed, all in the assembly, except three, professed religion. Of this I was ignorant at the time, and my mind was led to direct my discourse to the unconverted. I spoke from Prov. 23: 23: "*Buy the truth and sell it not.*" From an impression, I turned and addressed a stranger who stood by my side, in the following manner: "Young man, remember though thou art now in time, to-morrow thou mayest be in eternity; though to-day thou art with us in the body, to-morrow thou mayest be conversant with disembodied spirits in the eternal world." This man was the only male in the assembly that had no hope in Christ. I was informed that he went home quite serious, and made some remarks on the youth of the preacher, and the sermon he had heard, that indicated his heart had been touched. The next morning he arose in like manner solemn, but soon commenced singing a song, apparently to drown reflection. This had been his usual manner when convicted, according to his frequent confessions. One of his associates coming in while he was singing, said to him: "You feel quite merry this morning?" He replied: "*Yes—what is the use of one's dying before his time comes?*" Soon he went to the rolling up of a

log building—continued cheerful through the day, and occasionally sung songs; but a little before sunset, a log on which he sat at the top of the building, began to roll. He saw that he must fall, yet being strong and active, seemed to think he should escape danger, and cried with his usual cheerfulness, "Take care boys." These were his last words; for as soon as he reached the ground the log fell on his head. He could neither speak nor move, but looked wishfully on his friends, and died in fifteen minutes. Thus he found that his *time had come "as a thief in the night."* When leaving home in the morning, he stopped a little distance from the door, in which his wife was standing with their only child, looked at them a minute in silence, then returning, kissed the child, and left his little family forever! But, ah! how little did he think he had heard his last sermon—that the last day of his life had come, and the Judge was standing at the door! May this be a warning to the ungodly. I visited the fatal spot immediately, and guided by a bloody path, followed the body of this unfortunate youth to a neighboring dwelling, where with keen sympathies I witnessed the agonies of his companion and numerous relatives, who wept as though they had no remaining comfort. Then I said, "*Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.*"

Nov. 4, 1825, closed twenty years of my life, and it was a day of much reflection and solemnity. As it was the wish of the relatives, I preached the funeral sermon of the young man that had been called away so suddenly. A numerous congregation attended and about thirty mourners wept at the grave of their deceased friend; while the multitude that stood around dropped many a tear. I never was present on a more impressive occasion. "Blessed is the man that 'IS READY:'" for "*man knoweth not his time.*"

After this I attended a few meetings in these parts, and formed some acquaintance with several brethren of the Wayne quarterly meeting, which had been just organized. The number of members was small, yet there appeared to be some humble, faithful souls among them. I enjoyed some interesting seasons, yet generally my spirit continued in bondage, and my labors still seemed to be almost useless. But as I was confident my commission had been received from the Lord, I dared not forbear to warn the wicked. I continued my journey to New York, and held several meetings by the way, still laboring under trials, and doubting whether I should ever again enjoy the settled peace that once blessed my soul. Yet the oath that I made on the day of my espousal, was engraven on my heart, and I felt no inclination to violate it; but when tempted to give up my hope, I would say in the language of Peter: "Lord, to whom shall I go? thou hast the words of eternal life." At Hanover, N. Y., I took my gig which I left there

when going to Ohio, and proceeding on my way homeward, held a few meetings in the western part of the state.

About the first of Dec., 1825, I arrived at my father's in Junius, having been absent about fourteen months, and was received affectionately.

CHAPTER XIV.

My Trials and Labors for seven months after my return from Ohio.

My soul continued in a furnace of affliction. My hours passed in gloom, and my days were numbered in much sorrow. I attended one or two meetings in adjacent towns, but such heaviness oppressed me, that I felt confident my labor was in vain. My depression increased, and I dreaded to visit my brethren, expecting they would be greatly disappointed in me—and their disappointment I thought would fill me with anguish. Believing my life was of little use to the church or to the world, and thinking it mattered little where I spent my time, I engaged a school in my father's neighborhood, and commenced teaching about the 10th of December. I made stated appointments twice a week in this vicinity, and once a week in an adjacent neighborhood, and occasionally preached in other places, particularly in Galen. Great darkness covered the people:—Often I went to my appointments with a heavy heart, and returned with the burden still increased. I enjoyed the society of my father's family, and my three brothers attended the school. These were pleasant temporal privileges, but they could not make me happy while my Savior hid his face, and I could not see sinners turning to God. In solitary places I wept, and prayed the Lord once more to dispel my darkness and shine into my heart; but still I found no answer to my petitions. I read the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah, and applied such passages as these to my case: "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me and brought me into darkness but not into light. Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day. He hath set me in dark places as they that be dead of old. He hath hedged me about that I cannot get out: He hath made my chain heavy. Also when I cry and shout he shutteth out my prayer.—And I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord." Lam. 3:1—8, 18. Still, in this

state of affliction, I knew God was just in all his ways, and that he would be just, if for my unfaithfulness and my sins, he should hide his face forever. Yet the Lord strengthened me, so that I felt no inclination to abandon the cause of Christ, or yield my hope in the promises of God: but I did seriously think of retiring from a public life; for all my preaching seemed like "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." I reviewed my experience and evidences of acceptance with God. I could not reject them. Again I examined my evidences of having been called to preach the gospel. I could not disbelieve. And now what could I do? This commission was not "a light thing" that I might lay aside by my own will; and as the mandate, "*Go ye—and preach the gospel*," had not been repealed, I dared make no other conclusion than this; that I would preach according to my ability, and leave the event with God. I tried to content myself by reflecting on the Scripture that saith: "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." And though no animation or joy should ever again cheer my countenance, I resolved to live at the feet of my Savior, and I said with the Psalmist: "*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.*"

In January, 1826, I left my school to attend the Benton quarterly meeting, held at Flint Creek, in Middlesex. During my visit to Ohio, there had been a great revival in this vicinity, and nearly one hundred had been baptized in the town by Elder Wire. I expected the converts would be generally present; and should I speak in the meeting, my testimony would be cold and useless. So I concluded to be a disconsolate spectator, and entered the crowded assembly, hoping to find a seat in some corner, and pass unobserved. But immediately every eye was fixed on me, and the countenances of all seemed to tell, that they had heard of "*the boy preacher*" in the days of his gladness; and that now they expected to hear for themselves. I thought within myself, "Alas! you will be disappointed—and this assembly will spy out my barrenness." The preacher who was addressing the people, stopped and invited me to take a seat with the ministers. I was filled with confusion, hid my face, and wept on account of the poverty of my soul. After becoming a little composed, I looked around on the assembly, and saw perhaps one hundred happy converts. They were singing one of the songs of Zion—heaven seemed to shine in their countenances—and for a few minutes, my soul was melted and charmed with the beautiful sight. After this they spoke in quick succession and with much power; but it reminded me of a touching contrast—the difference between *their* state and *mine*.

Again my poverty pressed upon me, as a burden that was insupportable, and I wept as though my tears were a fountain. At length I arose and began to speak;—my heart broke—and, "Glory to God," in this very hour the winds of Heaven began to blow on my soul. The clouds that had covered me five months, now fled away. The glory of God beamed upon me, and again I tasted the happiness that had formerly gladdened my spirit. O, how easy it was to speak the word of the Lord. A few hours after this, I willingly accepted an invitation to preach. It seemed as though all I had to do was to receive the word immediately from God, and speak it to the people. The assembly was greatly melted, and I felt myself exceedingly abased and humbled before God. His presence was glorious and awful. After this, many spoke, and we enjoyed a refreshing time. Now it seemed as though I was in a new world; and my joy for this deliverance was inexpressible.

Why I had been thus forsaken of the Lord, had been a query which I was unable to solve. But now it appeared to me that God had especially designed this visitation for the trial of my faith, and to strengthen others. As Whitfield says, "Ministers should be tempted in all things like unto their brethren, that they may be able experimentally to succor those that are tempted." Again, I found that this affliction had worked for my good, in that it had weaned me from the world, taught me to feel my dependence on God, and had humbled my pride.

On the Sabbath, meeting was appointed in two places, but the *heart of the people* was together, and they crowded into one assembly. This was a day of Emmanuel's power, and a time of great joy. Again it fell to my lot to speak to the people, and I feared that my clouds would return; but it pleased the Lord to give me as much freedom as I enjoyed the day before, and again, in my own sight, I sunk down as nothing before the Lord. O blessed be his name, for his great mercy to an unworthy child. After meeting, I returned to my school happy in God. Now I regretted that I had engaged the school, for the Lord's harvest appeared inviting, and I wished to be laboring therein. In my public communications, however, the Spirit gave me freedom, and I enjoyed much peace in opening and closing my school by prayer, and in frequently speaking to my scholars.

In the early part of March, I was called to sit on a council of business in Sodus, appointed by the Benton quarterly meeting. The council proposed to set me apart to the work whereunto the Lord had called me. This was unexpected. Considering my youth, and that the request had not been presented by the church of which I was a member, I was doubtful respecting my duty. But after making supplication to God for direction, the minister of

the church in Junius being present, I consented to their proposal on the 5th of March, 1826. After my return to Junius, the church accepted my new credentials and gave me a letter accordingly. Shortly afterward, on the day appointed for communion in Junius, it unexpectedly fell to my lot to break bread to the church. This being a duty that had not before devolved on me, the cross was considerable, and I cried to the Lord for assistance. Language cannot describe how unworthy I felt to officiate in the ordinances of God's house, particularly in the holy supper. With a trembling hand I moved forward to handle the symbols of my dear Savior's broken body, and in doing this my soul was strengthened and blessed. God's presence was in the meeting, and we had the witness that our fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

About the 15th of March, I closed my school, and to some of my scholars, as well as myself, it was a solemn day. I looked on the children that had been three months under my care, and reflected on the change that twenty years would make. How many would then be in the tomb—and how many of those who should survive would be scattered. I prayed that they might be prepared for the scenes of the future. Solemn was the thought, that my words and examples had made impressions, that would be remembered by them long after I should be laid in the grave. So, I prayed that wherein I had erred, the Lord would forgive; and that those deeds which I had wrought in the light of God, might be engraven on their hearts, and instrumental of good to their souls. Two of my scholars had for some time appeared serious, and though they did not as yet submit to the cross, I hoped these impressions would terminate in their reconciliation to God.

In the latter part of the month, I went to Ontario, Penfield, and Perinton, and enjoyed some refreshing meetings with the churches in these towns. In some instances the glory of the Lord shone round about us. We witnessed a few cases of awakening, and conviction followed a small number till they were converted. While I was in these towns several communicated liberally to my temporal necessities.

After holding meetings in several other towns, I returned to Junius, preached a few times, and then, in company with my eldest brother, visited my sister in Ithaca. Here I parted with my brother, who was to start immediately for Michigan. We had spent the winter together, and the reflection that probably we should never enjoy each other's society in a like opportunity, increased the painful interest of this occasion. As my brother went out of my sight, I thought within myself, "thus children soon grow up into life, and like the young birds of the nest, are scattered in the world."

After preaching at Ithaca, I visited several other towns within the limits of the Owego quarterly meeting, preached the word to many congregations, and enjoyed the witness that my labor was not in vain in the Lord. I held two meetings in the town of Ithaca, at the house of Esq. Dean, about three miles from the village. A revival had just gladdened the hearts of many in this vicinity, and these meetings were blessed with the presence of the Lord. One desired baptism. This ordinance I had never yet administered. A meeting for the purpose was appointed on the 9th of May, 1826. The day was pleasant and the earth was arrayed in all the loveliness of spring. Previous to the hour appointed, I retired to a beautiful pine grove, and spent a little time entreating the Lord to stand by me this day and strengthen me for the solemn work before me. I received much comfort, and went to the meeting very happy. The Lord enabled me to speak with much boldness, and caused his Spirit to move on the assembly. The candidate related her experience, and received the approbation of the brethren; then we walked to the water, and with feelings of deep self-abasement, I administered the ordinance, and was greatly blessed.

From Ithaca I passed between the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, crossed the latter from Ovid to Milo, and after holding several meetings in different towns I attended the Benton quarterly meeting in Middlesex, on the 12th and 13th of May, 1826. The assembly was large; many brethren and converts were present, and we were favored with a heavenly season. At this meeting, I assisted in ordaining a brother to the work of an evangelist. After this I visited the brethren in Groveland and Geneseo, and held a few meetings; then attended the Bethany quarterly meeting at Ladd's corner in Clarkson, May 20 and 21. I think twelve preachers attended; a large number of brethren were present, and a congregation of about one thousand people. The preaching was interesting, and the season profitable; but to me it was a time of trial. Thinking it my duty to address the people, I named a text and proceeded for a time with some embarrassment. Presently a confusion in the meeting, and the circumstance of several leaving the assembly, increased my difficulty; the enemy took advantage, and I feared that I had mistaken duty. From the restless state of the congregation, I supposed the people did not wish to hear me—my spirit sunk, and before my discourse was half finished I took my seat. The information was given me, that the confusion in the assembly had been occasioned by a man who was intoxicated; yet my conflict became great. I doubted whether the Lord had ever called me to preach—and my trial seemed greater than I could bear. As I went from the meeting, I vented my grief in bitter weeping, yet this did not assuage the sorrow that filled my bosom.

Elder Jenkins tried to comfort me, but I replied, "Such is my barrenness that I cannot preach: I would be willing to preach, if my labors could be instrumental of the conversion of any souls, or of any good to Zion; but they are cheaper than the dust, and I cannot think it is my duty to attempt to preach, while so little good, attends my efforts." He replied, "Brother Marks, you do not know what good may arise from your labors, though now you may see no fruits. God has commanded you to preach, and you *must preach*, or be *damned*." His remark had no effect to relieve me of my burden. I went to a wood, and laid myself on the ground far from the hearing of any, and there for a long time, gave vent to my anguish. My life appeared to me useless, and I thought I should hardly again desire to see the face of man. But after considering the subject, and not being able to persuade myself that God had not called me to labor in his vineyard, I thought if the Lord would hide me in the grave, this would be pleasant. Yet as I saw no alternative, I resolved to cast my care on Jesus, and submit to my duty amid all my poverty of soul. When the dews of the evening began to fall, I returned pensive to the house of a friend, where some dear brethren endeavored to persuade me that this fiery trial would only purify me, and fit me for greater enjoyment and usefulness. A faint hope that this might be the effect, caused my sorrow gradually to subside. I had an appointment next morning in a neighborhood called Cook's settlement, and there preached the remaining part of my discourse that was left unfinished at the quarterly meeting. The Lord unveiled the beauties of his face, gave me his free Spirit, and accompanied the word to the heart of the hearers. My late trials vanished like dew before the sun, and my peace became like the flowing of a gentle river.

Leaving Clarkson, I preached a few times in Groveland, and about the last of May held several meetings in North Penfield. In some of these, the Spirit of the Lord was manifested gloriously, the children of the King were made happy, and some of them shouted for joy. On the fourth of June, after meeting, we resorted to a beautiful beach on the shore of lake Ontario, to attend the ordinance of baptism. After prayer the brethren sung a hymn, and were greatly animated by the good Spirit. I then led the convert into very clear water, and my soul enjoyed a great blessing in the performance of this duty. As we "came up out of the water," the candidate was very happy and praised the Lord aloud. After this, some were awakened in our meetings to seek the Lord, and a small number professed to find "the pearl of great price."

Near the middle of June, I attended a general meeting of the *Christian* order in Mendon. Here I heard Elder Capron preach, that the destruction with which the wicked shall be punished, will

effect an end of their being. Another minister, who had come from the south, preached, that "we are not to be forgiven for Christ's sake." I was attached to this denomination, because I believed them to be an humble, Christian people, whom the Lord had blessed to the conversion of many. As a people, they had ever treated me with Christian affection, and I had expected to find food to my soul in this meeting. But by hearing these doctrines preached, and argued without contradiction, my mind was brought into a trial. I conversed with some of the preachers, and objected to these ideas, supposing they were not generally approved by the denomination; and remarked, that I had expected some of the preachers would publicly oppose them. One of the ministers replied, "Brother Marks, I will tell you plainly, that *I do not believe God will fry the wicked eternally in hell.*" I was shocked by the expression, and this representation of the Bible doctrine, that the wicked "*shall be cast into the lake of fire.*" I asked him whether he believed the doctrine of *annihilation*, or of *restoration?* He declined giving me any answer, except saying, that he believed all the Bible taught on this subject. Some of the preachers that were present, however, disapproved of these sentiments. But what created the greatest trial, was, the remark that we were not to be forgiven for Christ's sake, together with the arguments that accompanied it. If I understood the doctrine of this sermon, it was, that nothing had been merited by the sufferings of Christ in behalf of sinners—and that God, the Father, pardons men, not by virtue of any atonement made by Christ—but merely because the sinner repents and God is good. By this doctrine, it appeared that Christ had acted only by a delegated power, and that he had done nothing more for the salvation of men, than any other prophet, except that he was the mediator of a greater dispensation. From these ideas, the following queries were suggested: "If Jesus be not the true God, why should we worship him? Why should the angels worship him? Why should God give directions that any other being than himself should be worshipped? Why should the Father require that Jesus should be worshipped because God hath worked by him, rather than that Moses should be worshipped, because God wrought wonders by him?" After reflecting a little while on these queries, this Scripture, like Sinai's thunder, came to my mind: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Matt. 4: 10. At this instant, all nature seemed to declare the inconsistency of worshipping, or of giving divine honors to any other being, than "*the only living and true God.*" It seemed to me, if Jesus be not God, and yet have divine honors given him, because of his high mission, on the same principle, all the prophets, apostles, and persons sent of God, should also receive divine honors,

proportionate to the extent of their mission. Notwithstanding these reflections, I knew not what to believe of Jesus Christ. For the Unitarian arguments had so influenced my belief, and so formed the connection of my thoughts, that I supposed the doctrine that Jesus Christ is the true God, could not be proved from the Scriptures. Indeed, to this sentiment, I thought there were unanswerable objections. On the other hand, I could see no propriety in worshipping any being except the true God. And on this principle, the Scriptures now appeared to be involved in great obscurity.

> "When Unitarian unbelief, I think,
> Took hold of Peter, he began to sink;
> Our Lord, as if surprised at this, cried out,
> 'O, thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?'
> Let this reproof suffice for every one
> That doubts the power of God's beloved Son."

I was now like a ship without mast or helm, committed to the merciless waves. At this time I had appointments to preach in Penfield, Perinton, and in other towns. But how could I meet them? I knew not *what to preach*, nor *what to believe!* I attended them, however, and thought myself safe in restricting my remarks on this subject to the language of the Scriptures, though their meaning to me was obscure. I read the Bible day and night, and was much in secret prayer. But while I prayed, awful doubts troubled me, and great darkness veiled my mind, so that like the darkness of Egypt, I thought it could be felt.

Infidelity had no charms. But alas! I saw no way to avoid its principles, unless I could believe that Jesus Christ is truly God. My whole soul could but shrink from the idea of *two gods*—the Father, the *only living* and *true God*, and my Savior consequently a *dead* and false god! But how could *two persons be one being?* Alas! my difficulties were very serious, and I feared, lest they should force me to infidelity. I wished, unbiassed by the prejudices of education, to believe and know the truth. I resolved to cease preaching, unless I could discern the truth of the gospel. I could see no way to escape the gloomy forebodings of infidelity:—I regretted that I had received ordination. I remembered that the council seemed to have some hesitancy, because my sentiments with regard to the character of Christ were not sufficiently settled; but considering my youth as an apology, they concluded to lay hands on me, believing I would become established in the truth. It now seemed that I should disappoint their hopes. Again I recollected the many souls that I had seen converted,—the happy seasons I had enjoyed with the saints,—and I thought, how can I wound those kind friends? how can I disappoint the hopes of my brethren?—and can I bid such happy scenes an eternal farewell?

Yet, I said within myself, I cannot be a hypocrite—and if Heaven do not remove these doubts, and open the way before me, I *must*—I *will* retire from the church. But then, alas! how can I endure the presence of my Christian friends! If this should be my unhappy condition, I will leave this land—hide myself in the wilderness of the west, and there dwell in obscurity till death. Now the gloom of infidelity rushed upon me, like an overwhelming flood. What! no Savior?—No sure guide!—Life a scene of sorrow!—Death an eternal sleep! * * * * * *

From the *evidences of Christianity*, and from my *own experience*, I could find nothing to confirm an unhallowed doubt. My trials originated solely from my *Unitarian views* of the *character* of *Christ*. I opened my mind to brother Thomas Parker, a preacher of our connexion in Perinton. He tried to encourage and strengthen me; and, as he has since told me, after we separated, he went into a wood and prayed a long time with many tears, that I might be saved from the snare of infidelity. I attended my previous appointments, gave out no more, and doubted whether I should ever attempt to preach again. I continued to search the Scriptures, and to pray the Lord for deliverance. But my way was all closed up, and I considered much on the manner in which I might retire from a public life. I thought, however, before I made any new conclusions, I would visit Elder J. N. Hinckley, and lay my case before him. He had been an atheist for eight years previous to his conversion, and I looked to him for counsel as to a father in Zion. After telling him all my doubts, he said, "Brother Marks, you study too much, you travel too much, and you preach too much. The mind is as easily wearied as the body; and yours is so much wearied, that you know not what you are, or where you are. By abstinence, the perception of the mind is quickened, and you must moderate till you become rested and calm." He then took me to his mills, fields, &c., and conversed freely on many subjects, but declined saying any thing on the subject, which for two weeks had engrossed my whole attention. After passing the greater part of a day in this manner, he took me to a room alone with him, and taking his Bible, asked me if I would believe Jesus Christ to be God, provided he would prove that he *created* the world? Without hesitation, I answered in the affirmative; but being prepossessed with the Unitarian argument, that the Father made the world by Christ, as an agent only, I did not expect the proof proposed. He began to read the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Hebrews. I had committed this chapter to memory, and thinking all the ideas it contained had been previously considered, I supposed that neither the 8th and 9th verses, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever," &c., nor any part of the chap-

ter, could affect my mind. But when he came to the tenth verse, where the Father still addresses the Son, he put his finger on it, and read with emphasis, "*And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands.*" Before he had concluded the reading of this sentence, cold chills began to pass over me—and bursting into tears, like unbelieving Thomas, I exclaimed within myself, "*My Lord and my God!*"

From this moment, faith began to revive in my soul. Elder Hinckley now remarked on the objection which I had presented, viz., that "the Son of God could not be the Father, or God himself. Said he, "A river proceeding from a lake cannot be called the lake itself, yet the stream may be called water, and the fountain water; and one is as truly water as the other, because the substance in the two bodies is the same. So, a son of man receives from the parent a perfect human nature, the entire nature of his species;—yet this makes not another nature, nor another species of being; but the nature and species in the father and in the son are the same, though in two persons. In like manner, '*the only begotten of the Father,*' possesses the nature of the Father, inherent and entire; and this nature, or divine substance of the Son, is as justly called God, as the divine fountain from which it proceeded." It might be improper here to relate the chain of reflections in full, and the passages of Scripture that raised me from the borders of infidelity. Suffice it to say, that the tenth verse of the first chapter of Hebrews, commenced my convincement; and that by a close examination of the Scriptures, my faith increased, and I was brought firmly to believe that Jesus is truly "*God with us.*" And to this day I have never doubted in saying of Him, "*This is the true God, and eternal life.*" 1 John 5:20.*

After this I related to Elder Elijah Shaw, a preacher of the *Christian* order, the particulars of my convincement, that Jesus our Savior, is as truly God as is the Father. He replied, "When you became established in this sentiment, you became established in a blessed good sentiment."

I now returned to Penfield and Perinton, greatly comforted, and enjoyed some favored seasons in preaching the Lord Jesus, as the only "name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

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* When I attended the New Hampshire yearly meeting at Weare, in the year 1824, I heard Elder Enoch Place preach on the character of Christ. The doctrine distilled like the dew, and I was greatly delighted till I heard his concluding sentence, "This is the eternal God, and besides Him there is no Savior." This sentence damped my joy, and caused cold chills to pass over me; yet at this instant I observed the assembly dropped as it were a flood of tears; and that which so chilled my feelings, was sanctioned by the sound of "Amen," from many voices. But since the time I cried of my Savior with unbelieving Thomas, "*My Lord and my God,*" this doctrine has been sweet to my soul.

CHAPTER XV.

Particulars of my Labors from July, 1826, *to September,* 1827.

In July, 1826, I spent several weeks in Ontario, and preached in different neighborhoods. I had the satisfaction of seeing frequent instances of conviction, and was often filled with joy, while I saw the saints happy, and sometimes heard sinners cry for mercy. Among those that were awakened, was an interesting young man, the son of a Quaker,* and three young ladies, that were school teachers. They were the first that publicly confessed their desire to find Jesus. These and several others were soon brought into liberty, and rejoiced to take the cross and follow Christ. Sabbath, July 23, I had an appointment in the north part of Ontario for baptism. The Lord gave me freedom, and many appeared quite solemn. The wind having raised the waves on lake Ontario, so that baptism could not be attended to in this place, we proceeded four or five miles west, to an inlet, where I baptized two. As I came out of the water, I was very happy, and began to exhort a young man that was a Universalist, to repent and believe in Christ. His reply only evinced his impenitence, and showed how little his doctrine influenced him to "*the fear of the Lord.*"

In the latter part of July, I preached in several towns west of Rochester, and in the early part of Aug. went east as far as Junius, and preached in many places. I also visited several churches of the Benton quarterly meeting, and attended the August term of said meeting, which was held in Italy. A large number of people and brethren convened in a pleasant grove. The preaching was spiritual, and many said it was one of the best quarterly meetings they ever attended. I never shall forget how solemn my soul felt while preaching the word, neither how some shouted, that I thought would not do thus in a public assembly. Still my heart said, "*Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing; let them shout.*" During three weeks following this meeting, I visited several churches, preached in different towns, and enjoyed some refreshing seasons.

August 26 and 27, 1826, I attended the sixth session of the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, held in Ontario. The Ontario quarterly meeting, which had been organized from the Benton quarterly meeting in the autumn previous, was at this time received into the yearly meeting. It contained eight churches, five ordained preachers, and about one hundred members. At this meet-

* This young man subsequently became a useful minister.

ing I first saw brother Thomas Huckins, from London, Upper Canada. He came a distance of two hundred and fifty miles to attend this meeting, with a request for me to visit that province. At this time there was but one Free-will Baptist church in Upper Canada. This was situated in Dunwich, one hundred and fifty miles west from Niagara river. Several years ago, brother Huckins, with two or three families of Free-will Baptists, removed from New Hampshire and Lower Canada, into this town. For some years they endeavored to content themselves by enjoying religious privileges with other denominations; but not finding with them that liberty which they wished to enjoy, about eight persons, for the space of many months, held separate conference meetings, and were called Free-will Baptists. About the year 1821, they sent a man two hundred and fifty miles into New York for help. Elder Jenkins went to them immediately, and gave them the hand of fellowship as a church. Brother Huckins had lately commenced preaching, and at this meeting related his call to the ministry, and received a letter of commendation. Two ministers and myself were appointed to visit the province immediately.

The meetings of worship were interesting. The preaching was blessed to the awakening of some who never rested till they found salvation. The revival that had commenced in this town previous to the meeting, started anew, and continued till one hundred or more, if I mistake not, were converted. Among these was Freeborn W. Straight, the young man whom I addressed a month before, when coming up out of the water after baptism.

Sabbath, Sept. 3, I preached in Ontario, and the heavenly cloud seemed to be spreading fast. The cries of the awakened, and the entreaties of the converts, that I should stay and labor with them, made me almost regret having engaged to leave the town. But, believing duty called, I left them, praying that they might "seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon" them. With solemn feelings I turned my course toward Junius, and called on a young woman in Palmyra, that attended my school the winter previous. Having been sick several months, she had come to this place to receive medical aid, and had requested this visit, expecting it would be the last. She observed to me, "My physicians have given me over—in a few days I expect to die, and I have no hope in Christ! When I attended your school, your exhortations often reached my heart; and though I felt their weight, and often wept for my sins, still the pride of my heart prevented me from submitting to the cross. Had I yielded to conviction, I might have had salvation. But now, alas! it is too late! I think I have but a few days to spend in pain, and then I shall sink to everlasting misery!" I asked her if she was willing to kneel while prayer should be

made for her. She answered, "Yes;" and we bowed before the Lord. I enjoyed unusual freedom in prayer, and thought the Lord gave me a witness that she should receive the pardon of her sins. In the mean time she began to weep, and her sorrow and cries seemed enough to touch the hardest heart. She arose, and wept till her strength failed—the cold sweat stood on her face, and she became still as though she were dead. We were alarmed, and for a moment feared the consequences. Soon, however, she revived, but shortly fell away again as before. Thus she apparently fainted five times in quick succession. My faith that she would be converted was shaken, and I seriously feared that instead thereof, she would die immediately. While we were looking in fearful suspense, she revived again, and seeing her sister, she inquired, "Why do you look on me so intently?" Her sister asked if she did not know that she had fainted. She said, "I am well—where am I?" Being told she was where she had usually been, she could scarcely believe it, and said, "I never was in a place so beautiful as this—every thing shines like gold." Addressing her sister, and other friends that stood around, she said, "How beautiful you are!—I never loved you so before—O, how happy I am! I believe the Lord has forgiven me all my sins. Blessed be his name." The next morning she remarked, "Many a night have I spent weeping for fear of the punishment that awaited me; but last night I could not sleep, because of the heavenly joy that filled my soul; for the goodness of the Lord appeared so wonderful, that I could but praise him all the night." Walking out, she exclaimed, "O, how beautiful is the face of the earth, and every thing that meets my sight! This appears like a new world!" As I was about to leave, she said to me, "Brother Marks, before you go to Canada, I wish to return to Junius, confess Christ before my associates, and be baptized. Then I can die in peace."

On my arrival at Junius, I understood the young woman had been removed to her father's, and that she scarcely waited to inquire after the health of her friends and associates, before she told them what great things the Lord had done for her soul. I attended a meeting at her father's house, and immediately after the sermon, she sat upon the bed side, supported by two female friends, and in a solemn, impressive manner, related her experience. She then requested the assembly to look on her feeble form, and take warning. Said she, "I feel it my duty to be baptized to-morrow, and in a few days I expect you will see this frame wrapped in a shroud, and will follow me to the grave. O, remember what I tell you, and no longer neglect the Savior." She exhorted the wicked for some minutes, and her testimony was like a sharp sword. Many in the assembly wept, and four young people came forward for prayer.

On the day following, a meeting was appointed for baptism a mile and a half from her father's. Two circumstances made this a time of trembling to me. I had lived in this neighborhood from the age of nine years, and had never baptized any in the place. Besides, the candidate was so feeble that she could not sit up an hour without fainting, and some of the brethren thought it would endanger her life. Others were of opinion that she would probably die in the performance of it. She would not, however, submit to their entreaties, but said, "It is my duty to follow my Lord in baptism, and he will support me." I never realized more the need of divine assistance than on this occasion; and I was much in fervent prayer till the time came. The candidate was placed on pillows and blankets in a chair, and brought slowly to the meeting. When she arrived, many, on seeing her pale face bound with a white handkerchief, burst into tears. She was laid on a bed, and the exercises commenced. I felt all the solemnity while speaking to the people that I ever had on a funeral occasion. Nor did the assembly seem to be less impressed. Another young woman that had attended my school, and had also obtained a hope in Christ, now related her experience, and was received for baptism. Then the one that was sick stood up, supported by another female, and in a very solemn manner told how she had been convicted, how she had grieved the Spirit, and how God had forgiven all her sins. She spoke with much feeling of the happiness she now enjoyed, and exhorted her gay companions to leave their sins, and set out with her for a better world. We proceeded slowly to the water, the distance of a quarter of a mile, while many dropped their tears by the way. The sick candidate was seated in the chair, leaning backward to prevent her from fainting. Prayer was made to God to preserve her life, and strengthen her for the performance of this duty. The young woman that first related her experience was baptized, and came up out of the water rejoicing. The moment dreaded by many had now come, and I said, "Sister Jane, wilt thou be baptized?" With heavenly serenity she answered, "Yes" —arose, gave me her hand, and walked deliberately into the stream. When she was raised out of the water, not a feature had changed, except that her face shone as though she had seen God. Now she was so happy that she seemed unwilling to leave the water. On being seated again, she received the right hand of fellowship, and a charge relative to the baptismal covenant. To these she emphatically added, "*Amen.*" Many of the assembly were melted into tenderness, and I think will never forget this scene. After she had changed her apparel and received food, she remarked that she had not felt so well for a week before. From the hour of her baptism, she began to amend, and in a few weeks was entirely restor-

ed to health. For aught I know, she remains to this day, a lover and a witness of the grace of God. O, that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works.

At this time there appeared a good prospect of revival in this vicinity. But I was obliged to leave to fulfil my engagements, though with feelings much as I had on leaving Ontario. Passing through Benton quarterly meeting, I preached with several of the churches. In a neighborhood of Middlesex, some revival had just commenced, and again I was earnestly entreated to stay a few days. But continuing my journey I proceeded to Number Nine in Canandaigua. As I entered the house of brother Theodorus Beebee, he said, "Bless the Lord; I am glad to see you;—I believe God has sent you to this place." I sighed, knowing they would be disappointed on learning that I could remain but one day. I attended a meeting, and the Lord fastened conviction on the hearts of several. The next day I went to Groveland, and attended a meeting. My appointments had been given out on the way to Canada, but having two days' leisure, I returned to Canandaigua, a distance of thirty miles, and preached from Rom. 6:23, "*The wages of sin is death.*" This was a solemn, weeping time. Several were awakened to seek the Lord, and afterward some dated their conviction from the reading of this text. Eight came forward for prayer, one of whom, a respectable young lady, cried as she arose, "*God be merciful to me a sinner.*" The prospect of a revival in this vicinity, together with the impression that duty called me to stay and attend to the work, made me regret having engaged to go to Canada. But as the engagement was conditional, "*If the Lord will,*" I finally relinquished my intention of visiting the province, and concluded to go only as far as my appointments extended, and then return immediately. Proceeding west, I attended meetings in different towns, till I came to Lockport, one hundred miles.

In this journey I called on a brother at Batavia, who told me that there was a great uproar among the people—that the Free Masons had kidnapped a man named William Morgan, of that town, who was publishing the secrets of Masonry,—that, although great efforts had been made to find him, it could not be found how they had disposed of him—and it was feared he had been murdered. He further stated, that on the night previous to his being taken from Batavia, the printing office that contained his disclosures relative to Masonry, was set on fire a little after midnight, while ten persons were asleep in that building and another adjoining it, and that, had it not been accidentally discovered, those persons might have perished, and a considerable part of the village have been destroyed by the fire. He said also that on the day after Morgan

was seized, a mob of about sixty persons, who were mostly strangers, appeared at noon in Batavia, armed with clubs, and seized David C. Miller, a mason, who was printing Morgan's disclosures —took him to Strafford, and thence to Le Roy, where he was rescued by his friends from Batavia. He said it had been understood that the Masons had determined Morgan's disclosures should be suppressed; and that the printing office was guarded with cannon and small arms, and the people generally in readiness, expecting every hour to be called to action in defence of their townsman.

These things were new to me, and it seemed unaccountable, that two weeks could have passed since the commencement of these outrages, and the people generally in the towns fifteen miles distant have heard nothing of it. Still I had a favorable opinion of Free Masonry, and thought it very strange that so large a number of masons could have been found to engage in such outrages. From the account that masons had given of the principles of their institution, I supposed the fraternity would remove this stain upon their order, by expelling those who had been guilty of such crimes, and would use every effort to bring them to justice. As I passed from place to place, I related some particulars of these outrages, without the least idea of offending the masons. But, to my astonishment, I found that the relation of these facts generally *displeased* them; and I was several times told, with angry looks, if I knew what was for my good, I would mind my own business, and let these things alone. I conversed with many masons about these occurrences, and they generally affected to believe it was all a speculation, and that Morgan had run away to make sale for his book. They intimated that Morgan had not revealed the secrets of Masonry—and many who were generally thought to be good men, said if he had disclosed the secrets of Masonry, "*He ought to die*," and "no death would be too bad for him." One man who was a professor of religion, told me, if Morgan had revealed the secrets of the order, he "*could see him gibbeted in good conscience.*"

I now met with one of my greatest trials—several of my brethren whom I highly esteemed were masons—yet unnumbered circumstances compelled me to believe that Masonry approved of these outrages, and that the fraternity were combined to protect the criminals—to close the press against these facts—and to keep them as secret as possible.

On my return to Canandaigua, I learned that one had been converted. I remained in this town for a time, preached daily, attended conference meetings, and visited and prayed from house to house. In almost every meeting there were some new instances of conviction, or of conversion and confession of Christ; and soon I enjoyed the privilege of baptizing six converts. December, 1,

1826, a church was formed. The members solemnly covenanted with each other to keep the perfect law, according to the grace given them, and maintain gospel order and fellowship, agreeably to the Scriptures.

The work of the Lord continued; but while we were thus favored, the enemies of the cross, by cruel slanders, tried to bring the subjects of the revival into contempt and disgrace. Yet the testimonies of Scripture, that "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," and that "it is enough that the disciple be as his Master," reconciled us to our lot, and made even the converts rejoice, that they were counted worthy to "suffer for Christ's sake." On the 17th of Dec. I baptized two, and on the 24th, three. Four of these were added to the church.

During the revival, I frequently preached in other towns, and some of the meetings were blessed of the Lord. In the early part of January, 1827, I made a journey eastward as far as Utica, and held meetings with several churches of the Free Communion Baptists. This denomination is distinct from the Free-will Baptists. The principal difference is, that many of the *Free Communion Baptists* believe in what is called the "*final perseverance of the saints.*" It is thought, however, that more than one half of the denomination exactly agree with the Free-will Baptists. Another difference is, they have a small number of *articles*, abstract from the Scriptures. Their churches are situated mostly in New York, and principally within one hundred miles west of Albany. Their exact number I cannot state, but probably they had in 1827, about forty churches and three thousand members. Not far from this time, their annual conference was divided into two, called the Northern and Southern conferences. The great western turnpike is the dividing line between them. I am of opinion, that if the Free Communion Baptists and the Free-will Baptists, should become acquainted with each other, they might become one people.

In general they received me as a servant of the Lord. In one town, however, there was an exception. On a Sabbath that was appointed for communion, I attended their meeting, and was introduced to the preacher. He invited me into the pulpit, and after his sermon, asked me to conclude by prayer. Then leaving me in the desk, he prepared the table, and invited all that had a good standing in any Christian denomination, to come forward and partake. Accordingly I desired the privilege, and offered to show my letters. He replied, "We do not wish to examine them; we do not doubt that your standing is good in the *Free-will Baptist* denomination. But we have not as yet recognized the Free-will Baptists as a Christian denomination." I understood that a Unitarian preacher had been among them, falsely calling himself a

Free-will Baptist, and by this means had occasioned a division in the church. On this account they seemed to be afraid of me.

On the evening of Jan. 22, I spoke to a crowded assembly in Fabius, and the Spirit of the Lord seemed to move on the people. A Free-will Baptist church had lately been gathered in the place, and they were enjoying a good season. Four converts having been received as candidates, they requested me to baptize them. As I had an appointment the day following at Spafford, I attended a meeting the next morning at sunrise. A considerable number were present, and unexpectedly two others related their experience and desired to be baptized. One of these was a little girl; but her friends, though satisfied she had been converted, were unwilling she should be baptized, because she was but eight years of age. The snow was nearly three feet deep, and a tedious storm made it very unpleasant; however, we broke a path nearly a quarter of a mile, to a pond, where the ice had been cut for the occasion. After five were baptized, the little girl before named, turned to her father, and bursting into tears said, "O, papa, do let me be baptized." He asked me if I thought it would be right. I replied, 'Yes;' and he consented. Her tears dried up, a heavenly smile sat upon her countenance, and while she went forward in obedience to the command of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," her little heart seemed filled with joy.

I proceeded toward Spafford, and not having a change of apparel with me, I rode all day with my clothes frozen, but took no cold. Night overtook me when I was within three miles of my appointment, and the road was filled with drifts, so that I was obliged to crawl on the snow. With difficulty I got along thus for nearly a mile; and on reaching the place found a crowded assembly. As I was much fatigued, I thought I should not speak over half an hour: but the Lord enabled me to speak an hour and a half with considerable freedom. I next went to Canandaigua, and enjoyed some good seasons with the converts, who were much engaged.

In February, 1827, I held meetings in Ontario, Penfield, Perinton, Macedon, Canandaigua, Groveland, Clarkson, Parma, Sodus, Lyons, Junius, Benton, Milo, Barrington, Jerusalem, and Middlesex, and saw several converted.

I spent a considerable part of March in Canandaigua, and the Lord favored us with some refreshings from his presence. The number of converts increased to thirty or thirty-five. Several of these joined the Calvinistic Baptists. About this time I took a dismission from the church in Junius, and became a member of the church at Canandaigua. In the latter part of the month, I visited and preached in several other towns.

Sabbath, April 1, was a pleasant day. Again the beauties of

spring began to appear, and the forest songsters to praise their Creator. Early in the morning I visited a young woman that had been sick four years. Till within a few days she had had no hope in the Savior to support her in her sickness. But now she was resigned in expectation of certain death. I preached in Ontario and Perinton. A young man spoke for the first time, and professed that he had found the one thing needful.

April 2, I attended a debate that was appointed to be held between a Calvinistic Baptist and a Universalist; but the former being unwell, he desired me to take a part in the discussion. I complied, and enjoyed much peace of mind and freedom in speaking. Afterwards I understood that several were at this time convinced that such as die in their sins, shall "*be driven away in their wickedness.*"

I next went to Attica, a distance of seventy miles, and enjoyed an interesting meeting,—thence to Pittsford, and stopped a night with a young man that had been a licensed preacher. But now he was fallen into a state of scepticism, and professed atheistical principles. I conversed with him—his mind appeared to be confused and gloomy, and from his conversation, I concluded that he had fallen into this state by neglecting to watch and pray, and by trying to "find out God to perfection."

Monday, April 9, I left Canandaigua for Pennsylvania, having a line of appointments previously given out. I met assemblies the five days following, at Flint creek in Middlesex, at Jerusalem, Milo, Barrington, Jersey and Catlin. In the latter place, seven covenanted to seek the Lord, and some of them were soon after hopefully converted.

April 16, I preached near Tioga river, in Pennsylvania. Here the Lord gave me great liberty; blessed be his name. I also went to Delmar, held two meetings, and baptized one. After the baptism, several prayed, some cried for mercy, and two backsliders promised to return. I enjoyed a solemn meeting east of Wellsborough, and on Friday, April 20, went on my way toward Troy, Pa. I passed this day in much reflection and self-examination, and felt a great sense of my poverty, and a great desire for more of the mind that was in Christ Jesus. I had preached much to others, and feeling in a state to be profited by hearing the plain truth of God, I began preaching to myself, from Rom. 2:21, "Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" I never felt so much convicted under any sermon in my life, and for miles, while travelling in the woods alone, I wept for my unworthiness. At length I fell on my face, and solemnly covenanted to dedicate myself more fully unto God. At a late hour I reached Troy, and

spoke with much freedom to a waiting congregation. I had a pleasant interview with Elder Asa Dodge. Religion was his whole theme.

Sabbath, April 22, I preached in Smithfield; some appeared affected, others inflexibly hard. Early next morning, the neighborhood was alarmed by the burning of a house and barn. I understood that the father of the young men who owned the buildings, set fire to them, and thus destroyed one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars merely out of revenge. But alas! sin will cause greater destruction than this! On this day I rode thirty miles, and met an assembly in Owego. Elder Colby passed through this town seventeen years previous, and in his journal he writes of the place thus: "On leaving Tioga, I went down to Owego expecting to preach somewhere in the village that day; but they would not receive me. Of this village I can speak nothing favorable as to their religion or piety. I was credibly informed that there was not one Christian in the place, although it was a considerable village." But it had now three good meeting-houses, and *many* Christians; and I understood that within the last ten days forty persons had obtained a hope in Christ. Thus the wilderness becomes a fruitful field. During this week, I preached at Apalachian and Owego creeks, in Candor, Dryden, and Ithaca. In all these places I enjoyed good freedom. In Ithaca, nearly one hundred professed Christians were present. They appeared very plain and very humble. When I preached in this place a year previous, little attention was given to religion. Since that time, it was calculated that one thousand had been converted in the town. Five hundred had united with the Methodists, three hundred with the Presbyterians, and two hundred with other denominations. I was told, that in this revival judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, &c. fell on their knees in the broad aisles, amid popular congregations, and prayed to God for mercy.

Sabbath, April 29, I attended a Baptist meeting between Cayuga and Seneca lakes, but no liberty was given for any to speak except the minister. Feeling the Spirit of the Lord upon me, I requested liberty; but none being granted, I began, after the people went out, to address them on the green; then, being desired to go into the meeting-house, we returned, and the Lord enabled me to speak with much freedom. Many in the assembly wept. After this, I went to Ovid, and finding an assembly just gathered, desired the privilege of speaking to the people, which was granted. The Spirit of the Lord attended the word to the hearts of many, and several came forward for prayer. In the early part of May, I attended two meetings in Camillus, two in Spafford, and a two-days meeting in Fabius. The church in the latter place appeared

well engaged, and the opportunity was profitable. May 7, 1827, the ground was covered with snow. I made several visits, and the day following preached in Woodstock. The power of God was in the assembly, and fifteen or twenty manifested their desire to become the disciples of Christ. May 10, I had an appointment in the Baptist meeting house in Hamilton. A considerable assembly attended. Having for my hearers several students from the seminary, and many of the popular class, I was at first some embarraised; but, falling on my knees, I cried to the Lord for assistance —he heard me, and so filled me with his Spirit, that it appeared to me, the people were but "*as grasshoppers*" before God, and my fears of them were taken away. Some wept, and others shouted.

Friday and Saturday, May 11 and 12, I held four meetings in Brookfield and Plainfield, and on the Sabbath met an assembly in Winfield. In the latter place, I spoke pointedly on the necessity of Christians being separate from the world. A popular preacher of the Seventh Day Baptists addressed the assembly, and told them they had heard the truth. The next day, after going north to Bridgwater, I staid a few hours, to witness the trial of several who had just been taken for passing counterfeit money. While I observed their joy and vanity at the genius displayed by their counsel, on whom they seemed to look as their only friend, I thought, alas! poor creatures, unless you repent, who will brighten your countenances in the Judgment? who will plead your cause in that last great day of trial? Then you will be speechless—then you will receive an irrevokable sentence. And, alas! this will be the fate, not only of counterfeiters, but of all who live in sin. Continuing my course north, I held two meetings in Rome. One was a weeping time. A young woman came forward, trembling, kneeled for prayer, and promised to seek the Lord.

In Taburg I attended a meeting, but enjoying no liberty, fell again into trials, and, immediately after meeting, retired to a river side at the foot of a hill—made a covenant with God—and "set up a stone" for a witness. It pleased the Lord to lift upon me the light of his countenance, and I went on my way rejoicing. I preached in Trenton; and on Sabbath, May 20, met an appointment at the meeting house in Russia, and spoke from 1 Tim. 2:4: "Who will have all men to be saved," &c. I endeavored to answer the principal arguments usually brought against the doctrine of free salvation, and to enforce the obligation of repentance and faith. The Lord accompanied the word by his Spirit. Blessed be his name. After I left the meeting, a collection of five dollars was brought to me. Being requested, I visited a young woman who was very sick, and much concerned for her soul. She said to me,

"My great desire is to be prepared to meet God. If this might be, I should not wish to live another day." Thus it is with almost all that live in sin when they come to the gate of death; still they will not repent while they are in health, and while they may. Sabbath P. M., I spoke to a crowded assembly in Middleville. I returned to Russia, and preached again at the meeting house with unusual freedom. One evening, after I had preached, about twenty converts came to my lodging, and sung and prayed till midnight. A young man present, said, that he had trusted in the doctrine of decrees, but the Sabbath before, his refuge was swept away, and since that time he had been much concerned for his soul. After midnight he began to cry for mercy. I was called up to pray for him, and before morning he professed to find peace.

Saturday, May 26, I attended the monthly meeting of the Free Communion Baptist church in Russia. One hundred professors spoke of the goodness of God. Elder Corps, a preacher of their connexion, though *ninety-two* years of age, was present, and exhorted his brethren to faithfulness. About a year before this time, a great revival commenced under the labors of Susan Humes, and continued, as I understood, till about three hundred professed to pass from death unto life. Most of the converts joined the Free Communion Baptists. The people were much attached to sister Humes, and viewed her as a chosen vessel. On the Sabbath I met with them again. During the following week I visited several towns at the south, and enjoyed happy seasons in preaching the Lord Jesus.

In June, I returned to the western part of New York, visited about twenty towns, and attended about thirty meetings with usual freedom. July 2, I met two assemblies in Benton and Milo, and baptized one in each town. Some revival had lately been enjoyed in both these places. On the 8th I preached in Canandaigua and baptized two, who were added to the church. I spent the remainder of July, preaching in Sodus, Lyons, Junius, in several towns east of Canandaigua, and in several churches within the limits of the Owego quarterly meeting. In these meetings several were awakened. 'O, may their awakening terminate in conversion.'

In August, I attended a session of the Benton quarterly meeting in Catlin, and also met assemblies in different towns till I came to Canandaigua. Here I preached a few times, then visited several churches of the Bethany quarterly meeting, and found them generally prospering.

Friday, Aug. 24, 1827, I attended the seventh session of the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, held at Bethany. Several important subjects were considered with much union. Among these

was Free Masonry. It appeared that great dissatisfaction had arisen on this subject, and was rapidly increasing; and the testimony of Masons, who were daily seceding, publicly declared the oaths, ceremonies, and principles of the order, to be such as must strike the feelings of every Christian with dread and horror. Their testimony was confirmed by a thousand circumstances connected with the abduction of William Morgan, which had come and were daily coming before the public. These things caused many of the brethren great pain, especially when they reflected that several in the denomination who were much esteemed, were bound by oath to the institution. Those preachers and brethren present, that belonged to that society, retired by themselves to ascertain how far they could concede to those who were tried on account of their connection with Masonry. They reported that they would have no connection with the institution, and would not attend their meetings, except in cases when "*they were summoned;*" that in *this* case they *could not* agree not to attend—their obligation was of such a nature, that in this thing, they were *bound* in conscience to have their liberty. It was thought the brethren generally, who were Masons, would concede to this position, and it appeared to be satisfactory to the yearly meeting. On Saturday at an early hour worship commenced in a grove. The assembly was large, attentive, and solemn. On the Sabbath, three sermons and several exhortations were given. The blessing of the Lord rested upon us. In the ministers' conference on Monday, we understood that the brethren appointed to visit the church in Upper Canada, gathered another church in that province. My appointment to visit Canada was renewed, and brother F. W. Straight, who had lately received a letter of commendation from the church in Ontario, was appointed to accompany me.

On Tuesday evening, I attended an interesting meeting in Castile, and on coming out of the house I observed the northern lights to be more luminous than I had ever before seen them. They rose in bright columns nearly over our heads with majestic grandeur. I remembered reading that the northern lights were never seen till the year 1716. I felt very solemn, and reflected on the prophecy named in Acts 2:19, 20: "*And I will shew wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke;—before that great and notable day of the Lord come.*" About the time we arrived at our lodgings, a bright column arose in the east, and extended over our heads nearly to the western horizon. The edges were smooth as a ribbon, the color was like fire, and its form was like the rainbow. There were no clouds, and the light of this column, with those in the north, illuminated the earth nearly or quite as much as the light of the moon in a clear night. I thought much of the last

day, and queried, "if my Lord should now come, am I prepared to meet him?" I felt great composure, and thought if Jesus should then descend, and the trumpet be blown, my heart would say, "*Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*" Shortly after this, I visited a family that did not believe in a day "of Judgment to come;" but on this occasion, I was informed, they awoke, and seeing the light, thought *the Judgment day had come;* and some of them walked their chamber and wept bitterly, wringing their hands for anguish. Yet when the light began to lessen, their tears dried up, and probably they said in their hearts, "*My Lord delayeth his coming.*" But to them, alas!

> "That awful day will come,
> The appointed hour makes haste."

Leaving Castile with brother Straight we held meetings in several towns west and north of Canandaigua lake and enjoyed profitable seasons.

CHAPTER XVI.

My First Journey to London District in Upper Canada.

September 26, 1827, we commenced our journey from Canandaigua to Upper Canada, preaching by the way till we arrived at Royalton. A little company of saints had been gathered in this place by Elder Crapsey, and organized into a church. We attended their monthly meeting, and on the Sabbath, October 7, preached with them; the next day we crossed the Niagara river at Lewiston, and proceeded to Lunday's Lane. It was very rainy, night came on, and with difficulty we could keep the road; so we called on strangers at a private house, and were kindly received. Soon they recognized my countenance, having heard me preach in this vicinity five years previous. Continuing our journey, we passed through Hamilton and Ancaster, beautiful villages, situated near the head of lake Ontario, and through Brandford to Oxford. At Oxford, our carriage failed through the dishonesty of a smith that repaired it at Hamilton, and besides suffering a loss of six or seven dollars, our lives were greatly endangered. In about two hours, we succeeded in getting repairs made that would answer for the present; and after proceeding a few miles, entered a seven mile wood. The road was rough and muddy; we got through about dark, and calling at a house, were told that it was two miles to an inn, and a very good road except a quarter of a mile through a

wood. We went on, passed over broken log bridges, and through deep mud. It soon became so dark that we could not discern our hand before us. When confident that we had gone a mile, and nothing yet appearing, but a thick forest, we feared that we had missed our way, and might have to take our lodging in the retreat of the wild beasts. If disposed to return, the way seemed impassable; so, proceeding about half a mile further, we saw the light of a dwelling which we found to be an inn, and were glad. They freely gave us entertainment. Saturday, Oct. 13, we passed through Westminster, crossed the river Thames to London, and proceeded ten miles in a rough, miry road to the north part of the town. Here was the residence of brother Thomas Huckins. On our arrival he and nearly all the neighborhood were assembled in monthly meeting. A little boy piloted me through the wood to the meeting about the time the people were beginning to disperse. They were expecting us, and as soon as they saw me, they returned, and I heard a shout of joy, and the voice of thanksgiving. This touched my heart—I thought, 'how many are weary of hearing the word; but with what gladness do these brethren receive a servant of the Lord!' When I entered, the house was full of people, nearly all of whom shook hands with me, and several wept. After praying with them, I returned with brother Huckins. He was the only preacher of the Free-will Baptist denomination then residing in Upper Canada. A revival had commenced among them; three had been converted, and three or four were seeking the Lord. In the evening many came to our lodging, and though we were much fatigued, they would not be satisfied nor separate, till they had heard a short discourse.

Sabbath, Oct. 14, I preached with them, and enjoyed a good degree of the Spirit. Some were awakened to seek the Savior, and a few came forward for prayer. On Tuesday following, I held a meeting at a dwelling house in another neighborhood. The man of the house and his wife were members of the Methodist church: they told us, that from a late examination of the Scriptures, they were convinced that their infant baptism was not authorized by God, and that now they believed it their duty to be baptized. On the same day I returned to brother Huckins', spoke to a considerable assembly, and seven covenanted to flee from the wrath to come. Wednesday evening, brother Straight preached, and the day after, I held another meeting. On Friday, I was called to visit a family just bereaved of an only son, three years of age. He was suddenly killed by a pole which rolled from a log fence. The parents and others wept exceedingly, and while I addressed them, they seemed scarcely able to restrain their cries. The father said, he considered it a loud call to him to be also ready, and that he was resolv-

ed to obey it. I attended the funeral: it was truly a time of weeping and mourning. When the attendants began to put the child into the coffin, the mother for a long time could not be persuaded to commit her son to the "narrow house." She cried, "O! my son, you were pleasant." This scene made every spectator feel and sympathize.

On Saturday and Sabbath, six related their experience, were baptized, and added to the church. All the exercises were blessed by the presence of the Lord. Sabbath evening, many spoke of the dealings of God with them, and several of the anxious said they were resolved to seek the Lord till death, whether they found peace or not.

Monday, Oct. 22, I left brother Straight in London, and preached in Westminster: two came forward for prayer. The next day, I held a meeting four miles south of the Thames, and in the evening preached in Southwold. The latter meeting was very solemn. One cried for mercy, and another promised to kneel and pray for a season. On Wednesday I met an assembly near Dunwich, the town where the other church was situated that we had come to visit. Several of the brethren were at the meeting, and received me very affectionately. After speaking more than an hour, on less than half the propositions of my text, and finding that my strength failed, I appointed a meeting for the next day to finish my sermon. The Lord gave me great liberty, and many wept. On Friday I preached on Back street, from Ezekiel 33:11: "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" I think that I never enjoyed greater liberty than on this occasion. My mouth was filled with arguments, showing the sinner his evil ways, and urging unanswerable reasons why he should turn and live. The solemn weight of eternal things seemed to rest on the assembly, and several were almost, if not altogether, persuaded to be Christians. Next morning several came to the house where I spent the night, and we enjoyed a melting happy season in prayer. Four entered into an engagement to seek the Lord. In the evening, the Free-will Baptist church assembled for covenant meeting. It consisted of twenty members, and though they had been destitute of preaching nearly a year, they were well united. Several of the Calvinistic Baptists and their minister were present, and spoke in the Spirit. Such unity prevailed in the meeting, that though many of different denominations took an active part, a stranger could discover no difference in their sentiments.

Sabbath, Oct. 28, I spoke two hours and twenty minutes in Dunwich with unusual freedom, and in the evening preached again to a crowded and solemn audience. Several manifested a desire to become reconciled to God. The next day I held two meetings:

the latter was in the east part of Southwold, and a most solemn and powerful time. Nearly the whole assembly came forward for prayer. On the day following, I faced a tedious storm ten or twelve miles to an appointment in Westminster. Only one person attended; I prayed with him, then went to the river Thames and attended a meeting, but had a dark, trying time. Still I believed that trials would work for my good.

On Wednesday, I returned to London and preached in the evening. Nearly the whole assembly confessed Christ, one of whom found comfort during my absence. The next day I attended a meeting with brother S. at the house of Mr. Shoff. He spoke as a penitent and several others said they were resolved to attend immediately to the duty they owed their Maker. Friday, I preached to a few in the east part of the town, all of whom arose for prayer. I held a meeting the day following in the vicinity of the revival, and one, on relating her experience, was received for baptism.

Sunday, Nov. 4, 1827. This day concludes twenty-two years of my life. I have endeavored to return humble thanks to my Heavenly Father for past mercies and firmly to resolve that my dedication to Him shall be entire, that I will strive for victory over all sin. All the particulars of this resolution I have written this day; and promised before the Lord, to read them daily for at least one month. At ten o'clock I preached at the house of brother Huckins in London, and baptized four converts. In the afternoon we came to the table of the Lord, and sat together in a heavenly place in Christ. The day following, we held another meeting, and nearly all spoke of the goodness of the Lord. On Tuesday, I preached two or three miles east of the revival, to about forty, who covenanted to seek and serve God; but some, I feared, did not realize their obligation, others appeared to be truly penitent. Wednesday, Nov. 7, I preached a farewell discourse from 2 Cor. 13:11: "*Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.*" After the exercises closed, three professed to have found Christ, and two of them requested to be baptized before I went away. As I had made appointments at Dunwich, not expecting to return to London, I had not now time to baptize; so I concluded to meet my engagements, and then return.

Proceeding to Dunwich, I preached by the way in Westminster and Southwold. On the Sabbath, our assembly in Dunwich was said to be larger than had ever before been in this township. It pleased the Savior to favor me with unusual liberty, and I believe the Holy Spirit searched the congregation. In the afternoon, Jesus made himself known to us "in breaking of bread." After this

I held three meetings, and thought the seasons were profitable. I preached in the east part of Southwold again, and rejoiced to find that the solemn concern manifested in my second meeting had not abated.

Friday I returned to London, held a meeting in the evening, and one the next day. Six related their experience, and were received for baptism. In the evening, for the first time, I heard brother Straight preach a sermon with much satisfaction. Sabbath, Nov. 18, the assembly was large for this town, and after sermon, the six candidates were baptized, rejoicing in the Lord. One of them, a man in his seventieth year, had been confined by sickness for a year past, and was brought to the meeting on a sled. He went into the water as though he enjoyed the strength of youth, and came out happy. This was a remarkable hour. Heaven smiled, and glory seemed to shine on the candidates, on the congregation, on the water, and, indeed, on all things around. As the people returned from the water, the saints sung with such melody, that it seemed almost as though the New Jerusalem had come down out of heaven. In the evening brother Huckins preached, saints rejoiced much, and sinners wept bitterly. How striking the contrast! The more of the Spirit of the Lord there is present, the more saints will rejoice, and the more sinners will mourn. In this meeting, five solemnly promised to seek the Lord till they should find remission of sins. I remained a week longer in London, and held meetings nearly every day which were attended with much interest, particularly on the Sabbath. The Spirit of the Lord was manifested in a powerful manner, and the word seemed to cut to the heart of every sinner present. I baptized the wife of the man aged seventy, that was baptized the Sabbath previous. She was sixty-eight years of age, and within four or five days had experienced a change of heart.

Monday, Nov. 26, I preached again and bid the people farewell. It was a very solemn season. One backslider humbly entreated the forgiveness of his brethren whom he had grieved. Next morning, a little after the dawn of day, the brethren began to assemble at the house where I spent the night, notwithstanding I had bid them farewell, and continued to come till nine o'clock, when nearly the whole church and several others were present. Some wept all the morning. As I was about to say to them, in the language of the apostle, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?" brother Huckins said, "Brother David, you are now going away—here are souls near the kingdom of God, that probably will soon be converted and wish to be baptized. Who shall baptize them?" When I considered their state, how they were without a shepherd, I could but weep with them, and an earnest cry arose in my heart

that the Lord would send more faithful laborers into the harvest. After uniting in prayer, they sung a hymn suited to the occasion, and our parting was very affecting and solemn. When I was out of hearing, I gave vent to my feelings in an adjacent wood, and wept aloud. Here I prayed for the dear brethren in Canada, that God would enlarge their borders, till the "spreading vine of low stature" should extend over the province. I had spent more than six weeks in these parts, baptized seventeen in London, and the church had increased to forty-four. The church in London is situated thirty miles north of lake Erie, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of Niagara river. Though they had no administrator, they lived in great union, walking in the order and discipline of the gospel. Several of their women were much devoted to the Lord.

Brother Straight and some others joining me, accompanied me on my way to the river Thames, where I parted with brother S., he having concluded to spend the winter in Canada. I proceeded to Oxford, and after considerable entreaty, I consented to preach, and went to the house of Elder James Harris, a Free Communion Baptist, where I met a kind reception. In the evening I held a meeting at his house, and to the praise of God we had a precious season. Several were awakened, and came forward for prayer. Some of these never rested till they obtained a hope in God. I had designed leaving in the morning, but being earnestly persuaded, I staid the day and held two meetings. I felt thankful for these refreshing interviews. Sabbath I preached three sermons in Blenheim. Continuing my journey, I passed through Ancaster, and on Tuesday evening preached at Salt Fleet. The Spirit of the Lord searched the assembly, sinners wept, and saints shouted for joy. After meeting, several came to my lodging, and with tears entreated me to labor with them a few days. But thinking duty called me, I proceeded on my way, and on Dec. 6, left the province. I had spent more than two months in Canada, and travelled five hundred miles. The people generally were kind and liberal. Though among strangers, and often lodging at public houses, my expenses, besides some repairs, had not amounted to fifty cents.

Continuing my journey eastward, I held a few meetings in different towns, and found the work of revival had commenced in some of the churches of the Bethany quarterly meeting, particularly in Byron. I attended a session of the Ontario quarterly meeting in Sodus, on the 15th and 16th of the month, which was a melting season. Sodus has often been blessed with such seasons; and would to God that her Christians, and all others that have tasted that the Lord is good and gracious, would remember his

kindness, and follow him with all the heart. On my return to Canandaigua, I was affectionately received, and held two meetings.

Here I heard heavy tidings—the death of Elder Abel Thornton. He died on the 12th of May, 1827, worn out in the morning of life by his unwearied labors for Zion.

CHAPTER XVII.

Particulars of my Travels and Labors from Dec. 1827, *to May,* 1828.

Having been appointed by the Ontario quarterly meeting, I visited a revival in the north part of Scriba, a town situated on the south shore of lake Ontario, about eighty miles from Canandaigua. A small church had been gathered in the south part of the town, about seven years previous. At this time they had but nine members. I understood the revival commenced three months before, under the labors of an unordained preacher, and that at that time there was but one praying man in the neighborhood. Twelve or fifteen had now obtained a hope, several wanderers had returned to their first love, and Christians in adjacent neighborhoods were revived. Sabbath breakers and the openly immoral had reformed, and now attended at the house of God.

On January 1, 1828, the salutation of friend to friend, "I wish you a happy new year," was quite frequent. But to some in Scriba this was emphatically a new year. *Old things had passed away, and all things had become new;* and they could say this was the only happy New Year's day they had ever seen. At ten o'clock, A. M. several of the brethren and converts, with myself, met with the Methodists in an adjacent town, and were affectionately welcomed. I preached a discourse, and many spoke of the joy they had found in the Savior, and covenanted to dedicate themselves to Him with new engagedness. In the evening we had a profitable meeting in Scriba. Several solemnly covenanted to spend the year in the service of the Lord. I was told by several persons, that while they were returning from worship, they heard the voice of singing in the air. The sky was clear, and they said the singing appeared to be very high, and the most melodious of any music they had ever heard, and continued directly over their heads while they travelled about a quarter of a mile. A non-professor that

heard it, was alarmed, believing it was the voice of angels, and began to repent of his sins. From this time the work revived anew. Many forsook their sins and called on the name of the Lord. He heard the cries of the penitent, and sent salvation to the broken-hearted. Then did Zion rejoice with "joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing" fled away.

I continued laboring in Scriba for one month, and rejoiced to see the work of the Lord spread so gloriously. Sabbath, Jan. 6, 1828, after preaching, I baptized seven, and the next day gave the right hand of fellowship to a small band of brethren, as a branch of the church in the south part of the town. They were organized the same as a church, and did their own business in the same manner: shortly afterwards they became distinct, and were called the second Free-will Baptist church in Scriba. Before the month closed, I baptized eleven more. These, with two or three others, were added to the church, and all appeared well united and happy.

Sabbath, Jan. 20, I preached three lengthy sermons, and retired much exhausted. For three weeks I had spoken upon an average between three and four hours in a day. A little past midnight, I was taken ill, and raised fresh blood very fast, till my strength failed. A death-like feeling seized me, and I expected to depart this life immediately. I reviewed the doctrine I had preached, and the manner in which I had spent my time—I found nothing to regret, except that I had not been more humble, spiritual, and faithful in my calling. I thought of my friends—I was willing to leave them, believing that we should meet in a better world. I examined my evidences of acceptance with God—through grace they were bright as the sun, and this was one of the happiest hours I had ever seen. There seemed but one step between me and heaven. And now, with feelings that I had never before conceived, I contemplated meeting the prophets, the apostles, the army of the redeemed, and my blessed Savior in glory. But when, in my feelings I had bid my friends and the world farewell—and my soul was ravished by the anticipation of an immediate admission into the kingdom of heaven, my thoughts turned to a world of sinners, exposed to hell. They, and they only, seemed to invite my stay in the world. Something whispered, "*Wilt thou still go and warn them?*" Pity moved my soul—I wept for them and said, "*Yes, Lord, I will go and warn them as long as it shall be thy will, if it be even forty years.*" At this moment it seemed as though the attendant angel was commanded to recall the warrant of death. Immediately I began to amend, and in a few days my strength was restored.

About the 30th of Jan. I preached my farewell discourse in Scriba, and to many it was a solemn time. Fifteen or twenty had been

hopefully converted during the month, and a considerable number were still under conviction. After visiting and preaching in different towns, I returned to Canandaigua, spent a few days, and enjoyed some good meetings.

Wednesday, Feb. 20, I left Canandaigua to visit the Owego and Gibson quarterly meetings, and on the way to Middlesex, my mind was impressed with the necessity of salvation from all sin. The commandment of the Lord Jesus, Matt. 5:48, "*Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,*" came with power into my soul. And remembering the declaration of the apostle, 1 John 5:3, "*His commandments are not grievous,*" my unbelief fled away, and faith said, 'God's ways are equal, and his requirements just.' "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5:19. Then the following queries arose, 'if he shall be least, who practices and teaches contrary to the *least* of Christ's commandments, what will be the fate of him who not only violates, but teaches contrary to the *greatest* commandment? And what commandment is greater than this, to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect? How then dare I, a vessel of the Lord's sanctuary, that ought to be holy in body and in spirit, live in sin?—and, like satan, bring Scripture to justify my iniquity, or screen my guilty conscience? When I preach to sinners that they should "repent," do they not quote the words of Christ to justify themselves, "*Without me ye can do nothing?*" And were I to preach to Christians that they should be "perfect," would they not say, "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not?"' After reflecting on the above queries, the conviction settled into my soul, as if from heaven, that these Scriptures are as unjustly misapplied, as that quoted by the tempter, Matt. 4:6, "Cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee," &c. Now it is certain that satan did act himself in reciting this text: he seemed to have *holy Scripture directly to the point* that he wished to gain. So, alas! it is a fact, and my blood chills at the reflection, that *sinners*, and even *saints*, often quote Scripture as satan did, and make an application equally erroneous, to justify their living in sin. 'And thou, my soul, be humbled exceedingly before God; for alas! *thou also*, since Heaven forgave thee all, hast recited and applied Scripture to justify thyself; as though those who are redeemed from sin could not help living in sin! Hast thou found that the death of Christ was not sufficient to enable his children to become like *Nathaniel*, "*an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile?*" O be thou abased exceedingly, for thou hast applied the word of God like unto satan, to content thyself without entire victory over

sin. How vain was thy thought, that *death*, the *offspring of sin*, should in any way *save* thee, or *fit* thee for heaven. If the blood of Jesus have not the cleansing power to perfect thee for glory, how shall *death* fit thee for the better world?' From these reflections I sunk into nothing before God, and turning aside into a wood, I fell on my face, and called on the Lord,—and, blessed be his name, I felt resolved in his strength to strive to live *without sin*, and "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

A large number asssembled at my appointment in Middlesex. I spoke from Col. 2:6, "*As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.*" I endeavored to urge the necessity of Christian perfection, and, to the praise of God, we had a good time. On Saturday, an appointment on a council called me to Benton. In the evening, the council adjourned while I gave a discourse, and then sat till three in the morning. Sabbath I spoke to an attentive assembly in Benton, from Acts 9:29, "And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians; but they went about to slay him." In the illustration of the text, I noticed, first, the great controversy between the wicked and righteous, error and truth, darkness and light, the enemy of all righteousness and "the Judge of all the earth;" secondly, the character of the disputants; thirdly, the position and arguments of those engaged in the controversy—the resort of the wicked to persecution in support of their cause, when repulsed by sound argument—and the final victory of the Son of God.

Proceeding on my way, I crossed Seneca lake, and held a meeting in Dryden. Thursday, I stopped at a Methodist prayer meeting, and the brethren would have me preach. Soon, some wept aloud, others shouted, and two lost their strength. Eight came forward for prayer, and four of them covenanted to kneel and pray thrice a day, like the good prophet Daniel, for three weeks. I passed through Owego to Apalachian creek, and Sabbath, March 2d, held two or three meetings. Several appeared to be serious, and seven or eight came forward for prayer. During the week following, I attended six meetings in Gibson, Pa. and in towns in the vicinity. On Monday evening, March 10, I had an appointment in Owego, N. Y. Night came on, and losing my road, I wandered some time in the dark; but at length I arrived at the meeting, and enjoyed much freedom in speaking. My next meeting was on Owego creek; only ten persons attended, but we found that the presence of the Lord is not confined to a multitude. Wednesday, I went to Candor, in which town I had an appointment in the evening; but it being very unpleasant, and the travelling bad, some advised me not to go to the appointment, thinking that none would attend. So I consented; but soon feeling uneasy, I went two

miles to the meeting, and found a considerable assembly, and we enjoyed a precious season.

Thursday, March 13, I met a crowded assembly in the place, where, two weeks before, eight came forward for prayer. One of the number was now happy. The Lord enabled me to speak with power. Near the close, I told the assembly the Lord had expressly commanded them to choose without delay whom they would serve—yea, that they should choose to serve the Lord. (See Deut. 30:19; Josh. 24:15; Acts 3:19; 17:30; Heb. 3:7, 8; Matt. 4:17; 6:33.) And further, as Moses caused a division among the people, Ex. 32:26, that it might be known who was on the Lord's side, so I requested the people to make their choice, "and show their deeds," reminding them that "nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest." Luke 8:17. I further said to them, if they secretly chose to put off repentance, it would be in reality to choose satan for their master, and would thus be recorded in the book of remembrance; and that if they chose to serve the Lord secretly, *that* secrecy is forbidden, Matt. 5:15, 16, and would be marked as disobedience by the displeasure of the Almighty. About the whole assembly arose to manifest that they would seek and serve God. I reminded them that their covenant was registered in heaven, and that "God shall bring every work into judgment;" we then joined in prayer. "But some man will say," 'they may break their covenant—and in that case it will be worse than it would have been if they had not covenanted.' The first is true; but the latter may be doubted, for had they not chosen the Lord, they must have chosen sin. And which is the good choice? To refuse to do right, for fear that we shall do wrong, is to give up ourselves altogether to work iniquity. Our obligation to God is infinite, therefore our promise cannot increase our duty. The use of a vow is, to make ourselves sensible of our obligation. Hence, first, it is good to vow unto the Lord; and, secondly, to pay that which we have vowed.

On Friday I spoke in Dryden to a few, principally non-professors. The Spirit of the Lord was present, but I feared the greater part knew not "the time of their visitation." Alas! what multitudes are heedless of their precious day till it closes in eternal night! O my God, have mercy on them before their sun shall set. Sabbath, March 16, I went to an appointment of Elder A. Daniels, in Virgil, and, being invited, preached to the people. As I was about leaving the place, a brother gave me a dollar. I was told that a little before, a minister, who was a poor man, after preaching a sermon, seated himself shivering with the cold, and this brother took off a new great coat and put it around him. When the preacher returned it, he told him he had given it to him, and he himself would wear his old one another year. "The liberal devi-

seth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." An unconverted young man also gave me half a dollar.

In the seven days following, I attended two meetings in Spafford, two in Fabius, and one in Camillus, four in Conquest, and one in Cato. Some of these were very solemn seasons. In the latter, nearly all the assembly manifested by standing up, that they would choose the Lord for their God. I feared, however, that some had not become sufficiently humbled to persevere in their duty: others were deeply affected, and I hoped they would bring forth fruit unto eternal life. After holding another meeting, I went to Junius.

I was never more gladly received than at this time. My friends had heard and believed that I was dead; and now when they beheld my face, they seemed to view me as one that had arisen from the grave. On Thursday I had a very distressing cough, yet I rode ten miles to Waterloo, and spoke to a few. Here I met a younger brother. He was greatly surprised on seeing me, and wept profusely. After the meeting, he took me aside and told me he was resolved to seek the Lord, and the next day covenanted with me to perform his resolution. After holding a meeting in the west part of Junius, I went to Canandaigua. My friends in this place had also heard that I was dead, and had withdrawn my appointments. I met with brother Straight, who was recently from Upper Canada. He informed me that a large number in Southwold and Dunwich, that came forward for prayer during my stay in those places, had been converted, and were now waiting an opportunity for baptism; and that he had come with a request for me to visit them immediately. These tidings were "as cold water to a thirsty soul;" but having engagements for several weeks, I could not go directly—so I sent appointments into the province for the ensuing May. Brother Straight was soon after set apart to the work of the ministry, and returned to Canada.

Sabbath, April 13, I preached twice in Byron. In the first meeting, several manifested their resolution to choose the Lord for their portion. God had lately visited his people in Byron: Christians were engaged, and several had been converted. The brethren entreated me to remain, but duty would not permit. Next day I went to Batavia, but indisposition prevented me from holding a meeting. A severe cough, that had sometime affected me, still continued violent, and had much reduced my strength. Thus infirmity attends me in this world; but, glory to God, for the grace that assures my soul of immortality. Tuesday and Wednesday, I attended meetings in Alexander, Attica, and on the town line of Alexander and Bethany. In the latter place was a glorious revival, and nearly the whole assembly manifested a resolution to serve the Lord. I preached at Canandaigua on the Sabbath, and attend-

ed a conference meeting. The state of religion was rather low, yet several wept for Zion.

In the latter part of April, after holding meetings in several towns, I made another visit to Scriba. The converts remained steadfast and generally well engaged. Several that covenanted to seek the Lord when I left the place, had been brought into liberty. I was considerably affected by the sudden death of a young man, that in my former visit often attended my meetings, and was sometimes seriously exercised. Yet he delayed seeking the Lord. I was informed that the day for his marriage had been appointed; but three or four days before the time, while in company with the friend of his choice, and apparently in health, he suddenly put his hand to his head, and cried out bitterly. Immediately he became deranged, and died in a little time. The wedding festivities were changed to the solemnities of a funeral. Thus are the hopes of this world blasted, and thus the gay and thoughtless forget God—refuse to be wise, and are unprepared for eternity. In a little more than a week, I held about ten meetings in Scriba and the adjacent towns. Some of them were quite solemn and refreshing.

On Saturday, May 3, a two-days' meeting commenced in a barn at Scriba. I spoke from 1 Thess. 5:19, and enjoyed great freedom. Many exhortations were given in quick succession. Nine dissenters from the Calvinistic Baptist church in New Haven, requested by letter, that they might be constituted a church in fellowship with our denomination. As I could not, some other preachers shortly after attended to their request. The Sabbath was pleasant. I addressed six or seven hundred an hour and three quarters, from Ezekiel 36:25, "*Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you,*" &c. After this, three related their experience, and were baptized. Among these was a widow, whose husband, a captain of a vessel on lake Erie, was lost about a year before with his crew and passengers, amounting to the number of sixteen persons. During the revival the winter previous, she was constant in her attendance of my meetings, and at length came forward with the anxious. Like Lydia, her heart was opened, and she opened her house for meetings. It had pleased the Lord to comfort her soul with his salvation, and this was a day of gladness. After baptism, we collected on a pleasant green, near the bank of the stream, and partook of the Lord's Supper. The heavens seemed to "drop down new wine," and the songs of the converts rung with such holy rapture, that I exclaimed in my heart,

> This place is like elysian fields
> That lie o'er Jordan's flood.

In the evening, I spoke to a considerable assembly in the south part of Scriba. The Lord gave me freedom, and filled my heart

with gratitude for the good shown me this day. After this I attended two meetings in Cato, one on a funeral occasion, and held meetings in several towns on the way to Canandaigua.

Friday, May 10, a session of the Benton quarterly meeting opened in this place. The brethren seemed to come "like clouds full of rain," and many wept at seeing each other. The meetings of worship were interesting. On the Sabbath, four sermons were given, and several animating exhortations. It fell to my lot to baptize one that was received the day previous. During the meeting, Elder Josiah Fowler, from Conesus, made as humble and affecting a confession as I ever heard. He had been a Free Mason, and had taken several of the higher degrees. Once he was humble, and God blessed his labors. He spoke of his enjoyment till the time he took on him masonic obligations, which was more than six years before. Alluding to that occurrence, and his attention afterwards to Free Masonry, he exclaimed, "O my brethren, I have been into Babylon!" His feelings overcame him, and for some time he wept aloud. Then he said, "O my God! forgive me—O my brethren, will you forgive me?—O sinners, can you forgive me, for laying this stumbling block in your way?" He said, that for five years he never knew of the conversion of one soul through his instrumentality; and at length the Lord took him in hand, while he was in his field, and he thought he should die under the power of God. He was humbled under the mighty hand of the Lord, saw his wandering, and promised to renounce his allegiance to that institution. He said he believed the Lord had forgiven him all, and that now he enjoyed peace like a river. Those who were acquainted with Elder Fowler knew him to be, naturally, a man of a proud spirit, and his unexpected confession greatly affected the assembly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My Second Journey to London District, Upper Canada.

Monday, May 12, 1828, I left Canandaigua for Upper Canada, and in four days preached in Greece and Parma, thrice in Clarkson, and once in Royalton. Sabbath, May 18, I attended two meetings six miles east of the village of Lewiston, and was affectionately received by brother T——, who related the following particulars of his conversion. He said, that being a royal arch mason, he became acquainted with some facts connected with the abduction and murder of William Morgan, who was carried by his door, and confined in the Magazine at Niagara, till the installation of the royal arch chapter in this town. He was called to Canandaigua as a witness, and resolved, agreeably to his masonic obligation, to swear "*he knew nothing of the affair.*" He said he felt conscientious, and doubted not that he was doing right, till, unexpectedly, the trial was adjourned, and he was dismissed. Then he hasted to be alone; the thought of his narrow escape rushed on his mind like a flood. He said that in a moment it appeared to him, had it not been for the mercy of God in thus saving him, that his ruin would have been effected for time and for eternity. Then he added, "I fell on my knees for the first time, and returned thanks to Almighty God, and promised to renounce my allegiance to Free Masonry, to the world, and to sin, and seek the salvation of my soul." He returned home, confessed his resolutions to his wife, and published his renunciation of Masonry. This awakened his companion, and they sought the Lord till he spoke peace to their souls. Several of their neighbors became concerned, a revival followed, and was still progressing. This man and his wife appeared to be humble converts, and much engaged in the service of the Lord.

Monday, I crossed the Niagara, proceeded to St. Catharines, and seeing many people in the centre of the village, I felt impressed to speak to them of the things of eternity. I shrunk at the cross, and passed through the village,—then feeling condemned, I returned and met a stranger, that afterwards I understood to be Dr. C——, a merchant of that place. I asked him if I might preach in the street. He replied, "Yes;" and went immediately himself, and sent some others to notify a meeting to commence in ten minutes. I placed my wagon in the centre of the village for a pulpit, and at the time appointed, kneeled down and prayed. About one hundred and fifty people gathered around. I addressed them from

Amos 4:12, "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" They listened attentively, and some appeared affected. I appointed a meeting to attend on my return. Several solicited me to stay the night, but my engagements obliged me to pursue my journey. The next day I called at an inn, and preached to a few, from Ex. 3:14, "*I AM hath sent me unto you.*" In the afternoon I gave an exhortation at Hamilton to a few people in the street. Two drunken men tried, by insults and abuse, to embarrass me—yet the Lord blessed me with some freedom. One of these was a negro, and the other was an Irishman; the latter laid violent hands on me. Still I thought it good to "*go out into the highways and hedges, and compel*" perishing sinners to come to the gospel feast. A little before sunset, I arrived at Ancaster, wishing to warn the wicked of this village; and having but few minutes to stop, I gave notice for preaching in seven minutes, on the green opposite the meeting house. When the time had expired, two persons were present, and I asked them to give me a text. They gave me "*Nothing.*" Soon after prayer, seventy or eighty people assembled, and taking my text, I proceeded to show, first, that God created the world out of *nothing;* secondly, that man was placed under a law, in which there was *nothing* unjust; thirdly, that there is *nothing* to justify the impenitent transgressor; fourthly, that there will be *nothing* to comfort him in death—*nothing* to save him in judgment, or to give him hope in hell; fifthly, that the righteous have by nature *nothing* meritorious, *nothing* of their own of which they can boast, *nothing* to fear in death; and, that in the judgment day, they will have *nothing* to cause them grief, and in heaven *nothing* to disturb their peace—and finally, that in time, and in eternity, *nothing* will turn to the advantage of the wicked, or to the disadvantage of the righteous. The Lord assisted me, O, blessed be his name. Many were solemn and several wept.

Continuing my journey, and preaching as I stopped by the way, I reached an appointment in Southwold, Friday, May 23, and bro. Straight and the converts received me very affectionately. Many that were mourning for their sins when I left the place, were now happy in the Lord, and we had a joyful meeting. I was informed that, from the time I left this place, brother Straight labored diligently with the people, the work soon assumed an encouraging aspect, and the Lord gave him much success. Before he left for New York, a first and second letter had been sent to Elder Jenkins of Bethany, requesting him to come and baptize the converts; but no answer having been received, the church in Dunwich sent brother Straight to New York, with a request that he might be ordained. But previous to his return, brother Jenkins came to their help, baptized forty, principally in Southwold, and organized a

church. I was informed, that the first time they attended to baptism, twenty converts submitted to Christ in this ordinance. A spectator held his watch, and observed that the administrator was but eleven minutes baptizing the twenty. Some had asserted that the apostolic manner of baptizing could not have been by *immersion*,—for if it had been been, the twelve apostles could not have baptized the three thousand on the day of Pentecost. On this account some one worked the following sum: If one baptize twenty in eleven minutes, how long will it take twelve to baptize three thousand? He found the answer to be *two hours, seventeen minutes and a half.* Thus, after all that has been said against immersion, on the supposition that the twelve apostles could not baptize three thousand in a day, it appears that it would have been to them a short and pleasant work.

Saturday and Sabbath I preached in Dunwich, and saw some engaged converts that were awakened in my former visit. Tuesday, I met an assembly on Back street, and in the forenoon of the day following, at the house of deacon B. His wife, having been confined twelve years by sickness, had lost the powers of speech and sight; but still retaining the sense of hearing, she had requested that I should hold this meeting. A number that were awakened came forward for prayer. In the afternoon I spoke to an assembly at the house of Israel Morse, from Rom. 9:21, "*Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?* In the evening, Mr. M. and his wife said, that under God the discourse had removed from their minds some serious objections to the doctrine of free salvation. They appeared much concerned, and both prayed for mercy. The man said in his distress that he feared his case was hopeless. They confessed their sins, and seemed resolved to seek the Lord all the days of their life. Next morning I visited and prayed with them; they appeared to be truly penitent. One of their daughters, a young convert, who had been opposed by her parents, now rejoiced greatly, believing they were near the kingdom of God. In a few days they obtained a hope, and were baptized. Not many months afterwards, this young woman became the wife of brother Straight. After holding another meeting, I went to London, and was very affectionately welcomed by brother Huckins and family. Our interview was sweet. The day following, I met the dear saints in London. After sermon, twenty-eight spoke of the loving kindness of the Lord, and of the way in which he led their souls, and one requested baptism. Having consulted several of the ministers in New York, also the brethren in Dunwich and Southwold, and received their advice to examine brother Huckins for ordination, I now proposed to the church in London, to call a council for

the purpose. To this they all agreed. Elder Jenkins had proposed the same to brother Huckins, but from views of his unworthiness, he positively refused his consent. But now, by the unanimous request of the church, he concluded, after considerable hesitation, to submit to an examination.

Sabbath, June 1, 1828, I preached twice in London. In the latter discourse, the Lord helped me to speak about two hours, and the people were seriously impressed. Many testified of the grace of God, and at the close I baptized an aged woman. As she came up out of the water, she praised the Lord aloud. A young convert then came forward, declared her faith in Christ, and was baptized. Two solemnly promised to seek the Lord. Next day I visited several families, and preached at the house of sister Pierce. Since my former visit, her husband had gone the way of all the earth. He was friendly to Christians, and thought he enjoyed some religion; but it seemed to consist in *strict morality.* He justified himself in the neglect of family prayer, and confessing Christ publicly, and thought the *noise* and *talk* of engaged Christians quite unnecessary. His wife, and most of his children, were humble followers of Christ, "spoke often one to another," and, I believe, "prayed to God always." He was of opinion that they made more sound and show about religion, than was necessary; and *they* feared that he knew nothing of true "godliness." Still they lived affectionately, tenderly regarded each other's feelings, and were closely bound together by the family ties. In this situation, sister P. told me that he approached the gate of death; still he changed not. He was apparently struck with its icy hand, and his friends waited every hour in expectation of his decease. To her it was an awful hour! She loved her companion, yet she believed he was trusting in a false hope. But what could she do? Her last hours in his society were passing swiftly, and how could she be, what some would call, so uncharitable, as to tell her husband plainly, that she believed he was deceived, and that he "must be born again," or "not see the kingdom of God." Still, how could she bear that he should die in this state? He remained at the point of death some days. She wept—she prayed—she poured out her soul to God. She obtained strength—told her husband, that it appeared to her he could not die in his present state; that God had continued him these several days, that he might discharge some duty he had neglected. Finally, she told him her whole soul; and instead of being grieved, as she had feared, he confessed his lost condition, and cried to the Lord for mercy. To the great joy of his family, he found pardon and the witness of the Spirit, to which he confessed that till now he had ever been a stranger. He exclaimed, "O that I could talk, and I would tell

you that which you never heard before." He now condemned his former faith, and exhorted his wife and children to perseverance in family prayer, and in the practice of all the Christian duties he had before called useless. In about twenty-four hours after this, he bid the world adieu. Sister P. remarked that she never came to a greater cross than she did in this trial, and had she shrunk from duty, she never could have forgiven herself; but now she felt great thankfulness to God, who strengthened her, and granted the desire of her soul.

During the week following, I attended several interesting meetings in Southwold and Dunwich. At the last, sixteen covenanted to seek the Lord. A small number had experienced salvation in my absence to London, and brother Straight had baptized three—one of whom, like the jailer, went forward in the night. The converts were much engaged, and I was much affected while reflecting on the change religion had made in this town. Eight or nine months ago, the voice of prayer was scarcely heard for miles: now a little army worshipped God "in spirit and in truth."

> The dreary waste and barren land
> Have smil'd with heav'nly light,
> Sinners have seen the Savior's hand,
> And own'd his mandates right.

Friday, brother Straight accompanied me to London, where we held a two-days meeting, commencing on Saturday, the 7th of June. At this time five deacons, from the three churches of our denomination in the province, brother Straight and myself, sat as a council of examination. Brother Huckins gave an interesting relation of his experience and call to the ministry, and stated his sentiments with clearness. After a close examination, the council agreed that he should be set apart to the work unto which God had called him. We returned our humble thanks to Almighty God for having heard the groanings of our brethren in Canada. The other religious exercises on the first day were interesting. On the Sabbath, it was delightful to see the happy Christians of London coming out of the forest from almost every direction, to witness the first ordination among our brethren in this province. It fell to my lot to preach a sermon on the occasion, from 1 Tim. 4:16, "*Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt save both thyself and them that hear thee.*" After this brother Straight and myself proceeded to the ordaining prayer, to the laying on of hands, to the giving of the charge, and the right hand of fellowship. We then commended the candidate "to God, and to the word of his grace," believing that God would strengthen him, and make him a shepherd of the flock, and a blessing to the church.

In the afternoon, brother Straight preached a weighty discourse. Then an aged brother, formerly from Scotland, a man of 'a good understanding,' and much piety, arose and stated that he was a member of the Methodist society, with whom he felt the sweetest union, that he did not design to forsake them, or any Christians; but that he felt it to be a duty he owed to God, to arise and be baptized; and he wished also to exchange the place of his membership from one Christian church to another. His first conviction that he had not been baptized, originated from reading in Dr. Parkhurst's Greek and English Lexicon, the definition of *baptizo*, the original word from which baptize was adopted into our version of the Scriptures; and knowing that the learned doctor was a minister of the church of England, and that he practised sprinkling for baptism, he was not a little surprised on reading from his pen the following definition of BAPTIZO: "*To dip, immerse, plunge.*" He expected to find it, "To dip, pour, sprinkle." This awakened his attention, and he examined the subject for himself. He said the learned had deceived him; and now he was convinced that the commandment to be baptized was still obligatory on him. He was received by the church on the recommendation of the Methodist brethren that were present, and I had the privilege of baptizing him. He had been a class leader and I think a professor about forty years. Since his connection with the London church, I believe he has been an ornament to Zion and a help to the brethren. The exercises closed, and we parted happy.

About this time I met with some trouble. My horse, that had carried me nineteen thousand miles in a little more than five years, received an injury from another beast and died. I had appointments extending between three and four hundred miles, commencing on Monday, and knew not how I should reach them. I told Dea. P., to whose care I had committed the horse, that I thought he should sustain the loss, as it happened through his want of care. He made no objection, and purchased me another horse. About six months afterwards, while reflecting on this occurrence, I became of the opinion that I had erred in supposing that brother P. ought to bear this loss, because he did not keep my horse for money, but as a friend to show me a favor; and I regretted having received the compensation. So, on my next visit to Canada, I refunded to him all that I had received, with as much satisfaction as I ever received what was owed me by another. He with several brethren, however, gave me fifteen or twenty dollars.

Monday, June 9, I bade the brethren in London farewell, and proceeded on my journey; but my horse was old and travelled very slowly, and my appointments were so arranged that I found it difficult to meet them. Tuesday, I arrived at Oxford, next day at

Brandford; and the morning following, started before breakfast in the rain. The road was so extremely bad that I was unable to travel more than two miles an hour; and being in an open carriage, there was scarcely a dry thread remaining in my clothes.

At one o'clock, P. M., I met an appointment at Ancaster, where I had preached from the word "*Nothing.*" The meeting house was opened, and about one hundred people assembled. I spoke to them from the word "SOMETHING,"—and endeavored to show, first, that there is *something* above all things; secondly, that there is *something* in man that cannot become extinct; thirdly, that there is naturally *something* in man that makes him unhappy; fourthly, that there is *something* in the gospel to reverse man's state; fifthly, that there is *something* that will disturb the finally impenitent in death, judgment, and in eternity, and make them unhappy; sixthly, that true Christians possess *something* that the world never knew; and, finally, that in the great change, and in eternity, they will have *something* that will yield eternal joy. Many appeared serious, and I hoped that good was done.

At 5 o'clock, I spoke with considerable freedom in the street at Hamilton. Some appeared to be affected, and the people gave me two or three dollars. On Friday I met about one thousand people on the square at St. Catharines, and spoke to them an hour and a half. Near the close, many of the assembly were in tears, and I felt a fervent desire that the Lord would visit this people. After a part of the assembly had gone away, Dr. C——, though not a professor, called for a collection, and presented me ten dollars. He invited me to his house; said that my former discourse in this place made deep impressions on his mind, and almost persuaded him to be a Christian. Alas! how many are *only* almost persuaded, and never submit themselves entirely to God; but die in their sins and sink to eternal ruin! On Saturday I left the province, spent the Sabbath in Royalton, and enjoyed usual freedom. From Royalton, I went to Canandaigua, and preached in nearly half the towns through which I passed.

After this, a line of appointments called me to go immediately to the west. I preached from one to three sermons a day, for a week, when I arrived at Boston, Erie county. I held a few meetings in this vicinity and in Eden, then visited and preached in various towns at the east. Many of these seasons were solemn, and I could but hope that some good fruit would be seen in eternity. About this time I fulfilled all my appointments that had been previously given out; but it had been done with much difficulty, as my horse would at no time travel more than three miles an hour. I was under the necessity of riding, generally twenty or thirty, and sometimes forty miles a day; and in order to reach my appoint-

ments, occasionally rode half the night. As I had not money to purchase another horse, all my efforts during this time to procure one on any other conditions, were ineffectual. I think that I never passed through more fatigue than during the labors of this month. But notwithstanding my embarrassments, I was enabled to travel between four and five hundred miles, and attend thirty-five meetings. About the last of the month, I contracted a debt to purchase a good horse: thus one burden was removed, for which I felt to thank the Lord.

During the first part of July, I preached daily among the churches in the Ontario and Benton quarterly meetings, and the power of God was often in our midst. In the latter part of the month, I preached to many congregations within the limits of the Owego quarterly meeting, and enjoyed some heavenly seasons. In August I attended a session of the Benton quarterly meeting at Middlesex, and preached with nearly all the churches within fifty miles of Canandaigua. In some places, revivals were spreading, and the glory of God was shining among the people.

It has been already stated, that unnumbered circumstances compelled me to believe, that Masonry approved of the abduction of Morgan, &c.; and that, consequently, the connection of Christian people with the institution, became a trial to my mind. I think, that I cannot do justice to *truth*, to *others*, and to *myself*, without briefly relating the result of this painful conviction.

Soon after the appearance of Morgan's 'Illustrations of Masonry,' I read—and thought within myself, 'Can *this* be *Free Masonry*, which has been called the "*Handmaid of Religion?*" *Can it be*, that so many of the popular class, and even *ministers of the gospel*, have passed through these ceremonies—*been divested of their wearing apparel—blindfolded—have entered a Lodge* "IN THE NAME OF THE LORD"—*and been led about a lodge-room, with a rope around their neck*—and then sworn they would not reveal these things, "*under no less penalty*," than having their "*throat cut across*," their "*tongue torn out by the roots*," and their "*body buried in the rough sands of the sea?*" ' If I had had no other guide in judging of the truth or falsity of the disclosures, I should have concluded from the *lowness* and *wickedness* of the ceremonies, obligations, &c., that they were an imposition on the public. But the abduction of Morgan, and a thousand circumstances connected with it, together with the general *silence* of the fraternity on the subject, and their evasive answers to inquiries, forbid this conclusion.

It appeared that Capt. Morgan had not been kidnapped by a few individuals of low standing, but as has since been said by the U. S. Anti-Masonic Convention—"Previously to his seizure, nu-

merous meetings of Free Masons, in lodges and otherwise, were held for the purpose of contriving and adopting the most certain means of carrying into effect, their unlawful objects upon him. These meetings were attended, and the designs of them approved by several hundred of the most respectable and intelligent of the Masonic brethren. They included legislators, judges, sheriffs, clergymen, generals, physicians, and lawyers. And they proceeded in discharge of, what they deemed, their Masonic duties." It also appeared by a great abundance of testimony, that Morgan was lodged in the jail at Canandaigua, the town of my residence, that he was there seized in the night, and though he cried murder, was thrust into a coach prepared for the occasion, and carried by different companies, coaches, and horses, more than one hundred miles through a populous country, and confined in a fortress belonging to the U. States, then in charge of Free Masons, who had prepared it for his reception; that he was confined there several days, and then probably *murdered.* Two or three of the leading men in this aggravating and appalling offence, were citizens of Canandaigua, and men with whom I was acquainted. As before stated, I supposed that those engaged in the crime would be expelled from the lodges; but instead of this, if I was correctly informed, (and I never heard it contradicted,) those who had been the most active in this outrage, were held in fellowship in the lodges without admonition; and though they had pleaded guilty to their indictments, apparently to prevent the extent of the conspiracy from being discovered;—yet after they were condemned—during their imprisonment, to which they had been sentenced for their crime, they lived like gentlemen, and almost constantly shared the company of their brother Masons, who sat with them in the prison to "pass away the time." Thus the Masons generally held these criminals as true and worthy Masons, and every effort was used to enable them to escape justice and the penalties of the law;—when, on the other hand, those who renounced their obligations, and confessed their crimes without reserve were subjected to a persecution that seemed to be without end.

In Morgan's Illustrations it appeared that the obligation of the Master Mason's degree, contains the following clauses. "Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will support the constitution of the grand lodge of the state of ——, under which this lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules, and regulations of this or any other lodge of which I may at any time hereafter become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will obey all regular signs, summons or tokens, given, handed, sent or thrown, to me from the hand of a brother Master Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of such, provided it be

within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that a Master Mason's secrets, given to me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, murder and treason excepted; and they left to my own election. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that if any part of this my solemn oath or obligation be omitted at this time, that I will hold myself amenable thereto, whenever informed. To all which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less penalty, than to have my body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the north and south, my bowels burnt to ashes in the centre and the ashes scattered before the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least track or trace of remembrance remain among men or Masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be, were I ever to prove willfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Master Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

On the clauses quoted, the following queries were suggested. 'Has a man a right to swear to keep things secret, the nature of which he does not know? Since man's life is not his own, has he a right, in any case, to give it as a pledge? What is the design of the masonic *penalties*, unless they are to be *executed?* Can an institution exist, with obligations and penalties, and yet have no means whereby the penalties may be executed, in case the obligations are broken? If the penalties were not to be executed, in case of a violation of Masonic obligations, how could the fraternity have kept their secrets? Has a man a right to swear to "support" a "constitution," which he has *never seen* nor *heard?*—To "*conform*" to "*by-laws, rules* and *regulations*" which he does not know? Has a Christian a right to swear to "*obey all regular signs, summons or tokens, given, handed, sent or thrown*" from a "*Master Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of such?*" How does he know, that the "constitution," "by-laws, rules, regulations, signs, summons, or tokens," will not *require* him to *assist* in *kidnapping* or *murdering* some one, that has thought the duty he owed to his God or to his country, obliged him to disclose the secrets of Masonry? How does a Master Mason *know* that among the secrets given him "*in charge as such*," there will not be *theft, arson, and many other crimes*—and that he will not be called to testify to these things in a court of justice, and thus be under the necessity of violating either his *masonic* or his *judicial* oath? When a man takes the obligation of a Master's degree, has he a right to swear, that "if any part" of the "obligation be

omitted at this time," he will hold himself "*amenable thereto*,"—since it is not said, *if it be forgotten;* but "*if it be omitted*," and he knows not *what it is* that is omitted, or *why* it is omitted?'

As a minister of Christ, and a watchman in Zion, I thought it my duty to divest myself of all prejudices, and, uninfluenced by attachment to my friends who were Masons, candidly search after the truth in answer to these queries. I visited many Christian people who had renounced Masonry, and they affirmed that Morgan's disclosures were *true*. I conversed with many who still belonged to the order, and none would *deny* their truth in general, except by vague remarks or apparent cavils. I entreated them, if these things were not so, to take the statements by course and say they were not true. Many would only reply, that they did not wish to say any thing on the subject.

A convention of about ninety seceding Masons, that declared independence from the Masonic institution, published several of the higher degrees, which contained the following clauses. In the royal arch degree: "Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist a companion royal arch Mason, when engaged in any difficulty; and espouse his cause, so far as to extricate him from the same, if in my power, whether he be *right or wrong*.—Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that a companion royal arch mason's secrets given me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, *murder and treason not excepted*." In the degree called the "Holy and Thrice Illustrious Order of the Cross:" "You further swear, that, should you know another to violate any essential point of this obligation, you will use your most decided endeavors, by the blessing of God, to bring such person to the strictest and most condign punishment, agreeably to the rules and usages of our ancient fraternity; and this by pointing him out to the world as an unworthy vagabond; by opposing his interest, by deranging his business, by transferring his character after him wherever he may go, and by exposing him to the contempt of the whole fraternity and the world, but of our illustrious order more especially, during his whole natural life.—To all, and every part thereof, we then bind you, and by ancient usage you bind yourself, under the no less infamous penalty than dying the death of a traitor, by having a spear, or some other sharp instrument, like as our divine Master, thrust in your left side, bearing testimony, even in death, of the power and justice of the mark of the holy cross."

From these testimonies, together with that of hundreds who had seceded, and from the testimony of Masons who had not seceded, I was unable to form any other conclusion than that the secrets of the order had been revealed. And in answer to the preceding

queries, I was constrained to conclude that it was inconsistent for a Christian to be connected, in any manner whatever, with the institution or fraternity of Free Masons. Also, that I could not discharge the duties of a "*watchman*" in Zion, and keep my garments clear from the blood of souls, without preaching publicly against Free Masonry, as well as against other evils.

On Friday, August 29, 1828, I attended the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, at Flint creek in Middlesex. After several resolves were passed on different subjects, Elder Brown and two others were appointed to visit some churches lately raised up in Wayne, and other towns, in Ashtabula county, Ohio. Brother Straight, myself, and some others, were appointed to visit the annual conference of the Free Communion Baptists, in Upper Canada. After this, reports were presented from the four quarterly meetings, Bethany, Erie, Benton, and Ontario. Refreshing tidings of revivals and additions in different places, gladdened our hearts and strengthened our hands. It appeared by the reports, that at this time there were in the yearly meeting forty-nine churches, one thousand six hundred and fifty members, and thirty ordained ministers.

Saturday morning, public worship commenced in a grove, previously prepared for the occasion. Three sermons were preached, after which brother James Bignall of Barrington, N. Y. was ordained to the work of the ministry. On the Sabbath, the assembly was large, and worship commenced at nine o'clock, A. M. After two discourses, brother Straight preached from Eph. 3:8, 9: "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ," &c. The people observing that the speaker was a youth, and knowing it had been but a little time since he was converted, listened to his address with more than usual attention and solemnity. Joy and gladness, weeping and mourning, pervaded the assembly. At the close, brother Norton, a very aged man, recently from Vermont, arose on the stand, and sung a beautiful parting hymn, that was composed by one of his brethren in the east on his separating from them. His person was tall, erect, and of comely form. His eyes were sunken, and his face wrinkled by age; his locks were white like wool, and his singing seemed to have an unusual charm. When he commenced, the assembly were just beginning to disperse; all stopped, and listened with perfect silence, except, occasionally, several burst forth into weeping.

In the meeting of business on Friday, the subject of Free Masonry was again introduced. It appeared, that a number of our own brethren and some of our preachers had renounced their masonic obligations; and that the connection of some others with the

institution, had become a sore trial to the churches. A move was made, that "we consider Masonry *unnecessary*, *anti-scriptural*, and *wicked;* and that for a Christian to be a Mason is a *crime* worthy of admonition." After much discussion, it passed by a large majority. Only four remained neuter; but two voted against it, and these were brethren that thought *their* masonic obligations binding. But it had always been the practice of the yearly meeting, if possible, to act *unanimously:* therefore they agreed to refer the subject to the ministers' conference on Monday, for a reconsideration. During the yearly meeting, this was a subject of much fervent prayer and many tears. In the conference the resolve was changed to the following form: "We advise the quarterly meetings and churches in our connexion, not to hold *fellowship* with *active Free Masons;* but that they *admonish* such of their brethren as belong to the fraternity, to renounce, or withdraw their standing in the lodges, and in all places to refrain from advocating the system."

CHAPTER XIX.

My Fourth Journey to New England.

Having been appointed by the yearly meeting a messenger to the second session of the General Conference of the Free-will Baptist Connexion, to be held in New Hampshire, I left my good home in Canandaigua, on Monday, Sept. 8, 1828; and the next day, at Waterloo, was joined by brother Wm. Van Tuyl, a young preacher who had agreed to accompany me on this journey. I had an interview at this place with my brother Ives, who was still serious. 'O Lord, may I, shall I, ever see *Ives* a Christian? O, grant that I may, for thy mercy's sake.' I had an appointment in the evening at Junius; but, on our arrival, we found my parents sick, and a daughter of my step-mother apparently at the point of death, and unprepared for the change. A few months before, she was awakened, and covenanted to seek the Lord; but through the influence of her associates she was persuaded to attend a ball, and her conviction left her. For this she now deeply sighed. The symptoms of death seemed floating upon her eyes; death's visage was upon her features: she could only tell us in a faint whisper, that she had no hope, while to appearance the next hour would conduct her to eternal scenes. It was so sickly in the vicinity, that there was scarcely enough in health to take care of the sick.

these circumstances the parental home was gloomy. On the morning following, previous appointments called us to pursue our journey. We had a sorrowful parting, little expecting that we should all meet again in this world.

Proceeding on our way, we attended meetings in Montezuma, Mentz, and Spafford. At the latter meeting, a young woman related an interesting experience and desired to be baptized. I remembered that six months before, I tried for several hours to persuade her to turn to God, and that she then entered into a covenant to kneel and pray thrice a day for a year. She said she had often been sorry she made the engagement, for she became discouraged, thought her prayers would be useless, and should have given the struggle over, had it not been for the binding influence of this covenant. She dared not break it. "So," said she, "I continued seeking, and about three weeks ago the Lord converted my soul—now I thank God that he put it into my heart to make this covenant; for, if I had not made it, probably I should not have sought the Lord, but have died in my sins, and have been lost forever!" She appeared to be strong in the Lord and very happy. After baptism, we went to the south part of the town and held a meeting.

On Saturday we went to Fabius, where I had an appointment; but understanding that the Spafford quarterly meeting was in session at New Berlin, fifty miles distant; and that the preachers who had been expected to attend, were sick, or otherwise detained, I thought it my duty to go to the quarterly meeting. Leaving brother Van Tuyl to attend my appointment, I started about four o'clock, P. M, and reached New Berlin by ten or eleven o'clock next morning. The people were assembled in a grove, and as I entered, brother Adon Aldrich, the only preacher that was present, and some others, thanked the Lord aloud. This was the third day of the meeting, and I understood they had had no preaching, except from the assembly of saints and young converts. I took my seat to hear, and soon found that my lot had fallen in a heavenly place, and in a happy company. It seemed as though a fresh breeze from glory blowed gently upon us. The time was all occupied either in singing or speaking, and many that spoke had excellent gifts in exhortation. Thus the meeting continued till about twelve o'clock, when a little girl, who sat on her mother's lap, arose and sung a beautiful verse, and then, with modest confidence, addressed the wicked with pathos and power. Said she, "You may slight the Savior now, but the time is soon coming when you will be sorry—when you pass through the dark valley and shadow of death, you will need this religion which you now despise." Her exhortation was continued ten or fifteen minutes, and had much effect on

the assembly. I understood that she was but ten years old, and had been a professor of religion two years. She had been baptized and received into the church; and was a steady traveller, often making mention of the name of the Lord.

During the intermission, I enjoyed a sweet interview with the brethren and learned from them, that since the last spring, a blessed revival had been witnessed on the hills of New Berlin, and Norwich, an adjacent town. In this work many had been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Brother Aldrich had baptized forty, and gathered a church of about fifty members, the only one of our denomination within fifty miles; and a large field appeared to be opening for gospel labors. In the afternoon, I spoke about two hours with much freedom. Many tears were shed, and great solemnity rested on the people. In the evening, I preached near the Unadilla river. The house was crowded, and at the introduction, I counted fifty persons that stood up and sung, nearly all of whom appeared to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also." On the day following I attended two meetings. The Lord met with us and made them impressive to many.

From Norwich, I went to Windsor, to attend the Susquehanna yearly meeting, and there met brother Van Tuyl. On Friday, Sept. 19, 1828, the second session of this yearly meeting commenced, and continued with much interest until Sabbath evening. Several good discourses were given by different preachers, and many spiritual exhortations contributed to the interest and profit of the meeting. It fell to my lot to speak two or three times: it pleased the Lord to give me freedom, and bless his word to the awakening of some, who afterwards professed to find peace in believing. Sabbath evening, brother B. A. Russel was ordained to the work of the ministry.

The Susquehanna yearly meeting was organized a year before this time at Dryden, New York. It now consisted of three quarterly meetings, Owego, Gibson and Spafford. The Owego quarterly meeting was gathered about the year 1818, through the instrumentality of brethren from Vermont. Spafford quarterly meeting was organized in 1827. About the same year, the Gibson quarterly meeting was formed principally from several churches that had formerly constituted a yearly meeting of *Free Communion Baptists.* The numbers in the yearly meeting were not exactly ascertained. The probable estimate was as follows, eighteen churches, twelve ordained ministers and five hundred and fifty-five members.

Monday, after a few minutes notice, I preached standing under a tree, to about one hundred people in Bainbridge. Some heard with tenderness. We proceeded to New Berlin, and next day met an

assembly in the grove where the quarterly meeting was held. I preached on repentance, faith, and baptism, and enjoyed some freedom.

On Wednesday we continued our journey eastward, and in eight days arrived at Randolph, Vt., a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles. On our way we held five meetings: the first was in Johnstown, N. York, where we stopped to feed our horses. I passed into the street, and observing the people running to and fro, while all seemed thoughtless of God and eternity, I felt a cry in my soul, and concluded to embrace the opportunity, for rebuking, exhorting, &c., *out of season*," 2 Tim. 4:2: and obtaining liberty of the owner, I stood on a platform, before a store in the centre of the village, and began to preach from Rev. 6:17: "For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" About one hundred and fifty or two hundred people listened to the word, notwithstanding it rained; and when I was speaking on the last proposition of the text, a certain judge interrupted me, saying, "Friend, you must stop;—this is very improper—you are disturbing the people. There are houses enough to preach in." I replied, that I had no intention of disturbing the people; that on entering their village, I heard the voice of profane swearing, and no one forbid it; and, that I supposed, if I preached Christ to them in the "*highway*," no one would attempt to prevent me. He only replied, that it was improper, and then departed. Immediately a lawyer seized me, and by a sudden pull, brought me nearly to the ground, saying, "*Come and go with me to jail.*" I asked him why he would imprison me. He replied, "*For disturbing the peace of the village*," and demanded a reason for my conduct. I told him that I was one of those servants whom the Lord had sent out into the "highways and hedges," &c., and asked him if it was disturbing their peace to try to persuade the wicked from the way to hell. He halted, and looking me sternly in the face, commanded me to stop, saying, "I will hear no such talk." The people gathered around in a throng, and some cried, "He is crazy—flog him." Others said, "He did not talk like a crazy man; but the more part remained silent. While the lawyer was holding me, I discovered from his breath, that he used "strong drink." He then said, if I would leave the place in silence, he would let me go. I told him, that because my time to stay had now expired, I intended, if dismissed, to leave immediately. As he let me go, I said, "*Your blood be upon your own head.*" He turned suddenly toward me, as though he thought I had threatened his life, and demanded what I meant by this saying. One that stood by, told him that it was a saying of Scripture, and that my meaning was, that I was clear from his guilt, and that he would bear it alone. He said, "*So be*

it," and left me. Many followed me to my carriage, invited me to their dwellings, and earnestly entreated me to remain till evening, and preach in the court house, or in one of their meeting houses. But duty called us to haste on our way. As we left the town, the Lord poured his Spirit upon me, and caused me greatly to rejoice. The other meetings were in Broad Albin, Wilton, and Kingsbury.

Friday, Oct. 3, 1828, we attended the Vermont yearly meeting conference in Randolph. The principal subject discussed, was Free Masonry. Several brethren in this state had seceded from the institution, testified that its works are evil, and that the disclosures made by Capt. William Morgan, and others, were true. It appeared that these circumstances had induced many brethren to examine the nature and tendency of the oaths and ceremonies of the order. The result was, that the allegiance of brethren to the institution became a trial. The subject appeared to have been first introduced into the church in this town, and afterwards referred to the yearly meeting. When the discussion began, I had not a thought of taking any active part. I was young—a stranger to nearly all, and I said, "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." Again, all my brethren were dear to me, and I thought I would not chill the feelings of any by engaging in a point of dispute. But, unexpectedly, I felt an impression from the Spirit of the Lord to open my mouth, and I dared not disobey. Like Ephraim, I "spoke trembling," and remarked, that *secrecy* is a sign of iniquity; that men *boast* of their *good deeds*, and often publish them as by the sound of a trumpet; but, their *evil deeds*, of which they are ashamed, they conceal; therefore said our Savior, "*Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.*" After this, I quoted several passages of Scripture, to show that the works of Christ were wrought openly, that "*in secret*" he "*said nothing,*" &c. I spoke about an hour with much freedom, and presented many testimonies, showing what are the oaths and ceremonies of the institution. Little more was advanced in favor of Masonry.

A preacher, who said in the commencement of the discussion, that he was included among its defendants, observed that it would seem to be useless to say anything in defence of Masonry, yet he must dissent from my remarks. This was about all he said, except, near the close, he remarked, that he was a royal arch Mason, and that the clause, "*right or wrong,*" contained in what was called Masonry, were words that had not escaped his lips, that before God, he would say to this yearly meeting he had never taken *such* an obligation. Upon this Capt. D——, a brother, arose, and said that

he was a royal arch mason, and felt tried; "For," said he, "I once asked this brother," alluding to the one that had just spoken, "how he got along with this part of the obligation, "*right or wrong?*" He replied, that he refused to take it, and being urged for half an hour, he at last told the one that administered the oath, that he would not take it, if they drew him in quarters, and that upon this, the phraseology was so changed that he took the obligation. Brother D. now wept profusely, and renounced his allegiance to the institution. To this explanation, the preacher that first spoke, made no reply; but appeared to be much attached to Masonry, and after the meeting, told me, that he could go no further with me. I asked him to go alone with me and pray; he refused, saying, he had gone with me to the end of his faith. It is but just, however, to add, that this preacher renounced his masonic obligations in less than one year. After many weighty and spiritual testimonies, the conference passed a resolve, that "Free Masonry is the unfruitful works of darkness," entreating all their brethren who had been connected with it, to come out from it and have no fellowship with it.

I had never taken part in any discussion with more reluctance than I did on this occasion. My course was entirely contrary to my natural inclination, to my earthly interest, and to my expectation. I felt the tenderest regard for my brethren that were Masons; and while I felt pressed by the Spirt of the Lord to testify against the system, I wept for them day and night. But what are the feelings of my brethren, what are my own feelings, when they come in competition with the requirements of God! Some seemed to be offended, and the preacher named before, asked me if I had not been employed to come from N. York on purpose to oppose Masonry. But though by this course my influence with many might be diminished, I enjoyed what I prized above the friendship of a world—peace of conscience—peace with God.

On Saturday, worship continued through the day with much spirituality. On the Sabbath, the house was crowded and hundreds stood without. Elder Morse gave a short, but good discourse; after which, I addressed the people about two hours. In the afternoon, Elder Harvey preached an interesting sermon. The meeting was solemn, and at times much tenderness was observed in the assembly. After it closed, as I passed out of the house, Major F. gave me a dollar; tears started in his eyes, and he said, "Pray for me." I understood that he had been a Universalist, also that he was the first that publicly renounced Masonry in Vermont.

On Monday I spoke to a considerable assembly in Tunbridge; some wept, and some were happy. In the evening I addressed a

crowded congregation in Strafford. Next morning we proceeded on our journey, and in a little more than two days arrived at Sandwich in New Hampshire.

On Thursday, Oct. 9, 1828, the General Conference opene din this town at 9 o'clock, A. M. Messengers were present from Maine eastern, and Maine western yearly meetings,—from the yearly meetings in New Hampshire, Vermont, Holland Purchase, and Ohio, and from the R. I. quarterly meeting; and during its sitting, forty or fifty ministers attended. Elder Nathaniel King, of Vt. was appointed moderator, and Elder John Buzzell, of Maine, assistant moderator. At the previous session in 1827, brother Hosea Quinby had been chosen standing clerk. Among the subjects discussed, on which resolves were passed in Conference was the following:—

Speculative Free Masonry.—The Vermont yearly meeting conference presented their resolves against Masonry, asking liberty to publish them in the Morning Star, a religious paper designed for the benefit of the Free-will Baptist denomination. An *indefinite postponement* was moved. I had resolved that I would be silent on the subject. Brethren from Vermont beckoned to me more than once, but I persisted in my resolution till I felt that the Lord required me to open my mouth. Then I spoke against the motion, and argued, from the disclosures that had been made of the secrets of Masonry—from the nature and tendency of the institution, that the resolves of the Vermont yearly meeting were righteous, and ought to be known to the denomination. Soon after I commenced speaking, some brother asked the moderator if I was not "*out of order.*" He answered in the negative, and I continued my address about an hour with much freedom. I felt the Spirit of the Lord assisting me, and there was much weeping in the Conference. When I spoke—for anything I knew to the contrary,—all the fathers in the connexion that were present might be Masons. But my joy was great, and I thanked God, on finding that Elders Buzzell and King, and the aged men that had borne the burden in the heat of the day, and had led this connexion as a flock, had ever stood opposed to the institution. A large majority voted *against* the motion, and the conference agreed to give the Vermont yearly meeting conference liberty to publish their resolves in the Star.*

After an adjournment, Elder Buzzell asked me how I dared, since I was but a young man, to speak as I had against Masonry before the aged, &c. I replied, in the language of David, "Is

* Through some means, or some misunderstanding, these particulars concerning Masonry never found place in the minutes of the General Conference. It is, however, but just to add, that the standing clerk is not a mason. He is a man whom I highly esteem.

there not a cause?" He said with a smile, "*Yes—is there not a cause?*"

The business of the Conference in general, was conducted with much unanimity of sentiment and feeling; and all appeared to be of the opinion, that the continuance of a General Conference was needful for the prosperity of the denomination. Still, some feared that its resolves might yet be so construed as to form a *discipline*, and thus supplant one of the first principles of the denomination, viz. "To hold the New Testament as the only written law or rule for the government of the church." I understood, however, that all the members of the Conference considered the object of this convention to be, *not to make laws* for the church, but to *search* for an understanding of the *perfect law* that Christ has made, and hold it up for the benefit of all. For "*in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.*"

The meeting of business continued three days; and during the time, meetings of worship were held on every evening, at one, two, or three places, and once or twice in the afternoon. On one evening I spoke at the Ridge meeting-house, from James 4:10: "*Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord.*" On the Sabbath, meetings were held at two meeting houses in Sandwich. In the forenoon, a funeral discourse was preached on the death of Elder Thomas Jackson, at one place, by Elder J. White, and at the other by Elder A. Caverno. A solemn season was enjoyed at the old meeting house; and at the Ridge, I understood that it was a time of much weeping. In the afternoon I spoke at the old meeting house; and in the evening, worship was attended in various parts of the town, and some appearances of a revival rejoiced our hearts.

On Monday I went to the house of sister Quinby, a widow in Israel. I was in this family four years before, and now understood, that at the first meeting which I then held, while I was speaking of the sufferings of Christ, it pleased the Lord to bless the word to the awakening of Hosea, a son of sister Quinby. In about two months he obtained peace, soon became a preacher and was now clerk of the General Conference.* 'O Lord, help *him* and *me* to be humble as the apostolic Christians, and meek as the holy Jesus.'

The ensuing week was occupied in preaching in Parsonsfield, Newfield, Limerick, and attending the Parsonsfield quarterly meeting in Limington, Me. In the latter place, several had been recently converted, and the church had at this time, between two and three hundred members.

* Mr. Quinby is now principal of Smithville Seminary, in R. Island. [Ed.

Having sent appointments to Weare quarterly meeting, and also to the north part of Vermont, Tuesday, Oct. 1, I left brother Van Tuyl, expecting to meet him in Sutton, Vermont, and preached in the evening at Weeks' corner in Parsonsfield. The school house was filled, about fifty stood without, and though the evening was cold, they continued to hear till the discourse was closed. Many wept. Monday evening I spoke to three or four hundred in Sandwich; after which I received an interesting letter from a young man of that town, who informed me, that at the meetings I had lately attended in that place, his mind was much wrought upon by the Spirit; that he had been brought to repent of his sins, and that now his heart was filled with the love of God, &c.* 'O that the Lord may bless and keep him in the truth of Jesus.'

I next visited several churches in Weare quarterly meeting. In Bradford I found, to my great joy, that God was again pouring out

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* This young man was SAMUEL BEEDE, a Quaker. He was well educated, and possessed more than a common intellect. As he afterwards was a prominent man in the Free-will Baptist denomination, and exerted much influence over the subject of this Memoir, the reader may be interested in an extract from this letter.—ED.

"My Christian Brother,

Thou mayest think strange at being thus addressed by a stranger, but after a little explanation, thou mayest not wonder that I should have a desire to do thus. On Thursday, the 9th inst., I met a stranger in the street whose countenance greatly struck me, and I said with myself, "This is a heavenly messenger." On the evening of the following day, I attended meeting where I had been told that David Marks, a stranger from the west, was expected to preach. He was the man whom I met in the street. And indeed he did *preach*—and he preached the *gospel* too, which touched my heart, and smote my breast with deep repentance, and kindled the most ardent desires to become a true follower of Jesus. The next day, I attended meeting in the P. M., but I saw nothing of David again till the 12th, in the A. M., I saw him weeping. Probably, thought I, his heart is filled with the love of Jesus, and with a sense of the undone situation of poor sinners, and these things cause him to weep. I thought then, David will have something for us this afternoon, and my expectations were realized; for the gospel was again proclaimed, and reached the hearts of many. Blessed be God our Savior, for the love of Jesus that filled my heart. I shall never forget it while I live. When the meeting closed, I felt as though I must speak with David before he left the town; but, as I could not then, I concluded to attend the evening meeting where Elder Bowles was expected to preach. Perhaps thou mayest recollect that as thou wast about to enter the house, a person inquired thy name, and then fell into weeping. That was the person who now addresses thee. So unexpected an interview, together with a sense of the low state of Zion, and of the wickedness of my own heart, filled me with such tenderness, and such desires for the prosperity of the church, and the repentance of sinners, that I could not refrain from weeping. But ah! my friend, when I come to speak of the meeting, words and language must fail me. The blessed joys of that heavenly season cannot be expressed. I was never at such a meeting before. The power of the gospel was poured forth as a river. It seemed to me the whole audience were almost persuaded to be Christians. Several, I know, were smitten to the heart and almost ready to come forward and confess Jesus their Savior: and I will tell thee, my friend, that I was one of those myself who had long been almost persuaded to be a Christian. My situation and feelings were told to me by Elder Bowles and my friend David much better than I could have told them myself. * * My soul was completely filled with the love of Jesus, and I thought that if it should appear to be my duty, I should be willing to testify for Jesus at that meeting. But I could not see that I had anything more to do at that time than submit to the will of God, and tell my feelings to those who had handled His word so skillfully for the good of my soul. Blessed be the name of the Lord for the peace I find in submitting my will to His. Do, my friend, pray for me and the others who were with me tenderly affected at that meeting.

Since that evening, my soul has been filled with tenderness and prayer. Weeping and mourning over Zion have been my constant companions. My very heart seems willing to leave all and follow Jesus. I almost long to go with David to proclaim salvation to

his Spirit on this people, and that eighty persons had professed to pass from death unto life. Several of the converts, I understood, dated their awakening from the revival in this place nearly five years before. I held two meetings with them, and we were happier than the kings of the earth. Fishersfield had also been blessed with some revival. Thursday, October 30, I rode fifty-nine miles to Lisbon and preached in the evening. My soul was happy. The day following I held a meeting in Waterford, Vt. Some wept, others rejoiced and thought this a good meeting; but to me it was a dark time.

On Saturday I was joined by brother Van Tuyl. Sabbath we met about four hundred people assembled in the meeting house built by Elder John Colby. A large number of this assembly were disciples of Jesus. In the forenoon I spoke from Isa. 25:6, 7, 8: and in the afternoon from Mark 16:15, 16. In both meetings, I believe the Lord stood at my right hand and blessed the word of truth. In the evening we were accompanied by Elder Jonathan Woodman and wife, to the house of brother David Colby, a preacher of the gospel, and a brother to John Colby, who now rests from his labors. We held a meeting in the neighborhood, and spent the night at the dwelling of brother Colby. In this house, Elder John Colby lived in youth, and from it commenced his extensive travels and gospel labors, which wore out his life in the morning of his days. My mind was filled with solemn reflection, while viewing the places that had witnessed his tears, and lodging in the room which he finished for his place of rest, study, and devotion. In the morning we visited his father, Dea. Thomas Colby, whom we found in the evening of life, strong in the Lord, and waiting in full expectation of the rest that his son, and some others of his family, had gone to enjoy. After a short and agreeable visit, we returned with brother Woodman, from whom we received some favors. "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

Our interview with brother Woodman was interesting. He had just returned from Montpelier, where he had served as chaplain to the legislature in its last session. He was called to the ministry at an early age, and, through the blessing of God, his labors have been very useful. He is still but a young man. For the sake of Zion, may his life be continued long on the earth. On Tuesday forenoon we held a meeting in the north part of Danville. It was

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dying sinners. If my God should call me, I feel as though I could say with thee, "I will preach the gospel, if I beg my bread." Do assure thyself that as an ambassador of Jesus, thou hast the highest affection of my soul in the love of the gospel. My spirit goes with thee in carrying the gospel to sinners. My daily prayers are for thy success and prosperity in the truth. May the Lord Jesus Christ be with thee henceforth and forever, Amen. Yours in love, SAMUEL BEEDE.

Sandwich, Oct. 21, 1828.

a solemn season, yet if the Lord sent us to this place, it might be said to the people, "I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: —I was a stranger and ye took me not in;" for no one invited us to take any refreshment—so we proceeded on our way in the rain. But it is enough that the servant be as his Lord. Continuing our journey, we attended meetings in Topsham, Orange, Corinth, Tunbridge—and on Saturday arrived at Randolph. These opportunities were blessed of the Lord. 'O, that I may meet some fruits of them in heaven.'

Sabbath, Nov. 9, 1828, I preached with freedom to about seven hundred people in Randolph, from Ps. 50:21, 22. They were generally solemn, and many wept. We were affectionately received in brother Arnold's family, who, with other brethren and friends, communicated to us liberally such things as we needed. May the Lord reward their kindness. In the afternoon, Elder Ziba Pope accompanied us twelve miles to Bethel, where I preached in the evening. We staid at an inn, and in the morning Elder Pope kindly paid our bill. We then parted with him, crossed the Green Mountains to West Rutland, and on the next day preached in Kingsbury, but had a dark, trying time. Yet the saying of our Lord, "*Blessed are the poor in spirit,*" &c., comforted me. We next held meetings in Wilton and Broad Albin; and on Saturday arrived at Plainfield, N. Y. Sabbath forenoon, we enjoyed a good season at the Free Communion Baptist meeting house in Winfield, and in the afternoon, I preached to a few in the Seventh-Day Baptist meeting house at Brookfield. We stopped the next day with my friend S. Gardiner, and held a meeting at his house. But, alas! how had seven years changed the scene—and how different was the general state of feeling from what it was eight years before, when sinners were flocking to Jesus! As the converts were not gathered into any particular church, they had become greatly scattered. Some had joined different denominations, some had backslidden, some had removed, and some had gone "the way of all the earth." While viewing the different state of things, I exclaimed with sorrow, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" The godly man hath ceased, and the voice of devotion hath faltered on the lips of the convert. The Lord gave me freedom in speaking: yet a cloud of thick darkness seemed to hang over the people, and Zion appeared to be clothed with mourning. Yet I had a witness that my garments were clear from the blood of sinners in Brookfield.

Wednesday, Nov. 19, we proceeded to Norwich, and were kindly received by brother Richmond and family. A few had been converted and six had been baptized since my former visit. In the evening we held a meeting; and the next day went to an ap-

pointment at the white meeting house on the Unadilla river; but the day being stormy, the door was locked, and only one person appeared. We kneeled on the steps, united in prayer, and then departed. Soon we met with several whose attention had been attracted, and they solicited us to return. The door being opened, about twenty assembled, and I spoke from Luke 10:42.

On Friday we held a meeting in Eaton, and were blessed with the free Spirit. We proceeded to Fabius and tarried over the Sabbath. I gave two discourses and brother Van Tuyl one. Monday we met a large assembly in Spafford, and saw some signs of a good work. One said, that when we came to this place before, she was in her sins, but the Lord sent the word to her heart, and she believed he had converted her soul. After preaching in the north part of the town, we held meetings as we proceeded, in Elbridge, Cato and Mentz. Friday, Nov. 28, we arrived at my father's, and, unexpectedly, found my sister, whom we left at the point of death, still alive. Her health was partially restored, and she appeared much concerned for the salvation of her soul.

Sabbath, Nov. 30, though laboring under much indisposition, I attended two meetings in Junius; and the next day, on our way to Canandaigua, preached to a few in Waterloo with freedom. We were affectionately received by our friends in Canandaigua. Here brother Van Tuyl left me, and returned to his parents in Jerusalem. During the time he had accompanied me, he generally labored under great trials respecting his duty in the church. He prayed much, and sometimes, after the journey of the day, spent half the night in supplication to God. Still he seemed to have as deep a sense of his unworthiness as any Christian I ever saw. But about the time of our return, he became settled in the belief, that God had called him to the gospel ministry, and that he would strengthen him in obedience. He had generally spoken by exhortation; but now he resolved to give himself up to God, and venture forth preaching the doctrine of the gospel, and his peace became settled. We had journeyed with each other fifteen hundred miles; our hearts were knit together, and we enjoyed the sweetest union: yes, we truly knew the joys of Christian friendship. Previous to our separation, we retired and joined in solemn prayer.

CHAPTER XX.

Particulars of my Travels, &c. for five months after my Return from New England.

Saturday, Dec. 6, 1828, I attended monthly meeting with the church in Canandaigua, and our hearts were comforted together. I continued in the town a few days, and held several meetings. In the first of these, it pleased the Lord to send the word with power to the heart of a young man who had been much opposed to God and his people. Others also became serious, and an encouraging prospect caused joy to spring up in our hearts.

During this month, I went to the Holland Purchase, visited many churches, and enjoyed some precious seasons. In Clarkson and Parma, a revival had commenced under the labors of Elder Eli Hannibal, and was progressing gloriously. In the last of the month I returned eastward, and on Saturday and Sabbath, Jan. 3 and 4, 1829, attended the Ontario quarterly meeting at Galen. Several were awakened and one hopefully converted. It was said that no session of this quarterly meeting had been so interesting as this. Several received letters of commendation to preach the gospel, and three churches containing about ninety members, were received into the quarterly meeting.

From Galen I returned to Canandaigua, and, to my great joy, I found an increasing attention to the things of God. On the 9th and 10th of January, several others, with myself, went from Canandaigua to attend the Benton quarterly meeting at Middlesex. Among the number was the young man, that was awakened at my first meeting after my return from N. England, and also his companion, whom he had just married. She was also seeking the Lord. We enjoyed a comforting season through the meeting, and at the close the young man's wife was brought into liberty. On Monday we returned to Canandaigua, and in the evening had a meeting. After several had spoken, the young man said, it had been a subject of much query with him, why he did not find a pardon of his sins. "But," said he, "I have concluded, it is because I have not given up my young companions, for still I fear their persecutions and dread their vain laughter. I will give them up." Then he fell on his knees and solemnly bade his associates farewell, declaring, that by the help of God, he would go with them in sin no longer. He arose, sat awhile, then fell again on his knees and said, "O Lord God, thou hast converted my companion, and why may not my poor soul be converted!" Soon his voice seemed to

falter, and after a little pause, he said, "Lord, it begins to come; I thank thee—but there is some burden yet left; Lord, take it all away." He seemed to plead with God, as a man pleadeth to the face of a friend, till his burden was all removed. Then he arose and praised the Lord aloud, and took every unconverted person in the assembly by the hand, and exhorted each to forsake sin, and begin with him to seek for immortality. I never saw the hand of God more visible in the conversion of a soul, than in this instance. The assembly was small, and there was not one whose heart was unmoved, or that refused to bend the knee. From this time the seriousness of several began to increase.

Having been appointed with brother Van Tuyl to preach once in two weeks with the churches in the Benton quarterly meeting, the ensuing two weeks were occupied with my first tour. Some of the assemblies were very large, and were scenes of thrilling interest.

Sabbath, Feb. 1, 1829, was as beautiful a winter day as I ever saw. It seemed to me that the earth was full of the glory of the Lord. I spoke to a considerable assembly in Milo, and in the latter part of the meeting much solemnity rested on the people. 'O that men would give "*earnest heed*" to the things which belong to their eternal peace, in the day of their visitation.' My health had become so impaired by my excessive labors, that I thought it duty to rest a little, and refused the entreaties of some friends to attend a meeting in the evening. But, nothwithstanding, they gave out the appointment. I endeavored to speak to the people, though in much weakness, and with little liberty.

Feb. 7, I attended a meeting in Canandaigua, and found the prospect so promising, that I decided to remain and labor for a little season with the people. The next day was the Sabbath. After the close of my evening sermon, a daughter of a noted deist arose, confessed her need of salvation and determination to seek it. For four days I visited and prayed from house to house, and rejoiced to find a few resolved to seek salvation. I attended two meetings, in one of which I spoke from the saying of certain Greeks, "*Sir, we would see Jesus.*" A desire to see Jesus was increased in the minds of some, several kneeled, their cries and groans were heard through the assembly, and one was converted.

On Saturday and Sabbath I attended appointments in Poultney, and in the early part of the week held three meetings in Canandaigua; some confessed their sins, and one professed to be born of God. I visited a man that had been sick the greater part of two years, and was now given over by his physician. He said that he had never been confined a day till this sickness; yet he had neither feared nor served God; and now he was confident he had but few

days to live—was still unprepared, and had awful fears of the change to which he was swiftly hastening. With bitter weeping he lamented his neglect, and cried to God for mercy, and asked others to pray for him. Alas! what multitudes thus neglect God, and are filled with confusion when death begins to cast its gloomy shade around them. They see the end of their associates, yet refuse to take warning, till they themselves are plunged into the same wo. "*O that* men *were wise, that they would consider their latter end.*" Friday, Feb. 20, brother William Van Tuyl had an appointment to preach with us; but as he did not come, I gave a discourse. We enjoyed a favored season: two spoke and requested prayers. Our meetings on the Sabbath were solemn. I gave a discourse from Jer. 8:20: "*The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.*"

On Tuesday I left Canandaigua to go to the Susquehanna river, intending to return immediately. I was informed at Waterloo, that brother William Van Tuyl was sick with the mumps, which was the reason he did not attend his appointment. On Thursday evening I arrived at the house of Elder E. Dodge in Dryden, and here I heard, "WILLIAM VAN TUYL *is dead!*" For a few minutes I was "slow of heart to believe;" then the reality rushed upon me like a flood; and for half an hour grief so overcame me, that I could scarcely retain my breath. 'William was dear to me, and it seemed but yesterday that he held my hand and prayed by my side. I felt that the hand of the Lord had indeed touched me. William, my companion in travel, and in the bonds of the gospel, is gone; and I shall not see him again till I go to the other world. O what a satisfaction it would be could I have one more conversation with him. But no! if I visit his grave, it will be silent; and if I speak at his tomb, it will not answer me. William was my friend. I knew of none on earth that loved me more. Many a half night have we spent together, when the fields witnessed our devotions, and the Lord heard our prayers. I anticipated comfort with him in days to come. But now he is cut off from life at the early age of twenty-three. O, how suddenly was he called! In the vigor of health, and in the strength of youth, he has fallen.' Leaving Dryden, I rode more than twenty miles, to Owego, without stopping; and for several miles I could not refrain from weeping aloud.

In the early part of the week I went, by request, to visit a revival in Greece, near Rochester, and attended a conference, which was conducted as these useful meetings generally are in times of revival. It was thought one hundred in the vicinity had experienced a saving change within four months. I preached three times with much freedom, and rejoiced to hear the converts praise the

Lord. They were much engaged; their testimonies were in the Spirit, and in quick succession.

Returning to Canandaigua, I spent the Sabbath, March 15, with the church. Our evening meeting was rendered very solemn by the power of God. Five spoke in a very affecting manner, and expressed much anxiety to find salvation. At the close of the meeting, twenty persons promised to observe the next day as a solemn fast. Then a young convert, who had acknowledged that the Scriptures required him to be baptized, but had neglected this commandment, because he felt no particular impression to obedience, arose and said, that he now considered it his duty to keep all his Lord's precepts, and, as the next day was appointed for a fast, he would follow his Lord in baptism. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, the people assembled, and the Lord met with us. The young man was baptized, and became a useful member of the church.

During the week, I commenced a second tour through the churches of Benton quarterly meeting. March 27, I met an assembly at the school house in Milo, where brother Van Tuyl had preached his last discourse. I stood in the place once occupied by him, and with many tears gave vent to the feelings of my heart. I spent the night at the house of brother Randolph, where brother Van Tuyl closed his eyes in death. The family gave me the following particulars: After returning from his appointment, he laid himself on the bed and said, "*I shall no more arise.*" They then sent twelve miles to his parents, and informed them of his situation. When his mother entered his apartment, she was surprised at his feeble appearance, and exclaimed, "O William, my son, do you think you shall get well?" He replied, "Dear mother, it concerns me little, whether I live or die." Having taken cold, while travelling to meet his appointments, his disorder was past cure. He endured severe distress with much patience, and often expressed his willingness to depart. He adjusted his temporal concerns with calmness, and gave a suit of clothes to a poor preacher. His constitution was naturally strong, but in one week it yielded to the violence of disorder, and he approached the gate of death. His friends, seeing that he was failing fast, asked him the state of his mind. Being unable to talk, he requested a hymn book, and pointed them to the twenty-seventh hymn, of the first book of Dr. Watts, as expressive of his feelings.

> "Death may dissolve my body now,
> And bear my spirit home;
> Why do my minutes move so slow,
> Nor my deliverer come." &c.

During his sickness, he had not once expressed a desire to recover, but seemed to rejoice in the expectation of his change. Be-

ing asked if he felt willing to depart, he said, "Yes." This was his last word; then, with sweet composure in his countenance, he lifted his hand toward heaven,—it fell on his bosom, and he sunk in the embraces of death. He had requested that I should preach at his funeral; but his parents not knowing where they could find me, called on Elder Bignall, who delivered a sermon on the occasion.

Previous to his journey to New England, he had intended to study medicine, and made an engagement for that purpose; but, at the yearly meeting in Middlesex, the earnest requests for preaching that were presented from almost every direction, touched his heart, and reminded him of his call. Retiring with me to a field, he fell on his face, and for a long time wept aloud; then he covenanted to abandon his temporal prospects, and submit himself to God. After returning from New England, till his last sickness he preached constantly, with freedom, and to general satisfaction. I saw him for the last time at the January term of the Benton quarterly meeting, and then, expecting to meet soon, we parted without bidding each other farewell. Thus thousands of friends separate, expecting soon to see each other, but meet not again in this world. On Saturday morning I spent more than two hours at his grave in solemn reflection, and felt that it was better for me to go to the tomb of a friend, than to visit the house of mirth.

I held four meetings in Milo, and one in Barrington; and on Wednesday, preached in Middlesex. Signs of revival in this vicinity had encouraged the brethren, and ten now covenanted to seek the Lord. Some of them wept aloud, and appeared to be near the kingdom of God. Shortly afterwards, the greater part of these professed to find Christ. I held meetings in two other neighborhoods in Middlesex, and on Saturday returned to Canandaigua. I commenced my late journey with a wagon; but in consequence of a fall of snow on the first Sabbath, I was under the necessity of borrowing an old sleigh, which I used ten days, and in the time travelled a circuitous tour of one hundred miles. The ground being bare half of this distance, I walked the greater part of the way, and was obliged to pay nearly seven dollars for the use of the sleigh. This is a specimen of the frequent expenses of an itinerant preacher, who will not let small difficulties cause him to disappoint an assembly.

Sabbath, April 5, I preached in Canandaigua, and baptized a young convert, who was added to the church. The church was happily united; and though the revival had ceased to spread, there were several serious inquirers, and their sighs frequently gave additional solemnity to our meetings. The ensuing week, I held meetings in several towns between Canandaigua and Scriba, and

on Sabbath, April 12, preached to a crowd of people assembled at the latter place. Nearly a year had passed since my last visit to this town. Though the church had enjoyed little preaching in the time, its members remained steadfast—and of the twenty-three that I baptized, I believe none had turned back after satan. This gave me much joy. I spent eight days in Scriba and the towns in its vicinity. Our meetings were favored seasons. In one, eleven anxious sinners presented themselves for prayer. At another, I baptized three who were added to the church.

On Monday I attended a meeting three miles south of Oswego village. As it commenced, a violent shower arose, and I spoke from Matt. 24:27, "*For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.*" The Spirit moved on the people, and the frequent flashes of lightning illustrated the solemn subject. In the three days following, I preached in Victory and Cato,—proceeded to Weedsport, and was affectionately received by brother Joseph Finck. He had been educated for a lawyer, and now, with his wife and a daughter, was a member of the church in Cato. Though they lived at a distance from their brethren, they appeared to be true Christians,—were strict in their attendance on family prayer, morning and evening. Every child, servant, and visitant, was required to attend the exercises. A part of the family, with myself, was about to go to an evening meeting; but lest some should retire before our return, or be too weary to be profited, they were called together for family devotion. O, that every Christian would keep such order, and honor the family altar. If all were thus faithful, what good would result to the rising generation! How many might be converted, that for want thereof, will probably die in their sins, and sink to everlasting ruin!

Sabbath, I preached in Spafford, and many were much affected. A young man said, that during a discourse in my last visit, conviction touched his heart, and he resolved to seek the Lord till he should find salvation. He related his experience for baptism, and was received by the church. In the afternoon, I preached with the second church in Spafford, and baptized the young man. On Monday I went to Conquest, and attended a meeting of business to settle a difficulty in the church of Cato and Conquest, occasioned by an impostor, whom they had received without letters of commendation, judging from his own testimony, and his *appearance*, that he was a good man. The result of this meeting was, that the church generally became convinced he was a deceiver, and agreed to hold no fellowship with him. But, four members were dissatisfied with this decision, and withdrew from the church—took part with the impostor for a few months, when he got drunk, and con-

ducted so wickedly that he was put into the state's prison. Then, I understood, they gave him up, and concluded that he was a bad man. This is one instance, among several within my knowledge, in which churches have suffered, and the cause has been brought into contempt, by the reception of a stranger without suitable letters of commendation. Some good people have thought them to be unnecessary, and have supposed that they possessed a spirit of discernment, which enabled them to know a man's heart by his own testimony and appearance. By referring, however, to Acts 18:27, and 2 Cor. 3:1, it is evident, that letters of commendation were in use among the Apostles and primitive Christians:—and it hardly seems possible, that any Christian, after reflection, can suppose himself to be so much more spiritual in discernment than the primitive Christians, that he may safely dispense with the use of 'letters of commendation.'

After preaching once in Conquest, I went to Tyre, formerly a part of Junius, and found my father very sick. He could speak with difficulty, and was in constant expectation of death. I stopped a day, and then appointments called me to leave. I had some queries respecting duty; but recollecting our Lord's reply to one, who said, "Suffer me first to go and bury my father," I concluded it was duty to fulfill my engagements. With a sorrowful heart, I took leave of my father, and on Friday, May 1, arrived at Canandaigua. On the Sabbath, the Lord accompanied his word with power to the hearts of many, and we enjoyed a pleasant season in attending to baptism.

CHAPTER XXI.

My Third and Fourth Journies to the District of London, Upper Canada, and other particulars till November, 1829.

Wednesday, May 13, 1829, I started to go to Upper Canada, appointments having been previously given; and during the week, I attended two meetings in Greece, one in Clarkson, and one in Parma. In Greece, a few came forward for prayer. Sabbath, May 17, I preached in Parma on the atonement. Afterwards this sermon was publicly opposed by some advocates of a particular atonement. A considerable number of converts were present, and we enjoyed a good season in communion. A revival had lately rejoiced many in this vicinity, and Elder Hannibal had baptized twenty. In the evening, I preached to a crowded assembly in Clarkson, and enjoyed freedom. The Lord had poured out his Spirit in this place also, and seven had lately been added to the church. On Tuesday, I spoke two hours with freedom, to a crowded assembly on the town line of Batavia and Elba. Many were under serious impressions, and about twenty came forward for prayer. Six years had passed since I labored in this place; and now my heart again rejoiced, to find that another revival had commenced, and four persons had already been converted. Among these was Esq. Foster, son of Judge Foster, lately deceased. He appeared to be like a little child. Thus, pure religion makes all its subjects innocent as children, and affectionate like brethren. Infidels have nothing in their system that can do this.

I next preached twice in Royalton, and spoke to an attentive assembly in the court house at Lockport. On Friday, being very desirous to attend the Bethany quarterly meeting at Attica, I concluded to return fifty miles, though it would oblige me to travel with much speed to reach my next appointment, in Canada. The reports from the churches were very refreshing. On the Sabbath, about eight hundred people were present at an early hour. An interesting discourse was preached by Elder Brown. I then felt it duty to address the people. The Lord filled me with his Spirit, all glory be to his name! for without his grace, all preaching is but as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The meeting closed with great solemnity, and several were apparently much profited by the services.

In the evening, I rode eighteen miles to brother Barker's in Batavia; and finding the family mostly absent at a meeting, I retired to rest at 11 o'clock. At two I arose, and found that the family returned from meeting only an hour before; and that since I

preached in the place five days previous, it was believed six or seven had been converted. Now, we spoke of the loving kindness of the Lord and were very happy. Between three and four o'clock, I went on my way to Canada, and, though the weather was extremely warm, I reached my appointment in Southwold on Thursday at six o'clock, having travelled two hundred and fourteen miles in four days. Friday, I held a meeting with brother Straight in another part of Southwold. In this vicinity, the state of religion was quite low; yet it pleased the "good Shepherd" to manifest himself to his flock at this time, and one came forward for prayer. We spent the Sabbath in Dunwich, and each gave a discourse, with considerable freedom, to a large assembly. Here also there was a lack of engagedness, and many seemed to have been chilled, as by the north wind. Yet I believe the brethren generally were determined to strive for heaven.

On Wednesday, three brethren accompanied me twelve miles on horseback in a rough road, to a Scotch settlement. Here we met a considerable assembly, composed mostly of emigrants from Scotland. They spoke the Gaelic language, and usually heard preaching in that tongue every Sabbath. The Lord gave me liberty, and, though they understood English very poorly, they appeared serious, and requested us to hold another meeting. Thursday, I spoke in Southwold from Rev. 2:1. We had a solemn, confessing time. Many were revived, spoke of their unfaithfulness, and of their duty, in a very feeling manner. At times there was such weeping in the assembly, that it seemed enough to touch the hardest heart. One was awakened, and requested prayers.

On Saturday, I attended the monthly meeting of the church in Dunwich. Some of the brethren, I understood, were at home, engaged in worldly cares; others were at the raising of a building, &c., so that our number was small; still we enjoyed a comfortable waiting on the Lord. I endeavored to urge upon those present, the impropriety of brethren's absenting themselves from monthly meeting on such occasions; and remarked, if worldlings, or others, wished to invite the assistance of their Christian neighbors, they might choose another day, rather than the one set apart by the church for a sacred purpose. But, if worldlings will not regard the appointment of the church, then Christians should well know, in such cases, which call is binding, and obey the exhortation of Paul, Heb. 10:25, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." Were it not that Christians meet for worship, church visibility, if not Christianity itself, would soon become extinct in the earth; and this probably would be the consequence, should every Christian neglect the meetings of the church. Yet strange it is, that there are some professed Christians, who think

themselves excusable in neglecting the appointments of the church. I remarked, that I thought such members as neglected meetings that are essential to church visibility, and attended to worldly concerns on the day of their appointment, as much violate their obligation as Christians, and as church members, as they would by profaning the Sabbath. A church consists of individuals, and, to be as "*a city set on a hill*," its members must attend worship, and let their light shine. It is, however, but just to remark, that this case was an exception to the general faithfulness of the brethren in Canada; for I have found no people that take more pains to attend their meetings.

Sabbath, June 7, I preached on the town line of Dunwich and Southwold, but my mind was in trials. Others, however, appeared to be happy. In the after part of the day, the Lord poured heavenly consolation into my soul, and opened my mouth to praise him. On Tuesday, I was greatly depressed with a sense of my unworthiness and little spirituality. O, why this dull and stupid state? Why so little power in my preaching? and why are my labors attended with so little success? O Lord, revive thy work in my soul. At five o'clock in the afternoon, I spoke from 1 Corinthians 1:25, "*Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men*," &c. It pleased the Lord to open to my mind the excellencies of the gospel, and refresh me with the streams that "make glad the city of God."

On Wednesday, brother Straight and myself started for Oxford, to attend the annual conference of the Free Communion Baptists in this province, and held a meeting in the east part of Westminster. We understood that in this neighborhood, though thickly settled, there was scarcely a professor of Christianity. While speaking to the few that attended, I was so affected with a sense of their situation, that I gave vent to my feelings by many tears.

Friday, June 12, 1829, the conference opened at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the house of Dea. Burtch. Being requested to preach, I spoke from 1 Pet. 2:5. The Lord favored me with one of my best seasons, and comforted the hearts of many. Our yearly meeting had appointed brother Straight and myself to attend this conference to open a correspondence, and, if convenient, to effect a union with this people. They received us affectionately, and advised their churches to appoint messengers to meet in conference with us in two weeks. On Saturday morning a sermon was preached, and the remainder of the day was occupied by the brethren. On Sabbath forenoon, I spoke of the fulness there is in Christ for lost and perishing sinners, from Matt. 18:11, "For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost." In the afternoon, brother Straight preached from 1 Thess. 4:16, 17, 18, "*For the Lord him-*

self shall descend from heaven with a shout," &c. Many were comforted. The awakening power of God reached the hearts of sinners, and several left the assembly under serious impressions. We then united in communion, and had a very solemn season.

On Monday I rode forty miles to London, and was kindly received by brother Huckins and family. Next morning a messenger came in haste, and told us that sister Sophronia, wife of Dea. Pierce, was thought to be dying. We hastened, and on coming near the house, heard death-like groans. She was in great distress: soon, however, her struggles abated; she gave me her hand and called me by name, saying, "The Lord is good to me." I had often seen her when here a year before, and many times had heard her sing with joy in the meetings at London. But now the features of death marked her countenance. She said she thought her time was short, and asked me to pray; after which I repeated the following lines of Dr. Watts:

> "Death may dissolve my body now,
> And bear my spirit home," &c.

She said, "*Amen*, and desired the brethren that were present to sing. They began to sing,

> "I know that my Redeemer lives—
> What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
> He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
> He lives my everlasting Head."

Soon she joined her hollow voice, and though her breath was short, and her frame trembled as though she was sinking in death, yet she kept the tune, and sung the hymn through with ecstacies of joy. Never did such glory adorn an earthly palace, as now seemed to shine on the bed of death. All were in tears except the dying saint. O, that every infidel could have witnessed this scene. I retired for a moment, lest I should be overcome by its touching sublimity. Soon afterwards, she sung the following lines with great animation:

> 'O Christians, are you ready now
> To cross the narrow flood!
> On Canaan's happy shore, behold
> And see a smiling God.
>
> To see a pilgrim as he dies,
> With glory in his view;
> To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
> And bids the world adieu!
>
> While friends stand weeping all around,
> And loth to let him go,
> He shouts with his expiring breath,
> And leaves them all below.'

When she had finished, she clapped her hands and shouted for joy. Language cannot describe the touching glory of this scene; but

the holy serenity and heavenly rapture that were then witnessed amid the struggles of dying nature, were too deeply engraven on the minds of the spectator to be easily forgotten. Her husband sat by her and wept bitterly. She entreated him to forbear, and exhorted him to be reconciled, saying, "I shall soon get through; life is short, and you will follow me in a little time."

Immediately after this, one of her brothers arrived, took her hand, and asked if she knew him. She said, "Yes, and I think I shall leave you soon." Then she began to grow cold, her breath grew short, her pulse 'faint and few'—she gasped—and all was still. The friends began putting her in a position for laying out; but, to the astonishment of all, she opened her eyes, groaned, and said, "*O Lord, how long?*" In about ten minutes, she again appeared to be breathing her last—again revived, and wished to hear singing. Thus she continued through the day, much distressed for want of breath, occasionally growing cold, and apparently sinking in death, and then again reviving.

At her earnest request, a meeting had been appointed at the house at 5 o'clock, P. M.; but, as she fell into a sleep, the assembly repaired to an adjacent grove. The interview was impressive. In the evening she sung with great animation. Many spectators were deeply affected, and holy manna seemed to fall upon us like the dew from heaven. A friend said to her, "Singing wearies you; you would do better to forbear, till you receive new lungs and a new voice." She replied, "I cannot wear out in a better way." She now grew weak—her pulse ceased—her limbs became motionless and entirely cold, and her breath short and faint. The body also became cold, and some parts turned purple and spotted. She continued in this state about six hours, and then, to the astonishment of all, the body regained its heat, the pulse beat, and signs of life increased. I returned with brother Huckins, and early next morning, a messenger again called us to go and see her die. We found her in great agony of body, but composed and happy in mind. She desired prayer; after which, the brethren began to sing. She attempted to join, moved her lips, but could only occasionally utter a sound. She continued through the day in a very happy state of mind, and in the afternoon sung with great animation,

'O, sisters, will you meet me,' &c.

In the evening I read a chapter, and several that were present, sung her favorite hymn,

'I know that my Redeemer lives,' &c.

She said, "I can't keep from singing," and sung with them through the whole hymn. At the close, she clapped her hands, and ex-

claimed, "Glory to God, glory, glory," &c. Her joy appeared inexpressible, and a cloud of glory seemed to overshadow us. She desired us to pray, and, though in great distress, she said, "I am well."

Thus she continued through the week, and on Sabbath, June 23, I addressed a large assembly, seated under a temporary bower in sight of the dying saint. After sermon, a young lady, in an affecting manner, confessed her sins and resolution to "*turn and live.*" Next, a man of gray hairs arose, and apparently with much penitence, expressed his fears, that, by his sins, he was lost for ever. Then, an interesting youth, lately from Lower Canada, confessed with much emotion, that he was a lost sinner, and earnestly requested the prayers of Christians. Though nearly the whole church was present, I think every member spoke of the goodness of God, and we enjoyed a very refreshing season. On Wednesday, June 24, sister Pierce still remained in the same happy frame, and waiting every hour in constant expectation of her change. But, to the surprise of all, she continued three weeks longer—and then fell asleep.

On this day I started for New York in company with brother Straight and his wife, and on Thursday evening preached in Oxford. On Friday, Saturday, and Sabbath, we attended the conference with the messengers of the Free Communion Baptist churches. There were six messengers from the Free-will Baptist connexion, viz., four from the churches in Canada, brother S. and myself; and fourteen from the Free Communion Baptist connexion. After a full investigation of our sentiments and practice, several resolves* were passed with unanimity. These were presented to the Holland Purchase yearly meeting at the term in August following, and were approved unanimously.

Meetings of worship on Saturday and Sabbath were interesting, and it pleased the Lord to bless the word to the awakening of some. Sabbath evening, I preached at the house of Dea. Burtch, and many were deeply impressed. After meeting, one, in great distress, prayed for mercy a considerable time. Soon afterwards

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* These resolves were as follows: "First, that we find only one difference in theory between the two denominations, namely, whereas the Free-will Baptists maintain that a saint, in this state of probation, may lose that grace and that character which constitute him *such*, and thus finally *perish*; the Free Communion Baptists generally maintain the *reverse*. Secondly, we find but one difference in practice, namely, that the Free Communion Baptists have a few "written articles of faith," abstract from the Scriptures, while the Free-will Baptists acknowledge *no standard but the Bible*. Thirdly, agreed, that we do not think these differences to be of sufficient importance to warrant propriety in our maintaining separate visibility. Fourthly, agreed, that we hold a friendly correspondence with each other—"follow after the things which make for peace"—baptize—break bread, and ordain with each other as occasion may require; also that we assist each other in church labors, &c., with the same freedom, as though we were but one denomination."

he found peace in believing. We attended a meeting in Blenheim the day following, and on Wednesday met about six hundred people in a beautiful pine grove at St. Catharines. A stand for the speaker, and seats for the people, had been prepared. I preached with some freedom, and brother Straight followed me.

On Wednesday, July 2, we left the province, and in two days rode eighty miles to Greece, where, according to a previous engagement, we attended a two-days' meeting on Saturday and Sabbath, July 4 and 5. The assembly was large, the power of the Lord was present, and one was hopefully converted. Monday I preached near lake Ontario, and baptized four. During the week following, I held ten meetings in Ogden, Byron, Elba, Batavia, Attica, Middlebury, and Warsaw. In the latter my soul was filled with great mourning and pity for sinners. July 16, I attended meetings in Leicester and Moscow. The meeting in the latter place was a precious time. The Lord had lately visited this vicinity in mercy, and forty persons had professed to have passed from death unto life. On Friday I preached in Geneseo, and spent the greater part of the next day mourning on account of my unworthiness, and praying the Lord to revive his work in my soul.

Sabbath, July 19, I spoke to a solemn congregation in Conesus. It was a time of much seriousness among the people, and one had lately experienced a change of heart. A sudden death that had happened a few days before, had been instrumental of exciting much seriousness in this vicinity. The circumstances, as related to me, were as follows. A young woman, who was teaching school in the neighborhood, returned from worship on a Sabbath afternoon. A shower soon after arose. She was seated near the door, beside a young man, to whom she was engaged in marriage. As the thunder increased, the young man arose, and remarked that he thought it unsafe to sit in the door. The young woman replied with a smile, "I will change places with you, for I am the last one to be afraid of lightning." She had scarcely taken her seat, when an arrow of lightning passed through the roof of the house, through the chamber floor, and struck them. They both fell, and likewise every person that was standing in the house, except a lad about twelve years old. He passed over their bodies, supposing the whole family to be dead, and carried the tidings to a neighboring house. Assistance was immediately afforded, and all soon recovered, except the young woman that feared not the lightning. On her the message of wrath was executed, and she was now in eternity. The lightning melted a knife in the pocket of the young man, rent his pantaloons, and tore his boots from his feet; yet he received no material injury. Thus was one "*taken and the other left.*"

Elder Josiah Fowler who resided in this place, told me that he had often conversed with this young woman, and exhorted her to repentance. She would freely confess her need of an interest in Christ; yet she made vain excuses, said she was young—had time enough yet, and she hoped that she should repent before death. But how was she mistaken! And, alas! thousands of others are walking in the same way, who will neither see nor feel their danger, till they "stumble on the dark mountains." O that men would take warning.

Elder Fowler had but lately taken a residence in this place, and, though in consequence of renouncing his allegiance to Free Masonry, as before stated, a storm of persecution had fallen upon him; yet the Lord stood at his right hand, and renewed the blessings that formerly crowned his labors. In Sparta, an adjacent town, his preaching had been instrumental of awakening many who had already been converted. Since the commencement of the revival in that place, he had baptized a number, and gathered a church of sixteen members. Several of the converts attended my meeting at Conesus, and gave animating exhortations. One of them, a lad apparently about thirteen years of age, affectionately entreated his fellow youth to come to the Savior, saying, "The sun is not more full of light, nor the ocean more full of water, than Christ is of grace for perishing sinners."

For the four weeks ensuing, I held meetings in Penfield, Ontario, Reading, and Canandaigua, and also attended the Benton quarterly meeting at Catlin. Wednesday, Aug. 19, I left Canandaigua, to attend the yearly meeting, and make another visit to Upper Canada. During the journey of this week, I preached in Greece, Clarkson, and Byron; and at the latter place baptized a young couple that had been lately married, and lately espoused to Christ. On the Sabbath I spoke to a crowded assembly on the line of Batavia and Elba, on the subject of our Lord's 'great commission.' I next held meetings in the south part of Batavia, in Bethany, and Orangeville. The glory of the Lord appeared in the latter assembly, to the joy of saints and conviction of sinners. A small church had lately been gathered in this place, through the instrumentality of Elder J. Miner, with whom I had enjoyed many pleasant hours in Green Creek, Ohio. On Wednesday I spoke to a very solemn assembly in Sheldon. During the sermon, Elders Fowler, Bignall, Straight, and some other brethren, came into the meeting, and we had a pleasant interview; for as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." These brethren were on their way to yearly meeting, and the next day we proceeded in company.

On Friday, August 28, 1829, the yearly meeting commenced in Eden, and continued four days. The exercises in the meetings of worship were very interesting. Many were refreshed, and several backsliders came forward for prayer. Elder James Harris, from Upper Canada, Elders Cheney and Walker from Ohio, and Elder Newbold, from Pennsylvania, attended. The Wayne quarterly meeting in Ohio made application to unite with the yearly meeting. A council was appointed to examine into their standing, and if they thought advisable, to receive them into the connexion. This was done. The Wayne quarterly meeting contained eight churches, five elders, one unordained preacher, and one hundred and forty-eight members.*

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* Free-will Baptists commenced their existence, as a denomination, in N. England, at a period when many entered the ministry to gain a livelihood, and when sometimes the last cow of a poor man was sold to pay the minister's tax. This state of things they viewed with utter abhorrence; and although in their early rise they adopted the plan of supplying the wants of the minister and the poor of the church, from a church stock, raised by a tax on the members proportioned to their property, this system was not adopted by the churches that were subsequently organized. Another and strange rule, to give to ministers when they felt an impression to do so, prevailed in some portions of the denomination. Great evils of course necessarily followed. At this session of the H. P. yearly meeting, Mr. Marks was appointed to write a circular to the quarterly meetings on the subject of the support of the ministry, and lay before them a regular system for this specific object. The following brief extract from this circular will show his views on this point.—Ed.

Dear Brethren:—If, in the apostolic age, the suffering of the Hebrew widows called the attention of the primitive church at Jerusalem, and engaged the apostles of the Lord Jesus to devise means for their relief, [Acts 6,] should not the neglect of the daily ministration to the *ministers* of the sanctuary, call our attention? Was the necessity of those widows more worthy the notice of the apostles, than the necessity of our ministers is of our notice? Did it excite the attention of the apostles, and obtain a record on the pages of inspiration, that the widows' lack excited the murmurings of the Grecians, and is it nothing to us that the lack of ministers has excited the murmurings of spectators more numerous than the Grecians? When necessity pressed the ancient widows, did the apostles say as we have, "Leave it to every one to give when and as he pleases, without any to oversee except as God shall put it into their hearts?" No. They had already effectually proved the insufficiency of this method, and called the whole multitude of disciples unto them, and appointed *seven* to attend upon this business.

Our ministers are compelled to neglect the Macedonian cries among the churches, to turn from the requests of broken-hearted penitents, and to leave revivals, to attend to their temporal affairs, and when these are half adjusted they return to the field. But O, the change! The especial season for doing good is past; converts have joined other denominations, and some for want of instruction and care have sunk under trials, perhaps to rise not again! Our churches are small, and several of them are losing ground, and until they can have more preaching, circumstances are likely to be no more favorable. But until we can agree upon a better method of supporting ministers than we have yet practiced, our ministers must dig upon their farms, and our churches be destitute. Are these things nothing to us? Shall we be tenacious, divided, and agreed upon nothing effectual? Shall the *covetous* man, whose sin is *idolatry*, pass undetected among us?—Some will say, my alms I will give in secret before God, but I cannot submit to rules for giving regularly. Alms are one thing, and paying an honest debt is another. Must those who are called to preach, spend all they have before remittances are made to them, and then become beggars, and be treated as town paupers? What advantage has disorder, irregularity, or confusion? Have they enabled us to support our ministers so that they could devote themselves to the work? God is a God of order. All his works are in order. The sun, moon, and planets, all rise and set with regularity. The day, the night, the seasons, and even all nature's laws move in regular and invariable order. Men only are in confusion. Dear brethren, what have we gained by the absence of order and regularity in the support of our ministry? * * * * Having now effectually tried and found the insufficiency of no regular method for sustaining those who labor in the vineyard, is it not time for us to agree upon some system which, by the blessing of God, will obviate the difficulty.

[A plan was then submitted for carrying out this object.—Ed.]

On Monday I attended a solemn meeting with Elder Harris, in Eden. Next morning we continued our journey to Upper Canada, and on the Thursday following arrived at Oxford. Here, a revival had been progressing since the annual conference at this place in June previous. I began to hold meetings, and when I witnessed the grace of God in this work, my heart rejoiced, and I gladly pointed mourners to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Several that had been converted, dated their awakening at the meetings held in my former visit. This was a comfort to my heart; but the glory belongeth to God. I continued several days in Oxford, and in Zorra, an adjacent town, and held meetings in different neighborhoods. The attention of the people appeared generally called to the things which belonged to their peace, and we enjoyed some interesting seasons. Sabbath, Sept. 20, I preached twice, and baptized three in Oxford. I believe the Holy Spirit seriously impressed the minds of several, particularly at the time of baptism.

Sabbath evening, Sept. 20, 1829, I entered into one of the most solemn and important engagements of life. It was a union in marriage with Marilla Turner, of Zorra, Upper Canada.

[In compliance with the solicitations of several judicious friends, the following extracts are given from private letters in relation to the matter here alluded to. The first extract is taken from a letter to Miss Turner, the other from a letter to her parents.—Ed.

"In no engagements of life are there more severe disappointments than in *matrimony*. Caution is scarcely security against disappointment. 'It is not in man to direct his steps.' In the opportunity I had with you, I never thought that you would expect or wish my marriage to you would sacrifice my religious duties of laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, as God's Spirit and Zion's need may require; or that riches or honors should be any condition of our union. I consider that the duties of religion and those of a husband perfectly agree and never interfere. An unkind husband cannot be a Christian, or at least a good one. I would never give my hand to a woman, unless I thought, without exception, I could, and should, and would befriend her as myself in sickness, sorrow, poverty, and all the depths of human woes; and further, unless I could overlook her imperfections and bear them as my own. Neither do I want the hand of one who is not at least firmly resolved to do the same. If, dear Marilla, you ever consent to become my partner in life, you will find me a man of like passions as other men; and yet, you may assure yourself, that as a Christian I shall at least feel the obligation 'To love you even as Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it.' But to promise worldly riches, honors, or ease, I think is not my province; for these are things

I have not only not promised myself, but rather contented myself with the following and some other Scriptures: 'It is enough that the servant be as his Lord.' 'After all these things do the Gentiles seek, and your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of them.' 'No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.' "

[*To Mr. and Mrs. Turner.*]

* * * "If I mistake not, your principal objection to our union is my *itinerant life;* no dwelling of my own, &c. &c. The objection is worthy of consideration, and a more definite reply than it has as yet received. Having been accustomed, where men generally *promise*, only to *encourage*, where they encourage, to be silent, and thus avoid disappointing grievously; and jealous that in such an hour, I might give expectations which would rather restrict from duty's path, I think I made little reply. In all my hopes, I would calculate for the worst, so that if disappointed, it would be for the better. But to the objection. If, to remove this objection satisfactorily, I must abandon the gospel ministry as the great work of my life—it cannot be removed. If, for a wife, I would abandon the cause of my God, I should be jealous of my own heart, and that the same depravity might lead me to abandon the wife of my youth, whom I could have no more reason to love than Him who with his life redeemed my soul."]

Monday, Sept. 21, we bade the parental home adieu. To our parents, and to us all, this was a solemn parting. In the evening, I preached with freedom at Burford, and on Wednesday, at St. Catharines. At the latter meeting, I understood that several were seriously affected, among whom were two or three Roman Catholics. Next day we visited the monument erected on Queenston heights, to the memory of Gen. Brock, a British officer, who fell in battle near this spot during the late war. We ascended the spiral staircase to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The prospect was beautiful and extensive. Yet when I considered this work, I was reminded of the saying of Solomon, "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*" O, how great a contrast between the reflections occasioned on visiting the monument of an *officer*, and the tomb of a *Christian!* At the former, we witness the solitude of glory that has faded away; and at the latter, we hear, as it were, a voice, saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

On Friday morning, while we were riding near Lockport, a black cloud arose, and a loud roar of thunder continued six or seven minutes without cessation. Man and beast were frightened, and all around appeared solemn like the judgment. But when the last trumpet shall be blown, and its roar be continued till all the dead

shall awake, and every one appear before God, alas! what fear and trembling will then take hold on the wicked. In the afternoon we arrived in Royalton, and were received affectionately by our relatives. I held three or four meetings, and reached Canandaigua Oct. 1st. On the Sabbath, I preached with the church; and on Tuesday, in company with brother Straight, proceeded toward Spafford, where the General Conference was soon to meet. We held a meeting in Junius; and while brother S. was exhorting sinners to repent, a Universalist threatened him with violence, if he did not stop preaching that the wicked should be damned. But he waxed bold and spoke with more power. Thus the Lord maketh "*the wrath of man*" to praise him. Thursday, I preached at a funeral on the island west of Montezuma, and also at Weedsport. Several were affected. On the day following we arrived at Spafford, and met with many brethren, whose presence rejoiced my heart.

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1829, the third session of the General Conference opened in this town, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Ten messengers were present from the New England states. Sabbath morning, at the hour of nine, the house was filled, and at the opening of the meeting, it seemed as though we were all "by one Spirit baptized into one body." Eld. S. Curtis, a young man from Maine, preached from John 4:13, 14, "Whosoever drinketh," &c. The Holy Spirit made considerable impression on the assembly. After a short intermission, Elder N. Brown preached from 2 Pet. 1:3, 4, "According as his divine power," &c. The solemnity in the assembly continued to increase, and Elder E. Place next arose, and repeated Jer. 12:5, "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" He said, the Lord had sent him from New Hampshire to this meeting, and given him a witness that he should here see souls converted. This saying made me tremble, for fear he had spoken presumptuously; for I knew the state of the church, and of the people in this place; and it was such that it seemed impossible sinners should be converted. But when he began to describe the "*swelling of Jordan*," his soul was led into the sanctuary of God—he saw the end of the wicked. The place became awful, and the scene surpassed description. Every eye was fixed on the speaker, till unnumbered faces were bathed in tears, and many frames convulsed, while touching groans burst from sinners' hearts, "and all around seemed like the judgment." My feelings were so powerfully affected, that I queried whether I should lose my breath or live through the scene. Many sinners were awakened—wept for their transgress-

ions, and we now expected to see souls converted. On Monday, the meeting of business detained me from the meetings of worship till the Conference adjourned in the evening. On entering the meeting, I found that many were on their knees praying earnestly. They continued wrestling with the Lord, till five were brought to rejoice. The meeting closed at two o'clock in the morning. Next day, worship was attended; and in the evening more than thirty came forward for prayer. The exercises continued till midnight, and two or three professed to find peace in believing. On Wednesday two sermons were preached, and the power of God attended them. One of the converts, a young woman, was so filled with the Spirit of the Lord, that her strength failed, and she remained nearly motionless through the meeting. One of her brothers was angry and took her away. In the evening the Conference closed.

The business of the Conference was conducted with great unanimity; and although every part of the connexion was here represented by delegates—many subjects considered, and much business transacted, yet the greatest point of difference that appeared, was, "whether a private labor, according to Matt. 18:15, 16, 17, should be taken with an offending brother whose crime has been committed publicly, or whether he should be immediately called to an account by the church." A large majority of the Conference decided in favor of the latter position.

On Thursday morning, the young man who took his sister from the meeting the day before, kneeled for prayer; and in the evening meeting, the number of the anxious increased to nearly forty. We continued our stay in Spafford nearly a month, attended meetings day and night, and enjoyed many blessed seasons. The number of converts increased to about forty, and I enjoyed the privilege of baptizing eleven. In this time I preached in several other towns. In Sempronius a revival commenced, and a number were converted. In one meeting that I attended, some of the "*baser sort*" raised an opposition—threw down candles—cast sticks into the assembly—threw a large ball of mud at me while I was speaking—cut harnesses, &c.

On Sabbath, Nov. 22, 1829, I had the privilege of baptizing my companion. As some circumstances attending her conversion were rather remarkable, I have thought a short sketch of her religious experience introduced here, might not be altogether unacceptable to the reader, and I have hoped might be instrumental of good to some poor soul that may have fallen into a like situation.

She was the eldest daughter of Capt. Daniel Turner, formerly of Arlington, Vt., now of Zorra, Upper Canada. Till the age of eighteen years, she resided mostly with her parents in Arlington, and attended school. She was taught to respect religion, and usu-

ally attended public worship with the Episcopalian church. After her parents removed to Canada, she spent nearly three years teaching school in Oxford. In March, 1829, a little before she was twenty-two years old, she was first brought seriously to feel her need of the Savior. It was deeply impressed on her mind, that if she did not immediately turn to God, she should be cast off forever. Then she resolved to seek the Lord, and sighed for her neglect of the Savior. Her sorrow increased till she felt constrained to abandon her usual studies, and devote her whole time to reading the Bible, to meditation, and prayer. In about two weeks, while reading a sermon on the sufferings of Christ, she thought she *could* and *would* believe in the Son of God;—she thought she *did believe*, and her burden left her. For a day she rejoiced, and indulged the hope that God had forgiven her all. But the next day, while reading the Scripture, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," she thought her evidence was not clear, and that the change in her attachment to Christians was not such as they had experienced. So she resolved to renew her supplications as a penitent, lost sinner. She has since related her exercises on this occasion, as follows:

"Now, alas! I could not feel a sense of my sin. I labored for it, but it could not be obtained. I tried to hope, but my spirit sunk, and I despaired. Every thing confirmed me in the belief, that there was no mercy for me. I regretted my existence—envied the idiot—and would have gladly exchanged places with the reptiles—or plunged into non-existence. My food became loathsome, my sleep departed, and often when I took a drink of water, I thought I should soon be with the rich man in hell, where I could not obtain even one drop. Whole nights were sometimes spent in prayer, without any relief—my flesh wasted away, and I drew near the grave. My friends looked on me and wept. I could not comfort them, for I was comfortless myself. Then I said, my life is useless, and I am a cause of grief to all that are dear to me."

Her parents, alarmed on account of her gloomy state, invited ministers of different denominations to converse with her, hoping it might be instrumental of her gaining some consolation. But all seemed to be in vain. Deep sorrow was depicted on her countenance, and she appeared extremely disconsolate. In conversation with one who visited her, she said, "I have not seen the magnitude of my sins in neglecting the Savior; and now my heart is not susceptible of penitence. I think there is no mercy for me; not because God is a respecter of persons, or his grace insufficient, but because I have refused his mercy. I try to pray; my lips speak, but my heart will not draw near to God. Every effort seems to be useless, and all my former joys are fled. Still, I know it is not

the love of the world that prevents me from coming to Christ; for could I have a thousand worlds by turning my hand over, I am confident I should not do it; yet if I could obtain an interest in Christ by passing through the pangs of death ten thousand times, I would joyfully submit to these terms. But, alas! I believe there are but few days for me on earth; and while I have them I am constantly reminded of their short duration. These reflections, at times, so affect me, that I tremble, and my strength fails." While making these statements, she wept profusely, and all her emotions seemed to exhibit a state of confirmed despair.

Upon this account of her state, the following Scriptures were recited to her: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." "Thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul." "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "But," said she, "these promises cannot apply to me. To come to God, we must have faith: 'whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'" She was then exhorted to pray for faith. She replied, "I cannot pray acceptably; to pray with lips only is mockery. Once I might have prayed—but now my heart will not feel—it cannot feel—and how can I come to a holy God?" She was answered, "Come repenting." "I cannot repent," she replied, "genuine repentance is a deep sorrow for sin. True, I regret my neglect of God, and feel in some measure the miseries of sin. And the damned in hell may do this; may feel as much, and more; but what does this avail them? surely, no more than it does me. I might have repented, if I would have improved my day; but now I am only reminded that my probation is concluded, that after a few solitary days, I must lie down in eternal sorrow." 'But,' it was replied, 'God is long-suffering—not willing that any should perish;' and "his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands." She answered, "True, and this increases my guilt; for I have rejected his long-suffering, and trodden upon his tender mercy. And I am now justly condemned, and the throne of God will be forever clear in my eternal damnation." All the Scripture promises suited to her case, and all endeavors to apply them, she would either evade by argument, or by saying, that she felt they could not apply to one in her situation. She said, "I have tried to hope, but it is vain—it is deeply impressed on my mind, that nothing remains for me, but to "go away into everlasting punishment.' Yet I cannot murmur against God. My feelings are changed; I am a stranger to the former reflections of my mind; indifferent to my former pursuits, and I loathe the gayety of the

world. The months I spent in useless needle-work, witness against me, and I am reminded that I have done worse than to waste them for nought. Had I spent that time seeking the Lord, I might now have been happy."

It was remarked to her, that if she ever found peace, it would be in prayer; that the Lord had answered the prayers of wicked men and of devils, Mark 5:12, 13—17; and, much more, would he answer the prayers of those who sorrow for their sins and forsake them. Then it was proposed to her to kneel and pray three times a day for a year. She declined, saying it would be of no use. But after some reflection, concluding it could do no harm, she made the covenant. Ten days after this, she attended the conference of the Free-will and the Free Communion Baptists in Oxford; and several friends spent a night in prayer with her—still she found no relief, and the next day her distress increased. She observed, "If so many prayers of the saints in my behalf, gain no access, the cause must be, that my doom is unalterably fixed." The state of her mind continued about the same for several months, as appears by the following extracts from her letters:

July 30, 1829, she writes:—"Still it appears to me, the door of mercy is *forever* and *justly* closed against me; for God has called, and I have refused; he stretched out his arm, and I would not regard. And what am I, that I have dared to refuse obedience, and to rebel against an almighty God, who had power any moment to sink me into an abyss of wo and misery! But, instead of this deserved doom, his sparing mercies have followed me, and temporal blessings have been bestowed with a liberal hand. I review these mercies, and at times indulge the vain hope that they will lead me to love and place an unbounded confidence in their divine Author. But, O the depravity of my heart! The thought that happiness has forever fled my bosom, makes me at times almost indifferent to my fate. Yet I am in the hands of God, and with him all things are possible. My sister appears to be serious; she arose in meeting two days since and expressed a determination to seek the Lord. She is two years younger than myself; and, did I possess millions of worlds, I would joyfully give them up, if I could by that means recall two years of my life. But, alas! vain wish! Why do I spend a single thought on that which cannot be, when soon I may have an eternity to reflect in!"

Aug. 20, she writes:—"What infatuation, what fatal madness has deceived me, and caused me to treat the mercies of Heaven with such neglect and indifference! What has the Lord not done for me, that would have been likely to inspire my soul with gratitude and love, and secure my obedience? Often does my

heart recur to the scenes of childhood, when I fondly pictured to myself and my heart glowed in contemplating what I then believed to be the virtuous principles that would be engraven on my soul, and the usefulness that would mark my future life. But when I look back for these fruits of piety, what do I find in their stead? I am led to exclaim, 'wretched ingrate that I have been!' O the deceitfulness of sin! Justly may it call for the vengeance of a holy God.

"I mentioned in my former communication, that my sister was serious. She has found comfort, and gone forward in the ordinance of baptism. I walked with her to the water, but could go no further. It appeared to me, that we should soon be separated for a long eternity;—she to be a partaker of the glorious rest provided for the children of God, while, alas! I should have my portion with unbelievers. 'O that it were not *forever!*' The certain conviction that this must be my fate, if I die in my present condition, causes me to refer my hopeless case to Him, who alone can cleanse my soul from all its impurities. But I am sensible that my prayers want that quality, which alone can render them acceptable; for when asking, it appears to me, I am requesting that which will never be granted; that I am pleading Him to do more for me than He ever did for any one in my situation, or more than He has promised to do. This thought rests on my mind with such weight that all the arguments I can urge will in no manner affect it. Again, at times, when I reflect on His power, and that He is not willing any should perish, I think I may possibly experience his salvation. But no sooner do I recollect my situation, than this also, vanishes. Sometimes I say within myself, 'I am in His hands, and will wholly resign myself to Him;' but I can no longer do as I would. My soul is in possession of the powers of darkness, and it is an Almighty arm alone which can rescue me. The grave will soon be my bed; and, were I prepared, I could this moment greet death as a welcome friend. But while life shall be spared, I will strive to seek the Lord."

During the summer the food she allowed herself to support nature was reduced to almost nothing, and her sleep, on an average, to about two hours in twenty-four. Her health declined till she was reduced to a mere skeleton, and apparently stood on the brink of the grave. Not a smile cheered her countenance; much of her time was spent in weeping, and her friends mourned for her as for one that was dead.

This was the situation of her mind, both at the commencement of our acquaintance, and at the time of our marriage. Yet, I believed the Lord by his Holy Spirit had shown me that he designed this visitation of his stern justice to prepare her for his

service. In these circumstances, our engagement for life was attended with much solemnity and weeping. And I should have preferred still deeper mourning on this occasion, rather than to have entered into the marriage covenant with that inexcusable vanity and trifling, which, too often, at such times, corrupt men, and offend God. After our marriage, she still continued in her despairing state, and passed much of her time in bitter weeping. My faith, that she would yet be brought to rejoice in the Lord, seemed to give her a little hope; but, from her own feelings, she still judged her case to be hopeless; and remarked, that she thought I should have to bear her afflictions but a few days, and then, with her, all would be lost. Our days passed in mourning, and much of our time was spent in prayer.

On our arrival at Spafford to attend the General Conference, a preacher, who was my friend, on becoming acquainted with the gloomy state of my companion, said to me, "I am surprised that you have married a person in her state of mind—she cannot live long in this situation, and I think it probable her despair will end in insanity." I replied, 'I am aware that many spirits have gone out into the world, and that often man is deceived. Yet, I *know*, if God ever spoke by me, I shall yet see her happy in the Lord.' In the evening, on Monday, Elder Place begged a dismission from business, that he might go to the assembly of worship; "For," said he, "I have a message from the Lord." Soon after entering the meeting, he addressed my companion, and said to her, "I have a message from God to you;"—then told her, he knew in God there was mercy for her, exhorted her not to despair, and said, he knew the Lord never gave his children, in behalf of one whose case was hopeless, such a travail of soul as he felt for her. After speaking to her case about half an hour, he exhorted her to kneel in presence of the assembly and pray for mercy. She did—a ray of hope pierced her direful gloom. The chains which for seven long months had bound her mind, now gave way; and she began to believe that the Lord would grant her the joys of his salvation. The cries, "Lord, have mercy!" "God be merciful to me a sinner!" were now heard in every part of the assembly. About this time, the members of Conference adjourned their business and repaired to the house of worship. I found my companion rejoicing in the work of the Lord, though she hardly dared to think she had found any comfort that would be permanent. But from the time of the Conference, her faith, hope, and joy gradually increased, till she gained victory over her desponding state of mind.

On Sabbath, Nov. 22, she related her experience, and was received by the church at Canandaigua. After sermon, we retired to the shore of the lake, where she was baptized. For this oppor-

tunity, my joy was unspeakable, and I said in my heart, as did one on another occasion: "My soul doth magnify the Lord—For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name." She was now a help in my ministry and accompanied me in my travels. The furnace through which she had passed for seven months, appeared to have weaned her from the world, its pride, and its vanity; and she seemed to have no object or desire, except to devote herself to God and his cause. If at any time, I expressed sorrow for the want of any convenience of life, she would remind me of the poverty our Savior endured, and say, "*Is it not enough that the servant be as his Lord?*" or recite some other similar Scripture, assuring me that she felt it a privilege, if the Lord called, to suffer for his sake. She dated her experience previous to her sinking in despair. This is one instance, among many that might be named, in which after souls have received the pardoning grace of God, they have, in consequence of yielding to doubts, waded through the waters of affliction; for months have sighed in the deepest anguish, and trembled for fear they should rest on a false hope, while they would not knowingly sin for a world. Too often they are censured, when they ought to be treated with tenderness and encouraged to persevere. They try to believe, and if there appears to be any hope, they tremble, and weep, and say, "It is not for me." I have observed that such persons rarely, if ever, are delivered suddenly. Their light and hope generally increase gradually.

CHAPTER XXII.

Particulars of my Travels and Labors from November, 1829, *to September*, 1830.

Monday, Nov. 23, we attended a meeting in the west part of Middlesex, and found a revival progressing among the Methodists. On a Sabbath previous, one of their preachers, as I was told, went down into the water with the converts, and baptized seventeen. We attended meetings in different neighborhoods in the town. In one, at Flint creek, twenty arose for prayer. A revival had just commenced under the labors of Elder Wire, and two had obtained a hope. I next preached in Italy, and the word was attended with the power of God. Here also five or six had lately found the Savior; and it was said that in an adjacent neighborhood all the young people had "turned to the Lord."

After preaching in several other churches, I met the church in Canandaigua in monthly meeting, on Saturday, Dec. 4: five came forward for prayer. On the Sabbath, we enjoyed a refreshing time. On Monday evening, I rejoiced to find the work of the Lord progressing in Conesus. Next day, I held two meetings in Sparta, where the Lord manifested his power. The revival that commenced under the labors of Elder Fowler, immediately after he renounced Free Masonry, still continued; and the church that he gathered in the spring, had now increased to the number of forty. Saturday and Sabbath, Dec. 10, and 11, we attended a two-days' meeting at Bethany, in which saints were happy, and sinners were awakened. The Lord had lately poured out his Spirit in this place, and about thirty had found the Savior.

The following week we attended meetings in Batavia, Byron, Clarkson, and Greece; then returned to Canandaigua. The last of December, we visited a few churches of the Ontario quarterly meeting, and on "New Year's day," 1830, attended a session of said meeting at Galen. The week ensuing, I preached in different towns, and attended the Benton quarterly meeting, at Flint creek in Middlesex. Nearly sixty had been converted in this place since our last visit. A school teacher was one of the first. Several of his scholars, from the age of ten to fifteen, became serious; and some of them retired to a wood, at the time of intermission, to pray for mercy—forgot their school till near its close, when they returned happy in the Lord. Nineteen of the children had professed to be converted; and while I heard them tell what God had done for their souls, I rejoiced that the Savior had said, "Suf-

fer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." This was also a day of good tidings from other churches. During the meeting on the Sabbath, a woman of about three score years was converted, and for the first time shouted the praises of Emmanuel.

Jan. 16 and 17, we attended the second session of the Allegany quarterly meeting, held in Sparta. The revival in this town had spread into Springwater, Conhocton, and Dansville. Elder Fowler had lately baptized fourteen, and the number of the church had increased to fifty-five. During the meeting five souls were hopefully converted. This quarterly meeting was organized about three months before; and, at this time, consisted of four churches, containing one hundred and forty-four members, three elders and two unordained preachers. The largest of these churches was in the town of Independence. It was gathered by a Free Communion Baptist minister. He, with the church, I understood, renounced their belief in the '*certainty* of the perseverance of the saints,' and embraced the doctrine of the the '*necessity* of their perseverance.' They were now blessed with a revival.

Jan. 22, 24, we attended the Bethany quarterly meeting, in the south part of Penfield. The reports from the churches were interesting, and some of the preachers came in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel. On the Sabbath, for want of room, meetings were held in two places. Elder Jenkins preached to one assembly in the forenoon, and to the other in the afternoon, with great power. Unusual solemnity rested on the people, and many were melted into tears.

Monday morning, a young man who was teaching a dancing school, and a professed Universalist, begged some of the preachers to pray for him. He requested a prayer meeting to be appointed in the evening on his account; and though it was very stormy, a large house was crowded with people. Thirteen kneeled for prayer, and one or two were brought to praise the Lord. The next evening of my meeting, thirty came forward for prayer, and two were brought into liberty. Leaving Penfield, we returned to Canandaigua, and held a few meetings in different towns.

In the early part of February, we journeyed to Zorra, Upper Canada; and on the way held several meetings, which were refreshing. But as the sleighing left us suddenly, after a very short stay with our relatives, we returned in haste; and, on the 20th of February, arrived in Penfield. Since the quarterly meeting, many a proud sinner had been brought to bow at the feet of Jesus. The brethren had just returned from monthly meeting; in which they said ninety-six spoke of the goodness of God, fifteen united with the church, and one soul was converted. The next day, I stood in a window of a large stone school-house, and spoke nearly two

hours to about eight hundred people, half of whom stood without. After this I had the privilege of baptizing three: one was a little girl that experienced religion at the age of six. She had anxiously waited for this opportunity; and when raised out of the water, exclaimed, "Glory to the Lord." In the evening we had a very happy meeting; many converts spoke, sinners confessed, and a boy twelve years of age professed to find Jesus, and was so filled with joy, that he only cried, "Glory—I am happy—glory, glory," &c.

After attending meetings in some other towns, we returned to Canandaigua. Sabbath evening I preached in the asylum for the poor of Ontario county, and enjoyed the presence of the Lord. We understood the expense of this establishment was about eight thousand dollars; and we were highly gratified on viewing the ample provisions for the comfort of the afflicted. At this time, the asylum contained nearly one hundred; the greater part of whom were brought to this place through *intemperance.* They enjoyed many religious privileges.

In the early part of March, we returned to Penfield, and found the revival still spreading with great power. Seventy, as we were informed, had already obtained a hope. Meetings had been attended every evening, and nearly every day since the quarterly meeting. We attended an evening meeting with Elders Hannibal and Straight. Many powerful exhortations were given, and several came forward for prayer. The next day, I preached with unusual liberty, and in the evening attended a conference meeting. A man who had lived in sin, and in Universalism, arose, apparently in the agonies of despair, and said, "I need not ask Christians to pray for me—there is no mercy that can reach my case." One of his daughters, who was a young convert, addressed him very affectionately, and earnestly entreated him to look to Jesus for help; then turning to the assembly in a flood of tears, she said to the wicked, "behold the awful consequences of sin." About forty arose for prayer, and it was a time of great mourning. Almost every house in the vicinity had become a house of prayer, and the work was more glorious than any I had ever before witnessed. The dancing master and fiddler, with their pupils, were converted to God, and their ball-room was open for worship.

We were told about this time, that a boy eight years of age was in a barn praying for mercy. As he arose, he looked on a horse that was named 'Dick,' and with astonishment exclaimed, "Dick is praising God!" He was filled with wonder; and as he ran to tell his parents, he passed the cattle, and, with increased surprise, cried out, "Why, the cattle are praising God!" Before he reached the house, he saw the geese, and seeming quite amazed, he exclaimed, "And the geese are praising God too!" When he came to his

parents, he said, with great animation, "Dick is praising God, and the cattle are praising God, and the geese are praising God." He scarcely had finished his story, when he cast his eyes on the cat, and with transport exclaimed, "Why, puss, you are praising God too!" This simple exhibition of a change in the child, which he supposed to be in the things he saw, melted the hearts of his parents, and they confessed the work to be of God. This little child followed his Lord in baptism. At an evening meeting, I heard him give an exhortation that was extraordinary for one of his years. After attending another meeting in Penfield, in which former scenes were repeated, I preached in several other places; and on Saturday, March 6, attended monthly meeting with the church in Canandaigua. On the Sabbath, we had a refreshing season.

Monday, March 8, we started with a wagon for Scriba, rode thirty miles in a tedious storm of snow, and arrived at Lyons late in the evening. Next day, we proceeded in a sleigh, and in the evening, called on a family of professed Christians. I desired something to eat. They told us they had nothing cooked, and they could not accommodate us; so we rode about eighteen miles further, much of the distance on bare ground, and after midnight arrived at the house of brother K. in Scriba. Mrs. K. was not a professor; yet she arose with apparent gladness, and prepared us a meal. The occurrences of this evening, reminded me of two sayings of our Lord, and their application: "I was a hungered, and ye gave me *no* meat."—"I was a hungered, and ye *gave* me meat." Here I found an empty seat. The father of the family died a week before. He was a member of the church, and ever when I saw him was much engaged in the service of the Lord. He once told me, he hoped and believed, that when his time was fulfilled, he should go to his home suddenly. I was informed that he took his dinner, apparently as well as usual, then suddenly fell from his chair. He was taken up immediately—but he was dead. 'O Lord, may I also be ready.' I held six meetings in Scriba, and found the two churches in this town, and the one in New Haven, in a state of engagedness; and, though destitute of an administrator, they appeared to maintain gospel order. On Monday, March 15, we left Scriba, and after a tedious journey, arrived at Canandaigua.

During the week following, I journeyed one hundred and fifty miles, and suffered much from a tedious storm. Sabbath, March 28, I preached twice to a small assembly in Geneva. Next day we attended a meeting in Fayette, and tarried at the house of Mr. Whitmer. Here we saw two or three of his sons, and others to the number of eight, who said they were witnesses of a certain book just published, called the "*Golden Bible*," or "*Book of Mormon*." They affirmed, that an angel had showed them certain plates

of metal, having the appearance of gold, that were dug out of the ground by one Joseph Smith; that on these plates was written a history of the ten tribes of Israel which were lost, and revelations to different prophets that arose among them. They stated the writing could be read by no person, except by the said Smith; and, that the Lord had inspired him to translate and publish the book,—that none, but twelve chosen witnesses, had been allowed to see these plates, and that now they were "*hid* up unto the Lord." They further stated, that twelve apostles were to be appointed, who would soon confirm their mission by miracles—and, that if any one read their bible and did not believe, they would be given up and lost forever. These eight were in company with Smith and three others. A copy right was secured by Smith in his own name. The book contains about six hundred octavo pages of small print. Five thousand copies were published—and they said the angel told Smith to sell the book at a price which was one dollar and eight cents per copy more than the cost, that they "*might have the temporal profit*, as well as the spiritual." They urged me to purchase a copy, and finally offered me one for $1,25. "But," said I, "I understood you to say the angel told you to sell it for $1,75. They replied, "The angel said we might sell it for that sum, but did not say we should not sell it for any less."

When I was in Ohio, I had quite a curiosity to know the origin of the numerous mounds and remains of ancient fortifications that abound in that section of the country; but could not find that anything satisfactory was known on the subject. Having been told, that the '*Book of Mormon*' gave a history of them and of their authors, some desire was created in my mind to read their story, but I could not, in good conscience, purchase a copy lest I should support a deception; so they lent me one, and I read two hundred and fifty pages; but was greatly disappointed in the style and interest of the work. So far from approaching the sublimity of the inspired writers, they would bear no comparison with the Apocrypha, or the Alcoran. Indeed the style is so insipid, and the work so filled with manifest imposture, that I could feel no interest in a further perusal. It contained several extracts from the Scriptures; and, with a little variation, Christ's sermon on the mount. From all the circumstances, I thought it probably had been written originally by an infidel, to see how much he could impose on the credulity of men, and to get money. Yet, I expected they would make converts; for there are many people who are fond of new things; and there is scarcely any system so absurd as to obtain no advocates. Shortly after this, I understood that one of the "*witnesses*" baptized Smith, and then Smith baptized others. If one believed the book he was considered a fit subject for baptism.

On reviewing this pretended revelation, I was forcibly struck with the contrast between the introduction of the gospel of Christ, and that of the 'Book of Mormon.' The former came *down* from heaven; the latter is said to have been *dug* out of the earth. The gospel was first preached *openly* with power, in the sight of all men, and written afterwards; the 'Book of Mormon' was first written, *secretly*, and out of sight of all men, except twelve, and preached afterwards. None of the works of Christ and the apostles were in secret, but open to the examination of all; the origin of this book is hid in the dark. The gospel of Christ was confirmed by unnumbered miracles, wrought in the most public manner; the 'Book of Mormon' is not confirmed by any miracles, but its authority rests on the testimony of twelve men whom we do not know. The gospel of Christ presented to its apostles no temporal gain, but the loss of all things; the 'Book of Mormon' has a copy right secured, that its witnesses may "*have the temporal profit*"—so men cannot tell that this "*profit*" is not what induces them to bear such witness. The gospel is confirmed by a thousand prophecies that preceded, and pointed to it, and are still daily fulfilling; but we know not that any prophecy pointed to the 'Book of Mormon.' The Bible is a book of perfect harmony, and unrivalled sublimity; the 'Book of Mormon' is full of absurdity, and too dull to charm the soul.

In the early part of April I held a few meetings in towns eastward, and attended a session of the Ontario quarterly meeting in Conquest. It appeared to be a time of mourning among the churches; yet we enjoyed some good from the Lord. Monday, April 19, I preached in Macedon; signs of a revival appeared, and several animated exhortations were given. Next day, I preached in Perinton, near Penfield. Since our visit six weeks before, the glorious work had spread into adjacent towns, and it was now thought that one hundred and fifty had been converted. Eld. Parker, who had labored constantly in the revival, had baptized sixty, and more than seventy had been added to the church. The land of darkness had truly seen a great light, and the shadow of death had fled away. Leaving Penfield, we visited several towns west of Rochester.

In the latter part of April, on our way to the Allegany quarterly meeting, we called at the house of Mr. Markham in Dansville, where, on the 4th of January previous, a shocking murder was committed. Mrs. Markham stated to us these particulars:—A well dressed stranger, whose name was Millard, told a man named Smith, who was at work for Mr. Markham, to take a span of horses and carry him to Howard. Smith refused, and Millard began to beat him. Smith returned the blows for a minute, then

took an axe for his defence, and ran into the house. Millard knocked him down with a club, then seized the axe, and with one blow chopped off his head! Mrs. M. being alone with her children, fled through a back window. Millard split open the body of Smith—took up his head by the ear, and his tongue fell out—then he pursued Mrs. M., and when he had nearly overtaken her, several men came to her assistance, pursued Millard two hours, and took him. Then he exclaimed, "Lord, what have I done! *Is there a Mason here?*" One present replied that he was a Mason, but his crime was "*too great*" for mercy to be expected on that ground.* Mrs. M. was greatly affected while she related the circumstances! and it appeared that this scene had been instrumental of her conversion to God.

Friday, April 30, 1830, the Allegany quarterly meeting opened in Burns, and we enjoyed a heavenly season. A small church had been lately gathered in this town by Elder B. formerly a minister of the Calvinistic Baptists, who had lately united with the quarterly meeting.† On the Sabbath the assembly was large, and sermons were preached by brother Fowler and myself. In the latter part of the exercises, great solemnity, and a deep state of feeling pervaded the congregation, and several came forward for prayer. A few weeks afterwards, I understood that a number had been converted in this vicinity. On Monday I preached with great liberty in Dansville, and six or eight arose for prayer. I held meetings in Groveland and Conesus; and on Friday, May 7, attended the Benton quarterly meeting at Canandaigua. The reports from the churches were more interesting than at any former meeting. The greater part of them were enjoying revivals; and since the last quarterly meeting, their number of members had increased nearly one quarter. This was truly a day of good tidings; gladness filled our hearts, and we did not "hold our peace." All glory to God and the Lamb. May the good work increase, till "the kingdoms of the world become the kingdom of our Lord and

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* A man that was present a few minutes after he was taken, told me that Millard appeared *rational* till two Masons *whispered* with him, and that then he affected to be *insane*. Millard was not hung. I understood the jury supposed him to have been deranged. Dr. D——— told me that the foreman of the jury was a royal arch Mason. * * * *

† Elder B. was a Calvinistic Baptist for many years. I was informed that he organized the first Baptist church in Rochester, N. Y.; also, that he had gathered fifteen other churches, and baptized about eight hundred in that denomination. Elder B. told me the following particulars concerning his change of sentiments. He asserted in a sermon, with much emphasis, that "All things whatsoever were for the glory of God." On the Sabbath after, seeing two small boys, engaged in play, he reproved them for violating the Sabbath. One of them said, "Mr. B. is not this one of the '*all things*' which you said last Sabbath was for the glory of God?" This answer from the child, caused him to reflect; and he queried, 'Do I preach a doctrine that strengthens the wicked?" Then, after a strict examination of the Scriptures, he embraced the doctrine of free grace, free-will, free communion, &c. &c.

his Christ." On the Sabbath, Elder Wire preached to the crowded assembly with power. Many interesting reports of revivals were then read, or given verbally.

Monday morning, May 10, 1830, was to me a solemn time. My good friend, brother T. Beebe, with whom I had ever found a home from my first coming to Canandaigua, having sold his farm, removed this day to Hopewell, ten miles from this vicinity. His house had been to me like that of a father, and many and great had been the favors I had received. The church and the people generally in the vicinity, felt their loss on his removal; for he and his companion had been a father and mother in Zion; and from their house the needy had never been sent empty away. 'O may their kindness be rewarded, and they "find mercy of the Lord in that day."'

On this day, I received a deed of ten acres of land, for which the Lord has enabled me to pay a part; and, if he open the way, I design to build a house thereon for my home. During the four days following I preached with freedom in Hopewell and Macedon, and twice in Walworth. In Macedon, twelve came forward for prayer, and the prospect of a revival seemed to be increasing. In Walworth, three or four had been converted, and ten came forward for prayer.

On Saturday we attended the monthly meeting of the church in Perinton and Penfield. Nearly one hundred spoke of the dealings of God with their souls, and six were received for baptism. The revival was still progressing. Elder Parker told me that ninety-six had been added to the church within three months; and it was judged that the number of converts had increased to two hundred; also, that among all the denominations in Penfield, it was believed that four hundred had been converted within six months. On the Sabbath, May 16, I preached to the church in North Penfield. Here also a revival was spreading, and brother H. Whitcher was laboring in the work. Nearly forty had professed to be converted. At 4 o'clock, P. M., we returned to the south part of the town, where it was thought one thousand people assembled in the early part of the day. They had listened to a sermon from Elder Parker, and witnessed the baptism of the six candidates; and the greater part of them remained while about one hundred and twenty or thirty communicants came to the table of the Lord. When we arrived, the assembly were seated or standing on a green in the open air, and nearly all the communicants were engaged in washing each other's feet. The day was pleasant, the earth was arrayed in beautiful green, and the blossoms 'sent forth a goodly smell.' We looked with pleasure on the scenery that surrounded us, heard the forest songsters praise their Creator; but with rapturous de-

light we gazed on the redeemed of the Lord, and heard the converts sing with a melody that seemed to reach the heavens. Many wept, while they saw the gay youth of Penfield, like their divine Master, washing the saints' feet. As the scene closed, a respectable physician and his wife, remarked to us with tears, that, though they had not believed in washing feet, it was attended with as much solemnity as the communion; and, that when the converts came to this service, they almost wished to engage with them. Some who had hitherto spiritualized the words of Christ, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet," were here convinced that the Lord *meant* as he *said*. As the time of my appointment at 5 o'clock, P. M., was near, the people concluded to stay without refreshment; and I commenced preaching immediately, enjoyed freedom, and a multitude were happy in God: so was I. 'Hallelujah to the Lamb!' I hope to sing his praise when time shall be no more.

On Monday I preached in Rochester, and on Wednesday in Parma, from Gal. 6:7: "*Be not deceived*," *&c.* The Lord gave me a great discovery of the *deception* that is in the world. It appeared that all the sin which has filled the world with wo, and drenched the earth with blood, has come through *deception*. All the false doctrine, and unscriptural practices, which corrupt the church, are supported by *deception*. Therefore, Christians ought to be *honest* and *sincere;* free from the works of darkness, that cannot bear the light; for if we use *deception*, we act like *Satan the deceiver*. On Thursday we attended a meeting in Byron. Some had lately been converted, and others were almost persuaded to be Christians.

Friday, May 21, we attended the Bethany quarterly meeting near Batavia village. A larger number of brethren assembled than I had ever seen west of the Connecticut river. A council was appointed to ordain brother Whitcher. Next morning at an early hour, the meeting was opened by the deaf and dumb brother, who has been named. [p. 39.] His inarticulate sounds—his flood of tears—and his earnest gestures, greatly affected the assembly, and the hardest hearts appeared to feel. The exercises through the day, and the refreshing reports of revivals and additions, were very interesting. Four sermons were preached on the Sabbath, and much tenderness observed among the people. At the close, some came forward for prayer, and such as were resolved to make their way from earth to heaven were invited to manifest it by rising. More than one thousand arose—on which, the deaf and dumb brother cried out in his mournful accents, and a deep impression was made on the assembly. During this meeting, we tarried at the house of brother Gibbs, in Batavia village. His wife was lately

a member of the Presbyterian church in this place, and much esteemed by all. We had understood, that she had 'relieved the afflicted,' and prayed at almost every sick bed in the vicinity, and that her faith and good works were spoken of by thousands. She was often, contrary to their usual custom, suffered to speak in their meetings, and sometimes in their assembly on the Sabbath. But, to the surprise of her brethren, she told them she had been convinced by the *word* and *Spirit* of the Lord God, that it was her duty to be baptized. She received a dismission, united with the Free-will Baptists, and was baptized in the presence of a large assembly. This person, I was informed, was the first that had been immersed in this village, though it had been built forty years. She told us that for seven years she had set apart every Friday, to fast and pray for the conversion of her family. Few Christians are more constant in prayer than this woman; and since she was baptized, her husband and five or six of her children have been hopefully converted.

After the quarterly meeting, I preached in Elba and Royalton; then went into Upper Canada, attended a meeting at Stony Creek, and on the Sabbath preached in Oxford. We met an affectionate reception from our friends, and the next day held a meeting in Zorra. On Tuesday I preached in a new settlement to forty or fifty people who were very serious, and one requested prayers. I preached thrice in Oxford; and on Sabbath morning, June 6, started with Elder Harris and another brother, for Norwich. After passing eighteen miles, of which eight miles were in a foot-path, through a forest, we reached the place at 10 o'clock. Being wet and fatigued, I thought I should not speak much over half an hour; but the Spirit rested on the assembly, and I spoke an hour and a half. In the afternoon, we walked eight miles to the lower part of the town; the way being difficult, we arrived an hour past the time. The meeting was large and powerful. Two or three backsliders confessed, and some desired prayer. Monday, we passed through a ten mile wood, returned to Oxford, and held a meeting. Next day I preached in Nissouri with considerable freedom. Wednesday I started with Elder Harris and others, for the annual conference of the Free Communion Baptists.

Friday, June 11, the annual conference commenced in this town. Brother Straight and myself had been appointed by the Holland Purchase yearly meeting to attend this conference and labor for a union. The subject was introduced, and dismissed, without any new decision. After the meeting of business, I preached with some freedom. Saturday morning, a sermon was preached by Elder Harris: and in the afternoon, their covenant and articles of faith were read. A woman under conviction, who had walked

more than twenty miles to this meeting, was relieved of her burden, and rejoiced in the Lord. In the evening I preached in Dunwich. Several converts and females were present, who had walked thirty miles. I have often been affected at the pains the poor people in Canada take to attend meetings, and at their gladness to hear the word of the Lord. On the Sabbath two sermons were delivered, and the communion administered. Sabbath evening, with the Free-will Baptist church in the east part of Southwold, I enjoyed a blessed season, which continued till midnight.

Monday, I preached at St. Thomas, and felt the power of the Lord. Tuesday we went to London, where I preached with freedom. The state of our churches in Canada was nearly the same as a year before. A few had been added in London. Brother Huckins appeared humble and engaged. He had gathered a small church in a place called Long Woods, which was enjoying a revival.

I held meetings again in Zorra, Nissouri, and Oxford; and on Thursday, June 24, we bade our relatives farewell, and returning to New York, attended a few meetings by the way. July 2, we arrived at North Penfield. Several had been converted since our last visit, and eighteen added to the church. We attended the Ontario quarterly meeting, held the 3d and 4th. On the Sabbath, during a discourse, the power of the Lord fell on a proud young man, who had been appointed to manage a ball the next day. He became much distressed, went a little distance from the assembly into the wood, and cried aloud for mercy. He found comfort soon after, and was baptized. After returning to Canandaigua, we held four meetings, and then started for the south. Between the 12th and 18th of July, I preached in Jerusalem, in Benton, four time in Milo, and once in Barrington. Some of these meetings were blessed; and at the latter, I rejoiced to find a revival.

Sabbath, July 18, I preached twice in Catlin; and Elder Stid, who attended with me, baptized six. Here the wilderness had become a 'fruitful field;' in a short time many had been converted, and more than fifty baptized and added to the church. Monday and Tuesday, I preached in Jersey and at Mount Washington, and enjoyed solemn seasons. For several days I had been indisposed, and on Wednesday was able to ride only to Poultney, where I was confined till the next Sabbath. We were mostly at the house of Dr. Dean, whose skilful services, at this and several other times, were rendered gratis. In consequence of this illness, I disappointed sixteen congregations, four of which were supplied by a preacher, whom I engaged to attend in my stead.

Sabbath, July 25, I preached twice in Poultney, and on Tuesday arrived at Canandaigua. Being still unwell, I stopped five or six

days, held three or four meetings, and baptized one. In the next week, I attended the Benton quarterly meeting, at West River in Middlesex. The reports of the churches were interesting. Tuesday, Aug. 10, we left Canandaigua, and in four days held meetings in Bristol, Richmond, and Sheldon, and visited my brother Ives, in Hamburg. He accompanied us to Boston, N. Y. where we spent the Sabbath and held two meetings. My brother here informed us that he had obtained a hope in Christ, and publicly confessed it for the first time. He was an apprentice, separated from his acquaintance, and suffered almost constantly from a lameness; yet he appeared resigned, and said he was happy in saying, "*Thy will be done.*" On our arrival at Batavia, we met Elders Brown, Jenkins, and Straight, with an assembly coming out of the court house, where they had just organized a church of eleven members. A revival was progressing under the labors of brother Straight, which, we understood, was the first that had ever been in this village. After an hour's notice, about two hundred assembled in the court house, to whom I spoke with much freedom. I next held meetings in Bethany and Middlebury, which were solemn and impressive. At the latter place, I have since understood, a revival followed. July 21—23, we attended the Bethany quarterly meeting at Groveland. The exercises were spiritual, and some came forward for prayers.

Friday, Aug. 27, 1830, we attended the Holland Purchase yearly meeting at Clarkson. The reports from the quarterly meetings were unusually interesting. The general state of engagedness appeared to have greatly increased, and a time of such revival had never before been enjoyed. At this time the Allegany quarterly meeting was received:—and it appeared that within the year past, the number of members in the yearly meeting had increased nearly one quarter. Saturday, four discourses were delivered; on the Sabbath the assembly was large, and eighteen ordained ministers were present. Three excellent sermons were preached, which were followed by weighty and spiritual exhortations. One of these was from Elder R. Carey. He had been ill for years, yet he had come seventy-five miles, by short stages, to attend this meeting. A little son of his came to take care of him; and late in the afternoon, which was as soon as he was able, some brethren helped him ascend the stand, and being seated, he addressed the people. Every eye was fixed on his pale face, and every ear attentive to his voice. Several dropped a tear at his feeble appearance, and our sympathy was increased by the reflection, that his abundant labors to win souls to Christ, had increased his infirmities, and compelled him to retire from the gospel field. His words were few and weighty; and on leaving the stand, he wept—as though conscious

he might no more meet his brethren in yearly meeting. Many were much affected. The subject of Masonry was again introduced; and a resolve passed, I think in the following words: "Agreed, that, if anything can be proved by human testimony, it is abundantly manifest that the institution of Free Masonry is *wicked in the extreme;* and we do most earnestly entreat all our brethren to renounce their *masonic obligations;* and have nothing to do with that system."

CHAPTER XXIII.

My Fifth Journey to New England.

Having been appointed a delegate to the General Conference, which was to meet the ensuing Oct. in R. I., I made arrangements to spend the winter in New England. Monday, Sept. 6, we commenced our journey, and during the week travelled one hundred and forty miles, and attended meetings in Tyre and Fabius. In consequence of illness I failed of three other appointments. Saturday and Sabbath, we attended the first session of the Norwich quarterly meeting at New Berlin. Two years and a half previous, Elder Adon Aldrich came to this town and gathered the first Free-will Baptist church in these parts. The quarterly meeting contained three churches, about one hundred and twelve members, two elders, and three unordained preachers. During the meeting, I gave three discourses; the brethren were engaged, and conviction reached the hearts of sinners. Saturday, Sept. 18, we arrived at Arlington, Vermont, the native town of my companion, and met a kind reception from our relatives. We attended worship with the Episcopalian church on the Sabbath, and Mr. Perkins, their pastor, invited me to preach in the afternoon. The invitation was unexpected, but accepted with pleasure.

Mon. Sept. 27, we resumed our journey, and Oct. 1st arrived at Burlington, Conn., where we were kindly welcomed by my uncle Marks and family. Six years before, I had a sweet interview with my grandfather Marks, but now his place was empty. He died of apoplexy five years since. I attended three meetings in Burlington; and the week following we visited relatives in Newtown, Danbury, New-Milford, and Southington. In Southington we passed the house where my mother's parents once resided, and where I spent months of my childhood; but nearly all the former

inhabitants were dead, and strangers dwelt in their place. O time, what changes dost thou make! Saturday, we visited my aunt Graves in Middletown. But O what a change in this family since my former visit! Elder Graves and two of his daughters had fallen by the spotted fever. Next day, we attended meeting with the Calvinistic Baptists. Being invited, I spoke to the people in the afternoon, and felt the doctrine of the Lord distil upon me 'like the dew.' I understood the church of which Elder Graves had the care severely felt the loss of their pastor, and were in a low state; but as the time of Conference was near, I could not visit them.

Monday morning, my aunt accompanied us a little distance to the grave-yard, where Elder Graves, his parents, his two daughters, and a young man engaged to one of them in marriage, all lay side by side. At the head of each was a large white marble slab with appropriate inscriptions. Aunt remarked, that this lonely spot seemed more like home, than her empty habitation. Thus "*man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.*" Never did I feel a deeper sense of man's mortality, than at this time. O what is man? "He cometh forth like a flower—he fleeth also as a shadow." In two days, we arrived at Greenville in Smithfield, Rhode-Island; and rejoiced to meet with many dear brethren, particularly Elder E. Place, whose labors had been a blessing to us at the last Conference.

Thursday, Oct. 14, 1830, the General Conference commenced at 9 o'clock, A. M. The meeting of business continued till Saturday evening. In general, much unanimity prevailed, and our hearts were so united by love, that we could say, as did two disciples on another occasion, "Did not our *heart* burn within us?" At this Conference, from the reports received, there appeared to be in the denomination, seven yearly meetings, thirty quarterly meetings, four hundred and thirty-six churches, and three hundred and ten ordained preachers. Probably some of these numbers fall short of a correct enumeration.

Messengers were present from every part of the connexion, except Ohio yearly meeting, from which a refreshing letter was received. During the sitting of Conference, meetings of worship were held at the meeting-house, except on the forenoon of Thursday and Friday. Sabbath morning, about two thousand people assembled, and, unexpectedly, I was informed that the preachers thought it would be my duty to preach. I had no particular subject on my mind, and wished some other one to go forward; but all declined. A sense of the importance of this hour—the responsibility of the speaker, and the reflection that the aged and the

learned were present, and that I was but a youth, made my spirit sink within me, and it seemed as though I was less than the "dust of the balance." But, as Erskine says,

> "He cuts me down to build me up,
> He empties me to fill my cup."

Second Tim. 3:16, occurred to my mind with some degree of light. I thought it a suitable text for the occasion, and concluded to speak from it. But while the messengers were giving a summary of the revivals reported from different parts of the connexion, my text went from me, and I could not recollect it. The time for speaking drew near—I was empty and confused—I cried to the Lord for help; and just before I arose, the text was brought to my remembrance: "*All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine.*" My mind was composed, the subject opened with unexpected clearness, and after some introduction, I proposed—

I. To present some of the many arguments that establish the divine authenticity of the Scriptures.

II. To show what doctrine the Scriptures teach.

On the first division, I argued the authenticity of the Scriptures, 1. From the prophecies and their fulfilment. 2. From the miracles—whose authenticity is supported by a greater weight of testimony than any other facts of equal antiquity. 3. From their internal evidences, and agreement with general history. 4. From their unparalleled number of martyrs, considering the varied character, circumstances, and manner, in which they have suffered.

On the second proposition, I spoke, 1. Of God, his unity, and attributes. 2. Of the creation of man in purity, and in the image of God. 3. Of the accountability of man, and the law under which he is placed. 4. Of the transgression of Adam, his fall, and its effect on his posterity. 5. Of the atonement made by Christ. 6. Of regeneration. 7. Of the church of Christ. 8. Of its discipline and government. 9. Of its ordinances. 10. Of perseverance. 11. Of the general judgment. 12. Of the final destinies of all men.

It pleased the Lord to give me unusual freedom, and I spoke nearly two hours. The Holy Spirit moved on the people, and much of the time many wept. Several became resolved to seek the Lord. Among these was a merchant at Greenville, who had hitherto trusted in morality for salvation; and a school teacher who had taken refuge in atheism. In the intermission, I felt exceedingly humbled for my unprofitableness, and groaned in spirit, fearing that I had occupied a place that might have been filled more profitably by another. In the afternoon, the meeting house and academy were filled to overflowing. We attended at the

latter place, where Elder Place preached a pathetic discourse, from Luke 2:14: "*Glory to God in the highest*," &c. He appeared to be full of the Spirit of the Lord. While he was praying for me, one expression affected me much:—"O Lord, he has rode on the King's beast, and worn the King's apparel—now may he sit down, like Mordecai, in the King's gate, and remember that he is but a man."

Sabbath evening, I spoke with freedom to about five hundred people, in the vestry of Elder Tobey's meeting house at Providence, and they heard attentively. On Tuesday, I preached in Burrillville and Blackstone. At the latter place, a revival had lately commenced. Several kneeled, while prayers were offered for their salvation. Next day, I preached in North Providence; and the day following assisted in preparing for publication, the Minutes of the four sessions of the Freewill Baptist General Conference. We did this by the appointment of the Conference; and in the week following, I published them in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages. This is the first work of the kind published in the connexion, and is an interesting article to those who wish to become acquainted with the denomination. It is not designed as a *discipline*, but simply to show what we believe is taught and required in the *law of Christ*. I preached in Cranston, on "the fulness of times;" and, through grace, my soul was full of comfort. O that I were as thankful as I ought to be. On Friday, I preached in Johnston and Greenville. At the former meeting, some appeared seriously impressed; and at the latter, several came forward for prayer. Reformation now began to be visible in Greenville. Of the four sessions of the General Conference, revivals have followed three. Saturday evening, and Sabbath, Oct. 24, I preached four times in Pawtucket, and enjoyed liberty. The assemblies increased; and at the last meeting, the people could hardly be convened in the house. The word was blessed to some, one of whom I understood was soon converted.

On Monday, Oct. 25, I had designed to start for Maine, where I had sent appointments. But Elder Tobey having strongly solicited us to spend a week in Providence, they had been withdrawn, and we accepted the invitation, making his house our home. I preached in the evening at the house of Elder Allen Brown. Three or four preachers were present, the governor's wife and daughter, and several of the higher class. Yet the Lord hid the "fear of man" from me, and enabled me to speak with much boldness. Wednesday evening, I spoke with freedom to about two hundred people, in the west part of the town; and on the next evening, again at the vestry, which was filled. Friday, I attended a meeting in Greenville. A few had found peace, and fifteen came for-

ward for prayer. The day following, on our way to Olneyville, while reading the manner in which the Indians had been "rooted out" of their "good land," and reduced to a handful, I was led to reflect on the iniquity that has polluted the earth, and the misery that has made "the whole creation" groan and travail "in pain together until now." Such was the scene of madness, folly, and sin, now presented to my view, that I wept for miles—My heart was filled with pain, and I said, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for" a ruined world. On our arrival at Olneyville, I told Elder Cheney my feelings; and, as I had an appointment at his meeting house, he gave me this text, "*We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.*" I preached from it, and had a solemn time. Next morning, the house was filled, and I spoke again with freedom. In the afternoon, I preached on the atonement, at Elder Tobey's meeting house in Providence; and in the evening, to about one thousand people in the same place, on the subject of faith. The Lord assisted me, blessed be his name. During our stay in Providence, Elder Tobey showed us many favors, and through his influence I received a present of a cloak.

We had now been in R. I. seventeen days, and had constantly met with unexpected kindness. I had been unable to comply with one half of the earnest solicitations for preaching; and the entreaties of many, especially in Smithfield, that I should return, after meeting my engagements in Maine, influenced me to abandon my intention of spending the fall in that state, and to leave appointments for my immediate return. Monday, Nov. 1, we started in company with Elder A. Rollins and wife for Maine. In the evening, I preached in Boston, Mass., and the next evening at Haverhill, on the Merrimack. Here I was filled with the love of God. Wednesday evening, I preached at Dover, N. H., and the next day visited the different rooms of the calico manufactory, a building of six stories. While examining the machinery, I remembered the scripture, "Man hath sought out many inventions;" and, thought I, 'If men were half as wise in the care of their souls, as they are anxious in their care for the body, the world would be happy.' Nov. 6, I preached in Parsonsfield, Me., and on the Sabbath, spoke with usual freedom to a crowded assembly at Limerick corner. I attended two meetings on Monday, and the next morning started for R. I. In the evening, I met about eight hundred people in the Methodist chapel at Somersworth, N. H.

Thursday, Nov. 11, we continued our journey, and on Saturday arrived at Pawtucket, much fatigued. In the evening I preached in this place, and on the Sabbath spoke in much weakness at Providence, North Providence, and Greenville. In the latter, I enjoy-

ed a good season. After the meeting, I was sick, and went out little till the next Tuesday. During our absence, the number of the anxious had increased, and a few were brought into liberty. Among these, were the merchant and atheist named before. The former, I understood, on hearing that his wife was converted, wept aloud for two hours, and prayed for mercy; and in a meeting shortly after he said, 'I had built what I thought a fine fabric—and trusted in morality. But I thank God that he has thrown it all down.' This seemed to overthrow a refuge of the wicked, who had often pointed to Mr. A., saying, 'Show us a Christian that is more upright.' During the week, I preached in Scituate, Greenville, twice in Gloucester, and enjoyed usual freedom.

On the Sabbath, the meeting house at Greenville was filled with people, and I spoke on baptism. After this, Elder Allen, pastor of the church, baptized four. I gave a discourse in the afternoon on communion. In the evening we attended a conference; saints were edified, and some mourners arose for prayer. Nov. 25, I met about four hundred people at the second Baptist church in Providence, and the day following, preached at Sprague's manufactory in Smithfield; two were deeply exercised and kneeled in the time of prayer; one of these, I understood, found peace the next day.

Sabbath, Nov. 28, I preached three times in Chepachet with considerable freedom; and at the close of the third sermon, I had such a sense of the state of the wicked, that I could not refrain from weeping aloud. During this week I held meetings in Burrillville, Smithfield, Scituate, and attended a conference at Greenville. The revival continued moderately. Sabbath forenoon, while speaking from Eccl. 12:14, I remarked that *secrecy* is a sign of iniquity; and that Christians should be open in their conduct; and quoted several scriptures against "*the works of darkness.*" In the afternoon, we heard Elder William Hurley, a minister of the General Baptists, from England.* He preached an excellent discourse from Luke 13:24: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," &c. In the evening I preached near Smithfield, and had a very interesting time; several spoke, and six covenanted to seek the Lord. The next morning, a man asked me who I meant in my sermon, yesterday, when I said, "It is a shame to speak of those things that are done of them in secret." I told him that the saying was borrowed from the Bible, and that I meant *all* who *do* in secret that of which they are ashamed. "But," said he, "did you not mean *masons?*" I said if masons *do* in secret those things of which it is a shame to

* There are several sects of the General Baptists in England. One of these is nearly the same in sentiment as the Freewill Baptists in America; and an interesting correspondence has existed between them and our denomination for about four years. Elder Hurley is a member of the connexion that corresponds with us.

speak, I did. "Well, well," said he, "you had better mind how you bring up a respectable body of men in public where they have not a chance to answer for themselves. I thought I should come to hear you preach in the evening; but after hearing those remarks, I concluded that I would not." He then left me abruptly. Tuesday, I met three ministers at Greenville, to ordain Ethan Thornton, a brother of Elder A. Thornton, deceased, to the office of a deacon. By his request, I preached on the occasion, and felt greatly impressed with the importance of the duties of this sacred office. Next day, I had a meeting at Gloucester, and one who had covenanted with me to seek the Lord, gave evidence of having found Jesus.

Thursday, Dec. 9, I attended a meeting at the meeting house in Greenville, which was designed to expose the iniquity of Free Masonry. Elder —— declining an invitation to make the introductory prayer, the request was addressed to me. And as the voice of inspiration says, "I will that men pray every where," I accepted the invitation. After this, we heard a very candid and able discourse on the subject, from Mr. Moses Thatcher, a Congregationalist minister. Then an aged and venerable Quaker, who had been a mason, testified, that the disclosures relative to Free Masonry were correct, as far as he had taken the degrees. I had said nothing on the subject, in any public meeting in New-England, and had intended to be silent in this meeting; but now a trembling seized me, and I felt impressed, I believed, by the Spirit of the Lord, to state some facts with which I had been acquainted, connected with the abduction of Morgan. For I had found, to my surprise, that such had been the power of the *deception* used by the *fraternity*, that very many supposed that Morgan had never been taken away by masons; or if he had, that it was only done by a few, and the deed was disapproved by the institution, &c. I was acquainted with facts which were weighty on the subject; and I believed I should be condemned by God, if I now withheld these things from the people. I also knew there were serious persons in the multitude present, to whom the *silence* of Christians respecting this evil was a great "stumbling block." Therefore, lest I should be guilty of the blood of souls, I stated some facts, gave my testimony against the institution, made an apology for those that had been taken in the snare, entreating the people to deal tenderly with them, and warned sinners to be cautious, lest this subject should take their attention from their eternal interests. I spoke about fifteen minutes. Most of the assembly wept, and after meeting, some to whom this subject had been a trial, manifested seriousness for the first time, and with tears asked me to pray for them. From this time, however, the countenance and conduct of those that were in

heart *attached* to the institution were materially changed—some that had appeared to be my friends turned against me—and letters, *unfriendly*, *cruel*, and *slanderous*, were sent before me to Maine, apparently to hedge up my way.* This was unexpected opposition, and such as I had never before met from * * * * * My heart was filled with mourning, and I wept day and night. I little thought, when I came to visit my dear brethren in the east, that for the conscientious discharge of my duty, I should have to

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* The following is a copy of one of these letters signed by the pastor of North Providence church. Another was an anonymous communication from which a few extracts are taken. These are here introduced by the advice of some judicious friends who thought their insertion would exemplify the spirit of Masonry, and that the recent revival of this order demands that light on this subject should be thrown before the public mind.

"North Providence, Dec. 20, 1830.

Brother Burbank, [*Editor of Morning Star:*]

Elder Marks has not left this section yet. His last visit has been a cause of grief to most of us, and we have no doubt he came back on purpose to blow the coals of Anti-Masonry. He for some time did it secretly, and while receiving such things as he needed from brethren, most of whom were masons. Just before he left Greenville, in the height of revival, he, in a public meeting, spoke on the subject, and poor brother ——— is now left to labor against prejudices of his creating. We fear it will stop the work, and were I the person who had done it, I should fear lest at the day of doom some should reproach me as the cause of their ruin. We believe he has done more real injury to the cause of religion in this part, than he will do good elsewhere for months to come. Believe me, your affectionate, though unworthy brother, ——— ———."

"*Mr. Burbank, Sir*,—You will pardon me for intruding on your generosity, while the feelings of my heart prompt me to make a few remarks preparatory against the fowler's snare. I have a particular regard for the people whose cause you vindicate, and their prosperity, union, happiness, and church fellowship, lead me to adopt this method as a means of exertion for continued good feelings and friendship among the Free-will Baptists. I design this letter as a caution for you to not be too hasty in making any insertions that may be sent or presented you by David Marks. I am apt to think he will dip his pen in gall against the little village of Greenville, or at least some of its worthy inhabitants. When the General Conference was held in Oct. last, he (Marks,) preached on Sabbath, A. M., was received by the congregation with very general applause, by the brethren with cordial cheer, and their houses a receptacle, a very welcome receptacle for himself and companion, and their barns and granaries for his horse. As a Christian minister he was received, as a Christian minister he was treated, and considered to be laboring for the upbuilding of Zion's cause. But soon, to the sorrow and surprise of the pastor of the church, he began to weave himself into the graces of some of the church members by traducing a certain class of people called Free Masons, or the institution from which they derive their name, and which is the same thing. This circumstance gave him an introduction to certain families who have ever been opposed to Free-will Baptists, as well as masons, and he expostulated freely in favor of the anti-masonic cause, and has borne hard upon Elder ———, he being a nominal mason. This course he pursued wherever he thought it would do, although he ever appeared to Eld. ———'s face to be a well wisher to him,—yet it appeared to be his aim to undermine him, that he might slide into his shoes. * * * * *

A man, called by some the Hon. Moses Thatcher, of Wrentham, Mass. (and late, but not successful, candidate for representative to Congress, and a most violent seceding mason,) held forth at the meeting house occupied by Elder ———, in which, he (Marks,) took a very active part, and as many candid persons thought, who were present, clothed his remarks with a hypocritical revenge. * * * He seems to have spared no pains to raise an excitement, and for what purpose I cannot conceive, unless it is to publish his real character, or, in other words, to level down Eld. ———, and level himself up. If he proceeds in the same manner wherever he goes, you will find your churches all in an uproar. I do not write this to injure Mr. Marks, but to let you know his management, hoping, by these means, that some check may be given to his conduct, and that peace and harmony may rest on, and dwell among, Free-will Baptists, and they not be thrown into disorder, by one who acts or conducts like a wolf in sheep's clothing. Therefore, set your bounds in season, lest the publications Marks would palm upon you, might secretly, and ere you are aware, lead you and the whole denomination into trouble. * *

From a professor, and I humbly trust a possessor, of religion."

endure such opposition. But this is nothing, compared with what my Lord has endured for me: and he said of the world, "*Me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil.*" Therefore, I have been enabled to commit these things to him who "*judgeth righteously,*" and pray that "*my misjudging friends*" may consider what these Scriptures mean: "*Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.*"—"*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*"

On Saturday I preached at Olneyville, and on the Sabbath gave my farewell discourse in Greenville. Some wept aloud, and nine covenanted to seek the Lord as long as they lived. Several brethren and friends, knowing that I had made a considerable sacrifice to return to this state, communicated liberally; especially as they knew I had received very little, because I had testified against the works of iniquity. After preaching in North Providence, Providence, Pawtucket, Rehoboth, and Attleborough, we went in a steamboat to Newport, where we spent six days. I preached six times, and enjoyed some freedom. We were kindly received by Elders Eddie and McKenzie. The latter is a young man of the age of eighteen years, and was ordained the spring before. He had the care of a considerable church, and appeared humble and well engaged. We were told that he commenced preaching in his father's chamber, when a little boy; and gathered a society of about fifty of his age, each of whom gave a cent every week which was distributed to the poor.

We visited the graveyard in Newport. It contained some acres, and the greater part is closely filled with graves. Unnumbered monuments and tomb-stones of all kinds were standing, inclining, or lying on the ground. For an hour we walked over "*the congregation of the dead;*" and when I saw how time had baffled the labors of men to perpetuate their memory, and that they lay here forgotten, I fell on my face, and cried, 'Alas, *this* is the end of my race, and *thus* the glory of man fades away! My eyes have seen an end of all earthly perfection.' We also visited the Jews' synagogue, which is an elegant square brick building. While we viewed the altar, the ten commandments written on plates of brass, the vessels of Mosaic work, the candlesticks, whose lights had gone out, and the burying ground, all of which seemed desolate monuments of wealth and grandeur; and while we reflected that not a Jew remained on the island, we were reminded of what the crucifiers of the Savior said, "His blood be on us, and on our children," and of the numerous prophecies concerning the desolations of that unbelieving nation. Truly God has visited "the iniquities of the fathers upon the children" that hate him; and has required the blood of the Son of God at their hand.

I next held three meetings in Boston. Several were revived, and some were awakened. On Saturday, Dec. 25, we attended the Roman Catholic celebration of Christmas, or the birth-day of Christ. More than two thousand people were present, seven hundred of whom we understood were members of the Roman Catholic church. They played on several kinds of instruments of music, and accompanied them with singing. Here we saw their images, paintings, and candles burning at noon day; and a great many other things not named in the Bible. Several priests, and a bishop attended, clad in very sumptuous apparel, which, at a little distance, appeared to be cloth covered with gold and silver, gems and needle-work. The attire of the bishop surpassed that of the others in show and grandeur. He had also a mitre on his head, that appeared to be gilded. A part of the time they stood with their backs to the people, frequently kneeling before their images, and then immediately rising,—some of the time they read prayers in Latin. A young priest, clad in a white surplice, preached to the people; but his voice was so feeble that we could only occasionally understand a word. Christians, thought I, who desire unscriptural practices, and worldly grandeur, may come here and learn instruction. Here they may see, that after men depart from the *simplicity* of the Bible, they will not be content till they obtain all the glory of Babylon. When I had looked on the vanity that was exhibited on this occasion, under pretence of worshipping God, my soul hated, more than ever, the worldly display of the anti-christian worship; and I felt to thank God that the pure and holy religion of Jesus Christ disdains this outward pomp, and possesses a glory that will not fade away.

I preached at the Methodist chapel in Charlestown, then went to Haverhill and held five or six meetings. These were attended with considerable of the good spirit. One of them, on the last evening of the year, was what is called a "*watch meeting*," and it continued with considerable interest till after midnight. In this meeting, I preached two sermons. In another, I preached from Ezek. 13:22, "*Because with lies ye have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom I have not made sad; and strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life.*" In this meeting a backslider, who had embraced Universalism, was convinced of his error, and from this time sought the Lord till he found salvation. The brethren in this place communicated to me liberally. In the early part of January, 1831, I preached in Dover, Rochester, and three or four times in Somersworth. The meeting at Rochester was impressive, and a few came forward for prayer.

From the 10th of Jan. to the 12th of Feb. 1831, I spent in vis-

iting and preaching daily with churches in the south-west part of Me., and in attendance at the Parsonsfield and Gorham quarterly meetings. I was very kindly received, and in several places saw the salvation of God.

An eclipse of the sun happened on the 12th of February, and more than eleven twelfths of its surface darkened; yet the light was considerable. This reminded me of the time when it "shall be turned to darkness." Again, I thought, as a twelfth part of the sun giveth so much light, so does a little influence from Christ, "the Sun of righteousness," greatly illuminate a darkened world. After this, we went to Portland, and were affectionately received by Elder E. Shaw, with whom I had been acquainted in New York. He now had the care of a church of about one hundred and thirty members, belonging to the *Christian* connexion that had lately separated from the *Christian* church in this place, on account of the introduction of instrumental music and such like things. They had built a plain and convenient house of worship. I held six or seven meetings with them, for two or three days visited with Elder Shaw from house to house, and found some penitent souls that desired salvation.

In the latter part of February, we went to Brunswick and Topsham, beautiful villages on the Androscoggin. In these towns the Lord was reviving his work, and several had been brought to rejoice. I preached with the people seven times, and enjoyed some good seasons. In the early part of March, I held two meetings in Lisbon, five in Richmond, and nine or ten in Gardiner, a town on the Kennebec. In Richmond, the brethren were well engaged, and our meetings were times of rejoicing. At Gardiner, I enjoyed usual freedom. A revival was progressing in one neighborhood. In one of my meetings, twenty came forward for prayer; many exhorted, and it was a very refreshing time. At one of my appointments in the village of Gardiner, a rumor was circulated without my knowledge, that I would preach against Free Masonry. On this, as well as on several other similar occasions, I thought it my duty to confine myself to other important subjects, though by this means the people were disappointed. Indeed, I have never spoken upon this subject, except when I believed it would be a crime for me to be silent. At another appointment, two hours before the time arrived for the meeting to commence, I assented to a request to preach on the subject, and a crowd of people attended. I read Gen. 49:5, 6, 7, "*Simeon and Levi are brethren—instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united! for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and*

their wrath, for it was cruel: I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel." When I had read to the clause—"they slew a man"—I paused, and several appeared to feel very keenly, that its *application* was *unavoidable.* I had understood that my discourse was to have an immediate answer, so I gave liberty; but every man remained silent.

Between the 13th and 25th of March, on our return to Limerick, I preached it Litchfield, Bowdoinham, Topsham, Brunswick, Portland, Gorham, Scarborough, and Buxton. Some of these meetings were attended with much of the good Spirit, and I expect to meet some fruits of them in eternity. The brethren in Gardiner, Richmond, and Portland, communicated liberally of their substance. We spent nearly a week in Limerick and Parsonsfield, and attended eight meetings; then met appointments in Wakefield and Newfield. Sabbath, April 3, I preached three sermons in Ossipee to a considerable assembly, that was very solemn. In this place we had a short interview with a sister of Elder Benjamin Randall, the founder of the Free-will Baptist denomination. She appeared to be a "mother in Israel;" and we were much delighted by her plainness and humility. She remarked that her brother, Elder Randall, was a very plain man, and was ever opposed to the pride and superfluity that too often dishonor professed Christians. After this, I preached in Effingham, Parsonsfield, and twice in Brownfield. The last of these discourses was given on a funeral occasion, and to me it was a dark and trying time; yet, soon after this, I understood, one was converted that dated her awakening at this meeting. Thus he that soweth, "knoweth not whether shall prosper, either this or that." Next I held meetings in Parsonsfield, Limington, Cornish, Hollis, and Biddeford. In these places there were signs of good, and we enjoyed a good degree of the divine influence.

Thursday, April 21, had been appointed by the governor of Maine for a fast,—and agreeably to previous appointment, I met a congregation at the west meeting house in Limington, and preached a sermon, showing what kind of a *fast* the Lord requireth. See Isa. 58.

May 1, 1831, we started on a journey to Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. I preached to assemblies in Waterborough and Great Falls, and felt remarkably strengthened of the Lord in trying to pull down the strong holds of satan.* A good

* During the day previous to the evening meeting at Great Falls, one of the leading brethren in the church said to Mr. Marks, that he hoped he would say nothing against Masonry, as the masons in that place were popular and powerful. It was further stated, that the masons said that Morgan's disclosures were a lie, and the story of his abduction a mere hoax. Mr. Marks also learned that young brethren and converts were constantly joining the fraternity, supposing it to be a "handmaid to religion." His mind was

revival was progressing in the latter place, and at an inquiry meeting, ten came forward for prayer. Wednesday evening, I preached with much freedom in Dover to a large assembly, and many wept aloud. I next met appointments in Strafford and Barnstead. These were good seasons, and one covenanted to kneel and pray three times daily for a year. On Saturday and Sabbath, I preached once in Pittsfield and thrice in Epsom; and at the latter place felt greatly humbled for my unprofitableness. During ten days following, I attended two meetings in Hawke, five in Haverhill, three in Boston, and one in Dover. Some of these were times of trial, others were seasons of much rejoicing, and the word appeared to fall "into good ground."

Wednesday and Thursday, May 18 and 19, we attended the New Durham quarterly meeting in Middleton, N. H. This quarterly meeting was formed about forty-eight years ago, and is the oldest in the connexion. Two aged brethren were present, who, we understood, were converted at or before the time that Elder Randall became a Christian, and were "yoke fellows" with him, from the first of his religious course to the end of his useful life. These were very plain, grave, and apparently very holy men. One of them was a man of few words; the other was called a noisy Christian, as he sometimes said "*Amen*," and shouted, saying, "*Glory to God*," in time of worship. On the first day reports were received from about thirty churches; some of them were enjoying revivals. Several exhortations were given, after which I spoke from Ps. 27:4, 5, "One thing have I desired of the Lord," &c. Next day I spoke two hours and twenty minutes with much freedom. In the afternoon, Elder Blaisdell delivered a discourse, and a few came forward for prayer. Through the kindness and influence of Elders Place and Blaisdell, I here received a collection

now in deep trials. To look on in silence and see young Christians drawn into such a snare, while he had facts in his possession that would enlighten their minds, was what he dared not decide to do. It was very painful to all the feelings of his nature to incur the censure of brethren, but he could not be recreant to just principles. After spending much time in prayer, he went calmly to his appointment. His text was Eccl. 12:14, "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Among the secret things which he enumerated that God would judge, were the secret oaths and obligations of Free Masonry. Soon after he named this subject, several persons came in, and some appeared much agitated, while quite a crowd were about the door. He turned around and addressed them with great pathos and power, portrayed the awful scenes of the judgment in the most living colors. Profound awe seemed to seize the new listeners. The moral sublimity of this scene cannot be described. At the close of the services, a Christian friend, who was a nominal mason, said to him, "Brother Marks, don't go now; there is a collection of people without, and a great excitement." When the congregation was passing out, this friend took Mr. Marks by the arm and led him out with the crowd, unobserved, through files of men standing on each side. Mr. Marks was afterwards informed, that during his sermon the lodge was in session; but, on hearing that he was speaking against masonry, they immediately adjourned and came to the meeting. Next morning there was much excitement throughout the village, and on the corners of the streets, groups of men were standing and talking earnestly in angry and exciting tones. Some of the brethren, thinking it unsafe for Mr. Marks to leave the village alone, accompanied him to Dover.—Ed.

of about fifteen dollars. Friday, I preached at the funeral of a man in Wolfborough. I was told that two days before his death, he remarked, lightly, "*In two days my day of grace will be past.*" But O, how little did he think he was speaking the truth! He came suddenly to his end by the kick of a horse. I next preached with usual freedom in Wolfborough, twice in Tuftonborough, twice in Sandwich, once in Meredith, and once in Holderness.

Saturday and Sabbath, May 28 and 29, we attended the Sandwich quarterly meeting, held at Alexandria. I preached twice at this meeting, once from Matt. 16:26, "*For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" &c.; and while speaking, the power of the Lord came upon me—his light shined before me—and the worth of the soul, and again its loss, opened to my mind with such awful sublimity, that I was carried beyond all my former conceptions and feelings. I beheld my fellow creatures sinking!—sinking!—sinking!—with Christ before their eyes. And once or twice I was so much overpowered that it seemed as though I should lose my breath. The assembly that stood within and without the house, was greatly affected. After the meeting, I visited several that appeared much awakened and quite tender; but they would not promise to turn to God. O that this people knew the time of their visitation! I staid the next day and held a meeting. Only a few came forward for prayer, and I left the place in deep mourning for the people of Alexandria. After preaching in Holderness and Campton, we proceeded to Lisbon, a town in the north-west part of New Hampshire, and attended a meeting. The state of religion was low in this place; but, feeling an impression that God would revive his work immediately, I spoke from Matt. 3:3, "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord,*" and told the people my impression. Saturday and Sabbath, June 4 and 5, we attended the Wheelock quarterly meeting, held in Cabot, Vermont. It appeared to be a time of some trial among the churches; yet we enjoyed a good season, and several knelt for prayer. After this I preached with much freedom in Wheelock and Sutton. The latter meeting was on the day of military exercises; two companies marched into the meeting house, with their equipments. My subject was, "the signs of the times." We staid the night with Elder Woodman, and enjoyed a very agreeable interview.

On Friday, June 10, 1831, I attended the annual meeting of the N. H. Charitable Society. Seventy-five brethren and preachers were present. A venerable man, of the age of seventy-seven, who was contemporary with Elder Randall, and had served as president of the society every year since its organization, arose and remarked, that it had ever been their practice when they came together, to make prayer unto God; and that it would be well for

each to search for duty. After a little silence, Eld. Enoch Place fell on his knees, and prayed with much fervor. It appeared that there was a fund of about one thousand dollars belonging to the society; and, that at each session of the yearly meeting, the society gave the interest of the money to the needy. Any man of good moral character might become a member, by giving five dollars, or by paying the interest on five dollars annually. Thirty-one persons became members at this meeting.

Saturday, June 11, the New Hampshire yearly meeting opened. The forenoon was spent in business, and in hearing the reports from the quarterly meetings, which were considerably refreshing. In the afternoon, a sermon was delivered, and several exhortations were given by preachers and brethren. Sabbath morning, prayer meeting commenced at 8 o'clock, and before ten the meeting house was crowded. I spoke two hours and thirty-seven minutes, with much freedom, from Mark 16:15, 16. In the afternoon, Eld. Caverno preached from Dan. 7:9, 10, "I beheld till the thrones were cast down," &c. At the close, fifty-two persons stood in the galleries and sung the Judgment Anthem. This was solemn and impressive, and all gave the strictest attention. At 6 o'clock, about one hundred people assembled for a conference meeting. After several exhortations were given, Elder Place related a part of his experience, which was very remarkable, and stated some interesting particulars relative to his first acquaintance with the Free-will Baptists at New Durham, about thirty years ago. He said, that though Elder Randall was "little of stature," his face pale, and his appearance feeble, he had a voice like thunder, and his preaching was attended with great power. Also, that at that time, the denomination was so holy and humble, and their preaching so powerful, that the work of God followed them wherever they went,—insomuch that many, and he himself, thought their spirit was *contagious;* and they feared to come nigh them, lest they should catch the same spirit. "But," said he, "I fear that we, as a people, are not what we once were—that a spirit of popularity is gaining among us. For more than twenty years I have kept, on myself and on this connexion, a jealous eye; and it does not set well on my feelings, when I hear it said, "The Free-will Baptists are becoming more *orderly;* and when I hear the drunkard say, "they preached *well,*" and the infidel say, "they are *respectable,*" then my soul is pained, and I fear God will send us a curse instead of a blessing." He addressed the saints with much pathos; and, after expostulating powerfully with the wicked, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Ground your arms!—ground your arms!—ground your arms! ye rebels!" And such was the power which attended these words, that a trembling seized the assembly, and the place

became awful on account of the presence of God. When Elder Place had spoken about an hour, he ceased, and a few others exhorted. Then again he appeared to be filled with the word of the Lord, spoke for half an hour, and his voice seemed to sound like the thunder of Sinai. His strength failed; and as he rested, I invited sinners that felt their need of salvation, to come to the forward pews for prayer. Immediately nine came and fell on their knees. Some of them wept aloud, and others, joining them, fell on their knees, or kneeled in other parts of the assembly, till the number was increased to twenty-three. Many prayers were made in their behalf, and some prayed for themselves. Several of the preachers continued their supplications till their voices were hoarse; and Elder Place pleaded with God for them, till he was quite exhausted,—went to a window and obtained a little breath, then he lifted up his voice and thanked God, and wept, and prayed again for sinners. The meeting continued till about midnight, and two or three professed to be converted.

Monday, one o'clock, P. M. Several preachers, with myself, met about one hundred and fifty people at the meeting house. I spoke a little more than an hour, on repentance and pardon; some exhortations were given, and the exercises were attended with heavenly power. At four o'clock, a discourse was preached by Elder Benjamin S. Manson, from Mark 5:36: "Be not afraid, only believe." He spoke half an hour with much freedom; then exhortations were given by Elders Pettingill, Smith, Plumb, Leavitt, Knowles, and some others. At half past six, the invitation was given to the awakened to come to the forward pews. The young people were generally seated in the galleries; and it was truly affecting to see many of them, in the pride of youth, leave their seats and come down weeping. Twenty-eight kneeled, and many fervent prayers were made for them. In the meantime, I observed the people leaning over the front of the galleries; and as they looked on the anxious, their tears fell like drops of rain. Conviction now reached the hearts of sinners in every part of the assembly; and as they came to the seats of the heavy laden, some appeared scarcely able to stand; fell down suddenly, and poured forth their grief like a flood. One young lady, while trying to reach the seats appropriated to those who desired prayer, lost her strength and sunk on her knees in the aisle. She wept exceedingly, and several prayed for her. She was then assisted to a forward pew, where, with difficulty, she was kept from fainting. With her eyes lifted toward heaven, she prayed fervently about two hours, when the Lord spoke peace to her soul. A little after seven o'clock, about forty had bowed the knee; their weeping was very great, and many of them were praying for themselves. About sunset they arose,

were seated together, and ten of them spoke. Some confessed to their parents, or other relatives, and entreated them to forgive all the wrongs they had ever committed. Then all, as it were by common consent, again fell on their knees, and began to pray for themselves: many Christians engaged with them. When the light of day was gone, as the distress of the mourners continued, the meeting house was lighted. Soon the weeping increased exceedingly in every part of the congregation; and unnumbered groans fell on our ears without cessation, and the place seemed more awful than any I had ever before seen. About fifty had bowed the knee; many of whom were convulsed with anguish, as though the pangs of departing life had come upon them. Some, as their strength failed, were supported in the arms of their friends; others, with great difficulty were kept from fainting, and some were doubtful whether they would live through the scene. The cries, "Lord have mercy!—Lord have mercy!—God be merciful to me a sinner!—Lord save or I perish!—I shall die!—There is no mercy for me," &c., rolled successively upon our ears; and it was believed there was not a person in the assembly, that did not now feel the dreadful power of God! Sisters, brothers, and friends, were seen falling into each other's arms, confessing their sins and inviting one another to go with them to heaven. Children were weeping at the feet of their parents, and parents were rejoicing over their children.

Soon, with some, these agonizing pains suddenly subsided—they praised the Lord aloud, and one said, "I feel as though I should fly away to heaven." As soon as they were brought into liberty, they began to encourage those that were still in bondage, and to pray for their salvation. But this seemed only to increase their anguish. While I witnessed this scene, I exclaimed with myself, 'O how awful is this place!' At half past nine o'clock, several had found comfort, and the weeping was considerably abated. Those who believed they had been converted since the meeting commenced last evening, were invited to rise. *Seventeen* stood up rejoicing. Then the invitation was extended to all that had found some relief and comfort, and eight more arose. Thus twenty-five professed to find relief in about twenty four-hours; and it was believed that as many as that were truly converted.

On Tuesday, at one o'clock, P. M., nearly two hundred assembled again at the meeting house. I spoke more than an hour, from Matt. 11:28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Spirit of the Lord moved on the assembly, and it was easy preaching. Many exhortations were given, and great solemnity rested on the people. Twenty-five of the saints and twenty converts, spoke of the salvation of God.

Seventeen awakened sinners also spoke. Some said they were the chief of sinners—asked their neighbors to forgive them, and nearly all were greatly distressed. Several of these had not manifested any seriousness till this time. Occasionally, such heart-rending groans and bitter cries burst from every part of the assembly, that it seemed as though the most hardened infidel could but feel and weep. At six o'clock, the penitent were again invited to come to the forward pews. Forty came and kneeled, and before we ceased praying for them, the number was increased to fifty. Most of these prayed fervently for themselves. And O what agonies! what bitter cryings! what floods of tears, were poured out before the Lord! Language fails to give a just description. At half past seven I endeavored to compose the assembly, and they generally took their seats. Eleven then manifested, that since the last evening, they had obtained a hope in the Redeemer. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for the glory of this meeting.

On Wednesday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., a larger number assembled than at any time before, since the Sabbath. As my late labors had reduced my strength, I thought to omit preaching, and exhorted the brethren to occupy the time. But as they seemed to withhold, I finally spoke some over an hour, on a clause of Luke 6:48: "*And digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock.*" After this more than twenty spoke; some for the first time; and several appeared to be in extreme distress for fear their all was lost. At the close of the meeting, fifty-three distinguished themselves as penitents, and when prayer was made for them, about three-fourths of the assembly fell on their knees. Three brethren prayed; then some of the anxious spoke, with much grief, and earnestly requested us to remember them in our supplications. The mourners were exhorted to spend the evening in prayer, and the people dispersed a little before dark. I understood afterwards that two or three obtained a hope in this meeting also. As soon as the evening was come, we began to hear the voice of prayer from many directions, and the sound rung for miles over the hills of Lisbon. The air was clear, and the evening serene; and even now its recollection melts my soul. O what bitter cries and groans were heard from every direction! Some voices were heard for hours, till they grew hoarse and faint—then, suddenly, their tone was changed, and they praised the Lord. These supplications continued till midnight; and next morning we understood a number were converted in different parts of the town.

Thursday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., we assembled again, and rejoiced to find that several more, of whom we had not heard, had found peace since the meeting the day previous. The exercises were very solemn. Forty-eight mourners came and kneeled in the for-

ward pews, and a number of brethren and converts prayed for them. Many heavy laden souls prayed earnestly for themselves for two hours; and in this time a number were delivered from the 'horrible pit' and brought to rejoice in the Lord. The cries of these broken-hearted sinners entered into the ears of some that had come as spectators. It sunk into their hearts—they felt that they must be born again—wept for their sins, and bowed the knee for the first time. Parents were searching among the anxious for their children; and when they found them there, we heard them exclaim, "Glory to God! there is my son! there is my daughter!" Children also were rejoicing to see their parents join the anxious. Frequently one would lead a weeping relative along to the altar. At half past nine o'clock, the people dispersed; and a young woman who had been a backslider, was overpowered by her distress, lost her strength, and fell into the care of her friends. Some spoke of calling for a physician; but as she revived a little, she told them none but a physician from above could do her any good. She was carried to a neighboring house, where she recovered her strength about one o'clock in the morning. She confessed, that, at the commencement of the revival, she resolved that she would have no share in it, and said that now there was no mercy for her. After this, however, she found some relief.*

On Saturday, at two o'clock, P. M., about three hundred people assembled at Lisbon in conference meeting. The interesting occurrences of the former meetings were repeated, seventy three spoke, either of the goodness of God, or in confessing their sins, and a few professed to find comfort. Three related their experience, and were received for baptism, and several others came forward for the same purpose; but for want of time the meeting was adjourned till next morning.

Sabbath morning, we assembled at eight o'clock; and before ten, it was thought that seven hundred people had collected.† The whole time, till twelve o'clock, was occupied by the converts in relating their experience, and in receiving the fellowship of the church. After an intermission of forty minutes, I gave a discourse on 1 Tim. 6:12: "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good

* This young woman died a very triumphant death a few days afterwards. Ed.

† Sabbath morning, just before the commencement of public worship, Mr. S. Beede, to whom reference has been made, handed Mr. Marks the following:

"Morning Thoughts. My Lord and my God, nearly one year has passed, since I vowed unto thee to go forward in the ordinance of baptism, whenever I should meet one of thy servants, who had been instrumental in my conversion, and could have the opportunity of saying to him, as the eunuch said to Philip, "See here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" That opportunity is now presented for the first time, and, O Lord, how am I straitened. If I presume to go forward, it must be without much impressions of duty, as I have ever been obliged to go in thy cause. I am away from home and the enemy may take advantage, saying, it was done in secret, or in a corner.

profession before many witnesses." After this, the converts and brethren, followed by the assembly, walked half a mile in procession, singing a baptismal hymn. Then I had the privilege of baptizing twenty-four, of whom thirteen were chiefly young men, and eleven young women. The greater part came out of the water praising the Lord. The scene was solemn and impressive, and many of the spectators wept. Twenty-one of these had been converted within the week past. After baptism the candidates joined hands, and in presence of the assembly, received the Bible for their law. I then gave them the right hand of fellowship: all kneeled on the bank, and we returned thanks to God. After a recess of an hour, we assembled again; and many weighty testimonies were given by the converts and others. Those that had been baptized were greatly strengthened, and very happy; others wept for having neglected this duty, and said they would be baptized the first opportunity. Several heavy laden sinners spoke with accents of melting anguish, and pleaded for our prayers. Though the house was nearly filled with people, yet there were few that did not appear to feel the solemn presence of God. A little before the house was lighted, I was much affected at the appearance of the assembly. Nearly all, except those who were on their knees, sat leaning over the railing of the pews and wept profusely. About sixty inquirers kneeled in the forward pews, while many prayers were made for them; and, indeed, nearly all prayed earnestly for themselves till seven were hopefully converted. About ten o'clock the meeting closed, and thirty-three of the anxious covenanted to kneel and pray three times a day for four weeks.

But one week had elapsed since the revival commenced; and it had progressed with far more power and rapidity, than any I had ever before witnessed. O how wonderful and glorious were the manifestations of the grace of God! The work was like a mighty wind, before which every thing gives way and falls to the earth. I understood that soon after the commencement of the revival, those who passed out of town, almost constantly met people that were going to Lisbon to see the marvelous work of God. Many a rebellious sinner, on entering the meeting, was immediately brought to tremble under the power of God. Indeed, it seemed that few

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Besides, it would cruelly grieve my tender parents and friends; but, what is more than all the rest, my own unworthiness causes me to shrink and shudder at the thought of attempting the solemn act. Yet one of two things must be; either I must say to brother David, under all these embarrassments, as did the eunuch to Philip, or I must violate the vow that I have made. I am straitened, I am distressed. Dear Lord, show me before the baptismal hour how I shall act most to thy glory, and thy servant shall acquiesce with a cheerful and willing mind. S. BEEDE.

Third Sabbath in June, 1831."

Mr. Beede finally decided to delay his baptism till he had another interview with his Quaker friends.—ED.

returned without conviction; and there was less opposition than in any other revival I ever saw. In nearly every case that any one attempted to oppose, scarcely an hour passed before he was seen on his knees. Every class shared in the work, and the people did little else but go to meeting, read, pray, and attend to the great interests of their souls. Several were awakened by hearing the experience of the converts; and others, before they came to meeting, by hearing of the revival, and about fifty souls had already obtained a hope in Christ. Monday, June 20, duty called me to leave the town. The converts, the brethren, and the people, seemed dear to me as life. On the day before, they gave me a collection of about seventeen dollars, and we had bid them farewell.

In the latter part of July we understood that in one month from the time the work commenced, *one hundred and fifty* had been converted; and, including a few that were received as candidates, and were awaiting baptism the next Sabbath, one hundred had been baptized and added to the church in Lisbon. Also that the good work had spread into Franconia and Landaff, and was still progressing wonderfully. By the reports presented at the Sandwich quarterly meeting, in the month of August, it appeared that one hundred and fifty had been added to the Lisbon church since the yearly meeting; and a considerable number to one or two churches in the adjacent towns. We likewise understood, that two hundred had been converted; and that the glorious work continued with great power.

Between the 20th of June and July 1st, I preached in Springfield, Wendell, Newport, Fishersfield, Bradford, Deering, Weare, Hopkinton, Sanbornton, Gilmanton and Sandwich. In some of these meetings I felt "the burden of the word of the Lord," and deep impressions appeared to be made on the assemblies. I hope to meet some good fruits of them in glory. In Sandwich, a revival had commenced, which has since spread gloriously.

From July 1 to the 20th of September, I spent in the southwestern part of Maine, and attended eighty meetings. Sometimes I labored under trials, and felt that "bonds and afflictions awaited me;" but generally, through the grace of God, my peace was like the constant flow of a gentle river. Frequently I felt the Spirit of the Lord impressing me to preach against all the evils that affect the peace of Zion; and sometimes my soul was enabled to rejoice exceedingly. For want of room, however, the particulars of only two of these meetings are given.

A powerful revival followed a two days' meeting I attended in Fryburg, Sept. 10 and 11, at which much of the presence of God was enjoyed, and his word was like arrows in the hearts of sinners.

Sept. 16, I preached in Limerick. After sermon, my friend, Samuel Beede, related an interesting experience, and desired to be baptized. He was received by the church; we repaired to a beautiful stream, and it became my delightful duty to baptize him. He came out of the water praising the Lord, and went on his way rejoicing. Glory to God for the blessings of this day. May God preserve *him* and *me*, and all *saints* blameless, to the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

A little previous to Mr. Beede's baptism, he wrote to Mr. Marks a brief sketch of his religious exercises after his conversion, some extracts from which, for reasons already mentioned, it is thought will not be deemed foreign to this work.

SANDWICH, Aug. 1831.

Dear Brother,

Directly after the interview I had with you after the General Conference in 1828, I commenced, as you advised me, striving to know and walk in the good and perfect way, carefully studying the Scriptures, endeavoring to find and follow the precepts and example of Jesus. I usually read a portion of the New Testament every day, as it came in course, for a devotional exercise, meditation, and instruction. Soon my mind was led to add still another method of studying the Bible doctrine; which was, with the help of the Concordance, to search for the Scripture testimony on particular subjects, or points of doctrine, and arrange all the passages relative to those points in such a manner that I could at once examine all that the Scripture says on the subject both *for* and *against;* and then I applied myself with careful study and meditation, and with a prayerful heart to be enlightened into an understanding of the word, as the Holy Ghost intended it. In doing this, my soul has been blessed with joy unspeakable, that makes me willing to forego all earthly considerations, that I may gain experimentally a knowledge of God, and his ways, and his will concerning me. In connection with the above exercises, I have also been constrained to practice much secret devotion, to attend meetings very constantly, and converse much with mourners and converts; and also to endeavor to become established in practical holiness, so as to render righteous ways as natural and righteous actions as habitual to me as the deeds of unrighteousness formerly were. In the meantime, I have not neglected to cultivate an acquaintance with the Free-will Baptists, who have been nearer to me than any other people, or even my nearest kindred according to the flesh. * * * *

As to public speaking, I *have* expected and *do* expect that the Lord will give me something to do. There is no exercise of the

human faculties that ever so delighted me from a child to this day, as that of preaching, and none in which I ever thought I should be so happy, as in being a herald for Jesus, a proclaimer of the everlasting gospel. But latterly, when I have contemplated the state of my health—my lungs subject to almost perpetual inflammation through very small degrees of exposure—and my nervous system so broken to pieces, as for a great part of the time to paralyze all the energies of moral, mental, and bodily action, I have concluded the Lord had designed me to act in some other sphere of usefulness to his creatures, than in public speaking. Then again, when I have meditated on the provisions of the glorious gospel, and have seen the deplorable state of perishing sinners, *dying! —dying!—dying!*—with a rich and ample feast spread at their door, and urging admittance—then when I have had a view of the infinite—the infinitely infinite—mercies of God to me, in having mercy on so poor, wicked, undone, and blasphemous a wretch as myself—O wretch that I am! have I exclaimed; most merciful Lord God, shall I reason thus? Shall I decline using my shattered faculties in thy service, merely because their better days and more vigorous exertion have been spent in the service of satan? O! no. "Here am I, send me," for if my powers are half of them lost, it is no reason that I should not spend the rest in thy service, in warning such poor wretches as I once was, and—but for the mercy of Infinite Love—am now. Sometimes when I have seen the leaders of the people, who ought to be fathers in Zion, dealing out to the young shepherds, and the tender lambs, instead of the bread of life, *poison! poison! poison!*—and shall I say damnable heresies?—when I have seen these things, my spirit has been stirred within me, sleep has departed from my eyes; and could the briny pillows speak they would bear witness to the nightly sorrows of my soul. Then I have queried, can I ever content myself to labor with the dumb and unfeeling language of the pen, while others are engaged in the open field? No—my heart has said, rather let me be placed in the front of the battle—in view of the enemy, where I can come in open contact, and openly oppose him in defence of precious souls. Sometimes I have longed to become a member of the Free-will Baptist denomination and labor with all my powers, and wear out my life in defence of the gospel. * *

Your brother in tribulation,

SAMUEL BEEDE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Particulars of Mr. Marks' labors, sickness, &c. together with extracts from his correspondence from the close of his "Narrative" as published by himself, September 1831, *to October* 1832.

The preceding chapters contain, in an abridged form, the narrative of Mr. Marks' labors, as published by himself in the year 1831. For a few months afterwards, he generally kept a regular journal; but as he has recorded nothing of the causes which directed his subsequent course, it is deemed proper to state them briefly, before resuming the thread of the narrative; also to introduce frequent explanatory paragraphs, together with extracts from his correspondence, in connection with his journal.

At this period, Free-will Baptists, as a denomination, had engaged in but few of those benevolent enterprises which distinguish the operations of the church in the present day, and which have so greatly enlarged the sphere of her usefulness. The Morning Star, however, (which had been published since 1826 by a company of brethren at Limerick, Me. under the patronage of the denomination and devoted to its interests,) advocated gospel order, temperance, missions, Sabbath schools, education, and improvement generally; and there were many ministers and others in different parts of the connexion who were warm friends of these causes, and were laboring for their promotion. The subject of these Memoirs, hitherto seems to have had his mind mostly engrossed with one idea—the *immediate* conversion of souls; and for the attainment of this object, he had directed his whole studies and energies. His mind had now become painfully exercised with the state of the denomination to which he was in sentiment and in heart much attached. His extensive travels and labors had given him an opportunity to see that something must be done efficiently and immediately, or the denomination would be rent asunder by many schisms. Inaction in the cause of missions, education, support of the ministry, &c. had opened the way for the introduction of many evils, disheartened some of the most talented and intelligent ministers, and prevented the union of many with the denomination, who had been converted under the labors of its faithful preachers. Indeed, he had seen a great share of the fruits of his own toils, from the above named causes, gathered into other churches of dissimilar sentiments. False ideas on fundamental points of faith were also exerting an influence. In a few sections, Unitarian views of the character of Christ and the

doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked had obtained place in the minds of some through the preaching of Elias Smith, not far from the time of the rise of the sect called *Christians*. Mr. Smith was refused admission into the Free-will Baptist denomination, on account of his sentiments.

Although Mr. Marks was deprived of early literary privileges, as the reader of the preceding pages has seen, the absence of educational advantages was, in his case, in a measure, compensated by an unusual activity of mind, and a plodding perseverance, which would not yield to obstacles. Still he was ever a close Biblical student, and to this, no doubt, with the Divine blessing, is to be attributed his great success in winning souls. He had committed to memory the writings of the four Evangelists, Acts and Romans, and so ready and retentive was his memory, that, if a passage was named in either of these books, he could in a moment tell the chapter and verse, or if any particular chapter or verse was called for, he could instantly repeat it. He had also, without an instructor, and mostly while walking or riding, become well acquainted with several English branches, and had acquired sufficient knowledge of Greek to read in the New Testament with the aid of a lexicon. Highly as he valued knowledge, and diligent as he was in its acquisition, still he had not been much awake to the importance of a thoroughly educated ministry. Engaged constantly in preaching himself, he seldom listened to a sermon, and was little aware to what an extent study was neglected among Free-will Baptist ministers. Grieved by the little spirituality and success that attended the labors of most of those he had known who had pursued the usual course of study in our Theological schools, he had imbibed the impression that their course of discipline had a tendency to destroy spirituality instead of increasing it, and for a time he had prejudice against such institutions.

The subject of missions had engaged little of his attention. Not that the conversion of the world was not an object for which at any time he would have laid down his life, but the slanders of the enemies of missions repeated to him by Christians, produced an apathy in his mind on this subject. Consequently he had interested himself little in reading the reports of missionary operations. The temperance cause had his sympathies from its commencement.

After his mind became painfully anxious about the state of his beloved people, he used often to unbosom his feelings to his friend, S. Beede, who, instead of trying to console him with a hope of a better state of things, set himself to present existing evils in a still stronger light, till sometimes Mr. Marks' agony of soul was almost overpowering. But his was a spirit that could not sink under dif-

ficulties, nor give up in despair. He set himself to study carefully the cause of the evils and their remedy. Thus was his mind prepared to examine, with careful attention, several articles that appeared about this time in the Morning Star on the establishment of a "Book Concern," the first of which was written by Mr. William Burr. These much interested him, particularly several anonymous communications, signed B——n.* He thought he saw in a well regulated Book Concern, a bond that would tend to unite the denomination, and would afford an antidote to many evils. This subject he often discussed with Mr. Beede, and finally they, with others, matured a plan which they thought would succeed, provided they could gain the approbation of the General Conference, which was to meet in a few days.

The following is a continuation of Mr. Marks' journal, in an abridged form, from the closing date of the preceding chapter.

"September 17 and 18, I attended the Maine Western yearly meeting in Buxton. Fifteen ordained ministers were present and several hundred people more than could be convened in the meeting house. I preached twice during the session. My mind was made very solemn by the news that the Indian cholera, the overflowing scourge that had swept through the old world, had entered New Brunswick. I endeavored in my preaching to improve these tidings to the good of souls. The assembly seemed much affected. I next went to Sandwich, N. H. to attend a "four days' meeting," which by request I had appointed three months before. I preached in Ossipee by the way. Several came forward for prayer, and one young lady promised to seek the Lord till she found him. Several ministers attended the meeting in Sandwich, some of whom preached during its progress. On the Sabbath, twelve or fifteen hundred people attended, and great solemnity rested on the assembly. A number came forward to manifest that they were decided to attend to the salvation of their souls. Sabbath evening, I preached in Ossipee, and found the young lady who made a covenant to seek the Lord indulging a joyful hope. Several presented themselves for prayer, and a little boy following me out of the house, weeping, gave me his hand and said, "Will you pray for me?"

The fourth session of the General Conference, to be held in Wilton, Me. was drawing near. Having been appointed a delegate by the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, Monday, Sept. 26, I commenced journeying in that direction, accompanied by my

* These articles were written by S. Beede at the solicitation of Mr. Burr, but no other person knew the author till the hour Mr. Beede was dying. Mr. Burr then revealed it, feeling that he was absolved from the injunction of secrecy Mr. Beede laid upon him.

companion, having appointments by the way previously notified. During the seven days ensuing, I held meetings in Limerick, Portland, Brunswick, Topsham, Gardiner, and several other towns. In Topsham, I was filled with sorrow and weeping for perishing sinners. After facing for about fifty miles one of the severest storms of rain and sleet I ever knew, I arrived in Wilton, Oct. 12. Col. Charles Morse had made provision to entertain all the members of the Conference at his own expense, and had furnished a large chamber for convening its sessions, so that the meeting house might be free for public worship."

The business of the Conference was conducted with much harmony. A question was proposed from the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, inquiring, "What do Free-will Baptists believe to be the Scripture doctrine with regard to the character and offices of Christ?" H. Hobbs, S. Beede, and D. Marks were appointed a committee to prepare a reply. S. Beede drafted a very able article, showing that Christ was "God manifest in the flesh," that he was "the true God and eternal life," which perfectly accorded with the views of the other members of the committee. The report was received unanimously by the Conference.

The subject of a "Book Concern" was presented and referred to a committee of three, viz. E. Place, D. Marks, and S. Beede, who made the following report, which passed the Conference:

"Agreed, that in our opinion, the establishment of a Book Concern on a scale sufficiently extensive to answer the demands of our connexion for books is desirable. And we believe that such an establishment, suitably encouraged and supported, would contribute as much to usefulness in our churches, and aid as much in spreading Christian knowledge in the world, as any other single course of measures that we can, under the present circumstances, pursue. But as we know of no advisable means, whereby we can at present furnish ourselves with funds that would be necessary to commence the establishment on a large scale, we think it proper to appoint some brother a Book Agent, to officiate and act for us till the next General Conference; and that said agent publish for the Conference such books as they may direct, and hold himself responsible to the Conference for his doings; and also be responsible for all contracts made by him relative to publishing books; and that he be authorized to take the necessary and prudent measures for selling such books as may be published; and at the next Conference present a full report of his doings, and the circumstances of the Book Concern intrusted to his charge." See Minutes of fifth General Conference, page 8.

Mr. Marks was then chosen Book Agent, and H. Hobbs, S. Beede, and Wm. Burr, a "Publishing and Advisory Committee

on the Book Concern and book agency, with instructions to direct the Book Agent to publish for and on behalf of the Conference, such books as they may deem it suitable and expedient to be so published, and to advise with him relative to the sales."

The following reference to this subject was made in the circular. "Having taken the subject of a Book Concern into consideration, we are of the opinion that an establishment of this kind would be very useful to our connexion. And as no ready means appeared whereby we might obtain funds to commence on a very extensive scale, we have thought proper to appoint a Publishing Committee, to select and direct the publication of such books as they may think suitable and necessary. We have also appointed a Book Agent to publish for the Conference such books as the Publishing Committee shall direct, and, with the advice of the committee, to sell them, and account to the Conference for all the profits that may arise from the sales.

After consulting men who are experienced in book business, we have thought, that a Book Concern, begun in this small way, and extended as the profits arising from sales should furnish means, might be as likely to succeed, and eventually arise to its desired usefulness, as it would be, if we should depend on obtaining donations from our brethren for its first establishment. We can but hope, therefore, that our brethren will use their influence to encourage and support our first humble attempts at a Book Concern." See Minutes, page 11.

Mr. Marks entered immediately upon the duties of his new office, but did not in the meantime intermit in the least his labors in preaching and visiting the churches, as his journal will show; on the contrary, he diligently improved these opportunities in creating an interest in the important enterprise in which he had just engaged. He opened an extensive correspondence with leading individuals in every part of the denomination, and sought out channels whereby every church might be supplied with the productions issuing from the Book Concern. To this end he appointed assistant agents in every section, to whom books might be sent. A few small works were immediately issued. As no one hymn book had obtained general use in the denomination, there seemed a loud call for one embodying such sentiments as were congenial with its views, and worthy of general patronage. Accordingly, it was decided by the Publishing Committee and Agent, that such a book should be prepared, and the work of preparation was assigned to S. Beede. As its publication could not be effected on credit, and was going to involve considerable expense, a prospectus was issued for obtaining subscribers.

It may be proper to state that Mr. Marks had had some experience in publishing books. The contributions of friends falling far short of meeting his travelling expenses, and being compelled to do something to supply this deficiency, he resorted to the publication of religious books, as this business, besides furnishing him with means for travelling, aided him in the great work of spreading religious knowledge. The principal works he had published, were, Life of John Colby, Buzzell's hymn book, and a Conference Meeting hymn book, compiled by himself. They were printed in Rochester, N. Y. Seventeen thousand copies of his Conference Meeting hymn book were sold.

The following are extracts from his journal continued from the time of the Conference.

"Meetings of worship had been held through the sessions of the Conference, which continued till Saturday noon, September 16. I preached in the afternoon with considerable freedom, and in the evening, spoke again at a village a few miles distant. On the Sabbath, such crowds assembled from different towns that they were obliged to convene in two places. It fell to my lot to preach at one in the forenoon and at the other in the afternoon. It pleased the Lord to give me more than usual liberty, and the assemblies were much impressed. Scores of souls had been recently converted in Wilton, so that there was not that opportunity for the spread of a revival that there had been. Still signs of good were manifest, and anxious inquirers presented themselves for prayer. Monday, after preaching again, I left Wilton to attend the first session of the Wolfborough quarterly meeting to meet October 23, at Ossipee, N. H. and held meetings by the way in Windham, Buxton, and Limerick. Saturday evening, I gave a discourse at the quarterly meeting, and named various things which my views of duty compelled me to preach against. Among these was Free Masonry. After meeting Dr. C. asked me, if I *knew* anything about Free Masonry. I told him I did. He asked, "How?" I said, "By the testimony of many thousands of seceding masons." He replied, "You know nothing about it." I asked him if he knew there was such a city as New York. He answered, "They say there is." "But," I inquired, "do you know there is?" "No," was his reply. Then I said; "If I know nothing about Masonry, people do not know any thing except what they have seen with their eyes, and none but such as have been to New York, London, or Paris, know that there are such cities. What an ignorant world this must be, if knowledge has the limits which the masonic fraternity would fain make many believe. Sir, did you ever see a man steal? Should you hear me preach against theft, adultery or murder, would you admonish me and say, "Preach against those things

you *know?*" He asked, "What has the gospel to do with Free Masonry?" I answered, "It has nothing to do with it, neither with other abominations, except that it is revealed *against* all unrighteousness of men, therefore I preach against Free Masonry as I do against other sins." He replied, "Preaching against Free Masonry is preaching up for Clay, and you had better be preaching the gospel."

After holding meetings in Ossipee and Wakefield, October 27, I went to the village of Great Falls, where I had an appointment, but found it had not been notified. I was informed that as there was a great excitement among the Masons, on account of my preaching against Free Masonry in this place the spring previous, the minister, who was a Mason, and the male members of the Free-will Baptist church, thought it not expedient for me to preach with them. This was said to be the *first* instance in which a Free-will Baptist church had closed its doors against a minister of the gospel, though the denomination had been in existence about fifty years."

Shortly after this, Mr. Marks received a very excellent letter from his friend Beede in reference to this affair, designed to strengthen him in his warfare with iniquity in high places, from which the following is an extract.

"I was pleased with hearing of your welfare and prosperity in the truth; and not in any small degree was I rejoiced at the intelligence of your *success* at the Great Falls—not by any means that I rejoice in iniquity, but knowing that the whole world lieth in wickedness, I am consoled with the thought that some of the Lord's servants are yet willing to hold up the standard of righteousness and proclaim the unmixed gospel of Jesus to perishing mortals. Christ said of the wicked, they have hated me, and they will hate you. Whatever minister of Jesus will dare rightly to divide the word of truth, and preach Bible doctrine, as did the prophets, Christ, and his apostles, will surely meet with opposition from *un*-Christlike professors, and from those who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. This is a necessary consequence; for God and satan are at enmity, and so must their children be. There can be no greater delusion than to suppose that Christians can earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and at the same time preserve peace and friendship with the devil and his children. Such preachers as *un*-Christlike professors applaud, and lovers of pleasure admire, such as satan is at peace with, such as his servants have not open hostility with, have full reason to suspect that they possess more the nature of the ministers of satan in disguise than of the true ministers of Jesus. My dear brother David, for more than three years my humble prayer

to the Lord has been that he may enable you to understand, to practice, and to preach the pure gospel of Christ; and that his temper, his manner, and his example may be your undivided pattern of life and conduct in all cases, times, and occasions. This being the case, the world cannot be at peace with you; for it could not with Jesus, and never can it be any more at peace with his followers than with him. If you follow the Savior, wicked men and devils will hate you still more—the division between you and them will be still wider, and the opposition and persecution you will experience from them will be more severe than you have yet received. May God give you wisdom, strengthen, and establish you in every good work. * * * * Farewell.

Your unworthy brother in tribulation,

SAMUEL BEEDE."

Mr. Marks, in his public labors, neither courted controversy nor opposition. He greatly loved the good opinion of his brethren, but he loved the interests of Christ's kingdom far better, and when he thought these demanded his testimony, he knew nothing of that cautious prudence that dreads saying aught, lest he should be exposed to censure. In such cases, he was always courageous and lion-hearted; at the same time there were often blended a gentle tenderness and affectionate manner that rendered his severe and pointed rebukes of sin very effective.

Journal. "After preaching in Dover, I attended a "three days' meeting" at Strafford, in Elder Place's congregation, commencing Friday, October 29. It was a season of great power. More than forty came forward for prayer, and some were converted. Among these was a son of Elder John Buzzell; he was very happy. On the Sabbath, the congregation consisted of about eight hundred and fifty persons: of these seven hundred and fifty arose to manifest that they were professors of religion. Oct. 31, Leaving Strafford, I met appointments daily for four days. In this time, I had a very pleasant interview with my friend D. P. Cilley, in Nottingham. I believe the Lord is calling him into his vineyard, though he is hardly willing to acknowledge it. I had a close and faithful talk with him.

Friday, Nov. 4, 1831. This day closes the twenty-sixth year of my life. O how many favors has the Lord shown his poor servant! I spent this day and the following at Raymond, at a "three days' meeting." A brother was ordained, and it fell to my lot to preach on the occasion. My subject was the duty of a bishop. Sabbath, I preached twice in Dover, and in the evening at the Great Falls. The meeting house being still closed, the meeting was held in a large brick school house, which was filled to overflowing and many went away because they could not get a place to stand within. I

spoke on the cross of Christ with much freedom. Although some appeared contentious and uneasy at first, soon they paid good attention. I understood, afterwards, that a mob was at the meeting in readiness and determined to attack me, provided I said anything against Free Masonry. It so happened that my mind was not led at all to that subject.

Monday, Nov. 7. Setting out on a line of appointments to Rhode Island, I met congregations in New Market and Exeter. In the latter place, on a beautiful green, the great and good Whitefield preached his last sermon the day before his death. To me it seemed a consecrated spot. The next day I preached in Danville and Haverhill, Wednesday evening in the Methodist chapel in Lowell, the next evening in the Methodist chapel in Boston, and the day following in Rehoboth and Attleborough, Mass. During the ensuing eight days, I preached twelve sermons among the Rhode Island churches, and often felt the power of God. Two churches, one in Providence, the other in North Providence, which had formerly received me very kindly, closed their doors against me on account of my opposition to Free Masonry. These churches had Free-will Baptist ministers for pastors, but did not belong to any denomination. I went out into the street before the houses of the ministers by whose consent the doors of these churches had been closed, and according to the Scripture direction, wiped off the dust of my feet for a testimony against them. Having done this, I left those places enjoying great peace.

Monday, Nov. 21, we rode through the length of the island of R. Island, a distance of 12 miles, and were delighted with the beautiful order of the roads, farms, fences, &c. About two hundred years had passed since this island was first settled, and the general appearance of the farms surpassed any I had before seen. In the evening, I preached to a large and attentive assembly in Newport, and the next day left the island in a sail boat. There being a heavy gale, the sea was very rough, and the crossing dangerous. In the evening, I met an assembly in Pawtucket, and the next evening heard a very interesting sermon in Park street church in Boston, from the celebrated revivalist, Mr. C. G. Finney, a Presbyterian minister from New York. His text was, "I knew thee that thou wast a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed." He preached a free salvation, and the freedom of the human will as strongly as any Free-will Baptist I ever heard. Blessed be God, the popular orders are coming to our aid.

Passing through Newburyport and Portsmouth, I attended three days at a protracted meeting in Kittery, Me. in accordance with a previous engagement, and preached six sermons. The Lord bless-

ed the meeting, and made it a precious season. Between twenty and thirty anxious souls came forward for prayer, and several professed to find peace in believing. Tuesday, Nov. 29, I attended a meeting at Great Falls. The Free-will Baptist meeting house was still closed against me, unless I would promise that I would not preach against Masonry, or any thing else that would "disturb the harmony of society." So I preached again in the school house to a crowded assembly with great freedom. The season was very impressive. I understood a great part of the Free-will Baptist church was present, and that they were much tried because the house of worship was not opened. Many, weeping, gave me their hands. The day following, I went to Rochester, where I understood the Methodist house was closed on account of my testimony against Free Masonry. The court house, however, was opened, and the people heard the word attentively. A revival was progressing. During the remainder of the week, I met five appointments in Lebanon, Farmington, Alton Bay, and Meredith. In these meetings several were awakened. Passing through New Durham, we saw an old meeting house, which we were informed was the first ever under the control of Free-will Baptists. It was built originally for the Congregationalists, but as nearly all the people became Free-will Baptists, it fell to them.

December 4, we rode ten miles in a tedious snow storm to Holderness, where I preached three sermons. The next day, I was suddenly seized with an ague fit, and was immediately confined to the bed. I had from one to two appointments each day for many weeks to come, but there was no alternative. I was obliged to yield to sickness, and was confined to my bed for six days with a severe influenza, and endured much physical suffering. My companion was also sick with the same disease. The brethren in Holderness were very kind, and did many things for us gladly. When Sabbath, Dec. 11, came, my soul was so full that it seemed as if I could not be denied the privilege of preaching. Accordingly, a meeting was notified at the house; but after I had spoken about fifteen minutes, my strength so failed that I was glad to take the bed. Reluctant to disappoint any congregation that I could meet, we left Holderness in a covered sleigh, the Tuesday following, contrary to the remonstrances of kind friends, and were enabled, without apparent injury, to reach my appointment the ensuing Sabbath in Hollis, near Portland, Me. I had been obliged to disappoint thirteen assemblies. The next evening I commenced preaching to a congregation in Waterborough; but after speaking a few minutes was so feeble that I was obliged to leave the meeting and take the bed. The day following, however, I met with the Publishing Committee in Limerick, and, during the week, attended four

appointments. My friends in Limerick and vicinity received me with unusual joy, having heard that I was dead. An individual circulated the report, saying that he assisted in preparing my body for the coffin, and Elder Place preached my funeral sermon. The Masons, I understood, received the news with great joy. But, thank God, I live, and through grace I hope to injure the kingdom of darkness still more.

Sabbath, Dec. 18, I attended a very interesting church conference in Parsonsfield. Elder John Buzzell stated that he had been in the town more than thirty years, and in the time had witnessed in it eleven revivals—that several churches (I think seven) had been set off from this, and still their number was two hundred and fifty-seven, every one of whom was in good standing in the church. My appointments now called me toward Lisbon, in the north part of New Hampshire, where I had allotted to myself the first week in January for rest. The rumor of my death preceded me, and in some places people seemed almost frightened, and gazed upon me as though they were actually looking upon one that had arisen from the dead. Large congregations, however, generally convened, and in one instance, friends came the distance of twenty miles to ascertain whether I was still living. The travelling was excessively tedious, as a very deep snow had fallen, and the roads were little broken, yet we were enabled to reach Lisbon in safety.

Sabbath, Jan. 1, 1832. Thanks be to God for the preservation of our lives through another year. How quickly has it passed! O, what have I done for God! Of how little use have been my feeble efforts, compared to what they might have been, had I loved God with all my heart, and used "*all diligence.*" Now another year has begun. How shall I spend it, should it please my Heavenly Father to spare my life? Lord, help me to devote every moment to thee, and with an undivided heart submit myself entirely, soul, body, and spirit, to thy most holy work. Do thou, O my blessed Master, teach me and help me to win souls to thee and thee only, Amen. The meeting house in Lisbon was this day crowded to overflowing, and the Lord gave me a message to the people. Since the commencement of the revival in June preceding, more than two hundred had united with the church, and the work had spread into the adjacent towns, till it was thought that five hundred had "passed from death unto life." About the middle of this week, not having fully recovered from my sickness, I took a violent cold from sleeping in damp sheets, and for the first time was attacked with rheumatism. As exercise was prescribed for an antidote, I passed the remainder of the week in usual activity, preaching some and visiting some.

Sabbath, Jan. 8, my appointments for two months commenced,

extending through the south-east and east part of New Hampshire, and a part of Maine, then in three weeks back to Lisbon, and thence down through Vermont. Although my disorder had become very severe, yet exercise having been constantly prescribed as the best remedy, I concluded to endeavor to attend my appointments. I was carried to the meeting house in Lisbon, and, sitting in a chair, spoke more than an hour to about five hundred people. Two brethren then accompanied me to Bath, fifteen miles. When we arrived, I was carried into a house almost helpless. I felt so ill that it seemed to me I could not sit up any longer; but as a large concourse had assembled, brethren urged my being carried to the house of worship, saying, if I could speak five minutes, the people would feel satisfied. I finally assented, and being set down, preached an hour with very solemn feelings. After meeting I was laid upon a bed, and it was now no longer a subject of query whether I should proceed to my appointments. A violent rheumatic fever had fastened on my system, and for six days I was entirely helpless; some of the time unable to move even a finger. Until now I had never known pain. The least movement produced the most excruciating distress, and yet I could not lie long in one position without fainting. Some of the time it took six or seven to take care of me. Finally, by keeping my system in a state of constant perspiration, and the use of Dr. Jenning's spirit vapor bath, I became relieved, and the sixth day turned myself in bed. I amended so rapidly, that in three days I could stand; in three more I walked a few steps, and in the evening preached three quarters of an hour to a considerable number who assembled in my room. In this sickness, I enjoyed the sweetest consolations.

Saturday, Jan. 21, I rode to Coventry, and preached, sitting, nearly an hour. Sabbath, I spoke to a very crowded assembly at Swift Water village, in Bath, and the next day, about two weeks from my first confinement, I accompanied two brethren to Lisbon, who came to assist me in returning to that place. During the week I attended three meetings, and on the Sabbath preached an ordination sermon. The time for my appointments, leading from Lisbon through Vermont, had now come; but, being too feeble to journey and preach daily, I engaged a minister to go in my stead eight days, and in the mean time I attended his appointments in Lisbon.

Tuesday, Feb. 6. Thinking that my health was now so much recovered that with care and prudence I could safely travel, and the interests of the infant Book Concern loudly demanding my active efforts, I again resumed travelling, accompanied by my companion, and taking with me a brother to wait upon me. On this day, though the road was hilly and the snow path little broken, we

rode forty miles, and I preached at evening, and next day spoke to two congregations without fatigue. Thursday evening, I preached in Washington in a cold house, though I had taken the precaution to request that it be well warmed. During my sermon I was seized with chills. I soon felt a return of rheumatic pains, and passed the night in distress. The next day, I rode twenty miles to Col. Arnold's in Randolph, and preached at evening. Saturday and Sabbath, I preached in the same place, when my complaint so returned upon me that I was again confined to my bed. I now recalled my appointments, and determined to give out no more till my health became more firm. The use of Dr. Jenning's bath again relieved me from pain, and while I was indulging hopes of a speedy recovery, suddenly my mind became confused, my memory was gone, and soon I was insensible. When I was again conscious, I saw that my room was full of people who were weeping. I concluded that I had been deranged, and had now recovered my senses just before I was to die. Recognizing my companion, who was standing by me, pale and trembling, I obtained from her a promise that she would trust in the Lord, and took my leave of her, expecting in a few moments to be in the "spirit-land." The query now rushed upon me, 'how have I spent my time since I was called into the ministry?' 'Have I done the work of the Lord faithfully?' Instantly, my testimony against Free Masonry, for which I had suffered most, and then my whole life passed in review before me; and, O the sweet peace, the heavenly rapture, that ravished my soul. My blessed Lord was my witness that I had never failed to preach a sermon, that I thought was my duty to preach, neither shunned to declare his counsel against every thing that affected the welfare of souls, however contrary it had been to the feelings of my dear brethren. Looking out of the window, the snow-white fields of Vermont seemed to blaze with the glory of God, and my tongue was unloosed to declare his amazing goodness. Some present, who doubted the reality of religion, I understood, had their hearts touched. In half an hour, however, I was as well as before this attack, and from this time gained rapidly. As in other places where I had been sick, so in this place, Christian friends seemed to know no weariness in their kind attentions. How often has God verified to me the promise, "He that hath left house, or home, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother —— for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold in this life."

About this time Mr. Marks received a letter from Mr. Beede, his ever watchful friend, partly on the subject of health, which awakened his attention somewhat to the study of physiology. He wrote:

Dear Brother,

* * * * It rejoices me to hear of your improved state of health. Previous to your last communication, much anxiety had been indulged in regard to your recovery, which is now measurably relieved. I thank the Lord for his unmerited kindness in raising you up again for a help to Zion. That a life of usefulness may be long continued to you, has been my earnest desire, especially as the church is in so much need of your labors. With a view to this, I have wished that you might be relieved from the corpulent habit of body to which you have been considerably inclined. If no exuberancy of flesh were attached to your system, you would be less liable to disease, not so susceptible of fatigue through your labors, nor so much disposed to premature decay of the constitution. Obesity may readily be reduced without endangering health. It only requires a regular systematic regimen in diet, sleep, and exercise. Very sparing indulgence in meats, drinks, and sleep, with much exercise, will seldom fail to reduce effectually the most corpulent, and will secure an acquisition of health, strength, and vigor, both of body and mind. Sudden changes, however, must not be resorted to; but a gradual reduction of the substantial amount of food, drink, &c. This might be accomplished without extremely painful sensations, by reducing first the *quality* rather than the quantity of food; that is, by taking the same bulk, but a less nutritious kind. For instance, grains instead of flesh—esculent roots instead of bread—the coarser and simpler dishes of every kind instead of those more richly prepared. The more coarse and simple the better, not only for the corpulent but for others. For want of some such attention to abstinence, disorders of mind and body must inevitably ensue. First in the train of consequences, are stupidity of mind, languor, deficiencies in the digestive and perspiratory functions, including colds, inflamed lungs, and the entire families of dyspepsies and liver affections. In regular succession, follow fevers, a numerous class of nervous disorders, with unnumbered other evils—lastly, premature derangements of both bodily and mental faculties, premature advances of old age and of death. For more than half the evils of disease, man may doubtless justly consider himself indebted to his own abuse of meats and drinks, and for a large portion of the other half, to abuse of sleep, clothing and exercise. * * * * I consider occasional attacks of illness inseparable from the course of life that duty points out for you to pursue; yet I do firmly believe that you might adopt an improvement in your habits of living and of exercise, for instance, subjecting yourself to less exposures, which would greatly promote unimpaired health, vigor and strength of mind, serve to continue your life much longer, and greatly in-

crease the amount of your usefulness in the cause of God. * * * * * *

Since we parted, I have been afflicted with an influenza. I am now approaching to health of body, though laboring under much depression and discouragement of mind. When the elements combine in disorder and seize my mental faculties with ennui—when all the passing events of moral agencies and the thousand circumstances attendant on life's concerns, apparently conspire against me, and forbid any prospect of usefulness, either to myself or others, despondency and weariness of a life so unprofitable, prey on all my mortal powers with a very unhappy effect. Frequent days, weeks, and months have I passed, and still do pass in such frames. Look at my own heart—all is to be done. Look at a perishing world of fellow sinners, dying for lack of knowledge—infinite labors are needed for their salvation, yet I am feeble in body, and sorely pressed with poverty. Look on Zion—behold her desolate, divided within herself, distracted with false doctrines, seduced by the transformations of satan under the guise of the ministers of Christ; and so long practiced in tampering with error's drugs, that her stomach loathes medicine from the true Physician, and cannot, will not, bear a healthy regimen. Good Lord! exclaims my heart, why hast thou given my eyes to see these things, since I can in no wise remedy them? My heart is willing, but all else presents an impenetrable barrier to usefulness on my part. Lord, I am sick of the world—sick of life—weary with myself—weary with all things but thee and thy saints—thy undefiled saints. I have none but God in heaven or earth, to alleviate my woes by bearing a part. I have none, when absent from you, to be a partner in sweet counsel, and in holy friendship. * * *

I hope I have an interest in your prayers, for none are more needy. Farewell. Yours in love,

S. Beede.

Mr. Marks replied as follows.

Tunbridge, Vt. Sat. Feb. 25, 1832.

My Dear Brother,

Mrs. Marks wrote you from Randolph, but I was so ill that I knew little that she wrote. My relapse confined me in Randolph thirteen days. I came here yesterday, and have preached one short discourse sitting in a chair. For a week past, I have suffered little pain, but I remain very weak, and can bear little exposure. I have felt great anxiety for the denomination—for the Book Concern—for my printing debts at Limerick and Portland, and particularly for my brother Samuel, since he has given up all to serve the cause of Christ. I thought it needful that I use *all*

diligence, and lose no time, particularly on account of the hymn book and on your account. But I have been compelled to yield as one whose health is gone, and whose constitution is for the present worn down, if not worn out. Sometimes, I have turned my face to the wall and wept; but in general I have felt sweet composure in saying, "The will of the Lord be done." My heavenly Father knows what is best. In these seasons of weeping I have thought, O that I could see brother Samuel. But the reflection that you were engaged for the interests of Zion, reconciled me to endure the long separation till it shall please God to bring us together.

I think it my duty to listen now to the repeated advice I have had for years to be more watchful in the care of my health. If this does not turn to my recovery, the will of the Lord be done. Though I have been an unprofitable servant, through the grace of God, I believe I can say in truth, "I am pure from the blood of all men." Since my turns of severe illness this winter, I have several times thought I might not recover; but, blessed be God, in the clearest views of my departure, I have felt sweet consolation in the firm confidence that I have preached the truth as it is in Jesus, and that I have received from God that preaching for which I have been most persecuted, particularly my testimony against Free Masonry, and against the spirit of pride and worldly popularity, which so much prevail in the church. * * *

Your letter is just received. It is as cold water to the thirsty soul, and has much increased my anxiety to see you. Your advice with respect to *dieting* is very acceptable, and I have about come to the conclusion to take up my cross and follow it. As to a literary institution, I wish one might be established, and I will do all in my power consistently to forward it. It is now near meeting time; I intend to ride about sixty rods, and sit and preach once. I hardly feel as well as I did yesterday, but if very careful I hope I shall get along without another confinement.

I feel very thankful to God for the kindness he has shown us as a people in sending brother Samuel to our help. My open manner must have conveyed to you an idea of the esteem I have for your talents and piety. While I have observed your humility, I have felt almost as though it was impossible that pride should ever stain your soul, or success elate your heart. I believe you have a mind above such folly. Still I know your probation is not ended, and neither you nor I have passed beyond temptations, dark, deceitful, powerful. If you continue humble, and maintain a holy, fervent breathing after God, and lean not to your own understanding, but lean upon him that is Almighty, I doubt not but that you will be more useful than any man that God has raised up among us. O,

watch and pray. Pray for us that we may walk carefully before God and before all men, that the cause be not blamed. Let us do all things with great humility, patience, forbearance, and charity, for in this day of schisms it is needful that we have in exercise all the Christian virtues. Farewell.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

D. MARKS.

Journal. "I left Randolph, and till the early part of April was engaged in preaching mostly in New Hampshire, in those places where my sickness had obliged me to disappoint congregations. The intervals were employed in writing to correspondents, in getting subscribers for the new hymn book, and in laboring in various ways to promote the interests of the Book Concern. I had to travel slowly, as my strength would bear, and preach sitting in a chair. In Alexandria, where I preached the May previous with such views of the worth of the soul, [see page 258,] I found to my great joy that about twenty had been converted, several of whom dated their awakening at that meeting. Until now, I had not heard of any fruits from that sermon; but I had thought if there were not, it would be strange indeed. At Great Falls, the meeting house was opened to me, the church having sent me a written request to preach in it. Thank God, for the victory of right principles."

The following are extracts from his letters, written during this period, taken from copies kept in his possession.

Dear sister Gibbs,

Last evening we gladly received a letter from you, and although it brought tidings of such afflictions as are frequent in the church militant, we rejoiced to hear from you. Your letter brought to our remembrance the sweet hours we have enjoyed under your roof.

With regard to your inquiries concerning the doctrine of sanctification, you say you have been told that Free-will Baptists do not believe in it. This statement, without any qualification, is certainly incorrect; for we believe, or at least profess to believe, all the doctrine which the Scriptures teach, and none can deny that this doctrine is taught in the Bible. Sanctification signifies, first, to separate and appoint any thing to a holy and religious use. God sanctified the seventh day, also the first born of Israel, and thus the temple, the priests, the garments, the altars, the sacrifices, and all the cups, basins, and other furniture of the temple were sanctified. Again, it signifies to cleanse a sinner from the pollution of sin, to free him from its power, and give him a holy principle of love to God and his creatures, and fit him for holy use. The doctrine of sanctification signifies being made holy. But there are de-

grees in this work, or Paul would not have prayed God to sanctify his Thessalonian brethren WHOLLY. 1 Thess. 5:23. I believe every Christian may be entirely sanctified in this life; yea, I may say further, that it is the duty and privilege of every saint to obtain the entire victory over all sin, and that in whatever proportion a soul approaches toward perfection, in the same degree he approaches towards entire sanctification. Christ *commands* us to be *perfect.* Matt. 5:48. None but infidels dare charge him with having given a grievous command. Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, is a requirement of the gospel, and it is the blessed privilege of the saint to obey the sacred injuction. If we do, we shall then be sanctified *wholly.* Would to God that Christians would more generally strive for this attainment. If they did, what humble and happy Christians should we see in our congregations. * * *

Yours in Christ,

D. MARKS.

[To Elder Thomas Parker, Penfield.]

Fishersfield, N. H. March 5, 1832.

Dear Brother Parker,

How I wish I could come and see you. The time seems long since we parted; but, through the grace of God, I am still your unworthy brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. Though I stay long in New England, I know I love my brethren in New York as well as I ever did. Sometimes I fancy myself at your house, talking with you and sister Parker, and the dear children, as in former days; then I am at brother Conant's and all about in Penfield among my Father's children. Next I am over to Walworth, at my dear brother Lyon's, and then again down in North Penfield at brother Cole's, whose house seems rendered almost sacred by the good meetings we have had there. But presently I find myself five hundred miles distant, and likely to be for some months to come; and here I am fighting against the unscriptural practices that are corrupting the church, and almost constantly getting more enemies than friends. But, blessed be God, though the time has come that many will not bear "sound doctrine," my plain preaching has not rendered me so odious, that any more than "all men" have spoken evil of me. Another thing, brother Parker, I feel to thank the blessed Savior for, and this is, that he has so strengthened me and set my face against Babylon and all her bewitching furniture, that the loss of my interest, or honor, or popularity for Christ's sake, seems no more to me than a bubble—a phantom. By the grace of God, I am determined that I will not ask leave of men to declare the whole counsel of God against all the abominations that are done in the earth. O, my

dear brother, do be faithful in the holy ministry, whereunto you are called, and preach plain, pointed, simple, Holy Ghost truth, and may God bless you abundantly. Please give my warm respects to all the brethren. May they be humble and holy. I am thine in the gospel, DAVID MARKS.

[To his brother Ives Marks.]

My dear brother,

* * * Great was our joy on hearing of your firm resolution to live in the service of our dear Redeemer. We trust you are steadfast in the blessed truth of the gospel, "for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea," tossed with the tempest. Nothing can be accomplished well without steady perseverance; and we can never be established Christians, and shine as lights in the world, unless we "dig deep and build on the rock." We must be rooted and grounded in the truth, insomuch that interest, honor, ease, or anything in this world, shall not, on any occasion, interfere to turn us from duty. Self must be denied and our will subdued, so that on every occasion we shall be ready to do anything the Lord requires of us.. That our obedience may be acceptable, it is needful that we be always resolved to obey the Lord immediately, and never put off the duty of to-day until to-morrow. * * * I would rather be an humble Christian than to be monarch of the world, for by this I should be ten millions of times better off. A monarch of a world, if he had nothing more, would be unhappy still, and would have to leave it all in seventy or eighty years at the farthest, and then, alas! he would be a poor man: while I should enjoy the unsearchable riches of Christ all the days of my life, be they many or few, and then, glory to God, I should go to possess an immortal and eternal inheritance—an unfading treasure. So I am resolved to be a whole hearted Christian, inside and out, at home and abroad, in public and private. I know God will help me, for without him I can do nothing. May the Lord strengthen and bless you and enable you to withstand every temptation, and ever bear the cross of the dear Redeemer. Then shall the light of Christ illumine your way—the Holy Spirit lead and guide you into all truth. I have found it useful to allot to myself a certain portion of Scripture to read every day, and have made it a rule to commit to memory five or six verses daily. I have also made it a constant practice to kneel and pray three times every day, as David says, "Morning and evening, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud." Should you adopt the same rules, I doubt not but you would find them very serviceable. If you should learn five verses daily in the New Testament, you would commit it to memory in four or five years. And though you may forget

so as not to be able to recite it verbatim, still you would gain a great knowledge of the doctrine of the Bible. May the Lord preserve you blameless to his coming and kingdom.

Your affectionate brother,

DAVID MARKS.

[To Elder Junia S. Mowry, R. I.]

April 5, 1832.

My dear brother Junia,

* * * I was glad to hear that you are yet willing to spend your time in publishing the glad tidings of the gospel, and in trying to persuade souls to flee from the wrath to come. This employment is truly more noble, glorious, and honorable, than to dwell in king's courts, or sit in the high places of the earth. Though a man suffer the loss of all things here, and among men be accounted the offscouring of all things, yet if he be a chosen vessel of the Lord, and God make him instrumental of saving souls, he is truly more favored than the princes of the earth. Yes, I consider your calling more honorable than to be a successful candidate for the Presidency of the United States. O that neither you nor I may ever adapt our discourses to suit the society we are in, whether their views, spirit, and practice are according to the word of God or not. O Junia, make full proof of your ministry. You remark that you had great trials the winter past respecting the wants of Zion. This is a good sign. When the heart of man is opened toward the church, and he feels pained at her sorrows, this is an intimation that God desires to use him for the publishing of peace to the humble in spirit, and to pronounce a wo from God to those who are at ease in Zion. We may yet rejoice, for the Maker of Zion is the Almighty. He will soon "lay her foundations with sapphires," "her stones with fair colors." "Her windows shall be set in agates, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Go on, my brother, and spend your life for the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom; so he that owns all earth and heaven shall reward you a hundred fold in your own bosom, and give you eternal life besides. Need we envy the nobles of this world, while we have such a Savior and such promises? No, we have an *assurance* of unsearchable riches.

You wish me to examine often and see whether I am in the faith. I thank you for this. Such exhortations and watchings over my soul prove to me who are my friends. * *

Yours affectionately.

DAVID MARKS.

[To Howell Hearn, minister of the General Baptists in North Carolina.]

April 12, 1832.

Dear Brother,

Your communication of March 5, was received a few days since and perused with much thankfulness and comfort. I felt to thank God for that blessed uniting tie which binds those together who never saw each other in the flesh. This is a bond of union sweeter than life and stronger than death. If its enjoyment is so pleasant in this world, O what will it be, when it becomes completed, when no more it is chilled by our imperfections, nor clogged by the clods of flesh. While iniquity abounds, many turn after the friendship of the world and their love grows cold. But if we would be counted worthy to appear with the Lamb in his kingdom and glory, we "must follow him whithersoever he goeth." If thus we do, he will lead us not to a barren waste, but to living fountains where joy is complete, and where there are treasures forevermore.

The general state of religion in these northern states during the preceding year has been very good. There has been, perhaps, as much revival in these states in proportion to the number of inhabitants, as there has been for a year in any country, since our blessed Savior and his apostles preached in Palestine and Asia Minor. At present, however, there seems to be a decline. Among Free-will Baptists as well as among other denominations there are many refreshing seasons. Still there is a great lack of engagedness, for Christians ought to love the Lord with all the heart. We have had a very tedious winter. The snow fell in November, and still there is a great body of it on the earth. In some places, where I have travelled in New Hampshire and Vermont, the snow was four feet deep on a level, and near Franconia, N. H., I understood it was six feet and in some places eight feet deep on a level. Only three weeks since, I saw the road full, even with the tops of the fences for many miles. * * * * Finally, brother, farewell. Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. Your affectionate brother in Christ.

DAVID MARKS.

Journal. "The latter part of March I received notice that the copy for the hymn book would soon be ready for publication and the interest of the Book Concern required that it should not be delayed. Many embarrassments lay in my way. In consequence of my sickness, I had obtained few subscribers and my expenses and consequent losses had been about two hundred dollars. The Book Concern had no funds. Brethren dared not lend me money, or undersign my notes as they considered the whole attempt hazardous, and my health remained very poor. I could only lay my case

before Him for whom I had engaged in this enterprise, promising if He would open the way, to brave every difficulty. As the hymn book was to be a standard work, it was important that it should be stereotyped. Accordingly I went from Holderness to Boston in two days and a half, through bad roads and inclement weather, to see what could be done. Being a stranger, I found after repeated trials that I could do nothing to any advantage without funds. The sale of my "Narrative" had been much more ready than I anticipated, and I had now with me $200, received from that source above the cost of publication. By paying this in advance, I could get the stereotyping done for forty-two dollars less than I could do otherwise. So I took this step, not knowing what door would next open. I left the city almost discouraged, stopped in Charlestown, and retired to bed, but not to sleep. The night was passed in much anxious reflection and prayer. At length, the following scrip of personal history occurred to mind, which I had heard months before respecting Mr. John K. Simpson, President of a bank in Boston. When he was young he lived in New Hampshire, and was a Free-will Baptist. While yet a lad, he went to Boston, poor and almost penniless. As he was passing Charlestown bridge (which connects Charlestown with Boston,) he stopped and leaned over the railing, and, while his tears mingled with the waters beneath, he promised the Lord, if he would prosper him, that he would devote a certain part of his income for the promotion of his cause. The Lord answered his prayer, and he had now become wealthy. The thought that 'perhaps he may aid me,' determined me to see him. A little after the dawn of the morning, I went into Boston, and by the help of a city Directory found his house. He was not up, but sending in my name, he recognized it, having seen it in the Morning Star, and very politely sent me back an invitation to breakfast with him. In about an hour I had an introduction to him, and laid before him the object of my visit. In a very kind manner he replied, "I will assist you by making your notes bankable for whatever sums you may need, and then they will answer all the purposes of money." He did so, subsequently to the amount of $8,000. This seemed such an answer to prayer that my soul was greatly affected.

I returned to Limerick in the early part of April. While passing through a piece of woods, just at dark within a few miles of the village, I saw a man lying drunk on the snow. As it was a very cold night, I feared he would perish; but I was too feeble to lift him into my carriage. My soul was filled with a holy indignation toward those who, for filthy lucre, will thus destroy their fellow men. Coming soon to the tavern, where he obtained his "liquid fire," and feeling anxious to rebuke the sin as well as save the

poor man, I rode up to the door, around which a crowd was standing, and inquired for the landlord. I told him, that at a little distance in the wood, there was a man lying on the snow, poisoned, and I feared that if he were not taken care of, that he would perish. Not understanding me, he inquired: "Poisoned? How?" "With alcohol," I replied. "Indeed, why did not you take care of him?" I told him I was ill, and had not strength to lift him, and withal, as he dealt out the poison, the duty was his, and if he perished, his blood would be upon him. Some that were present said the man should be taken care of.

On arriving at Limerick, I found the preparation of the hymn book had been hindered from various causes, so that it was uncertain whether it would be ready by the time I had engaged to have it at the stereotype foundry. I concluded to remain a while, and with my companion aid in the work. Not aware that mere mental labor would injure me, I spent for four weeeks, much of the time, sixteen hours per day, in close application to the work. At the same time, my physical strength was such that I could bear almost no exercise. The result was a severe attack of dyspepsia. During this period, I preached a few times in Limerick and the adjacent towns, and on some of these occasions my soul was led out into the deep things of God."

The Morning Star of April 13, 1832, contained a letter addressed to Elder John Buzzell, from Mr. Amos Sutton, missionary to Orissa, in Hindoostan. Mr. Sutton was sent out as a missionary by the General Baptists of England. A correspondence had been opened between this denomination and the Free-will Baptists, and it was found that their views of Scripture doctrine were alike. Mr. Sutton's letter was an appeal to the Free-will Baptists, urging them to engage in the mission enterprise, and labor in the same field with the General Baptists. He closed his letter in the following pathetic language:

"I have lived more than six years in the province [Orissa] and a great part of the time close to this enormous Jugurnath. I have seen the mangled victims of his infatuated adorers lying by hundreds upon hundreds, exposed to the birds and beasts. I have listened to their dying exclamations, "Jugurnath! Jugurnath! Jugurnath!" and have seen them die with the words on their lips. I have seen the pit dug, and the fire kindled in it, to consume the young widow with her husband's corpse, and in one instance, I succeeded in saving her from this horrible death. I have seen Jugurnath in his triumphal car dragged by thousands of his worshippers, men, women, and children; and I have seen the wretched victims crushed beneath it, with a thousand other horrors, which well nigh overwhelm the mind at the mighty power of the god of

this world. The gospel is the antidote for all these miseries, and under its influence, the Hindoo Brahmin, who has set fire to the pile which consumed his living mother and dead father, has become the meek and affectionate preacher of the reign of mercy, and has died consoled by the grace he proclaimed to others. Come, then, my American brethren, come over and help us. The way is as short and as safe from India to heaven, as from your land of privileges. Come and win some of these trophies, to deck the crown of Jesus, and then remove from earth to heaven, and say, "Here I am, Lord, and the children which thou hast given me." Farewell. Yours in the hope of the gospel, A. SUTTON."

This appeal had the effect almost of an electric shock upon the mind of Mr. Marks, and ever after, the mission cause had his warmest sympathies. Nor was it lost upon the denomination. Their apathy began to give way, and soon a Missionary Society was formed, of which Elder John Buzzell was President.

Journal. "Saturday, April 28. The hymn book being now ready, I engaged brother Beede to go to Boston, and superintend its publication, while I again resumed my labors among the churches. I held a few meetings in Dover and Great Falls. In the latter place I preached the funeral sermon of a grand-daughter of Elder Benjamin Randall. She delayed repentance till on her dying bed, and then hoped she found mercy. I visited her during her sickness, and she requested me to preach at her funeral. Among the mourning relatives, was a son of Elder Randall.

Sabbath, May 6, I spent in Candia. About forty had recently been converted in this place. The next day I preached in Northwood. Some were awakened who afterwards, I was informed, professed to find the Savior. Tuesday, I preached in Strafford, from Matt. 18:7, "Wo unto the world, because of offences." The subject opened to my mind with such clearness as almost to overpower me, nor did the audience seem much less affected.

Elder Place gave me the reading of the records of the first Free-will Baptist church that was formed, kept mostly in Elder Randall's hand writing. From these records it appeared that Free-will Baptists, at that time, made provision for defraying the expenses of the church, and for aiding the poor by a church stock, raised by a tax on the property of the church members. The following is taken from those records, on an occasion where it had been voted to raise six pounds.

"Monthly meeting, New Durham, Oct. 18, 1794.

We, the subscribers, being appointed to take a just valuation of the interest of the male members of said meeting, in order to raise a church stock by an equality, have, according to the best of our

judgment, set against each member's name his proportion of the sum of six pounds lawful money.

MEMBERS.	S. D.	MEMBERS.	S. D.		S. D.
B. Randall,	4	J. Young,	2	J. Runnals,	7–6
Dea. E. Bickford,	5–3	J. Kennison,	4	D. Morrison,	7–6
" S. Pottle,	4	Jos. Kennison,	2–6	S. Drown,	4
Z. Boody,	11–6	Sam'l Runnels,	11	S. Tasker,	4
J. Boody,	2	J. Buzzell,	6	J. Foss,	8
J. Hasse,	4	Z. Glidden,	4		
I. Buzzell,	6	T. Davis,	13–5	Total, £6 7 11"	
D. Kelly,	5	J. Penny,	6–6		
R. O. Randall,	2	T. Norton,	2–9		

The following extract from a letter, written to S. Beede about this period, is introduced as somewhat illustrative of Mr. Marks' views of using property.

"Perhaps I have been too fearful of contracting debts for your service. If it has been so, my friend will impute it to no other principle than that of caution, which is the "parent of safety." We may presume too much on what a denomination ought to do, and at last find what is every body's business is neglected by all. I acknowledge I have felt no small delicacy in risking the loss of my little all, and for which, if I am successful, I expect no temporal reward. Still, if you want fifty dollars, besides economical expenses, for the purchase of books, I do not know as I can refuse this favor now. But this I can advise, and I think you will accept it as from a friend, that you ever study the best economy in your expenses. Jesus Christ became poor—literally poor, and his expenses were suited to this condition, so that he had not where to lay his head—had no money to pay tribute; yet he never murmured, though the world was his. We are God's *stewards*, and our economy and our motto should be, not like that of worldly gentlemen, who indulge their wishes for whatever pleases their fancy, but in the language of the apostle, "As poor, yet making many rich." The reflection that the most of God's useful men, and those who have rendered the greatest service to their fellow men, have been poor in this world, and that the time is short, very, very short, when we must give an account to God for our stewardship, is enough to fill us with awe, and put up a bar against unnecessary indulgence.

"Of all the friends I have ever had, I suppose you may have had reason to think there is none whose welfare and prosperity are nearer my heart than that of my friend Samuel; not that I ever thought you perfect in judgment or in life. But this I may say, your influence has been as weighty on my mind as I think that of

any imperfect man ought to be. I have had reason to be thankful for the plainness you have used with me in time past; but I think you may yet show me still more kindness in telling me my faults and your fears. May you be prepared for usefulness in Zion, not only by the acquirement of knowledge, but also by a close communion with God, and by being filled with wisdom and the Holy Ghost. I pray God to comfort you and strengthen you for your work. Watch your own spirit, examine your own heart, and take time to pray much for the church, the world, for yourself, and for your affectionate brother, DAVID MARKS."

Journal. "Thursday, 10, I left Strafford, and during the four ensuing days, attended seven meetings on my way to New Durham quarterly meeting in Loudon. Elder Place preached a sermon on holiness, which, if practiced, would make the world a paradise. I spoke from Ephesians 1:11: "In whom we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." The division of the subject was as follows. 1. The will of God. 2. His works according to the counsel of the same. 3. The obtaining the inheritance. 4. The purpose of God. 5. The predestination of the saints. It pleased the Lord to give me freedom, so that I was enabled to speak with animation more than two hours. After the close of the quarterly meeting, I went to Dover, preaching by the way, and in compliance with a previous engagement, attended three days at a protracted meeting which followed the dedication of the Free-will Baptist meeting house. Several ministers were present, and about twelve awakened souls found peace in believing. Much very important labor having accumulated on my hands with regard to the business of the Book Concern, I was obliged to sit up during my attendance of this meeting, writing with my companion, nearly the whole of the nights.

Friday, May 25, I was present at the marriage of my friend Beede to Miss Mary E. Spaulding. As Mr. Beede was to leave early next morning to return to Boston, and as there was considerable indispensable business to be prepared before he left, I worked all night. I had now a great pressure of cares which threatened to crush me. I had become responsible for about $2400, including what I had paid, all due within a year. I had only about fifteen hundred subscribers for the hymn book, and if the edition of four thousand copies was sold as soon as issued, it would not pay the cost, including copy and plates. I had important engagements that would call me to New York in the fall, and detain me there till the ensuing spring, while, in consequence of unforeseen delays, the book would not be out till July, so that I had only three months to

collect and insure the collecting of the $2400. I felt anxieties which I had not known before, and burdens that pressed heavily upon me. I had tried to shake them off, but in spite of all my efforts, still they clung to me. As soon as Mr. Beede left, I stopped a moment to rest, but my excessive fatigues of body and mind had been too much for my nervous system to endure. I became lost, my memory was gone, and it was with much difficulty that the most powerful stimulants could recover me. My friends, as well as myself, were alarmed, and for most of the day I kept my bed. After a little sleep, I was enabled, in some measure, to cast my cares upon the Lord, and although, as in the reading of Moses, there was a veil over the face, and on natural principles (considering my health) my prospects were dark, yet as I looked to Him for whose sake I had taken these burdens, I felt a sweet hope that he would carry me through, and I began to labor again with courage.

Sabbath, May 27, I preached again in Dover, and during the week, attended the Weare quarterly meeting in Boscawen. Many appeared deeply impressed, and several seemed to be near the kingdom of God. I preached three times during the session in compliance with urgent solicitations, but found it greatly wearied me. The following Sabbath, I spent in Canterbury. This church had just lost their pastor, who had been settled over them thirty-five years. Though I had passed a sick night, the Lord strengthened me to preach twice. My mind was remarkably clear, and God's melting power was present in the assembly. Tuesday, I preached on the subject of stewardship. It was a heart-searching time, and my own soul was deeply humbled. What is more humiliating than the view that we have nothing we can call our own?

June 8—11, I attended the New Hampshire yearly meeting in Andover, and though very feeble, yet being much urged, I preached twice. Several other sermons were given. The business meeting was a trying time, but the power of God attended the preaching of his word. A revival commenced, and on the evening of the 11th, five professed to be converted.

The prosperity of the Book Concern, and the cause in general, seeming to demand a tour through the churches in Maine, I thought it duty to commence it in season to attend the Penobscot yearly meeting. Friday, June 14, I called on Elder J. Buzzell in Parsonsfield. He was actively engaged in getting subscriptions to build a Seminary. Nine hundred dollars had been subscribed, and the building was commenced. He had also received about fifty dollars towards the establishment of a Foreign Mission. May these small beginnings be the harbingers of great success. Sabbath, June 16, I was enabled to preach twice in Limerick, and

once in Limington. Blessed be the Lord, for restoring mercies. My invaluable friend Beede has just written me some hints that I hope will do me good. He says, "I am sorry you are so indisposed, though it is no more than I expected would be your lot. The great anxiety of mind which you often indulge, and have particularly with regard to the Book Concern, the immense labors you perform, together with your past inattention to diet and regimen, &c., are such as no human constitution can long endure unimpaired. Dyspepsia, or other maladies of a more fatal nature, must inevitably follow. But wisdom is profitable to direct. I feared the undue worry of mind, that appeared to rest upon you, when I last saw you, would drive you to insanity, or otherwise destroy your usefulness. Therefore, I tried to reprove your anxiety and distrust in God." O Lord, help me to correct all my errors. Thou knowest I have seen so much to be done to bring back this revolted world to thee, that I have not taken time to acquaint myself with the laws of health. How much there is that I need to know. I thank thee for the faithfulness of my dear brother Beede.

Tuesday, June 18. We found a great agitation in Portland, from a report that the Asiatic cholera had reached our continent. We hoped to hear it contradicted; but, on arriving at Gardiner, we heard a confirmation of the dreadful tidings. There had been forty-nine cases in Quebec, forty-five of which had proved fatal. In Montreal, there had been fifteen cases, seven of them fatal, and it was spreading rapidly in other towns. It was brought from Ireland in a vessel, on which, it was reported, that forty-two died during the passage. The emigration from Ireland to Quebec, is said to exceed one thousand in a day. I have just been informed that the physicians and people have met to petition the government to stop up the Canada road from this place to Quebec, a distance of two hundred miles. But O, how vain will be their efforts to stay the judgments of the Lord. It may be among us in a few days, and many, yes, many of our friends may die. I may be called away by this pestilence. Am I prepared? Blessed be God, I feel to say, "The will of the Lord be done," whether it be life or death. But as life is uncertain, I will make my will, and arrange my temporal concerns, that I may be ready to go any moment the Lord may call. Glory to God for the comfort I feel in the reflection, that, through grace, I have been enabled to leave all for Christ's sake, and devote my whole time in preaching his precious word. In the evening, I preached in Gardiner from the text, "Prepare to meet your God." I alluded to the pestilence, and urged the importance of being prepared to meet it. For some time my mind had been deeply impressed with the belief that the judgments of God were hanging over us, and that soon the Lord would

scourge us for our sins. For a year past, I had often been led to name this in my preaching with the keenest feelings, and often told my assemblies, that I believed God would send the cholera to punish our nation for its wickedness. Many had ridiculed the idea that the cholera would ever come to this country, across the great ocean. The public journals had ridiculed it. Alas! it has ever been with this wicked world, that they would not believe that judgments were at hand, until they came.

Thursday, June 20. I again had another of those strange attacks. My memory was gone, so that I could not tell where I was, or what I was, nor think of my name. Physicians call it a nervous affection. I got better, so that I rode nearly thirty miles to China. In passing through Augusta, I was informed a man was there the Tuesday previous, then five days from Quebec. He said the cholera raged so before he left that individuals dropped in the street and died before they could be carried into a house, and he then thought it time for him to flee. I read in an Augusta paper that the cholera had reached Albany!

Friday, I rode thirty miles to Newburg, near the Penobscot river, where the Penobscot yearly meeting commenced its session the next day. The tidings of the approach of the cholera produced an unwonted solemnity on the audience. Elder Elias Hutchins was present, and gave an interesting account of his visit to North Carolina, among the people called General Baptists; but who, from the time of his first visiting them, called themselves Free-will Baptists. He said their origin and early history were involved in obscurity. They were supposed to have originated from the General Baptists in England, about seventy years ago. He also preached a very instructive and impressive sermon. On the Sabbath, about two thousand people assembled; and though I had passed a sick night, I ventured to leave my bed about 10 o'clock, A. M., in compliance with the entreaties of brethren, went to the meeting, and spoke nearly two hours without apparent injury. My visit to this yearly meeting has awakened considerable interest in the Book Concern, and I think secured the efforts of some efficient brethren.

Thursday, June 27, I preached in Prospect: the power of God attended the word; thirty came forward for prayer, and several wept profusely. On the way to Prospect, I learned by the Penobscot Journal, that the cholera was raging dreadfully at Montreal and Quebec. In the former place, the last day's report stated that between sunrise and sunset, there were one hundred and fifty cases, and one hundred and five deaths, and that it took all night to bury the dead! Two days afterwards, I read in another public paper, that in Montreal, on the 17th inst., there were six

hundred cases of cholera, and that there had been sixteen hundred cases in ten days. Friday, June 29, I preached in Montville. This day I read in a Boston paper, that at Montreal there had been from the 11th to the 21st of June, no less than one thousand deaths by the cholera. All business had ceased, and even the stage, in its passage from that place, was unable to change horses in forty miles. On its approach, so great was the terror, that the inhabitants would shut their windows, and lock their doors. O Lord, have mercy on our country, though the abuse of thy many blessings deserves thy judgments. Yet, O Lord, do thou pity our nation according to thy long suffering, and according to the multitude of thy mercies. On this day, apple trees were full in blossom; so backward is the season.

Saturday and Sabbath, I attended the Edgcomb quarterly meeting in Windsor, and was very affectionately received. I preached twice with much freedom; several came forward for prayer, among whom was a sea captain, who, it was said, until now had been inclined to Universalism. Tuesday, July 3, I preached in Waterville a poor dry sermon, and felt much humbled for my unprofitableness. I enjoyed an interview with brother Hosea Quinby, who had about finished his college studies. May he be a rich blessing to the denomination. During eight days following, I preached eight sermons to churches between Waterville and Limerick, and saw some persuaded to turn and live.

Thursday, July 11, had been appointed by the joint recommendation of different denominations throughout the state, for fasting, humiliation and prayer, on account of the cholera. I preached at Limerick from Ps. 91:5—9. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked, because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation." The Sabbath following, I preached in Dover. Much alarm prevailing on account of the ravages of the cholera, a meeting was held by the inhabitants the next evening to take measures to prevent its introduction, and to be prepared for it in case of its approach. On this evening, I spoke with much animation of soul to about eight hundred people at Great Falls. There were strict attention and much weeping in the audience.

About this time, I received the first copies of "Christian Melody," our new hymn book. It contains one thousand hymns and several anthems. Its appearance was very satisfactory, and I felt abundantly rewarded for all my anxious labors and embarrass-

ments in securing its publication. It was received by the subscribers and the public with gladness, and almost with enthusiasm.

From the 16th of July to the 1st of August, my time was occupied with preaching in Dover, Great Falls, and in towns in their vicinity, and in supplying subscribers with the hymn book. I then went to Portland, Me. and sent off eight hundred copies in parcels to different sections. During the succeeding weeks, I visited various towns between Portland, Me. and Haverhill, Mass. preaching daily, distributing the hymn book, and receiving returns.

Aug. 14—16, I attended the New Durham quarterly meeting in New Durham, the town where Randall formed the first Free-will Baptist church, and where his remains rest in glorious hope. It was a season of interest. I was especially rejoiced to find the infant book establishment growing fast into favor. For nearly a year I had been desirous to preach at Randall's grave, and Thursday, July 16, I enjoyed the precious privilege. A neat marble slab, erected by the Free-will Baptist denomination, marked the sacred spot. On it was the following inscription:

"SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

ELDER BENJAMIN RANDALL,

THE FOUNDER OF THE FREE-WILL BAPTIST

SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

HE LABORED IN THE MINISTRY

THIRTY YEARS.

He died Oct. 22, 1808, aged 59 years

7 months and 27 days.

Sweet is thy rest, thou servant of the Lord,
'Twas thy delight to preach his sacred word,
Hundreds of souls shall deck thy starry crown,
And all the glory to thy God redound."

I stood at the head of the grave, and read from the "Life of Randall" his last letter to the Free-will Baptist denomination. It seemed, indeed, like a voice from his grave. Some of Randall's fellow laborers were present and were greatly affected."

The following notice of this interesting meeting was written by Elder D. P. Cilley, clerk of New Durham quarterly meeting, and published in the Morning Star.

"During the exercises of the New Durham quarterly meeting, notice was given that brother David Marks would preach a sermon at the grave of Randall. * * At the appointed hour, hundreds were seen in various directions walking solemnly

to the sacred spot. * * * Br. Marks, standing in a chair near the grave of one whose delight it was to call on his fellow men to seek God, commenced his address. After remarking, by way of introduction, that by meeting in that singular manner for the worship of God, they did not expect any supernatural effect to attend, he proceeded to speak from Hebrews 11th chapter, and last part of the fourth verse. "*He being dead, yet speaketh.*" The general heads of the discourse were as follows: 1. Notice the death of the saint. 2. Show how he yet speaks. 3. Make the application and improvement. In further treating the subject, he remarked; 1. Death has lost its sting and is precious to the Christian. 2. The saint, by the sacrifice of his life, and his all, speaks after death, God testifying of his gifts. 3. Elder Randall, by the entire sacrifice of his life to God, by his *holiness* and *humility*, still speaks to us. On account of time, the discourse was short, but instructive and appropriate, and attended with much of the influence of the Holy Spirit, as is usually the case with the preaching of our dear brother. We can but think that the solemn truths advanced, will have a deep and lasting impression on the minds of many. Though the people generally were standing, they were very attentive, and it truly appeared as though God by his Spirit was in the midst. These solemn exercises closed by prayer, by Elder E. Place, who seemed to feel all the solemnity of the occasion. Quite a number of the servants of God were kneeled around the silent mound, and our brother, while in prayer, seemed to be filled with strong desires that they might possess much of the persevering and unwearied spirit of the departed Randall. Thus closed a scene to me new and very solemn." * *

Some friends had expressed their fears to Mr. Marks that his piety must suffer from having so much secular business on his hands; but all his secular avocations were the result of the same benevolence and devotedness that had constrained him from boyhood to present himself as a living sacrifice in the service of God and man. In his business, he was as much the consecrated Christian, as in the pulpit: hence, when pressed with worldly cares, his soul enjoyed spiritual health, and as his temporal avocations were never conducted in a secular spirit, his religious enjoyment seemed to increase in circumstances and occupations which would have been hurtful to the piety of many. The following are extracts from his correspondence about this period.

"To the Benton quarterly meeting to be held August 10, 1832, Greeting.

My dear brethren,

As I cannot meet with you, I think it meet to report my situation to you by letter, agreeably to the advice of General Conference.

The precious cause of Christ, which I embraced when a little child and confessed among you with trembling, is still dearer to my heart than every thing that can be named. A conviction of duty in the service of our great Redeemer alone has detained me from coming to you these many months. I long again to meet with you in your quarterly sessions, to visit your churches, and pour out my soul at your family altars. I doubt not that you have afflictions and trials, for these are inseparable from the present imperfect state of the church. Still, blessed be God, we have more, yes, abundantly more, to encourage us than to discourage us. O may each of us serve God for ourselves, and serve the present generation for Christ's sake, that the peace of the great Head of the church may reign in our hearts, and that we may be counted worthy to stand in the Judgment. * * * * * *

As to my enjoyment, I have never felt more settled peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, than I have for two years past; and never did I feel more determined to spend all my life in his service. The day of my espousal is still fresh in my memory, and the happy seasons I have had with you, I shall never forget. O brethren, watch and pray. Be not discouraged. The master will come and wipe away every tear from his children. Pray for me that I may be perfected in love. Farewell.

Yours in the bonds of our holy religion,

D. MARKS."

"To the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, assembled in China, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1832, Greeting.

My dear and beloved brethren,

As this month came in, the remembrance of past opportunities in our yearly meeting called my attention to the west, and painful was the thought that another session must pass before I can again meet you. Though communications with the pen are cold compared with those enjoyed when we meet face to face, I gladly embrace this privilege to assure you that that precious cause which engaged the attention of my childhood, is still dearer to my heart than any thing or every thing else; yes, more precious than life. An inspired apostle once wrote to his brethren, that he had no greater joy than to hear that they walked in the truth; and, O my brethren, I cannot tell the anxiety I feel to hear of your state, and how much I fear and tremble, lest I shall hear that some have departed from the faith and purity of the gospel. Not that I have not confidence in you, and hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, but I know that we live in a backsliding world, surrounded by a thousand foes, and the whole history of the church, in every age, has presented almost a continued scene of backsliding.

In many places in New England, the state of religion among our brethren, as well as among other denominations, is quite encouraging. Still there is much to be done before the church shall be sanctified, and the glory of God shine without a cloud. The ministry must be purified, become more spiritual and devoted, more given up to their great work, and better prepared by a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, and the influences of the Spirit, to win souls for the other world. Professed Christians must be separate from the spirit of the world, from its pride and vanities. The worship of God must be established in every family, religious people must train up their children in the fear of the Lord, and covetousness must be suppressed. Then shall the light of Zion break forth as the morning, peace shall abound among the churches, and the glory of God fill the whole earth.

I pray that you may be favored with the presence of the great Head of the church, and that all of you may be tender hearted, loving one another, and forgiving one another, even as Christ has forgiven us; and also be subject to one another for the Lord's sake. I beseech you to remember your unworthy brother in your prayers. My companion is still with me. She also saluteth you in the Lord. If the Lord will, we think to spend the ensuing winter with you, but many of us may meet no more in time. The angel of death has flown from the old world and lighted on our shores. Before he leaves, doubtless, he will conduct many of us to eternity. O may we be ready and have our work done well, and in season, that we may meet the Lord with joy. Amen.

Yours in Christ,

D. MARKS."

Journal. "Saturday and Sabbath, August 18 and 19, I attended the Sandwich quarterly meeting. The large meeting house was filled to overflowing. The power of God was present, and among the number that presented themselves for prayer were several that had been hitherto opposers. At this time I read an official report, stating that the cholera was in Boston, also that during the July past, there had been three thousand and forty three interred in the city of New York, most of whom had died with the pestilence! It was raging dreadfully in many other towns in the state of New York. There were many instances, in which people in the high circles of life were in health, and cheerful with their friends, and in four hours were on their way to their graves. Business was at an end, and New York and Albany were gloomy and almost deserted cities. In one public journal, it was calculated, that at the present rate of mortality in New York city, the average life of man would be two years and twenty days. Alas! alas! Notwithstanding the

unparralleled mortality in our country, great stupidity with regard to the greatest of all concerns, seems to have taken possession of the people. O for the influences of the Holy Spirit.

Wednesday, Aug. 22, I preached a little dry sermon in Lisbon. Holy Father, pity thy unprofitable servant. The following Saturday and Sabbath, I attended the Wheelock quarterly meeting in Sutton, Vt. in the meeting house built by Elder John Colby. As not more than half the people could be convened in the house, the speakers stood in the door. I felt especially assisted in preaching on the subject of our stewardship. During my stay in Sutton, I visited Deacon Thomas Colby, father of Elder J. Colby, who was very sick, and was thought to be near his end. I found him strong in the Lord, and very happy."

After the close of the Wheelock quarterly meeting, Mr. Marks passed through New Hampshire to the state of Maine, in nearly an easterly direction, and attended the Farmington quarterly meeting and the Kennebec yearly meeting in Wilton; thence he went to Portland, preaching as usual, distributing books, and laboring to awaken an interest in the infant Book Establishment. He spent a few days in Portland to aid Mr. Beede in preparing the Free-will Baptist Register for 1833. Such had been the arrangement for the sale of the hymn book that the edition was exhausted in about six weeks, and Mr. Marks had been enabled to meet all his pecuniary engagements. He was cheered with many testimonials from intelligent brethren in favor of this new work, of which the following are specimens.

"RANDOLPH, Vt.

The Hymn book exceeds my expectation, in the selection, arrangement, and execution of the work. With Pike, also, on the character of Christ, I am well pleased. Such productions, I think, will not fail to excite an interest in the Book Establishment, and produce among us that concert which is essential to our prosperity. Yours, S. ROBINSON."

"BOSTON, Sept. 7.

I am glad the hymn book takes so well, for it shows discernment and a good taste in our brethren. The book, as a whole, is not, in my opinion, excelled by any one now in use in its literary character; and its religious character accords fully with the sentiments of our denomination. I have no doubt but that it will be approved by every competent judge. JOHN K. SIMPSON."

Another edition of the hymn book being called for, it was decided to issue it, and for this purpose Mr. Beede was again employed to go to Boston. So much expense had been incurred, and so much inconvenience suffered for want of a printing press, that

Mr. Marks (with the concurrence of the Publishing Committee) was now bent on purchasing one, especially as he was anxious that a periodical, devoted to the interests of religion and the reforms of the day, should be issued by the Book Concern. He concluded, however, to delay any action till the meeting of the General Conference in October, and wait their advice. The conductors of the Morning Star had made proposals to sell to him, as the Agent of the denomination, their establishment; and as the publishers and patrons of that paper were Free-will Baptists, and the issuing of another periodical might create a clashing of interests, he thought seriously of accepting their proposals. The Morning Star had been published for seven years and had about one thousand and six hundred subscribers. He looked forward to the ensuing Conference with much interest, as a session that would do much for the prosperity of the denomination. He wrote to Mr. Beede on this subject, as follows: "The mission cause, support of the ministry, the Book Concern, its establishment, number of directors, its rules, a printing press, a periodical, &c. &c. are weighty subjects on which there should be mature deliberation and resolves at the next General Conference. I wish you would indite some resolutions on these subjects previous to the Conference. If brethren of piety and talent would do this, it would greatly facilitate business and save precious time."

During the remainder of September, Mr. Marks preached in several towns in the southwestern part of Maine, and eastern part of New Hampshire, attended the Maine Western yearly meeting at Parsonsfield, and the ministers' conference of the Sandwich quarterly meeting in Holderness. The latter met for the purpose of discussing the Unitarian views of the character of Christ, and the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked, there being a few members of the conference supposed to believe these sentiments. The discussion continued three days, and resulted in the following resolves. "That we agree with the report of the General Conference on the character of Christ—that the souls of the wicked are in a state of punishment between death and the judgment—that the punishment of the wicked is without end."

During this period, Mr. Marks received a letter from Mr. Beede, from which the following is taken.

"BOSTON, Sept. 19, 1832.

* * * My views upon the various subjects about which we have conversed so much, are far from being those of education. If they were, I should be a blind sectarian. They have been formed from careful research, meditation, and prayer. My object has been to know the *truth*, not to find this, that, or the other opinion supported. To get a knowledge of our own nature and

faculties, sufficiently to distinguish how much of our religious creed, attachments, and preferences to particular modes and forms, is the offspring of prejudice, education, or ignorance, and how much is the offspring of God's truth, requires an extensive philosophical study of the physical, intellectual, and moral powers of man, with all the candor and humility that a heart filled with God's grace can give us. The spirit of a man only knows the things of a man; but if the things of a man are not studied by him, he ever remains ignorant of his own nature, and unless he has much fervent charity, he becomes a bigot rather than a Christian. That man who has become well acquainted with his own intellectual and moral powers, is in a suitable state of preparation, through the illuminating power of God's Spirit, to understand God's truth. None others can consistently hold it without mixture with prejudice and imperfection. A man may have the heart of a saint with the judgment partially of an idiot. He may possess all holiness of heart, and yet, through prejudice, hold doctrines contrary to God, and that would lead others to ruin. Hence the propriety of serving God, with body, soul, and spirit; of employing all the capacities of *mind* as well as of our wills and bodies, in keeping his commands. But, my brother, I acknowledge myself to be very deficient as to serving God in any way as I ought. I am too often under the influence of pride, ignorance and sloth. So far as you have seen me wrong, I wish you to reprove me. * * * *

From twelve to twenty persons have died here with the cholera. I have just returned from a walk taken to inspect the district, where the pestilence has principally appeared. The street [Elliot] is the most noted for prostitution of any in Boston. It is low, wet, and every thing about it appears filthy. I think they might honestly have the cholera, or some other pestilence, without its being communicated from abroad. * *

Yours in love,

S. Beede."

In the early part of October, Mr. Marks attended the Vermont yearly meeting in Cabot: thence, preaching daily, he went to Meredith, N. H. where the General Conference opened its sixth session, October 10, and to which he had again been appointed a delegate by the Holland Purchase yearly meeting. The Conference took high ground on the various subjects brought before them. They resolved themselves into a temperance society, appointed a Board for Foreign Missions, and a board of Trustees for the Parsonsfield Seminary. As there had been much misrepresentation of the sentiments of Free-will Baptists, which, in some places, had been a barrier to their usefulness, the Conference decided that a Treatise should be prepared, embodying the general views and practice of

Free-will Baptists, and presented to the next General Conference for their approval. The Conference highly approbated their Book Agent "for his faithfulness and ability in conducting the business in all its parts," re-appointed him Agent, advised the purchase of the Morning Star, and added three more to the Publishing Committee, viz. Hosea Quinby, Silas Curtis, D. P. Cilley.

The following particulars relative to the purchase of the printing establishment, are taken from an article Mr. Marks addressed to Free-will Baptists through the Star.

"As Agent for the Conference, I have ventured to become personally responsible for the payment of about $3700 in the purchase of the Morning Star, in order that this establishment may become the property of the denomination, and this periodical be under its direction. The debts for which I was personally responsible for the Book Concern at the time of this purchase, were about $2000; so that now I am bound for the payment of nearly $6000 for the denomination, and if circumstances should be favorable, so that I can with the utmost diligence meet these engagements, then whatever profits may have arisen will belong to the denomination; for I have given an instrument according to law, binding myself, heirs, &c., to deliver this property to the Trustees of the Conference—but, on the other hand, if pestilence should put an end to business, if any unforeseen losses should accrue, or the influence of enemies interfere, or if the *indifference* of brethren should prevent success, if these, or any other misfortunes, should blast my hopes, and render payment impossible—then I shall be exposed to all the afflictions of a failure, and sustain the loss of all my own property, without the least ground of redress from any source, except it be from the good feelings of the denomination to which I belong. It has been with trembling, and after many prayers and tears, that I have taken upon me these responsibilities. I would have preferred to delay the purchase of the printing establishment, until the funds of the Book Concern should be sufficient to purchase one, without contracting a debt, but circumstances were such that it was thought the longer the purchase was delayed, the greater would be the difficulty with which it would be effected. The hope, therefore, that every brother will lend a helping hand, and that by gaining this establishment for the denomination, there will be laid a permanent foundation for the spread of religious knowledge, by which hundreds of churches will be benefited, and thousands of souls converted, has induced me to enter cheerfully into these engagements. "But," said a brother since I took upon me these obligations, "Brother Marks, I fear you are leaving the word of God to serve tables." The answer I gave that brother, I would give to all my friends who have similar fears.

The service of tables is the procuring of necessaries for the destitute. Now, so far from leaving the word of God to do this, I have disregarded, to a considerable degree, my temporal interest, and an easy manner of living, for the sole purpose of publishing the word of God, and this in such a way as to lay a foundation to enable others to publish it when I am dead. I do believe, if it shall please God to bless my labors to the success of this design, I shall thereby be made instrumental, in the end, of converting ten times as many souls, as I could by any other course. Again, another objects: "This work is good and important; but may be attended to by others, and you may devote your whole time to preaching." I have but *one* work, and this is the publishing of the gospel by every means possible, and I believe there is no way that I can be more useful, than the one in which I am engaged. The establishment of a well regulated Book Concern, on a permanent basis, is a task attended with no small difficulty by any denomination. Many attempts have been made, and few have succeeded to any extent. Indeed I know of none except the Methodist Book Concern, and that has been favored with great advantages. * *

D. MARKS.

CHAPTER XXV.

Tour to New York and Upper Canada, return to New England, another tour to New York, labors in New England till September, 1835, *return to New York, journey to Upper Canada.*

Journal. "At the close of the General Conference, I set my face towards New York, accompanied by my companion. We had now been in New England more than two years; and, for the spread of the gospel, had been situated like certain preachers that lived in Asia eighteen hundred years ago, "having no certain abiding place." On the way, we attended the New Durham quarterly meeting in Canterbury; the brethren gave me the most liberal contribution I had ever received. In Fishersfield, I had an interview with Elder Timothy Morse. [Elder Morse had been a very successful preacher, and was cotemporary with Randall. ED.] The June previous, I was much struck with a remark he made as he arose to preach. "Brethren," said he, "I have come to finish up my work. I shall never attend our yearly meeting again, or preach to you any more." His sermon was more like the last warning of a faithful minister, than like usual preaching. Still I could not then think he was about to die, as his appearance did not

betray much ill health. But now, his pale countenance witnessed with his testimony that his end was nigh. He was sitting in a chair, with a staff in his hand, just able to walk about the house. Said he, "I have finished my work, and am almost home, and all I fear, is, that I shall commit sin in my anxiety to be gone." He exhorted me to continue steadfast, and expressed great comfort in the reflection that he had preached plain truth in the simplicity of the gospel, witnessing day and night against the spirit and pride of the world. He said he had felt great satisfaction in seeing the establishment of a Book Concern, and rejoiced that the denomination was furnished with such an excellent hymn book. I felt very solemn as I took my leave, being satisfied that his abundant and faithful labors were done.

Sabbath, October 21, I preached in Windsor, Vt., and during the week proceeded to Russia, N. Y. where we were very courteously received by the Free-communion Baptists. Sabbath, Oct. 28, I had the privilege of preaching Christ to them. Leaving Russia, I attended meetings with the churches in Fabius and Spafford. In the latter place, there had been considerable departure from the faith, in embracing Mormonism. Consequently, the exposure of this delusion was the subject of discourse. If we were correctly informed, the Mormons had gathered a church of about forty members, made up mostly of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Free-will Baptists. Nov. 2, we arrived at my father's in Tyre, (formerly a part of Junius,) where we met a very affectionate reception. After having a solemn interview with my youngest brother in an adjacent town, who was thought to be lying at the point of death, we continued our journey to Canandaigua. A revival was progressing here, and within a few months, more than one hundred and fifty souls had been added to the Lord. We remained a few days, and had heavenly seasons in the worship of God. In this time I had the privilege of baptizing my brother next younger than myself, and my only sister.

Tuesday, Nov. 13, we left Canandaigua on a tour to Upper Canada, and on arriving at Rochester, were courteously received by Mr. Graham, formerly a resident in Canada. This gentleman continued with his family in this city, during the raging of the late pestilence. While surrounded by the overflowing scourge, Mrs. Graham stood by the bed of the sick and dying, to administer to their wants. It was thought more dangerous to be with the dead than with the sick; still when she heard that five had died in a neighboring house, and that the body of the last was now left alone, she hastened to the deserted dwelling, and was much affected by the silent gloom that reigned in this house of death. She returned home, was soon seized by the cholera, and her case considered

hopeless. She was composed, for her trust was in God. Medicine had the desired effect, her spasms ceased, and she recovered.

Thursday, Nov. 15, I attended a meeting in Clarkson. The church was enjoying a revival, and several presented themselves for prayer. The Sabbath following, I preached in Lewiston; next day, crossed the Niagara, and arrived at St. Catharines, wet and weary. Here we met friends who had suffered the severest bereavements by the cholera. Leaving St. Catharines, we proceeded to Hamilton, a small village near the head of lake Ontario, where we were informed that the pestilence suddenly made its appearance without any known medium of introduction, and soon forty-two were hurried to eternity. Nov. 22, we met a most affectionate welcome at the parental home in Zorra, and our hearts were filled with thankfulness for that guardian care and protection that had attended us through the fatigues of a long tedious journey, amidst the rains of autumn, and the deep mud, that in this section of country makes travelling at this season extremely wearisome both to man and beast. I spent ten days in this town and in Oxford, preached twelve sermons in different neighborhoods, and enjoyed some very comforting seasons. In the latter town we visited the bereaved family of the late Col. C. Ingersoll. He officiated at our marriage ceremony, and for several years was a member of parliament. In a former visit, more than two years since, we were affectionately received in his family, and the sun of fortune shone brightly on all their earthly prospects. Mr. Ingersoll did not profess to be a Christian, but listened with complaisance to my entreaties that he would choose the better part, sometimes dropped a tear, and as the claims of the gospel were urged upon him, confessed his duty. When the cholera unsheathed its sword on this continent, he invited his friends, whose situation exposed them to the pestilence, to take refuge in his retired dwelling, little thinking it would be the scene of its ravages. He had continued his neglect of God, till a few weeks previous to his death, when he became very thoughtful, and built, at his own expense, a small, convenient house for public worship. He finally became very solemnly impressed with the idea that he was going to die, and decided to submit to the Savior. Accordingly, he wrote his will, and felt that his peace was made with God. Soon after, there were a few cases of cholera in his neighborhood. Next Mr. Ingersoll's son, aged thirteen years, was seized, and soon afterwards Mr. Ingersoll. The son died at eight in the morning, was buried at twelve, A. M., and the father at eight in the evening, and at the lonely hour of midnight was laid in the grave by the side of his son. He was composed and happy, and had his senses till a short time before his death."

Mr. Marks left Oxford on Monday, Dec. 4, to visit the Free-will Baptist churches in the towns west. Some particulars are detailed in the following letter.

"LONDON, December 12, 1832.

My dear wife,

* * On the day I left my "world of comfort," I preached in Westminster. Though thickly settled, there was scarcely a professor of religion in the neighborhood. Still, the people, by their solemnity and attention to the word, manifested that they were not indifferent to "life's great concern." Tuesday evening, I had a meeting in Nissouri, and the day following, I went to the north part of London, accompanied by two brethren. We had to swim our horses over the north branch of the Thames; I got wet and was much fatigued, and next morning found that my exposures, together with improper food, had greatly debilitated my stomach, so that I have since been able to retain little food except gruel and broiled fresh meat. As a consequence, my strength is considerably reduced. I have had blessed meetings with the church in London. Several of the unconverted in the vicinity have covenanted with me to seek the Lord. A new church of twenty-one members has been gathered in the east part of the town. In Southwold I found the state of religion low—the church had had little preaching for many months. Our meetings, however, were considerably refreshing. There are now five churches of our denomination, all situated within forty miles of each other. I am of opinion that they might be profitably organized into a quarterly meeting. I am to preach again in this place, and then in Westminster, on my return to Oxford.

In general, I have felt comforted by the presence of our dear Redeemer, but I feel the need of being more devoted to Him. O that I were more spiritual, more humble, and that my faith in God was stronger. This morning I felt depressed, under a sense of my unworthiness, and entered into a covenant to be more faithful. We have but little while to stay in this vale of tears, and my prayer to God is, that the interests of Zion, the salvation of souls, and the glory of God, may be our only object and aim; in this way, we shall enjoy peace of conscience, peace with God, and we shall enjoy even *this life* better than it could be possibly enjoyed otherwise. Sometimes the thought occurs, that we may not meet again in this world; yes, many friends have parted even indifferently for a much less time, who never met again on earth; but—thank kind Heaven for one thing—while we have been together, we have lived in the love of God, and should our parting be a *final* one, the one that shall go will be the gainer, and the one that stays will have an Almighty Protector, and an eternal Friend. O how good it is

to feel and know, that for us "to live is Christ, and to die would be gain;" therefore let us patiently submit to God in all things, be thankful for his mercies, and prepared for the ills of life, which are inseparable from this mortal state. My love to our parents, brothers, sister, and friends. Farewell.

Your affectionate husband,

DAVID MARKS.

Journal. "Dec. 23. We bade our dear parents farewell, and commenced our return to Canandaigua. I preached in the Methodist chapel in St. Catharines, and was abundantly favored. The people treated me very affectionately. Dec. 29 and 30, we attended the Monroe quarterly meeting in Clarkson, which was followed by a revival. Recently in Clarkson village, more than one hundred had turned to the Lord. Jan. 2—8, 1833, I spent in Canandaigua, preaching daily, and rejoiced to see some fruit of my labors. Jan. 9, I set out for the Benton quarterly meeting in Middlesex; such was the state of the roads that I was nearly ten hours travelling ten miles, but by industry and perseverance, I succeeded in getting through the next day. A profitable season was enjoyed, and I was permitted to greet several of my earliest Christian friends. Leaving Middlesex, I went to China and attended the Genesee quarterly meeting, (formerly called Bethany.) On the Sabbath, the congregation was large, and not having a convenient house for worship, three separate meetings were held. In this place, the Mormon delusion had ensnared several who seemed to have lost the power to reason. In vain do the Christians of different denominations think that their many conclusive arguments will prevent the spread of this delusion. Alas! there are thousands who have no taste for reading any thing till the Mormon bible comes, and then they are so ignorant as to think it all wonderful, miraculous, and purely from God. If their leaders find any difficulty in persuading them to do any thing they please, there is one way in which they are sure of success. Like Mahomet, they come with a new command from Heaven, exactly suited to their wishes, and their ends are accomplished.

From Jan. 21 to Feb. 9, I preached daily among the churches of the Genesee quarterly meeting, and labored, as opportunity offered, to enlist their efforts in the Book Concern, foreign missions, and the temperance cause. I next attended the Erie quarterly meeting, at Little Valley. The reports from these churches were refreshing, though there was a great cry among destitute churches for help. The meetings of worship were very much crowded, and several came forward for prayer. The Erie quarterly meeting has now twenty-three churches, and only six ordained preachers,

two of whom are laid aside on account of sickness. Two years previous, a travelling ministry was established in this quarterly meeting. Revivals spread under their labors in every direction: nine churches were gathered, and three preachers ordained. One of the ministers baptized more than a hundred. Leaving Little Valley, I met thirteen appointments, and, Feb. 27, arrived in Canandaigua."

The discussion of slavery had at this time just commenced, and the Colonization Society was enjoying the confidence of many true friends of the slave. Mr. Marks wrote thus on this subject, in reply to a letter received from Elder Elias Hutchins, who was then in North Carolina. Elder Hutchins' letter was written during the prevalence of a dreadful panic in a portion of the south, occasioned by an insurrection of a few slaves in Virginia, led on by Nat Turner.

"February 15, 1833.

Dear Brother,

* * * As to what you write of slavery, it is true the evil is great, and I know not what will be the result more than you do; but I think, we, as a nation, may boast in vain of freedom, while we hold our fellow man in slavery. The slave trade has led to the making of laws of a piece with it, and this iniquity is established by law. Connected with slavery, is the expediency of keeping the poor creatures in ignorance; and a multitude of evils follow of necessity. But I believe God will overrule, and these slavish bands will yet be broken off. May that blessed day be hastened. As to the danger that you and sister Hutchins are in, from the rising of the blacks, I hope you will not let your heart be troubled, for you know in whom you have believed: and consoling will be the reflection, that not a hair of your heads can fall to the ground without the notice of your Heavenly Father. May a sense of the protecting care of Him who delivered you from the tempestuous deep during your voyage, comfort your heart, and keep your soul in perfect peace. But as we know not when, nor how, it will please our Heavenly Father to call us home, it should be our daily labor to be ever ready, so that should the call be like the thief in the night, we may be ready.

I believe a Society that is very popular has been for some time in successful operation for the removal of free blacks to a new colony in Africa. Some of the first men in our nation have been active in its movements, and may we not hope that such Societies will yet banish slavery from our shores. But if the rising of the blacks is the *worst* difficulty that afflicts you in North Carolina, it cannot be the only one that must seriously affect the people of that

state. The course pursued and still persisted in by South Carolina, I think must agitate the public mind in the vicinity of your travels.* What is this sad affair about to amount to? In this section of country, the people are generally much incensed against the movements of South Carolina, and a spirit of war is so much awakened, that, I am sorry to say, many seem to thirst for blood, and even are anxious to go to the south to avenge, with the sword, the treasonable movements of the Legislature of that state. While other nations have been in commotion, ours has long enjoyed peace, and has little appreciated the value of its blessings. I fear our sins, our dreadful sins, have provoked the Almighty, and that our nation must receive of the cup of his indignation. * *

My health is very poor: dyspepsia and other diseases render my life quite uncertain. But the Lord reigneth. Glory be to God. Farewell. Your brother in Christ,

DAVID MARKS.

Journal. "In the early part of March, I attended a few meetings in Scriba, and baptized some. The brethren were steadfast, and we had heavenly seasons. I spent the remainder of the month with other churches in the Ontario and Benton quarterly meetings. My dyspeptic difficulties had severely afflicted me through the winter, and in the hope of being benefited, we concluded to "keep house" a few days in our own little home in Canandaigua, that I might try the effect of a regular diet, and daily manual labor, at the same time preaching less, and relinquishing study. My health under these circumstances improved rapidly, and I was soon enabled to labor and attend to business sometimes twenty hours in twenty-four. Blessed be God, for all his mercies.

April 25—28, I attended the Monroe quarterly meeting in Byron. It was a time of mourning, for the conference had before them fair examples of the spirit and effects of false doctrines. What is called Campbellism (being understood to be the opinions of Alexander Campbell and Walter Scott,) had entangled the minds of some of the preachers. A public discussion was held, in which one, who had embraced these views, argued that the Holy Spirit does not influence or strive with the world—that his mission was, and is confined to the church, that none have been ministers of Christ except such as were sent personally by him,—that all true ministers in this day, are sent by the church to convert the world, by compelling them, with sound and unanswerable arguments, to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God—that the Scriptures, abstract from the Spirit, are our only guide—that the only things necessary for one to become a Christian are, to assent

* Reference is had to the nullification acts of South Carolina.

to the truth of the facts contained in the Scriptures, reform, and be immersed in water—that assent to the truth, and a purpose of heart to obey the gospel, are sufficient qualifications for baptism—that baptism is regeneration, and by it one is born again, and inducted into the kingdom of God, and has the promise of the Holy Spirit—that repentance and faith, without immersion, do not entitle one to the promise of the Spirit. On this occasion, I believe the Lord especially assisted me in defending his truth, and in exposing the fallacy of these views, which rob Christianity of its life and soul.

After attending a few meetings in the vicinity of Byron and Canandaigua, we bade our dear western brethren farewell, and commenced our return to New England, having previously notified a line of appointments. May 7—14, I preached with several churches, and attended a session of the Benton quarterly meeting at Middlesex. Some of these were refreshing seasons, and the churches were prospering. May 15, I preached in Tyre, (formerly a part of Junius,) the place where I commenced a religious life. Here I was filled with joy, for many who used to be scoffers of religion were now happy converts. A revival had almost entirely changed the state of society, and rent the sad gloom that once veiled the face of this people. Indeed, this whole section had been wonderfully blessed. In the month of March, protracted meetings commenced in Auburn (a few miles from Tyre) with the Methodists and Presbyterians, which continued five weeks, in which time, as we were informed, six hundred joined each society, making twelve hundred that in this short period professed to turn to God.

Leaving Tyre, we proceeded on our way to New England, but met with difficulties occasioned by a late flood. The turnpike, near the Montezuma marshes, for about three-fourths of a mile, was overflowed with running water, from one to two feet in depth. When we had passed this almost "ocean for a highway," we hoped we had escaped the greatest danger in our journey; but, the next day, soon after leaving Weedsport, before we were aware, we found ourselves surrounded by water, and the road entirely washed away. The only alternative was to proceed. Our horses and carriage were washed nearly under by a heavy current and some damages sustained. Through a kind Providence, our lives were preserved, and after a few hours, we were able again to go forward. Sabbath, May 19, I preached in Spafford and Fabius. In the former place, Mormonism continued to bear some sway, though its adherents had been divided among themselves. Pursuing our journey, I preached in Eaton, Hamilton, Trenton, Russia, Norway, N. Y., in Arlington and Windsor, Vt., and on the 8th of June, arrived at Gilford, N. H.

June 9 and 10, the New Hampshire yearly meeting was held in Gilford, and its interest was greatly heightened by the presence of Mr. Amos Sutton, General Baptist missionary from Orissa. His health having failed, physicians advised a voyage to a northern climate. He decided to improve the opportunity to visit America, and, if possible, get some missionaries to return with him. His pale, emaciated countenance gave an additional interest to his appearance. On the Sabbath, it was judged that about 3000 were present; and as Mr. Sutton commenced speaking, every eye was fixed. Said he, "As I arise to speak, I seem to see the seventy millions of India, with bended knees and tearful eyes, saying, 'Sir, *plead* our cause—*plead* it effectually.' My residence is near the temple of Jugurnath, which signifies the Lord of the world. There are in India thirty-three millions of gods. There are more missionaries sent out from Jugurnath to invite the people to make pilgrimage to this temple, than there are from all the Christian world. I have seen two hundred and fifty thousand people congregated at once at the temple of Jugurnath, and have also seen the poor worshippers throw themselves under the wheels of the idol's car, where they were crushed to death! mashed in pieces, and as the spokes, which were made to project through the felloes, fell upon them, I have seen their blood and brains spirt in every direction!" Mr. Sutton exhibited a number of idols: Jugurnath, their principal god, was a strange and ugly looking image. He stated some of the arguments by which his deluded worshippers proved his divinity. One was, his ears came down to his shoulders; another, that he could sit in the position represented by his image. [The position of a tailor.] Another argument in proof of his divinity was, that from the top of his head there arose a kind of spire, which they supposed to be the projection of the rays of glory. He related many affecting anecdotes, among which was the following:

"One day, as I went out into a neighboring village to preach, I saw a woman with an infant, apparently about eight months old, lying under a tree, in the agonies of the cholera. She was from upper Hindoostan, and had probably been deserted by her friends. I gave her some medicine, but she soon died. The poor child seemed almost famished. I tried to get some one in the village to take it, but met with the uniform answer, "Why, let it die, it is only a girl." After about two hours' effort, I succeeded in getting a tea-cup half full of milk. As the little creature saw me approach her, she stretched out her little hands towards me, as if she would say, 'Sir, have pity upon me, for if you do not, there is not one in this wide world that will.' I could not resist this touching appeal. I took the child home to my wife; we adopted her as our own,

and have brought her with us to this country. She is now an interesting little girl, about five years old." Mr. Sutton's delineations were so graphic that he seemed to remove his hearers to the seat of idolatry, and to cause them to see with their own eyes some of the sorrows of those who hasten after other gods, while tears, sighs, and even shrieks, spoke the anguish of many hearts. At the close of the meeting, a collection of one hundred dollars was taken for the cause of missions. How criminal have been our ignorance and neglect of this holy enterprise, and how wonderful that providence that has illumined our darkness.

Monday, June 11, we left Gilford for Limerick, Me.; and, on the way, spent a night with brother Hosea Quinby, preceptor of Parsonsfield Seminary. The prospects of the school were good, and some more than sixty students were in attendance. June 13 and 14, I met with the Publishing Committee. The Morning Star had been enlarged without addition to the price,—the subscription list had been much increased, and Samuel Beede appointed one of the assistant editors. My time, until the 22d of June, was closely occupied in Limerick and vicinity, in preaching and attending to business for the Book Concern. During this time, I had a very interesting interview with brother Sutton, and some conversation about publishing for him a Narrative of the Orissa Mission.

June 22. Having been urgently requested, I went to New Durham to stay a few days, and at least sigh over the desolations of Zion in the place where our denomination took its rise. The winds of doctrine for years had blasted the hopes of the gospel laborer, and Universalism had taken many in its snare. Though the state of the church in this place could not be compared to the temporal desolations that have succeeded in the land where the gospel of Christ was first preached, yet, in general, there appeared little activity and holy zeal, compared with what we might expect in a place where Randall labored so much, and where his sleeping dust reposes. Alas! every age of the church has presented a practical proof that this is a backsliding world. I held a few meetings; solemnity clothed the congregations, and there appeared to be deep searchings of heart. Sabbath, June 30, I preached three times to a very large assembly. In the last meeting, the Spirit of the Lord was in our midst like the early rain. Several came forward for prayer, five of whom, in a most affecting manner, prayed for mercy. One of these soon rejoiced, and another, with great anguish of soul, confessed that for two years he had tried to believe Universalism; but now he knew it would not do, and in the presence of several strong advocates of this system, he earnestly prayed God to sweep away this refuge of lies. This meeting continued with much interest for five hours. The five ensuing days, I visited

from house to house, and attended meetings. Numbers came forward for prayer, and several were converted.

July 6 and 7, I attended meetings at Great Falls and Dover. At the latter place I was greatly blessed in preaching from Phil. 5:6—8. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," &c. Never had I felt so great a weight of the subject as I did at this time. The love of Christ in laying aside God-like form and riches, that we, poor rebels, might be rich, appeared before me with inexpressible majesty, and the mandate of the Scripture, "*Let this mind be in you*," came to my soul so full of meaning, that I was filled with astonishment that Christians could be contented to do so little for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. I felt so much convicted by the truth I had preached, that I determined to contribute more liberally to missions of the little over which God had made me steward. During the week I held several meetings.

Sabbath, July 14. At an early hour we were visited by a thunder-shower, and a beautiful rainbow, which rendered the morning very majestic. Soon afterwards I learned that three persons were killed with lightning in New Hampton. On this day, I held five meetings, and baptized a young brother just converted from sin and Universalism. He came out of the water praising God, and so solemn was the scene that many wept.

Having agreed with Mr. Sutton to publish a history of the General Baptist Mission in Orissa, I went to Sandwich, Monday, July 15, and engaged brother Beede to go to Boston and superintend its publication. Thence I returned to Limerick, and attended to important business connected with the Book Concern. Sabbath, July 21, I preached to a large assembly in Alton. Great attention was paid to the word, and fourteen came forward for prayer. July 28, I preached in New Durham, from Luke: "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" It was a solemn, weeping season. Five penitents continued kneeling and praying for about an hour, as though loth to leave till they had evidence of their submission to God.

Since my return to New England, my New York correspondents had continued to inform me of the havoc Campbellism was making in the churches of the Holland Purchase yearly meeting. Until the introduction of these sentiments, there had been the most happy union in this branch of the Free-will Baptist denomination. Now the yearly meeting was in a very distracted condition. Four ministers of considerable influence, had embraced these views, and had zealously propagated them. My mind had become so painfully exercised, that I had concluded it was my duty to attend the next session of the yearly meeting, which was to be held the ensu-

ing August, five hundred miles distant. Still there were obstacles in my way. I was incurring new responsibilities in the publication of works in the press; the expenses of my journey would amount to about fifty dollars, and it was a critical time to leave. I had scarcely made this conclusion, when I received a letter from the Monroe quarterly meeting, requesting me to attend the ensuing session of the yearly meeting, and offering to bear my expenses. As I had been stigmatized by one of the leaders of this schism, as the "*would-be-pope*," I thought the presence and counsel of some of our older eastern ministers would be a blessing to the yearly meeting. Accordingly I went to Strafford, and, with much entreaty, persuaded Elder Place to accompany me, paying him $10 to employ a man on his farm during his absence, and obligating myself to bear his expenses, or see that they were borne.*

Thursday, Aug. 1, I went to New Market, and met a very affectionate reception from Elder D. P. Cilley, who was laboring in this place. In the evening, I enjoyed a good season in dispensing the word of life, but I understood that several who had supposed the minister would preach so as to electrify them, went away disappointed. During the three days following, I preached in the same place. The Sabbath was a day of intense interest. My soul was unusually enlarged in speaking, while deep solemnity clothed the audience. Many tears were shed, and there appeared a prospect that good would follow. At the close of the meeting, brother Cilley baptized five happy converts, nearly all of whom came out of the water shouting and praising God. The large attentive assembly on the banks of the stream, seemed much affected. A revival followed, and, I was informed, that two days after this meeting, twenty were converted. The week following, I spent in Limerick, making preparation for my journey. Sabbath, Aug. 11, I preached three sermons at Great Falls, and the "word of the Lord was like fire shut up in my bones."

The location of the printing office at Limerick, Me. which was an inland town, without a bindery, and visited by the mail only twice a week, subjected Mr. Marks, as Agent, to much expense and perplexity, and he had for some time been decided to effect, if possible, its removal. But wishing to avoid censure, he concluded to submit the matter to the ensuing General Conference. He wrote Mr. Beede, who was still in Boston, on this and other subjects, as follows:

"August 9, 1833.

My dear brother,

* * About 4500 copies of the Scriptural Catechism are published, but we have almost endless perplexities in publish-

* A little of this expense was defrayed by brethren, but Mr. Marks paid most of it.

ing books in the country. Just to print this little work, we have had to send a man twice to Portland, [30 miles] and in one instance, he had to stay five days, waiting for paper. Brother Burr and myself are about discouraged. We think the removal of the office the only remedy; the sooner the better, unless we should incur censure. I think it should be removed by the advice of Conference, as soon as the first of November, either to Dover or Boston.

July 30, I attended the first meeting of the corporation of the Strafford Academy. The Legislature has granted the corporation the privilege of holding $15,000 without taxation. About $1000 have been subscribed, and the building is to be enclosed and fitted for a school by the 15th of October. I feel deeply the want of a systematic, theological course of study. You have been instrumental, in some measure, in correcting my opinions on different points, and for this I thank you. I hope you will continue your favors, and give me your advice with regard to the course of study most advisable for me to pursue, the time best to spend in it, &c. &c., and, withal, pray for me, that I may ever be humble, like a little child, and that I may be filled with the Spirit of the Lord. For some months past, I have had such a sense of the imperfect state of the church, the lack of energy in its ministers and membership, that my heart has bled at every pore, until sometimes I have almost feared I should bleed to death. Do give me any advice you may see needful, with regard to my exertions for the service of Zion. I am willing, yes, it is my blessed privilege, to give all I have for the sanctification of the church and the salvation of the world. God has already made you instrumental of much good among us. May you keep very humble, live in the Spirit, and feel your dependence on our Heavenly Father, that your usefulness may abound. I feel my spirit greatly stirred up, and pressed to write on different topics in the Star. I have written down about fifty subjects, on which I wish I could write immediately.

I have been well pleased in general with your articles in the Star. Some complain of your pointed pen and severe rebukes. * * * * With you, I am satisfied that our denomination needs a great reform: and may God give you faith, wisdom, and success, as a reformer among us. Although, when I cannot see the propriety or usefulness of a measure, I must *understand*, and *judge*, and *act* for myself, I assure you, I will not desert you, so long as I am convinced that *reform* will be the effect of your labor, and thus long I shall be happy to be a co-worker with you. I have sometimes feared you would be discouraged and leave the denomination; and then again, I have thought you

would be compelled to stay with us for conscience' sake, however much you may be grieved with our imperfections. * * Farewell. Your brother in tribulation, D. MARKS."

Mr. Beede's reply contained the following:

* * "I am glad to have you collect the objections you find brethren making to any thing of mine, and wish carefully to weigh them all. The welfare of our denomination lies near my heart. I am fully convinced, that unless a bold hand of reform and improvement is exerted, our prosperity cannot be secured. Slight exertions can accomplish nothing answerable to the crisis, because we need much change from long established practices, and in the face of determined opposition. With this view, I have pursued the course I have, in the Star, in perfect accordance with the instructions of my brethren of the Committee at their session in January last. My instructions were to exhibit Scripture doctrine. This I have endeavored to do, carefully withholding every thing offensive, which the crisis does not absolutely demand. I expect opposition—it cannot be otherwise. I look for many to be dissatisfied—it must necessarily be. I do not intend to faint nor be intimidated in a good cause, so long as I profess the name of Christ. But unless reform succeeds with a powerful hand, numbers of our intelligent members will leave, for their usefulness would, in their view, be more promising in some other denomination than ours. When I contemplate the pointed exhibitions of errors and sins, and the sharp reproofs for them, that are conspicuous in Christ's teaching addressed to the Jews—in the epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians (one of which reproofs was given to the inspired apostle, Peter)—in the epistles of James and Peter—and in those addressed to the seven churches of Asia—and when I reflect that all these were addressed directly to the professed followers of God, or professed teachers of the people, and that too in a public manner; and when I am also conscious, that the most useful and pious servants of the church in every denomination, present and past, have exposed the obvious sins and imperfections of their brethren, and sharply rebuked them before the world, my soul shudders that I have ventured forward no more boldly through the Star—and I tremble, I fear, for that temporizing, softened policy that is in so high esteem among us. Unless abandoned, it will eventually ruin us. * * * Yours in love, S. BEEDE."

The following letter contains a few particulars connected with Mr. Marks' tour to New York to attend the Holland Purchase yearly meeting.

"BYRON, August 26, 1833.

My Dear Wife,

* * I met Elder Place at Alton, Tuesday, August 12; next morning we set off, and Friday night, arrived at your brother's in Arlington, Vt., where we left our carriage and took the stage for Albany. Being detained two hours in Albany, we visited the State House and City Hall, two very superb buildings. In the City Hall, we saw the most striking and solemn painting that I ever beheld. It was "Danby's Opening of the sixth seal"—the judgment day. Even the sight was truly awful. We did not see a smile among the visitants, and as for myself, I could not refrain from tears. The painting was ten feet by eight. First, there was a view of the sun turned to the blackest darkness, and the heavens wrapped in the most dismal gloom. In these clouds of darkness, there appeared streaks of lightning interspersed among their thick dark folds. Next, there was a column of light, incomparably brighter than any fire I ever saw, darting from the frowning heavens, representing the appearance of the Son of God not yet come in sight. In the middle of the view, the brightest fire was blazing, and flames were starting up behind the falling cities, and the crumbling mountains tossing to and fro. All classes of men were in confusion; a slave, almost naked, stood with broken manacles, reaching his hands toward heaven and looking upward, while kings lay helpless at his feet. Over the wreck of all created matter, a small, pure, unclouded cross personified that majesty which is beyond all human power to conceive. But language fails to give a just representation. Please read the sixth chapter of Revelation, and picture to your imagination the most literal accomplishment of every word.*

At Albany, we took the railroad for Schenectady. I must delay a particular description of this wonderful modern invention till I see you. It is a mode of travelling which I assure you exactly suits me. O, what facilities for spreading the gospel will railroads and steam navigation yet furnish. At Schenectady we took a temperance boat. Soon a man in tattered garments came on board, begging a free passage. In a few minutes, he took from his pocket a bottle and drank. This made him very religious: he said he had had the good seed sown in his heart, and if he should drink ten thousand hogsheads of rum, it would not unchristianize him.

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* The public journals, both in England and America, were lavish in their encomiums of this celebrated painting. It was pronounced by some English judges, the greatest picture of the kind ever spread on canvass; and it was stated that "from the fame it gained, his Majesty, George IV., desired to be the purchaser; but this right was claimed by Wm. Beekford, Esq. of Fonthill Abbey, he having made previous application. The honorable members of the British Institution, being also excluded the privilege, presented the artist with three hundred guineas as a reward of his talent." ED.

August 22, we arrived in Byron, met several ministers, and in the evening, I had a most refreshing time in preaching. The session of the yearly meeting commenced next morning. It was a very interesting though trying season. I think the object of our journey (the suppression of the spread of Campbellism among us) is accomplished; but it will be some time before our western churches will recover from the shock they have received. Three ministers who have been active in the dissemination of these errors, are now disowned. It has been a painful ordeal. The yearly meeting resolved itself into a temperance society, and the meetings of worship were encouraging. Sabbath evening, seventeen or eighteen presented themselves for prayer, and during the yearly meeting, two or three found peace in believing.

Since I parted with you, I have thought of you much, and have missed you all the time, but have kept my mind so close to my studies, and to the duties before me, that I have had no time to give up to lonely feelings. When I reflect how evanescent are all the joys of this world, and how soon you, and I, and all our friends will be no more on the earth, and have no share in all that is done under the sun, O, how empty this world appears. Time gives pleasures for a few days—eternity takes us from them all. Time gives objects of pursuit—eternity rends us from them. In time, our friends give us comfort—in eternity, God will be our only fountain of happiness. O, my dear Marilla, may that Christian calmness, affection, faithfulness, and devotion, which have hitherto marked your conduct, and interwoven your soul with mine, mark your path till death. If you weep, may the Lord bottle your tears, and pour the sweet consolations of heaven into your cup. Farewell. Your affectionate husband, D. MARKS."

Mr. Marks returned to New England the early part of September, attended a "three days' meeting" in Northwood, and preached in several towns on his way to Limerick. He spent a few days in this tour, preparing his business for the inspection of the Publishing Committee, who were soon to meet, and in making a report of the Book Concern affairs for the ensuing General Conference. The latter part of September he again wrote in his journal:

"September 27, I attended the funeral of a woman in Acton, Me. who triumphed gloriously in her last conflict. The assembly was greatly melted by the truths presented, and my own soul deeply felt their power. The text was Job 14:12. "So man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep." My propositions were as follows. 1. That sin is the original cause of death. 2. That though occasioned by transgression, God had appointed it in justice, and for our good. 3. That through grace it is a part of the

Christian's treasure. 4. That the circumstances attendant on our dissolution are calculated deeply to impress the human mind. 5. That death is a state of sensibility to the soul. 6. That man shall live again. 7. That future existence will be infinitely joyous to the righteous, and sorrowful to the wicked. 8. That as we are forming characters for our eternal destiny, we should be careful how we live.

September 30, I preached twice in Springvale, and next day, met the Publishing Committee at Limerick. I found considerable sensitiveness existing in Limerick and vicinity about the proposed removal of the printing office. Slanderous reports were in circulation, designed to shake the public confidence in my integrity, and produce the impression that I intended to monopolize, for my own selfish purposes, all the property of the Book Concern. But "it is enough that the servant be as his lord. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"

October 9—15. I attended the seventh session of the General Conference in Strafford, Vt. as a delegate from the Holland Purchase yearly meeting. It was a very interesting time, and the business was transacted with more unanimity than on any former occasion. A delegate was received from the Free-communion Baptists in New York, and it was agreed to continue the correspondence with this body of Christians, hoping that we shall yet become one people.

The Conference advised the removal of the printing office to Dover, re-appointed me Agent, and S. B. Dyer, S. Curtis, W. Burr, and D. P. Cilley, Publishing Committee, and agreed that we should be governed by the following rules. "1. It shall be the duty of the Book Agent to notify the Publishing Committee of their appointment, and call the first meeting of the Committee, which shall be within one month from the Conference. 2. He shall provide the necessary buildings and utensils for the printing establishment, publish, and as far as practicable, make sales of all such books as the Committee shall direct; collect all monies, and pay all debts; provided, however, that whenever the Agent shall think the Committee require him to exceed the proper bounds in incurring expenses, he may request them to give him security, and in case they omit to do this, the Agent shall be at liberty to decide whether to publish or not. 3. It shall be the privilege of the Agent to cast his vote with the Publishing Committee in all matters relative to the Book Concern. 4. It shall be the duty of the Agent to report the state of his accounts, and of the Book Concern, to the General Conference. 5. It shall be the duty of the Publishing Committee to employ the printer and editor or editors

to manage the publication of the Morning Star, to fill vacancies in the committee and agency—to select and prepare for publication such books as they may deem expedient—and give to the Agent such direction as they shall think essential to the prosperity of the establishment. 6. They shall annually examine and settle the accounts of the Agent, and report their doings to the General Conference. 7. In case the Agent should not properly manage the business of the Book Concern, it shall be the duty of the Publishing Committee to make examination, and, if necessary, to dismiss him, see that he is cleared from his engagements, and appoint another in his stead."

The "Treatise on the Faith of the Free-will Baptists" in manuscript, was read to the Conference. Its sentiments, with some amendments, were approved. The work was then committed to the Publishing Committee and Agent to abridge and revise for publication. A committee of five were also appointed to meet with them to examine the work as soon as it was done, and if necessary, give it a further revision, and certify that the sentiments, as left by the Conference, have been retained by the Committee and Agent.

Brother Sutton attended the Conference, and gave a new impulse to the missionary cause. As he had decided to visit England, the Conference addressed a letter to the committee of the General Baptist Mission Society, requesting them to permit Mr. Sutton, on his return from England, to labor with us for a season to forward the missionary enterprise among us."

The following extract is taken from a copy of a letter Mr. Marks wrote at this time to Mr. J. G. Pike, Secretary of the General Baptist Mission Society, and known in this country, as the author of "Persuasives to Early Piety," "Guide to Young Disciples," &c.

"STRAFFORD, Vt., October, 1833.

My Dear Brother,

When I was sixteen years old, while on a passage up lake Erie, I formed a short acquaintance with three persons from England, who said they were members of a religious community called General Baptists. Finding their sentiments nearly the same as those of Free-will Baptists in America, I became much interested in them.* They handed me several books; and among them was your "Persuasives to Early Piety." This I read with avidity, and on parting with my new friends, it was extremely hard to re-

* The name Free-will Baptist was given us by our predestinarian brethren, on account of our rejecting the doctrine of a particular atonement, and teaching that the free grace of God gives power to every sinner to change his will, and conform it to the gospel.

linquish it. Its contents deeply impressed my mind, and served to increase my anxiety for the conversion of souls. Six years afterwards, to my great joy, I met with a copy of this work at the printing office devoted to the service of our denomination, where an edition had just been published. I distributed about fifty copies, and have frequently had the satisfaction of hearing that others too have profited by its perusal. Since that time, it has been stereotyped and published by the Sabbath School Union, so that it is now afforded cheap, and is extensively circulated. About eighteen months since, I obtained a copy of your "Guide to Young Disciples," and soon after, by the directions of a Publishing Committee appointed by our General Conference, I published two thousand copies of an extract from this work, including that part which speaks of the character of Christ and the personality of the Holy Spirit. The edition has been distributed, and has already done much good. * * *

My dear sir, I feel very grateful to you, and to my Heavenly Father, for the spiritual benefit that my brethren, myself, and others in this country, have received from your pen. May the Lord strengthen you, bless and reward your labors of love, and long continue your life for the edification of the church, and the conversion of souls. * * * *

Brother Sutton's visit to this country is hailed with joy, and will be a great blessing to us. I am sorry, I am ashamed, that we, as a people, have done so little for the spread of the gospel. I think our inactivity has not originated from a want of love to the cause, but from a lack of information. We have had many humble, devoted, and useful ministers, yet we have had very few who have combined deep piety with learning and talent sufficient to direct and unite the energies of our denomination. Consequently our labors and usefulness have been restricted to our own country. * * Brother Sutton's letter, written in India, had almost the effect of an electric shock upon us, and while it excited much inquiry for facts, his timely visit has aroused a spirit that has gone forth among our churches, that will never slumber, till we too shall see some fruits of our labors among the poor degraded idolaters. * * *

We feel very grateful to God, for the correspondence that has commenced between the General Baptists and ourselves; and we pray that it may be for our mutual edification, and the advancement of the dear Redeemer's kingdom.

Yours in the bonds of our holy religion,

DAVID MARKS."

After the close of the Conference, Mr. Marks returned to Dover, and assisted in making preparations for the removal of the printing office, which was soon effected. The latter part of Octo-

ber, he went to Portland to box up and send to different places several hundred copies of the "Narrative of the Orissa Mission," just out of press, and forwarded from Boston. The volume contained 432 pages, duodecimo. The following notice of the work was given by the Boston Recorder.

"The Narrative of the Orissa Mission is a very handsome volume to begin with: and then it is published chiefly for the purpose of exciting a missionary spirit among a large denomination of Christians in this country, who have hitherto stood quite aloof from such efforts. It relates also to a mission at one of the chief seats of idolatry in India, and is written by one who has long been personally engaged in it. We have already made some extracts from it, illustrative of heathen superstitions, and intend to use it further for the same purpose. In its illustrations of the abominations of heathenism, it is more abundant than almost any missionary narrative with which we are acquainted."

Mr. Marks on his return to Dover, learned that Mr. Beede was ill in Boston, and that his presence was necessary in the management of his business. He hastened to the bed-side of his sick friend, found him alone and suffering the most excruciating pain, yet perfectly resigned. Mr. Beede said to him, "I have been anxious to live, for as my youth was wasted in sin, I have desired to redeem the time, and yet try to do a little good in the world. But now there is little remaining to make life desirable. For years my health has been such that I have enjoyed little temporal comfort. Nearly all my labors have been performed in the most excruciating pain that human nature can endure. A complication of diseases is fastened on my system, so that should I recover from my present illness, there is every prospect that my future life will be a continued scene of distress." In a few days, Mr. Beede recovered his usual state of health.

About the middle of Nov., Mr. Marks met the Publishing Committee in Dover, and with them commenced the work of revising and abridging the "Treatise on the Faith of the Free-will Baptists." The latter part of November and first of December, he spent laboring in a revival in Strafford, and often had solemn and powerful seasons.

The banks had now refused to discount, and a severe pressure in commercial affairs began to excite painful apprehensions that a trying crisis was at hand. Payments came in slowly while heavy debts would soon make their demands. Mr. Marks' health was extremely poor, still, that he might be prepared to meet the exigency, he thought it duty to make a tour through the churches in the eastern part of New Hampshire and in Maine, preaching

among them and collecting bills due for the Morning Star and for books. Accordingly he sent appointments to about thirty churches, including attendance at the New Durham quarterly meeting in Lebanon and the Anson quarterly meeting in Waterville, Me. which would occupy him till the 12th of February. He commenced his tour January 3, 1834. Some of his meetings were seasons of great solemnity and power. Several were awakened, some of whom never rested till they submitted to Christ. About the 25th of January, a very deep snow fell, accompanied by a heavy wind, which so filled the roads with drifts, as to render the travelling extremely difficult and fatiguing. Mr. Marks' health again began to decline; but he continued travelling till he met his twentieth appointment in Wilton, the 5th of February. After preaching in the evening, he went to the house of Col. C. Morse, the brother who so liberally received the Fifth General Conference in 1831. In a few moments, he was seized with great distress, and was immediately confined to his bed with bilious fever. As he had ever been punctual in his business engagements, never suffering a note to run out, he at first felt much anxiety. Five hundred dollars would soon be due in Boston. He had succeeded in collecting the amount, but could not forward it, as it was in small bills, and he was at some distance from any bank. But rather than fail of meeting his engagement, he sent the money to one of the Publishing Committee, with instructions to hire a man to carry it to Boston, which was accordingly done. His sickness raged with great violence, insomuch that he was deprived of his reason, and for a few days, little hopes were entertained of his recovery. Every care and attention were freely bestowed by the hospitable family where he was confined, and by the Christian friends in the vicinity. A skillful physician also renderd his services gratuitously. In a few days, his symptoms changed, and he improved rapidly.

As the snow was fast wasting, as soon as he could sit up a part of the day, he commenced his return to Dover, where he arrived about the 24th of February, somewhat invigorated. His dyspeptic difficulties being very severe, he now commenced housekeeping, in order that he might pursue such a course of dieting and regimen as best suited him. From the 25th of February to the 4th of March, he was able to meet the Publishing Committee, and labor with them in revising the "Treatise on the Faith of the Freewill Baptists," when Mr. Beede was taken ill, and the work was adjourned.

Mr. Beede continued to grow worse; soon his case became critical, and in a few days his friends despaired of his recovery. Mr. Marks spent all the time his strength would permit by the bedside of his suffering friend. As he saw the uplifted blow about to

sever him from one so deservedly dear, his anguish was unutterable. Mr. Beede's sufferings were excruciating, but he was all patience, humility, and resignation: and when his distress permitted, he was much engaged in supplications to God. Wednesday, March 26th, he said: "I am wasting away, but I have taken more comfort on this bed of affliction, in being resigned to the will of my Heavenly Father, than all this world could afford. The prayers of his dear children have given me inexpressible satisfaction. They have often brought me a cluster of grapes that showed me the pastures where they had been feeding. My thoughts are absorbed in the contemplation of the things of another world, and my heart is filled with inexpressible desires for the happiness of my fellow creatures." He expressed the most anxious interest for the prosperity of pure religion, scriptural doctrine, and practical holiness, among Free-will Baptists. On the evening of this day, he called Mr. Marks to his bed-side, and, leaning on his bosom, asked him to settle his temporal affairs, then casting on him a look of inexpressible affection, said: "You and I have labored much for which we shall receive no reward—but a *crown*—yes, a crown. I have never dared to tell you how much I have loved you. O that I had sought the Lord as young as you did. I have had nothing but my shattered faculties to devote to the service of God." The following morning the symptoms of approaching death were visible. He called Mr. Marks and said he wished to talk with him: he sat by him two hours, but such were his distress and weakness that he could no longer converse. At length, he looked upon his weeping wife, and with much effort said to her, "Don't hinder me. Let me go to perfect happiness, the Lord is ready to receive me." She replied: "You may go—we will give you up, and detain you no longer." About one o'clock, he said in much apparent bodily suffering: "Where shall I go?" His companion replied, "You will go and be with Jesus." His countenance lighted with a smile, and he said, "Yes—I may go and be with Jesus." At two o'clock, P. M. she asked him if Jesus was precious. He answered, "Yes," and said slowly, "I feel—Jesus—to be—gracious to me—Come!—Come!—Come!" His dying agonies were very severe. For hours his whole frame shook with a convulsive tremor, he was continually struggling and tossing from one side of the bed to the other, and all present seemed anxious for the termination of his sufferings. Several prayers were offered that he might have a speedy release. He continued thus, till fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock at night, when suddenly his strength failed, his glazed eyes rolled swiftly in their sockets, then became fixed wide open, his breath was short and quick, and fifteen minutes before twelve, his spirit took its

flight. This was the first death of an adult person Mr. Marks had ever witnessed, and it almost overcame him.

At this period he wrote thus in his journal:

"Saturday, March 29, I felt very thankful to my Heavenly Father that my dear brother Beede had got through his sufferings and extreme distress, though language can scarcely tell the gratitude we should have felt, had it pleased the Lord to continue his life to us. His corpse is the most smiling and beautiful I ever saw. It was affecting to see the poor widow cleave to the room where it lies. The sun shone with clearness, and the day was beautiful; but O, I felt bereaved. The hand of affliction was heavy upon me. Samuel was very dear to me. O, he was one of the most valuable friends I had on earth; most valuable, because his discourse was most free from flattery, most faithful in telling me my faults, showing me my prejudices, and the fallacy of my reasonings for favorite sentiments. But he is gone! gone! This morning I went with two brethren to the grave-yard to select a resting place for his remains. As I passed the places where I had associated with him, every thing seemed to remind me of my loss. Indeed, my affliction pressed so heavily upon me, that I was under the necessity of turning away my thoughts, and compelling them to other subjects, to keep from sinking under my burden.

Sabbath, March 30, I preached in Dover with much freedom from Eccl. 2:22, 23. "For what hath a man of all his labor," &c. Monday morning, a post mortem examination of the body of my friend showed that there was much disease of long standing. His liver was a mass of ulcers. His physician said nothing but his extreme temperance had enabled him to live so long. At nine o'clock, A. M., after a prayer, his body was removed on a hearse to the meeting house about a mile distant, which was crowded to overflowing. It was my mournful lot to preach. I spoke from Rom. 8:22, 23. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now: And not only they, but *ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit*, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." This text was repeatedly suggested to my mind, while witnessing the dying agonies of my dear brother. The division was as follows. 1. The doctrine of the text. 2. Its application to the life and death of our brother. In the doctrinal part, I attempted to show that there were universal pangs endured through all nature, animate and inanimate, in consequence of sin—that the redemption provided by the gospel does not save the bodies of Christians from the pains, infirmities, and mortality, endured by others—that the adoption or resurrection of the body is the support of the righteous amidst the groans and afflictions of

this state. Great solemnity pervaded the assembly; many ministers attended, and a large procession followed the corpse to the grave."

Mr. Marks wrote through the Morning Star (which was clad in mourning) the following notice of Mr. Beede's death.

"'*How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out.' Romans* 11:33.

Dear Brethren,

The hand of the Lord hath touched us, and it has become our painful duty to announce the sad tidings that our dear brother, SAMUEL BEEDE, has closed forever his labors on earth. * * * * * Language cannot describe the bitterness of our grief at this visitation. Though we feel to submit without a murmuring thought, and to kiss the rod that struck the blow, yet our affliction seems to be greater than we can bear. If we met with difficulties in the important trust committed to us by the General Conference in relation to your Book Concern, his counsel was as a light in our path. Wherever he was called to act, if brethren had different views, and were tenacious of pursuing opposite measures, he scarcely ever failed to effect a reconciliation. But, alas! he is gone from us never to return. This is not the first time in which the hopes of the church have been taken away as with a stroke. Yet, in similar instances, God has effected much more for his kingdom by the deaths of his eminent servants, than could have been accomplished by the continuance of their lives. Though the deaths of Harriet Newell and Henry Obookiah almost blasted the hopes of the friends of missions, and led them to say with Jacob, 'All these things are against us,' yet these very circumstances kindled a missionary flame that has accomplished more for the conversion of the world than could have been effected by several long lives of arduous toil. The Lord is able to overrule the brief labors and early death of our brother in a similar manner."

Journal. "Tuesday, April 1, was a solemn day spent in settling the affairs of my departed friend, in compliance with his dying request. The remainder of the week was occupied in writing for the Morning Star and the Treatise. Sabbath, April 6, I preached in Portsmouth and felt much of the power of God. After the close of one of the meetings, I baptized three. There had been a great revival since I preached here in January last. Several of the converts dated their awakening at that meeting, and I was informed that it was the commencement of the revival. Blessed be the Lord for all his goodness.

The little church in Portsmouth are very anxious I should preach with them for a season. Perhaps it is duty, especially as

I am unable to travel. They are few, only thirteen or fourteen members, very unpopular, no meeting house, and, what is most discouraging, one of their principal men is a distiller of ardent spirits. Notwithstanding he knows my views, he seems very friendly, expresses great anxiety that I should come to Portsmouth, says he is willing I should preach as much as I please in favor of the temperance cause, and that if I will give an appointment for a temperance lecture, he will attend. This church has recently joined the denomination, and was received on condition that they would exercise gospel discipline in the case of this distiller.

April 7, I returned to Dover, and till Wednesday, April 17, was mostly engaged with the Publishing Committee in preparing the Treatise. When completed, as we signed our names, we had a solemn, weeping season. One of our number was gone, and his absence reminded us, that soon we too shall finish our work. Thursday, April 18, I preached in a protracted meeting in Dover. This meeting continued eleven days, and about fifty professed to be converted. Having been appointed an assistant editor of the Morning Star, I was much engaged until May 23, in writing for the Star and in labors for the Book Concern. In this time I preached in Dover, New Market, Barrington, Strafford, and Portsmouth. In the latter place, on Sabbath, May 4, I was present at a very interesting baptismal scene. At half past 8 o'clock, A. M., four thousand people assembled at the water to witness the immersion of thirty-six believers, about to be received into three different donominations, the Calvinistic Baptist, Methodist and Baptist. After singing and prayer, the three officiating ministers, arm in arm, walked into the water together; afterwards they led in their candidates, and baptized each in his turn; the first thirteen, the second twelve, and the third eleven. The solemnity and remarkable order that were visible in the surrounding multitude, the union of Christians, the unruffled water, the serenity of the sky, and the universal quiet of nature, conspired to render the scene inexpressibly impressive and delightful.

May 29. We removed to Portsmouth. May God give wisdom and success. I have adopted some rules in relation to diet and regimen, with the hope that, through the blessing of God, they will be the means of improving my shattered health."

The rules to which Mr. Marks referred were written with express reference to rest and quiet. But the truth was, he knew not how to rest in a world like this, where he saw so much to be done. Labor and activity were his element, and such was the all consuming ardor of his soul, that whatever were his circumstances, there seemed a pressure upon his spirit, which constantly moved his heart, his lips, his pen, his hands, and kept him abounding in the

work of the Lord. In a short time after his settlement in Portsmouth, he seemed to have as much to occupy his energies, as at any former period, so that he could allow himself only from four to six hours sleep in twenty-four. If he awoke in the night and felt wakeful, he would immediately arise, and study or write, till he felt inclined to sleep. He resumed his course of careful theological reading which he commenced sometime previous, and continued to discharge his duties as an assistant editor and as Agent for the Book Concern. Three thousand copies of "True Happiness," by J. G. Pike, had been issued by the establishment, and about this time, five thousand copies of the "Treatise on the Faith of the Free-will Baptists." He entered with his accustomed zeal upon his labors as pastor. One of his first efforts was a temperance lecture, in which he was very pointed in his rebukes of the unholy traffic, and concluded by exhorting those who thought there was no other way to procure a livelihood, to die martyrs to right principles, and go and receive a martyr's crown. He next set about making religious visits, and gathering a Sabbath school, of which he was superintendent.

The following was found recorded in one of his private papers: "I resolve to visit and pray with at least four families every day, as long as I live in the town, and to aim at visiting and praying with every family, and conversing with every person in the town. O Lord, give me wisdom, and aid me in these my efforts to save souls." He preached four sermons weekly to the little church, and attended two prayer meetings: he also accepted frequent calls to attend meetings in towns in the vicinity of Portsmouth.

In the early part of June, he labored three days at a protracted meeting in Hampton, which was attended with a prospect of much good. June 14 and 15, he attended the New Hampshire yearly meeting in New Hampton. On the Sabbath, the congregation was so large that they were obliged to convene in a grove. Several sermons were preached. Mr. Marks spoke from Genesis 3:3, "Neither shall ye touch it lest ye die," and was greatly favored in speaking. Some came forward for prayer, and it was thought expedient, in view of the prospect, to protract the meeting another day. On Monday, as an invitation was given for those to come forward, that desired prayer, a young gentleman arose, trembling and weeping, and called on his youthful friends and acquaintance to seek the Lord with him, and prepare for heaven. The effect was thrilling. A large number presented themselves for prayer, and some, before they left, found peace in believing.

The missionary enterprise had gained a deep hold upon his heart. Perhaps his views and feelings on this subject, as well as his manner of expressing them, cannot be better portrayed than in the following extracts from an article written by him and publish-

ed in the Star of July 9. Mr. Sutton was then hourly expected from England. * * * * "We would say to our brethren—whom the Lord has placed as stewards over *his* gold and silver—act in the discharge of your trust, in that way that you can review it with satisfaction in a dying hour, and as the Judge of all the earth will approve when you are put on trial at the judgment day. * * * We are calling on you to discharge your *duty*—not to give to Christ as though it were a *charity*. If any have so misunderstood or misinterpreted the Scriptures, as to consider the subject in this light, we would address to them the language of a minister in Boston: 'What, Christ a child of charity, coming around and begging of you? Christ, lord of this world, whose stewards ye are? What if the clerks in this city, should take it into their minds, that all the property they had in their care was their own, and should get together and propose to give a little charity to their employers and owners? Will you treat Christ thus?' Dear brethren, O let us awake, and no longer live to ourselves, but to Him who died for us. * * * * * * * * * * The loss of *one* soul is incalculable. What then the loss of five hundred millions that die among the heathen every thirty years! We are amazed and lost in trying to compute the dreadful ruin! Its very greatness so overwhelms us, that it is only by descending to particulars, that our minds can receive any distinct impressions. Were all the population of these United States to die this year, it would not include as many souls as go in this period, in all the pollutions of idolatry, to the eternal world. Who that is acquainted with the love of Christ, can take this glance without crying with the prophet, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.' Then, with a deep sense of our dependence on his arm in whom our strength lies, may our hearts devise and our hands execute '*liberal things!*' While God is preparing his people to make an onset that shall cause the firmest pillars of satan's empire to tremble, let us do all we can to hasten this mighty consummation, and scatter terror through the kingdom of darkness. The Lord God of Hosts is our leader, and will certainly conduct to victory. A voice is calling to us from the four winds of heaven, saying, '*Onward! Onward!*' We have talked, and written, and hesitated, and wept long enough. The time has now come for ACTION. The first great direction to be given now, not only in this, but in every good work, is, *Do it;* and the second is, *Do it;* and the third is, *Do it.* *Deeds* are the arguments, by which the timid are made bold, the feeble strong, and the doubting convinced—the heavy artillery, by which the walls of satan's empire are broken down, and the enemy put to flight. These, then, are the arguments, and

these are the weapons, by which, we hope in God, to be able to go forward in this holy work. If any still doubt, we have no time to stop and convince them. We see our fellow men *sinking—sinking* on every side, into a bottomless abyss to rise no more. That they may be saved, we choose to prove by our efforts to save them. If others prefer to stand still and do nothing, let them at least throw no obstacles in the way of those who are trying to rescue from eternal wo, our miserable fellow men. The widow's mite is worth more in such a cause than millions of empty words and unsubstantial good wishes. O that a new spirit of prayer among us may now go up to Heaven, accompanied with strong crying and many tears, that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into the whitened fields."

For several months, Mr. Marks had had his sympathies greatly pained by his inability to answer favorably, the numerous requests from different sections for laborers, addressed to him as Agent of the printing establishment. These calls continued to grow more numerous and importunate. In the early part of July, while he and Mr. Burr were conversing on this subject, it was agreed that Mr. Marks should write a notice in the Star, calling a meeting for the formation of a Home Mission Society, to be held at Dover, N. H. on Thursday, July 31, 1834, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Among other remarks appended to this notice, were the following: "Some of our brethren, when asked what they will do for the Orissa mission, have plead that they thought there was need of doing something at home first. They say, 'We have many heathen in our own country.' Such brethren will now have an opportunity to show their faith by their *works;* and it is confidently expected that all who have excused themselves on this ground, excepting those whose *covetousness* has driven them to this subterfuge, will now come forward, and lend their aid in converting the heathen of our land. It cannot be denied that there is great need of gospel labor in our own country. We have long heard the cry for help."

At the time appointed, the Society was organized with the usual officers, and fifty directors. A season of most intense interest, amounting almost to enthusiasm, was enjoyed. The terms for life membership were, fifteen dollars for males, and ten dollars for females. Ten brethren and four sisters became life members immediately. The office of Corresponding Secretary was assigned to Mr. Marks, and as such, he was directed "to write to every officer and director, furnish them with a copy of the Constitution, and the most important doings of the Executive Committee, inform them of the duties of the office to which they had been respectively chosen, lay before them the importance of their united exertions in the missionary cause, and request an answer whether they will accept

their appointment." A missionary was engaged immediately to go to Ohio.

The church in Portsmouth having labored under great disadvantages for want of a meeting house, had bought the south parish church. It was built in old style, and would seat between two and three thousand people. Mr. Marks again made a few entries in his journal:

"Sabbath, August 24, we held our first meeting in the meeting house. I hope yet to witness in it rich displays of God's mercy. Monday, I attended a meeting in Rye, four miles from Portsmouth, where I had engaged to preach once in two weeks on a week day evening. As the people were going out, a little girl came up to me and said, 'Sir, I am a great sinner; will you pray for me?' She kneeled, and weeping, prayed, 'Lord, I am a great sinner. O, do forgive me and have mercy on me.' Another little girl came forward also, and kneeled, and prayed for herself in a very solemn manner. These were soon converted. Tuesday, I returned to Portsmouth, and learned that five persons lay dead in town. I met a hearse, followed by the parents and sisters of a young woman, who had often attended my preaching, but neglected Christ until consumption warned her to prepare to meet God. I followed to the grave. Here I saw a solemn spectacle. The burying ground was so filled with the dead, that the sexton, in digging the grave in a spot where there was no monumental stone, had thrown out the bones of three dead bodies. During the remainder of August, I was busily engaged, early and late, in writing, studying, visiting from house to house, and attending meetings almost daily. In some of these exercises, my soul was often greatly blessed, and I felt the witness that my labor was not in vain.

Monday, Sept. 1, I preached by request in Newburyport, Mass. I had long desired to visit the spot where rest in glorious hope the mortal remains of George Whitefield. It had ever been a source of sweet satisfaction to me that Randall, the founder of the Free-will Baptist denomination, was one of Whitefield's converts—one whom he slew at his death. Tuesday, I visited his tomb, in company with several others. It was under the pulpit of a Congregationalist meeting house, built in 1756. On entering the house, we saw, at the right side of the pulpit, a splendid monument, the cost of which, we were informed, was $1400. The pedestal is made of soap stone, and has three steps ascent on every side. The monument is eight feet high, three feet seven inches square, is of variegated white marble, most exquisitely polished, and is bordered on the top, bottom, and corners, with variegated black marble. On one side is the following inscription, in carved letters, inlaid with gold.

"This cenotaph is erected with the most affectionate veneration

to the memory of the Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, born at Gloucester, Eng., Dec. 16, 1714, educated at Oxford University, ordained 1736. In a ministry of 34 years, he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than 18,000 sermons. As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent, he put on the whole armor of God, preferring the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, or life. As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal, vivid imagination, gave unexampled energy to his look, action, and utterance. Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the gospel by motives so persuasive or awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers. He died of asthma, Sept. 30, 1770, suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labors for his eternal life."

Immediately in front of the pulpit, is a plain white marble, bearing the following inscription: "Under this pulpit are deposited the remains of the Rev. Geo. Whitefield, and the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the first pastor of this church, who died July 19, 1776. Also of the Rev. Joseph Prince, who died 1791." The sexton conducted us to the vault under the pulpit. He unlocked it, and I entered with a lighted candle. Here were three coffins side by side. On the middle one was the name of Whitefield. I opened it—the coffin was about one third full of black earth, out of which projected a few bones. The skull bone was detached from the rest, and was turned over. Here I sat a few minutes, and while gazing at the sleeping dust, the most thrilling reflections forced themselves upon my mind. Ah! thought I, is it possible that I am standing by the relics of that man of God, who felt so much for sinners—who so often poured forth floods of tears over weeping thousands? Is this that dust which was once animated with life, and which endured such unparalleled labors and fatigue, to warn the wicked to flee from the wrath to come? Is such the end of all the glory of earth? Must all the great, the honorable, the strong, the beautiful, and the gay, soon come to this? It was but yesterday, as it were, that Whitefield died, and now what a contrast between that splendid monument and his remains. O, how emphatically true, that 'All flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass;' yet, alas! how little the multitude think of it or lay it to heart. 'O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.'

September 2, I returned to Portsmouth, and for the seven days following, attended to my usual duties. Sept. 9, I met a Convention at the Great Falls, and assisted in organizing the Rockingham quarterly meeting, formed from eight churches of the New Durham quarterly meeting. Wednesday, Sept. 10, I preached at the open-

ing of worship, with much freedom, from the text, 'Ye are bought with a price.' Returning to Portsmouth, I continued my labors in that and adjacent towns till Sept. 23. I then attended the Maine Western yearly meeting, also the annual meeting of the Foreign Mission Society in Parsonsfield, Me. and was appointed one of the Executive Committee. Saturday, Sept. 27, I went to N. Market, where I had an appointment, in exchange with brother Cilley. When within a mile of the village, I heard a woman crying, 'Lord, have mercy!' On entering the house, I found her husband apparently dying with consumption. Yet, alas! he was unprepared. Sabbath, I preached three sermons, spoke an hour to the Bible class, attended a prayer meeting, and visited and prayed with five sick persons. In the evening meeting, eight kneeled for prayer, and most of them prayed for themselves. Three of the number obtained a very joyful hope, and two others found some relief. Blessed be God for the mercies and strength he has given me this day. Monday I preached in Newburyport, the day following went to Deerfield, and labored in a protracted meeting till Thursday, Oct. 2. On the second day of the meeting, fifty or sixty came forward and kneeled for prayer, and several were converted. Friday, Oct. 3, I wrote fifteen hours, and my companion sixteen, to get ready to meet the Publishing Committee. Next day we returned to Portsmouth."

After this period, Mr. Marks seldom found time to make any entries in his journal; and when he did, they were generally very brief. He labored as usual in Portsmouth till October 22, when he took an agency for raising something toward aiding the church in paying for their meeting house, and notified between twenty and thirty appointments in New Hampshire and Maine. The meeting of these appointments, and the duties connected with them, occupied his time till November 14, when he returned to Portsmouth, and labored the remainder of the month. During this journey, he attended a meeting of the Foreign Mission Executive Board in North Parsonsfield, also spent three days at a general conference of Free-will Baptist ministers in Readfield, Me., called for the purpose of "promoting the union, piety, and usefulness of the ministry." Mr. Marks proposed the following subjects for discussion. "How far is it essential that the ministers of the same denomination be united in doctrine and practice? Does the gospel warrant any regular system for the support of ministers? Is the establishment of Home and Foreign Missions scriptural? Is the establishment of our Book Concern calculated to promote the gospel?" The discussions on these and other subjects were animated, and the reports were made with much unanimity. He met with Mr. Eli Noyes in Jefferson, and proposed to him to go as a

missionary to India. He persuaded him to relinquish teaching, offer himself to the Mission Board, and spend the winter in study at Parsonsfield.

December 2 and 3, Mr. Marks attended the second session of the Rockingham quarterly meeting at New Market. It was a time of great harmony, and the prospect for a revival was such that the meeting was protracted. About forty came forward for prayer, and some were converted. Mr. Marks' dyspeptic difficulties still continued to be very severe. His stomach rejected almost every kind of food, while he was afflicted with the most gnawing hunger. He often said he knew all the sufferings of death by starvation. He now resolved on a more rigid course of dieting than he had as yet pursued, allowing himself but twelve ounces of food daily, and weighing it with much exactness. Under this treatment, his flesh wasted, while his stomach gained strength, and his general health improved. He labored this month as usual in Portsmouth, and also preached in Newburyport, Kittery, North Hampton, and Rye. The church in Portsmouth had been gradually increasing in numbers and interest, and occasionally some had been converted. December 30, he went to Boston and attended a protracted meeting four days with a church enjoying the labors of Elder Jonathan Woodman. This church had not joined any denomination, but having expressed a wish to become connected with the Free-will Baptists, and applied to them for aid, the Home Mission Society had sent brother Woodman to preach with them for a season. Some twelve or twenty were about to be added to the church.

So great and important changes had taken place in the Free-will Baptist denomination in the brief period of three years, that Mr. Marks was often led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" The interest awakened in the benevolent enterprises of the day, was closely knitting the hearts of ministers and members. The disheartened were encouraged and schisms had disappeared. About this time, he wrote in the Star as follows: "As far as we are able to learn, unparalleled unity of efforts is consolidating our ranks on every hand. Never was there in our denomination, a brighter prospect of usefulness than is now presented. Doors are opened on every hand, and there is scarcely a city, village, or town of importance, from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, where there is not either a call or an open door for us to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. If we had a sufficient number of devoted ministers, thousands of churches might be raised up and millions of souls soon be converted. Who will offer the prayer of faith for an increase of faithful laborers?"

The Morning Star had at this time entered the lists in the great moral contest with slavery,—and the facts that were daily coming

before the public, exemplifying its horrid abominations, very deeply affected the subject of these memoirs. In his editorial articles, he was very pointed against this legalized system of wickedness, as were also some of the other writers. Subscribers in the Free-will Baptist churches in the Carolinas, were angry, wrote him spirited letters, and discontinued in large numbers. Many others were also dissatisfied, and a dark cloud threatened the prospect of the future. But he knew not how to compromise truth with error, and he resolved that if his influence could avail, the Star should maintain its high and holy stand, though the violence of the gathering storm should demolish the establishment, for whose prosperity he had so assiduously labored, and finally involve himself in bankruptcy.

January, 1835, Mr. Marks spent mostly in Portsmouth, saw some accessions to the church, and signs of a revival. He also attended the New Durham quarterly meeting in Gilmanton, which was followed by several conversions. In February, in addition to his usual duties, he preached with the churches in South Berwick, Dover, Loudon, and Canterbury. March 2 and 3, he attended the third session of the Rockingham quarterly meeting, which was a time of more than ordinary interest. The church in Boston, of more than fifty members, was received, and strong resolutions were passed against American slavery. Active measures were taken for furthering the cause of missions, and for increasing the circulation of the Morning Star. After his return to Portsmouth, he read from his pulpit, several of Mr. C. G. Finney's "Revival Lectures," which were first published in the New York Evangelist, and were re-published in the Morning Star. These were read between the afternoon and evening service on the Sabbath, and on week day evenings. While he was reading the remarks on tobacco in the 13th lecture, one professor of religion immediately took his tobacco from his mouth and threw it away, and at the close of the meeting, another emptied his pockets of the filthy drug, saying, "I will never chew any more tobacco as long as I live."

March 13, Mr. Sutton visited Portsmouth, exhibited his idols, and preached on the subject of missions with very great acceptance. The meeting house was crowded in every part, and many went away who could not get in. It was thought that about three thousand people were present. March 17, Mr. Marks met the Foreign Mission Board in Parsonsfield, Me. It was agreed to send Mr. Eli Noyes with Mr. Sutton, the ensuing fall, as a missionary to India.

The latter part of March, Mr. Marks was unusually feeble. His rigid dieting had reduced his weight to one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, having lost thirty-eight in the last four months.

[Previous to his first attacks of sickness, he weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds.] He again relinquished his studies and writing, and made an effort to rest; but as the power of motion was still left him, he endured the ordeal but a few days, and then resumed his usual pursuits. The signs of a revival in his congregation continued, and he concluded to hold a protracted meeting. He had invited Mr. Sutton to his aid, who had expressed much desire to attend such a meeting before he left America. He had also secured the attendance of some other ministers a part of the time. April 1, the meeting commenced, and continued eighteen days. Congregations were large, solemn, and attentive, and the Spirit of the Lord was poured upon them. The first that was converted dated her awakening from the reading of one of Mr. Finney's lectures. Immediately, others presented themselves as anxious inquirers for salvation, and soon several found peace in believing. The work went on with power. In about two weeks, thirty-two had professed submission to Christ, and seventeen had been baptized. Near the close of the meeting, Mr. Sutton's engagements called him to Boston, but his heart was so much in the work, that it was hard leaving: and before he could tear himself away, he preached three discourses, intending each of them as his farewell to the people. On these occasions, the large meeting house was crowded to overflowing. The work continued with considerable interest after the meeting closed, and the church was increased to about sixty members, notwithstanding several subjects of the revival united with the churches where they had usually attended worship. An interesting missionary concert was now sustained, and the Sabbath school was flourishing.

The last of April, Mr. Marks visited Boston, and heard the celebrated British anti-slavery agent, George Thompson. His subject was the merits of the Colonization Society. Although he had long since abandoned the idea of any hope for the slave from that quarter, yet he had not until now supposed that it actually aided slavery. He pronounced Mr. Thompson the most eloquent man he ever heard. He said his appeals, at times, overpowered his feelings to a degree that almost produced suffocation, and it was often with difficulty that he could get power to breathe. On his return to Portsmouth, as he called at the Post Office, his attention was arrested by the appearance of a young man, whose exterior was unusually gentlemanly and interesting. But while he was admiring his very agreeable manners, an oath suddenly fell from his lips. With deep emotions of grief, Mr. Marks fixed his eyes upon him, and said kindly, "Friend, you ought not to swear." The young man followed him to his carriage and inquired, "What is that you said?" "You ought not to swear," was the reply.

"But," rejoined the young man, "I can prove to you from the Bible that it is right to swear. It is written that every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear." "But not profanely," said Mr. Marks. "It is also written of some that they wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction." Said the young man, "I don't believe the doctrine you preach. I believe all will be well after death. I am a Universalist,"—then, in a moment, as if conscience-stricken, he added, "Friend, you are right, and I am wrong: I ought not to swear. But it is of no use to talk to me. I was not always as I now am. Once I had serious impressions. In Boston and Poplin, I was respected and happy. But now I am miserable. I know there is no mercy for me. If there is a hell I know I shall go to it. I try to think there is none; but I am an unhappy man. When it is morning, I long for the night, and when it is night, I long for the morning." Mr. Marks tried to encourage him to turn from his sins and look to Christ. Said the young man, "It is of no use, you need not talk to me. I know I shall go to hell, and I *will* go!! Could temporal circumstances make me happy, I should be a happy man. I have enough of this world's wealth, and my friends try to make me happy; but I am a wretched man. I have indulged in every pleasure, and have given unrestrained license to my appetites and passions. But, O! I am miserable. I long to die and know the worst of my case." Mr. Marks still urged him to reform, and cast himself upon the mercy of God, and extorted from him a partial promise to call and see him. But he never saw him afterwards, nor was he able to learn his subsequent history.

May 4, Mr. Marks was present at the marriage of Mr. Eli Noyes to Miss Clementina Pierce, of Portsmouth. Miss Pierce was the only surviving daughter of her widowed mother, who had followed seven daughters to the grave. It was a severe and painful struggle for the mother to lay her idol upon the missionary altar; but, at last, she made the sacrifice with much cheerfulness. The marriage solemnities, under these circumstances, were very solemn, and many wept. During this month, Mr. Marks was engaged early and late, with the care of his increasing flock, preaching to the sailors, and the inmates of the Poor Asylum, and in discharging the duties of his various offices. Among the latter, was the outfit of Mr. and Mrs. Noyes for India.

About this time, he became much interested in the Oberlin Collegiate Institute, and often expressed a desire to spend a season there. It had been in operation one year and a half, and Mr. C. G. Finney had accepted an appointment in it, as Professor of Theology. May 27, he wrote in the Star a lengthy notice of this Institution, embracing facts taken mostly from the New York Evan-

gelist, and commended its patronage to the young men and women of the Free-will Baptist denomination.

June 4, he attended the second anniversary of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society at Concord, and was exceedingly interested. Among the speakers were Henry B. Stanton, one of the fifty students who had recently left Lane Seminary in Cincinnati because the college faculty would not allow them to discuss the slavery question, and Mr. Woodbury, brother of the Hon. Levi Woodbury, then Secretary of War, now one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Marks briefly reported their addresses in the Star. Among many interesting things said by Mr. Woodbury, were the following: "They say to us, keep still. We have kept still two centuries. I've tried to keep still, but I can't keep still—I won't keep still—I won't, I won't. Two or three years ago, I went on a kind of patriotic excursion to visit the tomb of Washington. A man guided me to the spot. He was a *man*, Mr. President, not a *thing*, a man with a black face. His head was whiter than any one's in this audience. I was not then an abolitionist, nor even a colonizationist. I asked the man if he were a slave. He said he was—was Washington's slave. But, I said, I thought Washington liberated all his slaves. He retorted, 'I guess if he had, I should have known it. No, he only liberated his household slaves. His field slaves descended with the farm; I was a field slave.' I inquired, have you any children? 'I have had ten.' Ten—where are they? 'I don't know. They were taken to a southern market and sold, and in my weak old age, I have no one to bring me even a cup of water.' While I gazed on that poor old man, my vow went up to heaven that I would be an abolitionist."

In the early part of June, Mr. Marks left Portsmouth, accompanied by his companion, to attend the anniversary of the Home Mission Society, and the New Hampshire yearly meeting, which were soon to be held in Lisbon in the north part of the state. We soon fell in company with several brethren in the ministry, and enjoyed the sweets of Christian intercourse the remainder of the journey. Nature had put on her most beautiful robe, and the enchanting scenery, as we passed along, among the hills, vallies, and streams, united to inspire the soul with emotions of holy delight. We arrived in Lisbon, June 11, physically and mentally invigorated by this delightful journey.

The Home Mission anniversary opened Friday morning at half-past nine o'clock, A. M. Mr. Marks, as Corresponding Secretary, reported that thirteen quarterly meetings had organized societies auxiliary to the parent society. A circular had been published, and sent to nearly every church, entreating them either to form so-

cieties or hold quarterly conferences. One missionary had been sent to Ohio, whose labors had been blessed to the conversion of several souls, missionaries had been sustained a few weeks in Boston, Newburyport, and Portland, and a part of the time, an agent had been employed to travel. Many urgent calls had been sent to the society for aid, among which was the following very pathetic request from an association of General Baptists in Indiana. After giving a painful description of their destitute state, they wrote,—"From our near situation to New Harmony, the principles of Robert Owen have taken deep root in many minds, and we want a preacher to combat them. O, send us *one* laborer. We ask but *one*—we will be satisfied with *one*—we will try and support *one*. Be assured that he who comes will find many here, whose hearts will leap for joy at the presence of a faithful Free-will Baptist preacher. Our home shall be his home, and our fire-sides and tables shall render him the comforts we receive ourselves. Let us know if you will comply with our request. We feel that we are the same with you in principle, and our interest is in common with yours, therefore we are the more bold in soliciting assistance." The Corresponding Secretary in his report asked, "Is this a time for the church of God to be idle, or the saints of the Most High to slumber? No! No! There is too much to be done for a *single* Christian to be inactive. Ye soldiers of Jesus, "To your arms! To your arms! Remember the crown is for those who fight." Several resolutions were passed, accompanied by soul-stirring speeches. Mr. Sutton, in speaking on a resolution representing North America as an inviting field for gospel labor, said, "This is true. I was in Virginia a few weeks since, and had the privilege of preaching to the slaves, and O, never shall I forget their anxious looks and streaming eyes. They hung on every word, with their mouths open, and seemed ready to catch all they heard. O, how I did love to preach to them. * * I was much affected this morning when hearing in your Corresponding Secretary's report the pathetic entreaties for labor in Indiana. I almost wished I could be divided into ten thousand pieces, and every piece should go and preach the gospel. I would send one to Indiana, one to Virginia among the poor slaves, others farther south, some to India, China, &c. among the heathen."

After the close of the discussions, opportunity was given for any to become members of the Society. Mr. Marks, to illustrate the principle of missionary operations, said: "According to the last report, there are three hundred members belonging to the church in this town. Now let us suppose that Whitefield [an adjacent town] contains one thousand inhabitants, among whom there is not a minister nor a single Christian. Some of the brethren

here begin to think and talk about the lamentable condition of the people of Whitefield. They have no Sabbath, and all their children are growing up without any religious instruction. One says, I think the command to preach the gospel to every creature is binding on the church, and some of us ought to go over to Whitefield, and give the people religious instruction and pray with them. Says another, I could for my part, spend one hour in a day to convert the people in Whitefield, if, when I had labored nine hours in a day, (which I must to support my family,) I was only there to spend the tenth. All agree that they would be willing to do this; but as the distance to Whitefield is such, that they cannot all labor personally to convert the people, one proposes the following plan. That they shall choose one out of every ten members of the church to go and spend his whole time in laboring to convert the people in Whitefield, and the remaining nine members shall each one go and work their hour on the farm of the one that is absent. Now, would this be *giving* every one an hour's work to the brother that has gone to Whitefield? *Certainly not.* It is merely an *exchange* of an hour's work, to save you the expense and time of journeying to Whitefield to do your duty. By this exchange the church might support thirty missionaries in Whitefield, while without it they would do just nothing at all. How much love would a member show for these destitute people, should he say, "I'll have nothing to do with your plan of exchange. When I feel it duty to go to Whitefield, I will, and if God sends you, he will support you and your family." Now this is just the case with our Home Mission Society. It is founded on the following propositions.

1. God has commanded that the gospel be preached to every creature. 2. This command is not obligatory on merely a few individuals, but is directly or indirectly binding on every individual in the whole church. 3. Every man has his own proper calling of God—all men are not called to preach personally; but while one does this, others are called to uphold his hands by supporting him, and in doing it, they do not give to the preacher, but only *do themselves, by exchange,* what God has commanded them to do. Thus we are called to be co-workers with God, and if every one is faithful, according to the ability given of God, the crowns of glory, the rewards of righteousness, will be distributed as freely in the great judgment day, to those who have given of their substance with a pure heart, as to those who have entered personally into the field. And now, Christians, let me ask you before the Lord, can you not spare one hour of the twenty-four to labor for the spread of the gospel? This, at ten cents per hour, would be nearly forty dollars annually; at half this price it would be nearly twenty dollars. Can you not spare half an hour, or at least fifteen minutes per day?

Should every one devote only five minutes daily, to some employment for this purpose, it would amount to several dollars every year, and who cannot do this? What Christian will not?"

Saturday morning, the yearly meeting of business was opened. Mr. Marks presented a resolution for the discussion of the subject of slavery, which was the first that was ever presented to the New Hampshire yearly meeting. He spoke with much effect in its support, and was followed by others. Another resolution was introduced, lamenting the condition of the slave in reference to his religious privileges, the discussion of which powerfully excited the sympathies of the audience. Mr. Sutton, in speaking on this resolution, said: "I am glad to see your tears fall and your bosoms heave. Time was when the glory of Africa would compare with that of the most honored nations of the earth. She took the lead in the arts and sciences. She had her splendid churches, her men of learning and her martyrs. What has made the change? Ah! it was the Christian's cursed thirst for gold!! The slave ships went to Africa—stole her sons and sold them to fill the Christian's purse!"

Dr. F. A. Cox, a delegate from the "London Baptist Union" in England, to the Baptist Triennial Convention recently held in Richmond, Va., also spoke on this resolution. This was the first if not the only time, that he publicly rebuked slavery during his stay in America. He apologized for his silence, on the ground that he believed he could do more good in the anti-slavery cause, by exerting his influence in a private way. Mr. Marks reported this discussion for the Star; it was subsequently copied into the Emancipator and sent to Virginia. The Petersburg Constellation in that state, came out with a violent article against Mr. Sutton and Dr. Cox, calling the latter a "snake in the grass."

Saturday afternoon and evening, interesting sermons were preached by Elders J. Buzzell and J. Woodman, and a few presented themselves for prayer. Preparations had been made for convening the congregation on the Sabbath, in a beautiful grove, as an overflowing attendance was anticipated, notice having been given that Mr. Sutton would be present, and that Mr. E. Noyes would be ordained as a missionary to India. Early in the morning, multitudes were seen flocking to the "leafy temple," till, at the time the hour for preaching arrived, it was judged that three thousand people were present. Dr. Cox preached the ordination sermon from our Savior's words: "I am the light of the world," after which the solemn services of the ordination were performed. The serious, universal, and unbroken attention of the audience, evinced their deep interest. In the afternoon, Mr. Sutton preached on missions with his accustomed ardor, after which, a request was made that all present who would engage to pray for missions and contribute

to their support would raise their hands. Many hundreds of hands were instantly raised. Mr. Marks preached in the evening; about thirty-five went forward for prayer and several prayers were offered in their behalf. Dr. Cox, speaking of this meeting in his "Baptists in America," said, "The impassioned character of the supplications was often astonishing for fervency and flow. The whole atmosphere seemed infected with excitement. You seemed to have got into a new element of existence. The whispers or appeals to candidates in a subdued tone, were often solemn, seasonable, and pointed." Thus closed one of the most interesting and important sessions ever held by the New Hampshire yearly meeting. Mr. Marks, in subsequent days, often referred to this season as one of the happiest of his life. Dr. Cox said to him, that the sentiments of Free-will Baptists, as far as he had been able to learn them, were more in unison with the sentiments of the churches of the London Baptist Union, than were the Calvinistic Baptists. In the work just alluded to, he remarks: "My intercourse with the ministers and people of this denomination, convinced me of their zeal and union. I perceived also much of enlarged benevolence and individual generosity of feeling. Their sentiments towards each other were eminently fraternal. Whoever was the preacher, he was equally cheered by every other. The puritanical manner appears to be very generally retained; and it is combined with much of the primitive spirit. Their method is often pointed, and commonly vehement. * * * As a denomination, their views in some points, and their practices in other respects, will, no doubt, be modified by time and experience."

Monday, June 15, Mr. Marks met with the Foreign Mission Board, and it was decided to send out another missionary with Mr. Noyes. In the afternoon we set out on our return to Portsmouth, in company with brethren Burr, Cilley, and Thurston, purposing to visit the summit of Mt. Washington, (the highest peak of the White Hills,) and pass through what is called the "Notch." Tuesday morning, having procured horses and saddles, we proceeded, at six o'clock, accompanied by a guide, to ascend Mt. Washington, the highest elevation of which is 6,428 feet above the level of the sea. After riding six miles, we were obliged to dismount, leave our horses, and pursue the uneven tenor of our way, climbing over masses of broken rocks, piled upon each other almost perpendicularly. Snow of considerable depth lay in some places along our pathway, clouds floated beneath us, and the cold began to affect us quite unpleasantly. At length, with much toil and fatigue, after climbing three miles, we gained the summit. A scene of surpassing grandeur met our sight. In the far distance to the southeast,

was the Atlantic ocean lying in the horizon like a cloud, one hundred and twenty miles to the southwest lay Mt. Monadnoc, west were the Green Mountains of Vermont, and northeast the Katahdin mountains. Within the circle of our extended vision, were scattered numerous villages, fields and forests. The Connecticut river, with its tributaries, added not a little to the beauty of the scene. After feasting our eyes a while, we partook of a repast brought by our guide. We then had singing and prayer, and listened to a sermon from Elder Thurston. His text was Mat. 14:8, 9. "The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and saith unto him, all these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down, and worship me." Our external circumstances were admirably calculated to give force to the text. Soon after the sermon, we commenced our descent, and arrived at the public house, at the base of the mountain, at six o'clock, P. M., so much wearied that rest was an indescribable luxury. Next morning we passed through the "Notch," which is a defile through the White Hills, in some places so narrow as to leave barely room for a road. The towering mountains, the overhanging cliffs, the narrow pass, the roaring stream, are admirably fitted to impress the traveller with the deepest awe of that Being who "weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

Saturday, June 19, we arrived in Portsmouth. The church continued to prosper, though passing through trials in consequence of the exercise of church discipline in the case of the distiller. At that time, the traffic in ardent spirits was honorable in Portsmouth, and no other church in town, except the Methodist, required their members to abstain from it. The distiller perseveringly refused to give up his deadly work, and all the necessary steps had been taken preparatory to his exclusion. A dreadful occurrence seemed to call loudly on the church for decisive action. Mr. Wilson of Kittery, in a drunken fit, murdered his wife in a most brutal manner, and it was reported, on credible authority, that he obtained the intoxicating draught from this Free-will Baptist distiller. The church were ready for action, except on the ground of expediency. They were poor, were still in debt for their house, and the distiller was responsible for two hundred dollars of this debt, in such a manner that he could make the church much trouble. Mr. Marks, seeing the irresolution of the leading members from this circumstance, went to Dover, hired the money from the bank, and paid the two hundred dollars. The act of exclusion immediately followed. For this carrying out of temperance and gospel principles, one of the Portsmouth papers came out with a bitter article, and both Mr. Marks and the church suffered much contempt and oblo-

quy from the wicked, as well as from those who professed better things.

Occasionally, for the benefit of sea air and relaxation, Mr. Marks went out on short fishing excursions; and in a few instances, called at the Isle of Shoals, and held meetings with the people. This island is about nine miles from Portsmouth, and then contained between one and two hundred inhabitants, mostly fishermen. They had a house of worship, but no minister. July 30, he visited the island, accompanied by Elders Woodman, Cilley and Noyes, with sixty or seventy brethren from Portsmouth, New Market and Dover. They continued there twenty-eight hours, and held six meetings. Each of the ministers preached. The last exercise was held on the rocks by the sea-side, where about two hundred were assembled. Two related their religious experience, Mr. Marks baptized them, and they were added to the Portsmouth church. One of these was converted only about three hours before she was baptized.

August 11, Mr. Jeremiah Phillips, a student in Hamilton Seminary, and a Free-Communion Baptist from Plainfield, N. Y., was appointed by the Foreign Mission Board, to accompany brethren Noyes and Sutton to India. He was subsequently married to Mrs. Mary E. Beede, widow of Samuel Beede. The making the outfit for their voyage, except the preparation of their state-room in the ship, devolved on Mr. Marks. During this month he compiled the Free-will Baptist Register for 1836.

Mr. Marks believing the Book Concern had acquired a permanency that, with judicious management, would insure its success, determined to resign his agency at the approaching General Conference, also his other responsibilities, return to New York, and seek rest and retirement. He had become sensible that the continuance of his life depended on some such change, and he despaired of finding rest, if he remained in New England. Being quick with the pen, and ready in drafting articles, a great amount of labor was habitually imposed upon him in missionary, quarterly, and yearly meetings, in addition to his other labors. His rigid dieting had lessened his dyspeptic difficulties; but his nervous system was more severely affected than ever. At times, his mind seemed almost a wreck, so that any kind of mental labor would so affect him that he could not tell where he was, or even his own name. In view of his anticipated departure from New England, one subject pressed heavily upon his mind, the securing of a faithful pastor to take charge of the Portsmouth church. They thought they were too poor, with the debt for their house on their hands, to raise much to sustain a minister. During the period Mr. Marks had labored with them, (nearly a year and a half,) he had received a little

more than one hundred dollars. The remainder of his expenses he had borne himself, and had given besides fifty-eight dollars for the expenses of the church. Ten dollars were for a Sabbath school library, ten dollars towards warming the house, and thirty-eight towards the meeting house. To encourage the church to sustain a minister, he told them he would assist them, and persuaded them to secure the labors of Elder James A. McKenzie of Rhode Island. Subsequently, he gave twenty-five dollars toward his support.

About the 16th of September, Mr. Marks went to Boston to finish the arrangements for the voyage of our missionaries. They were to sail in the ship Louvre, accompanied by seventeen other missionaries, belonging to different denominations. Most of these had been brought into the field through the untiring efforts of the devoted Sutton, who, without regard to denominational distinctions, had labored to stir up a missionary spirit among all Christians. Sabbath evening, Sept. 20, the farewell services were attended in Dr. Sharp's meeting house [Baptist] which was filled to overflowing. The missionaries were seated together, while instructions and addresses were given them. Some were to go to China, one to Burmah, and several to Hindoostan. Mr. H. Malcolm, having been appointed on a three years' tour to visit the Baptist missionary stations, was going to sail with them. Both he and Mr. Sutton addressed the audience in a very impressive manner. The following particulars relating to their departure, are taken from an article Mr. Marks wrote for the Star.

"Tuesday, Sept. 22. Before ten o'clock, A. M., Union wharf, where lay the ship Louvre, was thronged by a multitude of several thousands, assembled to witness its departure. The countenances of the missionaries were bright and joyous. After brother Noyes had taken leave of his friends, he said, 'The long wished for moment has arrived, and I can say, 'Welcome sweet day of rest.' Taking brother Phillips by the hand, he said to him, 'I thank my Heavenly Father that he has given me a fellow laborer to go with me to idolatrous India.* A short time since, I thought I must go alone, and it was somewhat painful to me.' Sister Sutton's relatives were weeping, and saying, 'We cannot part with them.' She looked upon them from the ship, with a sweet smile, and pointing to heaven, said, 'Don't weep.'† The missionaries stood together on the side of the ship, facing the throng with cheerful faces, undimned (so far as I could discover) by a single tear.

* It was an affecting circumstance, that while Mr. Phillips' father visited Boston, to take leave of his son, he took the small pox, and on his return to Plainfield gave it to his wife, and they both died.

† Mrs. Sutton was formerly the wife of Mr. Coleman, a missionary who sailed to Burmah, soon after Messrs. Judson and Newell.

Singing and prayer were offered by those on shore, after which, said brother Sutton, as he looked upon the weeping friends, 'This is not a sorrowful day to us. It is the happiest day I ever saw. We are going to preach the gospel to the heathen. Do you, in this Christian land, be careful that you do not neglect it. If you do, how will those condemn you to whom we are going! Friends, think of that.' The sails being spread and all things ready, at eleven o'clock, A. M., the ship moved from the wharf, and the missionaries commenced singing,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee," &c.,

and continued until their voices were lost in the distance. After the ship left the wharf, I stood and gazed one hour, till she appeared as a mere speck, and then vanished from sight. A more solemn scene I never witnessed, nor one that made a deeper impression on my mind."

Immediately after the departure of the missionaries, Mr. Marks returned to Portsmouth, and then proceeded in his own conveyance to Byron, in western New York, to attend the eighth session of the General Conference, which commenced October 7, 1835. The Conference accepted his request for a dismission from the agency of the Book Concern, and appointed a Board of eleven Trustees to assume his responsibilities. This Board appointed Mr. Wm. Burr to act as their agent, which office he has ever since retained. The Conference expressed to Mr. Marks their approbation of the laborious, prompt, and faithful discharge of the duties committed to his trust, and appointed a committee to prepare and publish an article in the Morning Star, expressive of their approbation, of which the following is a copy.

"THE BOOK AGENT. At the last session of the General Conference, the subscribers were appointed to publish in the Morning Star, an expression of that body in relation to the services of our late Book Agent. In accordance with that appointment, we present the following for the information of our brethren and the public.

It should be remembered that our Book Concern was commenced without any capital. The General Conference in 1831, voted that a Book Concern should be established in our denomination, and chose brother David Marks Agent for the purpose of accomplishing that object. They requested him to publish such books as the Publishing Committee might think proper to direct. In 1832, the Conference directed the Agent to purchase the Morning Star and printing establishment for the denomination, but they neither furnished him with funds or the means of obtaining any on credit. Not a dollar did they put into his hands to aid him in the prosecution of this business. A little reflection will enable any person to see that money or credit was indispensable in commencing and conducting the Book establishment. The denomination not being a corporate body, could not sustain the Agent with their credit in any legal

capacity whatever. Hence, his only means was personal responsibility, by giving his own name and the names of such friends as were willing with himself, to jeopardize their temporal property for the sake of advancing the cause of God, and the interests of the denomination. In addition to the usual evils which attend the obtaining any considerable amount of property entirely on credit, our Agent was obliged to commit the books which he had published into the hands of other agents, in order for them to be sold with despatch. This greatly increased his care and liabilities. Another fruitful source of perplexity and toil was, that the measure was something new in our denomination. Some were doubtful of its propriety—others were doubtful of its success, while some, probably, were much opposed to its progress. In conducting a business which required means to the amount of twelve or fourteen thousand dollars, without funds, and against so many doubts and surmises, it followed, of course, that the Agent must have great trials, hardships, and discouragements to encounter. The Concern itself also required much labor and great effort to carry it forward. But we confidently believe the Divine blessing has accompanied the undertaking. Brother Marks has now resigned his agency, and has received the approbation of Conference for his prompt, faithful, and laborious services. He has also committed the whole Concern into the hands of the denomination, which is estimated to be worth $4000 above its debts, and which commenced four years since with nothing.* If in the minds of any, there has been a suspicion that the Agent has been serving himself, instead of his brethren and the cause of God, we trust that the statement of the services which he has performed, and the compensation he has received, as published in the Minutes of the last Conference, will effectually do away all such impressions. The following is an extract from the Agent's report as published in those Minutes.

"During the first year of my agency, the whole expense of the publications issued, amounted to more than $4000. To meet these expenses, I was obliged to use every effort. I travelled 5400 miles, mostly with a span of horses, carrying and distributing loads of books, and, with my companion, served the Book Concern in various ways, most of the time for one year, frequently sitting up whole nights, paying my own travelling expenses, which amounted to nearly $500 in cash. To balance all this expense of money and the toilsome labors of myself and companion, which, on the principle of *equality* and *justice*, I could not have done short of $800 or $1000, I charged only $150. The reasons for my presenting but this trifling account against the Book Concern were as follows:

1. I knew that our beloved connexion was not sufficiently interested in a book establishment to support it, unless the conductors would bear unusual burdens.

2. I believed that unless I should make unusually low charges, almost giving away both expense, money and my services, the conductors and friends of the establishment would soon become discouraged, and abandon the object. And if they should do this, not only a failure of the in-

* The value of the property at this time, including the debts due for books, Star, &c., was estimated at $10246,60—the debts which the establishment owed, amounted to $6222,48.

fant establishment would follow, but probably I should be stripped of my little all to pay the debts I had already contracted.

3. Many had already become jealous that I had commenced a great speculation, and that I was getting rich very fast, and others were persuaded that I never designed that the General Conference should have the profits, in case there should be any. Considering these things, I thought the success of the establishment demanded that I should make such sacrifices as would convince even those who were most under the influence of ignorance and prejudice, that temporal interest was no part of my object in taking the agency.

4. I believed that unless sacrifices were made and jealousies removed, the designed establishment must inevitably fail, and that such an occurrence would be a great calamity to the Free-will Baptist denomination, and to the souls which are under their influence.

During the first year of my agency, I became convinced that to ensure success, we [the connexion] must own a printing establishment and publish a religious periodical; I accordingly took measures to secure this object, which was accomplished at the session of the General Conference at Meredith, October, 1832. But here again I was under the necessity of risking my property or of abandoning the object of establishing a Book Concern: I therefore gave my notes to the amount, including debts before contracted, of $7,500. Nearly all this sum was on interest; and had there been any sudden unfavorable change in the times, or loss by fire; or had I deceased, it is nearly certain that no one would have been willing to take my responsibilities, and of course a failure must have been the consequence. Notwithstanding these embarrassments, when two other manuscripts were presented by the Committee for publication, a few months after, viz: the Scriptural Catechism and Mr. Sutton's Orissa Mission, I consented to publish them, though the expenses would add $2,200 to the debts for which I was holden. I did this because I thought that the publication of these works would do much good in the world.

The second year of my service, I charged for time spent in the agency by the hour, 12 1-2 cents per hour (finding myself,) and my wages amounted to the sum of $139,38. I also charged for my expenses in travelling 800 miles, entirely for the Book Concern, $40.

In the course of the succeeding year, I published 5000 copies of the "Treatise on the Faith of the Free-will Baptists"—3000 copies of a work by J. G. Pike, called "True Happiness"—3000 copies of the Scriptural Catechism; and 4000 copies of the Free-will Baptist Register. Times were hard, and to meet the payment of old debts as they became due, and the current expenses of the printing establishment, I found it exceedingly difficult. I charged this year for my services 12 1-2 cents per hour, bearing my own expenses, and my wages amounted to about $180. I charged for the expenses incurred in travelling about 1000 miles on purpose for the Book establishment, $50.

During the fourth and last year of my agency, I published only 1000 copies of the Christian Melody and 5000 copies of the Register for 1836, and have found little difficulty in meeting every engagement, and my services, compared with the former years, were comparatively easy. It became necessary, however, to settle up all the accounts of the estab-

lishment from the beginning, and to send a bill to every assistant agent. This occupied much time, and with contingent expenses of time, I spent on an average six hours and forty minutes per day, for which I charged 12 1-2 cents per hour, amounting to $250. I charged for my expenses in travelling 1200 miles, mostly, or solely for the establishment, $60.

By the preceding, you will see that I have served this institution as Agent, a considerable part of the time for four years. * * It will also be observed that, for all the personal *responsibilities*, *perplexities*, *cares*, *anxieties*, and *risk* of my own property, in being holden for more than $14,000 original debts, besides the daily expenses of the office, together with the privilege of choosing my own residence and pursuit for a support, and to be always ready to meet every demand, I have never made any charge.*

And now, dear brethren, I resign to you the sacred responsibilities of my appointment. I have done the best I could—I have received much aid from the members of the Publishing Committee, particularly in their undersigning my notes, also from assistant agents and other friends. The Committee have truly been companions in affliction. They too have labored for less than half the value of their services. So have many others. I have not alluded to any of my responsibilities, desiring a reward, but merely that truth might appear, to the honor of this institution. I do not desire a reward. I took these responsibilities upon me in the name of the Lord, and *money* cannot reward me. Now in the name of the Lord I resign them. I bid you and my successors, *God speed*.

I feel the warmest interest possible in the establishment, and it is among my most earnest petitions, that God will give it success. I have no interest but the interest of God's cause. This is your cause and mine. May God give you wisdom in the disposition of this institution. I am with much respect and thankfulness, for the confidence which you have reposed in me, your devoted servant,

DAVID MARKS, *Book Agent*.

SILAS CURTIS, JOHN CHANEY, } *Committee*.

As the subscription list for the Morning Star had increased to nearly five thousand, the Conference voted a second enlargement of its size without an increase of the price, and also voted to instruct the Trustees to obtain from the Legislature of New Hampshire an act of incorporation for their Board.

It may not be improper to state here, that in accordance with the above advice, an application was made to the New Hampshire Legislature for an act of incorporation the following June. It was refused on account of the abolition character of the Morning Star. The Dover Gazette remarked as follows, concerning the rejection of their petition.

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* The daily expenses of the office, together with the original debts, during the four years that Mr. Marks was Agent, he estimated at $22,000. ED.

"*Abolitionism in New Hampshire.* It is a fact better known to the readers of the Morning Star—the Free-will Baptist paper published in this village—than it is to a very great majority of the citizens of New Hampshire, that the conductors of that paper have dipped deeply into the troubled waters of abolitionism, and have, for the last few months, not a little polluted their columns by an advocacy of its very incendiary doctrines. They have, during the last week, received a most decided rebuke for their conduct. A bill had been introduced into the House of Representatives, 'To incorporate the Trustees of the Free-will Baptist Printing Establishment and Book Concern,' which was very securely progressing through the customary stages, when it was mentioned among the members that this establishment had become a vehicle of abolitionism; this produced an instant inquiry into the truth of the suggestion, and the result was that the bill, although zealously advocated by the ablest of the *federal members*, was on Wednesday refused a third reading by an overwhelming majority."

Since the time of this first refusal, the Trustees have regularly presented their petition every year, now about ten years, which has met with the same repulse, for the same reason. There is a prospect now that they will obtain their request at the ensuing session of the Legislature, as it is believed that at the last election, some were put into office who will be true to the principles of human freedom.

After the close of the General Conference, it was found necessary for Mr. Marks to return to Dover in order to make the transfer of the property of the Book Concern, which was found to be something of a difficult matter, on account of their having no act of incorporation. By the aid of a lawyer, however, a deed was drawn up and executed satisfactory to all parties.

Mr. Marks resigned his offices in the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, shipped his goods to New York, and with many solemn feelings, bade his New England friends farewell. The Holland Purchase yearly meeting had formed a Home Mission Society, and during the session of the General Conference, its Board solicited Mr. Marks to accept an appointment from them to labor in Rochester, N. Y., and try to gather a church. This was a different field from what he had purposed entering; but, after considering the matter, that he was at liberty to labor little or much, as his strength would permit, and that probably he should not have the care of providing for his own support, he concluded the circumstances might be as favorable for the improvement of his health, as perhaps any other, and accordingly accepted the appointment. The Society also at the same time sent another missionary to Buffalo. Mr. Marks' travels till the time of entering upon his labors in Rochester, are detailed briefly in the following letter, published in the Star.

"Dear Brethren,

As at present, I have not time to write to many of my correspondents, I must content myself with a little detail in the Star. We left Dover about the first of November, and in ten days reached Brockport, by stage and canal, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. Three days of this time were spent in Arlington, Vt. We left the canal at Brockport, and continued our journey to Canada in our own conveyance. As a great abundance of rain had fallen, the roads were excessively bad, and the mud deeper than it had been known to be for several years. We arrived at Zorra, U. C. about the 20th of November, and met with many dear friends from whom we had been separated for years.

I visited the churches in London, Southwold, Dunwich and Burford, found the brethren in general steadfast, but they much need help. Here is a great field for missionary labor. Our Open-communion Baptist brethren were prospering in some places. The Calvinistic Baptists near the Niagara were enjoying precious seasons. Many, through their labors, had turned to the Lord. The Methodists were not so prosperous. Divisions and contentions had greatly hindered their usefulness. They were split into three sects, called the Ryan, British, and Episcopal Methodists. Towards the last of December we once more left the parental roof, and returned to the state of New York. I preached by the way in Hamilton and St. Catharines. We were detained at Queenston nearly two days by the ice in the river, the boatmen refusing to venture across. In consequence of this detention, I failed of an appointment. We attended the Monroe quarterly meeting in North Murray, commencing Dec. 25th, which was a very precious season. A Home Mission Society, auxiliary to the New York Home Mission Society, was formed, and about one hundred and fifty dollars were subscribed or contributed. This quarterly meeting is very prosperous; union and harmony generally prevail. Its ministers, though few, are mostly wholly devoted to the work. It has now seventeen churches. New Years' day and the Sabbath following, were spent with the church in Canandaigua. Our meetings were solemn and profitable. At the close, several anxious souls came forward and seemed unwavering in their decisions to live a new life. * * * * * Pray for a blessing on the labors of your brother in tribulation, D. MARKS."

While Mr. Marks was detained in Queenston, he wrote a set of resolutions for the government of his life. He had been in the habit of doing this for years, but as he was adding to them occasionally, a detailed notice of this practice has been hitherto omitted. He employed the leisure his unexpected detention furnished

him in systematizing his former rules and adding new ones. Believing that the reader of these memoirs will be profited as well as interested in the perusal of these rules, and as they exemplify the care with which he guarded his conduct in the most secret as well as public walks of life, it is deemed proper to introduce them. They were written in book form, with the following title page:

"DAVID MARKS' LAST RESOLUTIONS,

Made for life, at Queenston, U. C.

Dec. 23, 3 o'clock, P. M. in the year of my Lord, 1835.

"*Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*" JESUS CHRIST.

RESOLUTIONS. By the grace of God, I do solemnly make the following resolutions, and determine to read them as often as once a week, and to keep them faithfully all the days of my life. And, O my blessed Savior, I pray that thou wouldst keep me steadfast to the end. Amen. DAVID MARKS.

I. *With regard to my thoughts.* 1. I will indulge in no reflections nor meditations which I believe will not be useful to me, but the moment when vain suggestions first approach, I will thrust them from me. 2. I will not think a great deal upon worldly subjects, or, at least, not so much as to prevent my meditation being upon God's law day and night. 3. I will endeavor to spend twenty minutes before every meal in close examination and meditation.

II. *My motives.* 1. I will always endeavor to have but one motive to lead me forward and influence me to act in every thing, and this motive shall be to glorify my Maker. 2. I will endeavor to examine carefully my secret motives in all I do, and when I discover that my motive is not pure, and for God's glory, and this alone, I will not be led by it, but resist it.

III. *In relation to my temper.* 1. I will endeavor always to keep it calm and without irritability. 2. I will strive hard to be always meek and patient in all circumstances. 3. I will endeavor to be deliberate in all things, and holy in all my inclinations and feelings.

IV. *As to my deeds.* 1. I will aim to do nothing except what, on examination, I believe to be directly or indirectly commanded by God. 2. I will endeavor to perform no deeds, which I am convinced are merely selfish. 3. I will do nothing which I would be ashamed to have known were it by accident or by necessity to become public. 4. I will not overdo body or mind, but endeavor to lay out my work according to the strength which God shall give, so as never to bring myself into temptation by needless perplexity.

V. *As a Christian.* 1. I will endeavor to make my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, my guide, leader, pattern, and example. 2. I will never be ashamed of Christ, nor to own myself a Christian in any company, nor, from fear of reproach, neglect to introduce religion in any place, where I believe the effect would be salutary. 3. I will never conform to any of the fashions, manners, and customs of the world, except I am first convinced of their utility in themselves considered, unless it be in a case where a variation would be likely to do more harm than conformity. 4. I will endeavor to kneel and pray in secret three times a day, viz., when I arise, at noon, and on going to bed; and I will strive always to have my whole soul engaged in prayer when my lips are. 5. I will endeavor never to pray to be heard of men, nor merely to continue a form, but always pray for what I want and nothing else. 6. I will endeavor always to attend family worship before breakfast, and before supper, both at home and abroad, except in such cases as I shall judge it duty to omit it.

VI. *As a minister.* 1. I will labor constantly to be intelligent, and for this purpose I will attentively read three chapters in the Bible by course every day, and will endeavor to spend two hours each day in scientific studies, two hours in theological studies, and two hours in writing. 2. I will always endeavor to spend one hour before every sermon, and every other religious meeting I may attend, in study and reflection, preparatory for the sacred services, when I can consistently with other duties. 3. I will endeavor always to introduce religious conversation and prayer in all places where my lot may be cast, and among all kinds of company, unless, indeed, other circumstances forbid, so that it is evidently duty to omit such services. 4. I will always improve every opportunity to reprove sin: still I will endeavor to do it with meekness and affection, both publicly and privately. 5. I will endeavor to spend one hour every day in religious visiting and conversation, and always endeavor to visit and pray with two families each day, one of whom shall be a family I never visited before. 7. I will always endeavor to instruct the ignorant with meekness and patience.

VII. *As a husband.* 1. I will always be attentive to learn and supply the wants of my dear wife. 2. I will never be impatient, quick, nor fretful, nor disposed to fault finding. 3. I will never be morose. 4. I will always be attentive. 5. I will always be affectionate. 6. I will always be very kind. 7. I will never be impolite. 8. I will always be sociable. 9. I will always be respectful.

VIII. *As a citizen.* 1. I will carefully read and consider the things of public interest, and faithfully serve the public. 2. I will always treat rulers with respect. 3. Still I will be faithful to truth

and justice. 4. I will faithfully warn my country of its dangers. 5. I will be courteous, and obliging, and kind to all men.

IX. *In relation to my words.* 1. They shall be few. 2. They shall be well considered. 3. They shall be always serious. 4. They shall be always plain. 5. They shall never be slanderous. 6. They shall always be kind. 7. They shall never exaggerate truth. 8. They shall always be designed to do good. 9. I will always be cautious what I say and to whom I say it. 10. I will always endeavor to think carefully before I speak, especially when circumstances do not absolutely demand that I should speak immediately. 11. I will always, when with Christians and ministers, endeavor, according to my ability, to discern what duties they neglect, and encourage them to renewed diligence and faithfulness. 12. I will endeavor always, according to my ability, to be teaching sinners their guilt, and their duty to repent immediately. 13. I will strive always to be courteous to my friends, but never flattering. 14. In my public addresses, I will endeavor to have all my words solemn. 15. In private they shall be guarded. 16. All my conversation shall be religious or strictly conformable to religious principles.

X. *As to my temporal concerns.* 1. I will not be a slave. 2. Nor will I be anxious. 3. I will not be covetous. 4. I will not be wasteful. 5. Neither will I be selfish. 6. I will not be profuse. 7. Neither will I be gay. 8. I will always endeavor to drive my work and never let that drive me. 9. I will be very cautious of getting embarrassed in my temporal affairs. 10. I will endeavor to contract no needless expense. 11. I will endeavor to devote all I have to God, either directly or indirectly. 12. So long as my income from my labors, and those of my wife amount to $400 per year, I will give, that is, pay out $100 per annum for benevolent purposes. 13. So long as the Lord prospers me, I will give, that is, pay out twenty-five per cent of the increase of my property to God, the estimate to be made Jan. 1, 1836.

XI. *As to my sleep.* I will endeavor to sleep eight hours in the winter, and seven hours in the summer, or at least lie in bed these number of hours, and these hours shall be equally before and after midnight, or at least between nine and five o'clock.

XII. *As to general duties.* 1. I will endeavor that all my preaching shall be affectionate. 2. I will endeavor when circumstances and other duties will permit, to preach from five to seven times per week. 3. I will always labor to feel what I preach. 4. In labors, meetings of business, &c. &c., I will be very cautious of giving offence, yet be firm to truth. 5. I will watch my opportunities to visit those that are in prison. 6. I will also often visit those that are confined in alms houses. 7. I will frequently visit

the sick. 8. I will use the best economy I can in all my expenses, and in all things. 9. I will be kind to the poor, and especially to those who are my relatives. 10. Finally, if hereafter I find any good thing not included in these resolutions, I will practice the same. 11. I will read these resolutions every week for at least five years, if I live, and try to keep them without the least variation."

Subsequently he added the following: "1. I will ever watch against coarseness, abruptness, and a dogmatical manner of speaking, and will labor constantly to abound and excel in meekness, mildness, complaisance, and sociability, being always neat, kind, gentle, instructive, obliging, and agreeable, before all classes of men, but *especially* when with my dearest friend. May God enable me always to be faithful, kind, and obliging to *her*. 2. In all my conversation, I will labor to be humble, gentle, candid, without self conceit, or ostentation, always showing a deference to the opinions of others, especially those of the aged and the learned. 3. I will endeavor never to speak a hasty or impatient word, however great a provocation I may receive, but will always aim to be deliberate, swift to hear and slow to speak. 4. I will reprove tenderly every instance of wickedness I witness among friends or foes. 5. I will endeavor to use all my strength and energies, both of body and mind, so as to do the greatest possible amount of good. ☞ Remember this. 6. I will aim at *perfection* in all I do with body or mind. ☞ Don't forget the extent of this rule. 7. Finally, I will make holiness of heart and life the only object of my living, that I may be prepared to glorify God and save souls."

In a revision and adoption of his rules, Aug. 2, 1837, he superscribed them his "Golden, life-bound, perfect, irreversible, manly, self-abasing, God-honoring, invaluable resolutions," and signed his name with a seal.

Allusion has already been made to his sufferings from hunger while he could bear very little food. At times, his agony from this source was so great, that he would weep like a child, and look around wishfully upon the doors and furniture of the room, and say he could scarcely refrain from gnawing them. He had previously written rules regulating his diet, which he thus prefaced: "Whereas, I have made several solemn resolutions in relation to my diet, which my exceeding sufferings in hunger, have, as it were, compelled me to violate, or vary from, I do now hereby make the following." He then particularized the quality and quantity of each meal, as he thought most conducive to his health, and at the close, wrote thus: "PENALTIES. For violating these rules in *thought*, I will live on nought but bread and water, twelve ounces each for one day. For violating them in the *amount* of drink, I

will live thus two days. For violating them in *eating*, I will live thus ten days.

February 3, eleven o'clock, A. M. Arraigned myself for *trial*, having broken my rules, and sentenced myself to live on bread and water according to the above penalty ten days. February 10. Finally, I have run away from the penalty! What shall I do to conquer a diseased appetite? O Lord, do thou strengthen and help me."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Marks' Labors in Rochester, N. Y. &c. from Jan. 1836, *to July* 1838.

Mr. Marks entered upon his labors in Rochester, under the direction of the New York Home Mission Society, the second Sabbath in January 1836, with somewhat improved health. Much to his gratification, his only sister, over whom he had for years exercised a parental care, now became a member of his family. About this time, Mr. Burr wrote him some particulars of an effort (which came near being successful) to close the columns of the Star against the discussion of slavery, and also of the opposition and fiery trials he still had to encounter to keep the Star unshackled. The following is an extract from the reply he wrote Mr. Burr.

"My heart bleeds for the sins of the church. My soul is often in agony when I see professing Christians opposing the Scriptural method, and the only possible, peaceful method, of exterminating slavery, viz. to stop doing wrong *now*, to cease to do evil *now*, and let the oppressed go free. It is not in my power to help doubting the genuineness of the piety of such professors, the depth and solidity of their Christian principles. Abolition principles are not mere *opinions*. They are SELF-EVIDENT principles—principles that God has abundantly taught and written as with a sun-beam in his word which cannot be broken. O my dear brother, God has put feelings in my heart for his DOWN-TRODDREN POOR that it would be vain for me to attempt to express. I do often feel that I "remember those that are in bonds as bound with them." O, for what would I be willing to be a slave!—to be the property of another!—to have my wife torn from me, sold as human ware at public auction! But I stop. I cannot go on. There will be a better state of things, I know there will, for there is a God in heaven. He has promised to deliver the 'needy when he crieth, the poor al-

so, and him that hath no helper, and to break in pieces the oppressor.' And though professed Christians may 'speak wickedly concerning oppression' and God may say of them as he did of his ancient people: 'Even of late *my people* is risen up as an enemy,' victory will yet turn on the side of justice and truth. I have hope for my country, for though our princes [President and governors] plead for the system that 'sheds blood and destroys souls in order to get dishonest gain, and many of our prophets daub them with untempered mortar, seeing *vanity* and divining *lies* unto them, saying, 'Thus saith the Lord'—slavery is my institution—keep it sacred —when the Lord hath not spoken. For though 'the people of the land have used *oppression*, and exercised *robbery*, and have vexed the poor and the needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully;' yet when God has sought for men among us that should 'make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before him for the land that he should not destroy it,' he has found some *precious ones* that in the midst of opprobrium, dangers, perils, and even *death*, have stood up with the spirit of martyrs, and plead the cause of the oppressed. Therefore God has not yet 'poured out his indignation upon us, he has not yet consumed us with the fire of his wrath; our own way he has not recompensed upon our heads.' See Ezekiel 22:27—31. O I love, I revere, I venerate those noble souls that have the moral courage, and the Christian principle, in this evil day, in these degenerate times, to go forth in the midst of the storm of wrath, persecution, and bitter reviling, and plead the cause of bleeding Zion and suffering humanity."

The following brief summary of Mr. Marks' labors in Rochester, are taken from his quarterly reports to the Executive Board of the Free-will Baptist New York Home Mission Society.

First Report, March 31. * * * "In commencing my labors my first object was to procure a place for meetings. I succeeded in obtaining leave to occupy the Court House, and on Sabbath, January 10, preached my first sermons. My subjects were a summary of the doctrine which I proposed to preach in my future ministrations, and the duties of a minister of Christ. Since that time I have preached in the Court House three times every Sabbath. For the greater edification of my regular hearers, I followed a system in the order of my discourses, so as to embrace in the end every important branch of the doctrine of Divine Revelation. The following are the subjects on which I have preached one or more discourses in the systematic chain of sermons which I proposed to deliver. The folly of atheism—Inconsistency of deism—Inconsistency of irreligion—The contradictions of infidelity—The external evidences of Christianity—The Scripture miracles—The internal evidences of Christianity—Existence

of God—His unity—His eternity and immutability—His omnipresence and omniscience—His power—His justice—His goodness—His truth—His mercy—His wisdom. In connection with these discourses, I have given a number on various subjects suited to the state of the congregation, such as, Man's disposition to reject the gospel—The excellence of the Scriptures—Their commendation to the consciences of all men—The effects of the gospel—Its fruits, an evidence of its divine authenticity—God's call upon sinners—The invitations of the gospel—Repentance—Baptism a burial—The witnesses against the impenitent—The confession of Christ—The cross of Christ—God's expostulations with the wicked—Christ a stone of stumbling—The sinner's encouragement to follow Christ. In all these discourses, I have endeavored to introduce something *practical*, remembering that a right practice is the great object which the preaching of the gospel is designed to effect. My congregation has usually consisted of from fifty to one hundred persons; sometimes more. The meetings have been orderly, and the hearers generally very solemn. A number have given heed to the word, and six persons have given good evidence that they have passed from death unto life. I have baptized seven; twenty one have pledged their names for the support of the meeting, and to unite in a church when there shall be one formed. None of those who propose to unite possess much property, so that at present, little more can be expected from them than to defray the expenses of the meeting for fuel, lights, and attendance. Their being poor in this world is, however, no cause of discouragement, for among this class the gospel has usually obtained its first reception. The Scripture saith, "You see your calling, brethren—God hath chosen the poor of this world." Some of these brethren have excellent gifts in exhortation and prayer, so that, in the absence of a preacher, they frequently hold very interesting prayer meetings. Besides the twenty one who have given their names, there are a few others who are attached to our meeting that, will probably join when the church is formed. The general state of religion in Rochester is very good. Eight of the churches have held protracted meetings since the 15th of January, and a glorious revival has spread through the city in which many hundreds have been converted.

During my stay in Rochester, I have preached more or less in Byron, Ogden, Batavia, Parma, Riga, Chili, Clarkson, Penfield, Canandaigua, Brighton, and Greece. In all I have preached thirty times in towns and neighborhoods adjacent to Rochester and its vicinity, and have spent about two weeks on councils in settling difficulties in Byron and Attica churches. I have also been present at two prayer meetings every week in Rochester. These have been

very useful and well attended. Having as yet scarcely regulated my affairs in settling my residence, I have been able to devote little time to visiting. I have generally aimed to spend about six hours daily in study.

The Court House is old and leaky, and not very convenient for public worship, and as in former years it has been the meeting place for infidels and false teachers, its character as a place of worship has not been very reputable. Many who do not attend our meeting say they would, if we had a convenient and respectable place for meetings. Indeed, it will be extremely difficult to succeed in Rochester to any considerable extent without a meeting house. To this it may be added, that real estate is rising at an unprecedented rate, and a building lot that now costs $1000 will probably cost twice this sum in twelve months hence. On the whole, I consider the field now opened for the Free-will Baptists to do good in this city to be very great. Doubtless Rochester will, at no distant period, become a great city and a centre of influence from which thousands of characters in other places will be formed for eternity. Yours, affectionately,

DAVID MARKS."

Second Report. June 30. "In my last report, I named that twenty-one had given their names to unite in a church. April 10, one was organized, consisting of twenty-eight members, fourteen of whom I had recently baptized. I was assisted in the organization by two ministers from the Monroe quarterly meeting. Committees had been previously appointed to examine carefully the character and piety of each applicant. The different members subscribed to a covenant and declaration of sentiments, embodying the great principles, doctrine, and practice, of the Bible. Our evening assemblies have decreased, in consequence of business and the shortness of the evenings, but our congregation in the day time increases. We have held a stated prayer meeting twice a week, and a covenant meeting once a month. These meetings have been well attended, and the brethren seem well engaged. Though the revival has subsided, we have no reason to be discouraged. We are treated with much kindness by all classes, and especially by all evangelical Christians. For want of funds to purchase a library, we have not been able to establish a Sabbath school with prospects of success; for children would not come to our school, if we could not encourage them with books as do others. We meet with a great loss in not sustaining one. We have a number of members well qualified for teachers who would enlist with all their hearts. Once or twice I have resolved that I would purchase a library at my own expense, but to confess the truth I could not, for, besides taking on myself several responsibilities to a considera-

ble amount directly or indirectly connected with the mission, I have been necessitated to supply my own wants to a considerable extent, and this with more difficulty and embarrassment than I could endure, without turning my attention from the word of God. [At this time, if I mistake not, Mr. Marks had received but about twenty dollars directly from the mission society. He often went out during the week among the churches, and raised contributions which he credited to the society. ED.] Thus I have had little time to visit and hold personal intercourse with my hearers, a labor which adds greatly to a minister's success and usefulness. Since my last report, I have attended the Monroe and Benton quarterly meetings, in both of which collections were taken for Home Missions. I have usually preached three times on the Sabbath, still following a systematic course in theology, excepting when peculiar circumstances required another subject. I have also preached in Brighton, Walworth, Gorham, and Benton, and several times in each of the following towns, Parma, Penfield, Canandaigua, and Milo.

Experience had convinced us more and more, that without a meeting house, our success in Rochester must be extremely limited, and that to delay to obtain a site for one would render it more difficult and expensive to procure a good location. About two months since, we examined two convenient lots, and tacitly promised ourselves that we would attempt to secure one of them, but while we waited, the price of one was raised $500, and that of the other $1000. Then we partially resolved to organize our society according to law, raise what subscription we could, and if necessary, hire a few hundred dollars to make the first payment. The subject was laid before the Monroe quarterly meeting: they advised us to secure a lot and build a house as soon as possible, and pledged themselves to do all in their power to sustain us. * * * * I took measures to have our society incorporated according to law, and after searching the city one week for the best site we could obtain, by the advice of our leading brethren, I purchased for them a lot fifty-six feet by one hundred and twenty-six, on the corner of Buffalo and King streets. Several gentlemen give encouragement that they will aid us considerably.* We have ventured to appoint six trustees, and have issued proposals for building a stone church, fifty feet by seventy-five, the basement to contain a vestry to be ready for use by the 1st of Jan. next, and the house to be finished within twelve months. We think we can raise three thousand dollars in Rochester, and to encourage the work I have

* One gentleman, a prominent member of the third Presbyterian church, said he would raise one thousand dollars.

promised to subscribe five hundred dollars, and have solemnly covenanted with the trustees to stand by them.

Now, brethren, the subscription is printed: one hundred copies are ready, and shall we present them to the public in Rochester, and among our churches in the surrounding country?

Yours in love, DAVID MARKS."

The Board approbated the proceedings of the church, and advised them to go forward.

Mr. Marks' third quarterly report is lost, and for the ensuing three months there is no record of his labors. On his return to Rochester after meeting the Board, he learned that three churches, who contemplated building houses of worship, had circulated subscriptions through the city. Several friendly gentlemen advised that the circulation of the subscription for the Free-will Baptist house be deferred a few weeks, as they thought much more success would be insured, than to follow directly after so many solicitations. Accordingly it was decided to let the matter rest for a season. Mr. Marks hired, on his own responsibility, at a high interest, five hundred dollars to meet the first payment on the meeting house lot, and a small house and lot purchased in connection with it for a parsonage. He prosecuted his labors much as he had done, but struggling with increasing embarrassments. In the latter part of August, Mr. Abner Kneeland, the noted infidel, came to Rochester, and by the intrigue and misrepresentation of some infidels in the city, got possession of the Court House on the afternoon of Sabbath Aug. 21. Mr. Marks read a statement in the meeting from the sheriff, which, with other circumstances, exposed the duplicity that had been used. He then dismissed his congregation, advising them to go to some other meeting, but thought it his duty to listen to Mr. Kneeland and give a public reply. He did so, and also wrote out Mr. Kneeland's arguments, presented in three lectures, and his own replies, which were subsequently published in the Morning Star.* In defence of this course, he said, "For years,

* Mr. Kneeland, in a public assembly in Boston, Mass. not far from the time he was in Rochester, dared the Almighty to strike him dead, and gave him five minutes in which to do it, holding his watch in his hand, with his arm extended, until the minutes had expired, and then tauntingly said: "Where is now your God?" For wise reasons, his insulted Maker contiuued his life till a few months since, when he was arrested by the ragings of a fever in Iowa, and was said to have passed unconsciously to the judgment. Directly over his head, hung the prayer of a "Free thinker," written by himself, and around his room the pictures of Tom Paine, Voltaire, and their infamous associates. It is said that during the last six years of his life, he labored zealously and assiduously to plant a seat for atheism in the valley of the West. On the banks of the Des Moines in Iowa, he located his paradise, and hoped to see a generation arise, who should openly proclaim, "There is no God." But the Lord has laughed at his impotent efforts, and as now over the sleeping dust of Voltaire, the great champion of infidelity in the old world, stands a Christian sanctuary for devout worshippers, so in this seat of the infidel Kneeland, it is stated that "there are now five Christian churches, and five educated ordained ministers, preaching salvation by the blood of the Lamb."

I have thought that ministers ought not to pursue such a dignified and independent manner, as they usually do, in relation to the attacks of infidels. We ought to meet every opposer, and with all meekness and patience accommodate ourselves to the *weakest* capacity, and condescend to answer plainly and familiarly every argument which might deceive even the most ignorant. If ministers will not throw themselves into the breach, who will? If those whom God has set for the defence of the gospel will not accommodate themselves and their arguments to the condition and capacities of the unlearned, and the haters of religious restraints, who will? Is it right to give up this multitude?"

The opposition of the infidels in Rochester was aroused, and through their influence it was decided that the Court House should be closed against all stated religious meetings. The church then met in a stone school house in a distant part of the city, and afterwards in a brick building on the corner of Ann and State streets.

In October, Mr. Marks attended the first anniversary of the New York Anti Slavery Society in Utica, as a delegate from the Rochester Anti Slavery Society. Mr. Gerritt Smith and Alvan Stewart, Esq. were among the speakers.

In the mean time pecuniary difficulties had continued to thicken. The season had been the most unfavorable of any for many years. Crops were generally cut off, and as the Mission Society was mostly dependent on the contributions of farmers, it had received no funds, its Board had become discouraged, and informed Mr. Marks that such was the scarcity, they were utterly unable to redeem their pledge to support him. They said to him, that if he wished to leave, he had their approbation in so doing, but it would be gratifying to them if he could remain. He was now brought into trials he had not anticipated. He had been living for a time on credit, expecting funds from the society to meet these expenses. His little home in Canandaigua, in consequence of the rise of real estate, he had sold for $2100, in an exchange for a piece of woodland two miles from the village. This he tried to sell, but found times had become so hard, that he could not without a great sacrifice. His only alternatives were to abandon the church in Rochester, or do something to meet his expenses. After much consideration and prayer, he concluded to do the latter. Perseverance was one of the constituents of his character, and he had been accustomed to struggle with difficulties. His health had greatly improved, but he dared not enter upon any business that would materially add to his mental labors. He soon had an opportunity to engage with a partner in lumbering, and thought he had made arrangements that would secure him means to meet his expenses,

and yet leave most of his time for ministerial duties. The following is taken from his fourth report to the Home Mission Board.

December 29, 1836.

Dear brethren,

You recollect that at your last meeting, you informed me that you were unable to redeem your pledge to sustain me, and that I was at liberty to leave, &c. After deep reflection and much prayer for Divine assistance, I felt satisfied for the following reasons, that it was duty to remain, although I was well aware that trials and afflictions awaited me. 1. The little church that had been gathered was the fruit of much toil, watching, and many prayers, and to my feelings it was as cruel as death to leave them without a shepherd. 2. The thoughts of the dishonor it would bring on our denomination and the cause, seemed more than I could endure. 3. I had already contracted debts to some amount for living in the city, and as the pressure of the times had become such that I had been unable to turn my property into money, I could not pay my debts and leave honorably. So I committed my case to Him who has promised that "No good thing will he withhold from him that walketh uprightly," being perfectly aware that my temporal embarrassments would exceed all through which I had ever passed. But considering the extremely interesting field of labor before me, that was white, all ready to harvest, notwithstanding all the difficulties and afflictive circumstances that surrounded me, the only alternative that seemed presented in the path of duty was—to enter into business that would afford me relief till I could make a different disposition of my affairs. * * * * * I have arranged my business with a view of having as much time as possible for ministerial labor. To benefit the church and the world is the only object for which I am willing to live, and to which I am determined that, through the grace of God, every act of my life shall be subservient. Consequently in the course I have pursued, I feel peace of conscience, and whenever the necessity of its further pursuit is removed, it will be with joy inexpressible that I shall relinquish it.

Since the meeting of the Board in August last, some have been converted among us, nine have been added to our number, and there is a prospect of more additions soon. Some in our congregation are inquiring, "What they shall do to be saved," and we are looking for a general outpouring of the Spirit. Several of our members, on account of the hard times, have taken dismissions and left the city. Our present number is thirty seven. Our monthly meetings, weekly prayer meetings, and four meetings on the Sabbath, are regularly attended with interest and profit. A more im-

portant field can hardly be found, and one that can wholly devote himself to the work, has great opportunities for winning souls to Christ.

Yours, in the bonds of the blessed gospel,

DAVID MARKS."

The Secretary of the Board presented Mr. Marks the following:

"BATAVIA, Dec. 30, 1836.

To all whom it may concern:—

This certifies that Elder David Marks' labors at Rochester have been successful and satisfactory to this Board. But such are the embarrassments of the Society, that we cannot redeem our pledge to support him in Rochester, nor shall we be able to do any thing towards his support for several months to come. So we are forced to the painful necessity of withdrawing that pledge, and leaving him to depend on his own efforts, and those of individuals who may feel interested. Though his embarrassments are great, he has determined that it is his duty to remain in Rochester under the direction of this Board. This, therefore, is to entreat all who feel any interest in sustaining the mission at Rochester, to render our missionary in that place all the immediate aid in their power, in order to relieve him from his present necessities.

Done by order of the Executive Committee of the New York Home Mission Society.

PHINEHAS FORD, *Corresponding Secretary.*"

Mr. Marks continued his labors in Rochester through the winter with some success, and also frequently preached with the churches in the country. January 4, 1837, he preached the dedication sermon of the Free-will Baptist meeting house in Penfield, from Haggai 2:7—9. He enjoyed remarkable freedom on this occasion, and it was a season of most thrilling interest.

The embarrassments in the commercial world had now become unexampled in the history of our country. Many of the oldest and wealthiest firms in our cities had suffered a total wreck. Little else than failures and pecuniary distresses were the subjects of conversation. Mr. Marks, in common with others, met with severe losses from unexpected and unforeseen causes. April 18, he wrote the following:

"Whereas, my embarrassments have increased upon me almost without measure and without limits, insomuch that I feel quite discouraged, and ready to give up, and make an assignment of my property in order to pay my debts, and get clear from embarrassments, and whereas, this course might be very prejudicial to my usefulness in the world, and whereas, in my present hurried state, I can neither enjoy life nor be useful, I do most solemnly make the following promises, that I may attain to the object of my exis-

tence. 1. I will not give up under discouragements, nor permit disappointments to wear upon my spirit, but do my duty in all things, and be patient. 2. I will uniformly be very forbearing and meek toward all men, and endeavor to preserve a happy frame of mind, and, as much as possible, peace toward all men. 3. I will steadily use all possible diligence, and strive in one year from this day to clear myself from all debts, even though nothing should be left me, and then enter the most rigid course of economy, in order that my mind may be free for intellectual improvement and preaching the gospel the rest of my life. 4. I will never contract another debt to the amount of a shilling, unless I become so straitened that I cannot honestly avoid it. This I will do, that, as a minister of Jesus Christ, I may be free and not be entangled in the affairs of this life. 5. I will be content to be poor for Christ's sake, as long as I live, and as fast as I get any thing, and I can *honestly* devote it to advance religion, I will do so. The glory of God shall be my only object and aim."

He made repeated but unsuccessful efforts to extricate himself from his embarrassments. Still he continued to meet his engagements till about the middle of June. In the mean time he wrote to Mr. Burr on this subject as follows:

"ROCHESTER, June 18, 1837.

My dear brother,

* * * Disappointment has succeeded diappointment, and one misfortune has followed another, as though they 'loved each other's steps,' till I am brought into deep trials, and causes, unforeseen by mortal eyes, have entangled me in embarrassments from which I had always determined to keep myself free. I never entered into business so long as I saw any possibility of sustaining the mission in Rochester by any other course. I did it in the fear of God, and with as much conviction of duty as I ever appeared before an assembly to address them on the concerns of eternity. Could I have foreseen the present commercial distress, I should have left Rochester, when the Board informed me that they could not aid me; or had I not been so unsuspecting of wickedness in those with whom I have had to do, I might have escaped many of my present difficulties. No, my brother, whatever may be the opinions of others, or the fears of my friends, I know, and my Heavenly Father knows, that I have not been worldly minded. I have never sought for this world, and in the arrangement of all my temporal affairs, my eye has been single to God's glory.

You are doubtless as well acquainted with the pressure of the times as I am. In this city it is dreadful. The most wealthy and responsible have failed in meeting their engagements, and several

have had their notes protested at the bank. The suffering among the poor in this city is dreadful. Provisions are extremely high, [flour was then $10 per barrel, and potatoes $1,25 per bushel,] and all business has nearly ceased.

I am now settling up my concerns. I expect to pay my debts, and when I have done that, I do not expect to have any thing left whatever. Amidst it all, I feel peace of conscience and calmness of soul. I have nearly all my life been acquainted with privations. I have known the pangs of suffering from want, and yet, if it is the will of my Heavenly Father, I can bid poverty a cheerful welcome, for I have been brought to this, while I have been walking in what I believed to be the path of duty, though I will not say I have not misjudged. Until recently, I have hoped to save something, but I have come to the conclusion to sell every article I possess to pay my debts, and in these times they must go much below their value; but I must be released from worldly anxieties, and when I get liberated once more, I think it will be my duty to remain so. The cares I have had for a few years past, if continued, will soon carry me to my grave. * * * * You wrote about my taking an agency for the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, but I am not fit for any agency. All the energies of my mind have been so long on the stretch, that I do not think that I should be useful in any such sphere. I do not know what I shall do. I do not expect to be able to travel much, as for years past, the exposures consequent on travelling, have invariably brought me on a sick bed. I have felt as though the church here must not go down—but for a season past, such dark clouds have hung over my prospects, that I have at times almost despaired. Still God has been with us in our meetings, and of late, we have frequently had tokens of mercy and interpositions of Providence, which have been too plain to be misunderstood. At our last meeting, we had five applications for membership, which have been received. Our prospects as a church are good, if a preacher could be sustained. We are well united, have a Bible class, and a Sabbath school. The Home Mission Board treat me with much affection and kindness. They sympathize with me in my afflictions, and if they could, would gladly relieve me.

As a nation, I know not what is before us, but it appears to me that days of greater trouble are at hand. I am expecting them. God is going to wean his children from the world, and disappoint their ambitious schemes. O, my brother, may we be prepared for the day of trial. May we labor wholly for God, and fight manfully in the day of battle. I long to see you, and pour out my whole heart to you, but if we never more meet in this world, I trust we shall in the abodes of unsullied purity, where the gales of adversity

cease to blow, and 'the wicked cease from troubling.' Remember me, especially in your prayers to Almighty God. There is rest for the weary in heaven, blessed be God. Farewell.

Your affectionate brother, DAVID MARKS."

In the latter part of June, Mr. Marks received a letter from a friend, who frankly expressed his fear that an eagerness to get rich had induced him to enter into business, and had brought on his misfortunes. Some extracts from his reply to this letter are given, as illustrative of the spirit with which he bore the censures of friends, and received reproofs which he thought were unmerited.

"I thank you for your Christian admonitions and your kind advice. I cannot say that I have not erred in engaging in worldly business, but if I have, it has been through mistaken views of duty. It was not inclination that led me to it, for I never did any thing in my life, that was so contrary to my feelings, and so crossing to my disposition. It was the farthest thing possible from my ambition to be called a 'man of business.' * * * Years ago, I gave up the world, and consecrated myself and every thing I had to God, and ever since, so far as I know, I have acted on this principle of entire consecration. My conscience bears me witness, that neither love of ease, wealth, fame, or honor, have ever since actuated my course. All the value I have set on property has been only proportionate to the ability it gives its possessor to extend the influence of the Redeemer's kingdom. Aside from this, I have looked upon poverty as the happiest state. Neither have I thought that a Christian, in this day of benevolent enterprise, is excusable in retaining any more property in his hands than a bare competence, except in such cases, as he has evidence that he can best glorify God in so doing. As for myself, I have had to provide for a sickly sister, in obedience to my mother's dying injunction. My aged father is very infirm and in extreme poverty, and as he gave six years of my time (from the age of fifteen to twenty-one) to the church, I have thought that filial claims required me to assist him. Considering my duty as connected with these circumstances, I have thought that I should be more free from care, and in a situation for greater usefulness, by retaining in my hands a part of the goods committed to my charge. When I returned here from N. England, as I was nearly worn out with cares, anxieties, and responsibilities, I thought it would be right for me to retire to some obscure corner, where I could enjoy quiet and retirement, and still devote what remained of my shattered faculties to the cause of God. I had selected, in my own mind, the London quarterly meeting in Upper Canada, as the place of my comparative seclusion, and it was with inexpressible delight that I was anticipating the sweets of

rest. But my brethren in this yearly meeting insisted that I should come to Rochester. They spread out before me the necessity of our having a church in this city and promised to sustain me. It was very crossing to give up my scheme of rest, but as I had not for years dared to confer with flesh and blood, where the advancement of the cause was concerned, and viewing myself a servant of the church, I finally consented, thinking at the same time that if I had no care for my own support, I should be freer than I had ever before been since I commenced preaching the gospel. So I went to Rochester." * * * * * *

Mr. Marks again made a brief entry in his journal, as follows: "July 3, 1837, I have been exceedingly embarrassed in worldly affairs, and for the first time have been unable to pay my debts, though in fifteen years I have contracted debts to the amount of $30,000, and never to this time have I had a note protested, nor have I suffered any note to become due, without previously obtaining an extension, except in two instances of forgetting small sums. I had ever considered it immoral to fail in the least engagement; and finding myself thus circumstanced, on the 15th of June, I met a council which I had previously requested, consisting of the executive committee of the New York Home Mission Society, and several ministers and brethren in the Monroe quarterly meeting. I gave a full disclosure, in writing, to this council of all my financial concerns, and plans to pay my debts. In view of the existing commercial embarrassments, they unanimously advised me to make an assignment of my property for the benefit of my creditors. I concluded to take their advice, and, June 23, I made an assignment to Messrs. Hoyt and Porter, Christian gentlemen of high standing and integrity of character, with whom I had had much business in the book line. I gave up all, not reserving a single dollar's worth of household furniture, or of any thing whatever, not excepting any of the articles given Mrs. Marks by her parents, nor any of the books or presents we had received from friends, nor a piece of land [five acres] the use of which I had given to my poor aged father in the infirmities of declining life. I wept about nothing of an earthly nature except this latter circumstance and my library, which had been gathered with much care, and had cost me about seven hundred dollars. By this failure, I lost about four thousand dollars, which had come to me by school teaching, publishing books, the rise in the value of my little home in Canandaigua, and by my wife.

But I do not mourn this loss so much on my own account. I have no anxiety for my life, what I shall eat, what I shall drink, or wherewithal I shall be clothed. But I most deplore the occasion which my failure may give to the enemies of God, to injure the

cause of religion. I have ever felt since I commenced preaching, that I would rather be burned at the stake, than do any thing to hinder the success of the gospel. This reflection has sometimes so distressed me, as to make me sick, and at other times, my agony has been such, that had it not been for the consciousness of the integrity of heart in which I have walked before God, I fear that reason would have tottered from her throne. As Messrs. Hoyt and Porter wish me to act as their agent in settling up my affairs, I hope, through the blessing of God, to be able to discharge all my obligations honorably, though to do it I shall be subjected for a time to worldly cares which are a burden to my soul. When I found I could hold out no longer, I thought it would be wisdom to call the members of the church together, that they might all take letters, and then disband. I went to meeting on the following Sabbath, thinking of this course, and laboring under the most discouraging feelings, when, to my surprise, we had five applications for church membership. I felt my heart filled with thankfulness, and it seemed as though I was standing still to see the salvation of God. I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to do all I can, while I remain here, to keep the church together, maintain its discipline, and trust in God to send them a shepherd when I leave.

July 4, I left Rochester, and during five days following, preached twice in Gorham, once in Jerusalem, and twice in Potter at the Yates quarterly meeting, [formerly called Benton,] where I received much kindness, and felt greatly comforted by the sympathies of my brethren. Sabbath, July 9, I enjoyed a precious day with the church in Rochester, and baptized two, who were added to our number."

Mr. Marks continued his labors with the church in Rochester till June, 1838. In addition to his usual Sabbath duties, he preached a sermon early in the morning to the prisoners in the jail. During the rest of the week, notwithstanding his cares, he usually spent a portion of each day in religious study or religious visits. In January and February, he had the satisfaction of seeing considerable interest manifested in his meetings, and several conversions. He was frequently told by members of other churches, that individuals, at different times, had been received into their communion, who, in the relation of their religious experience, dated their awakening under his preaching. It was a great comfort to him that souls were converted through his instrumentality, although he was not permitted to gather the fruits.

In the mean time, he was very diligent in settling his affairs, but on account of the unprecedented scarcity of money, he had to sell almost every thing at a great sacrifice. His Canandaigua property, which, in the exchange he made, was valued at $2100, only

brought him $355. He began to fear what he had little anticipated, that he should be left in debt, after he had disposed of every article. This fear was subsequently realized, and he finally found himself in debt at least one thousand or twelve hundred dollars more than his means would pay. Painful as was this circumstance, he did not sink under it, nor feel that he was absolved from his obligations to fulfill his engagements, because he had given up all he possessed. He told his creditors, that if he lived, they might expect their pay. They generally manifested much sympathy for him, and expressed their confidence that he had done as well as he could in those troublous times, and in circumstances over which he had no control. They told him not to deprive himself and family of necessary comforts in order to pay them. Many that were acquainted with facts, spoke in admiration of his course. One gentleman in the city of high standing, who was a non-professor, said, "Elder Marks is the noblest work of God, for he is an honest man." These circumstances greatly soothed his spirit, and afforded him unspeakable consolation; and he felt deeply grateful that confidence in his integrity was not lost. It was also with him a matter of great thanksgiving, that none of his creditors were much distressed by his failure. The following testimony to the uprightness of his conduct in these days of trial, was received from his assignees a few weeks after his death.

"ROCHESTER, Feb. 14, 1846.

Mrs. Marks. Dear Madam,

* * * * * We take this occasion to express our sympathy with you in the bereavement you have experienced in the loss of your excellent husband. And not only for your sake, but for society do we mourn in the loss of a good man and devout Christian. He was truly an upright man. We knew him under circumstances of temptation and trial, and found him a *true* man to the last penny. * * *

SAMUEL D. PORTER,
DAVID HOYT."

In these dark days, Mr. Marks often had his spirits cheered with consolatory letters from his Christian friends, similar to the following.

"GREENVILLE, R. I. Oct. 5, 1837.

My Dear Brother Marks,

* * * * It is probably unnecessary for me to attempt to console you, as I doubt not that the consolations of the religion you have so long and so successfully preached to others are afforded you in this time of distress. My dear brother and sister are surely not among those with whom the consolations of God are

small. Those sermons, exhortations, and prayers, that have so often afforded comfort to hundreds of God's poor and afflicted people, owed much of their efficiency to the rich experience you have had of the abundant sources of comfort that the gospel opens to the disconsolate. Philosophy, unaided by religion, coolly tells us to submit to misfortunes because we cannot avoid them. The religion of Jesus Christ does not leave us to this cold comfort, if comfort it deserves to be called. No. It tells us a Father's hand is concerned in all our afflictions, that they shall work together for *good* to those that love God. My dear brother and sister have not lost their all, although misfortune has deprived them of choice earthly blessings. No. Their rich treasure in heaven, infinitely more valuable than all earthly possessions, remains secure and uninjured. O blessed thought, soon you will enjoy that treasure. * * * *

Your sympathizing brother, ELIAS HUTCHINS."

In the fall of 1837, Mr. Marks made the following entries in his journal.

"Saturday, October 28. This city during the present week has been the theatre of intense excitement, consequent upon one of the most deliberate, bold, and daring assassinations that has ever stained our land, the first murder ever known to have been committed in the county of Monroe. Wm. Lyman, a most estimable citizen and a devoted Christian, a husband and a father, was shot in our city last Monday night, a little past 9 o'clock, near his own door. I have been to see his bereaved widow. Poor woman! the agony of her mind for a time almost made her frantic. The examination of Octavius Baron, (a Frenchman and a Catholic, only eighteen years of age,) has occupied the whole of the week, and has resulted in his commitment to prison for trial. During the examination he manifested the coldest indifference till toward the last, when he betrayed some emotions. I accompanied him to his cell, which he entered with seeming indifference. I inquired of him his feelings. He replied that he felt as though others equally guilty were about to escape. I exhorted him to speedy repentance and to seek the mercy of God, when his eyes became suffused with tears, and showed that he had at least *one* spark of feeling. But it is dreadful to think of a youth only eighteen years of age so hardened in crime.

Nov. 4. Thirty two years of my vain life are this day numbered. Nearly seventeen of these have been spent in the ministry. But, alas! how unprofitable they have been! O precious and compassionate Savior, forgive thy poor unworthy servant all the sins of his past life, the sin of impatience—the sin of vain thoughts—the sin of dogmatism, and do thou give him grace, and wisdom, and perse-

verance, which shall enable him to act in all things as the image, and likeness, and representative of the great, the everlasting God. O do thou, blessed Redeemer, aid thy servant, that he may from this time discipline his own heart and conduct agreeably to the Holy Scriptures, and his future years be abundantly useful. Amen.

Sabbath, Dec. 10, I preached three times, attended a prayer meeting, Bible class, and Sabbath school. Two were added to our number, one of whom I baptized.

Dec. 29—31, I attended the Monroe quarterly meeting at Kendall, having walked twenty seven miles. It was a precious season. Eighteen kneeled for prayer, and one was hopefully converted. Brethren were very kind, and gave me several dollars; and one brother carried me home. Much excitement has been prevailing in Rochester, as well as in many other places, on account of an insurrection in Canada. It is feared that a bloody civil war will be the result, and that the United States will be involved in it."

May 27—June 7, Mr. Marks spent mostly in attendance at the trial of Octavius Baron. The evidence against the prisoner was conclusive, the jury brought in the verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to be hung the 25th of the ensuing July. Through the whole trial, he seemed the most indifferent of any present, and often, during the adjournments of the court, danced in his chains. The agony of his parents, sister, and the miserable victim of his licentiousness, whom he said he had married, seemed intense. At the time appointed, he suffered the execution of the sentence pronounced upon him, manifesting to the last the same hardness of heart. As he was about to be launched into eternity, he grasped a crucifix, which it was said he held till death had done its work.

Mr. Marks closed his labors in Rochester in June, 1838. The following in relation to this circumstance, with some other incidents, is copied from his correspondence in the Morning Star.

"Having been informed that my brethren in Ohio were expecting me to visit them, I would say to them, through the Star, that I have long desired to see them once more in the flesh, and that for months previous to my leaving Rochester, I had much conflict of mind in deciding whether it was my duty to continue my labors in the city or comply with their kind and often repeated requests. Severe and laborious had been my toils in Rochester, and the pain of soul it caused me to think of abandoning the fruits of those toils, was such as I had never before known, and I concluded it was my duty to remain as long as I could obtain the bare necessities of life. Since the organization of the church, between sixty and seventy had united with it, but in consequence of the pressure and the suspension of business following it, several had been obliged to leave

the city. My health had so declined the past winter, that considerable of the time I was unable to preach. For many months I had depended on my own efforts for my support, but this resource was now cut off. My companion engaged in teaching till her health was so poor, that in the spring she was obliged to relinquish it. The door seemed now effectually closed against continuing my stay in Rochester, and I now felt that if the church lost its visibility my garments were clear. Its members had known something of the trials of my situation, and had often extended to me the balm of their sympathy, the only relief they were able to afford. When I communicated to them my decision, they acquiesced with tearful eyes, saying, that in my present destitution, it would be cruelty to urge my longer stay; but they knew not what to do. They had looked to other churches, and their home was nowhere else. They finally agreed to sustain the visibility of the church, and to support two prayer meetings weekly, in the hope that soon aid would be granted them from some quarter.

In the month of May, I had a violent attack of jaundice, which some of the time confined me to my bed. My skin became about as dark as that of a mulatto, and my friends were apprehensive that my disease would terminate fatally. Its violent symptoms, however, finally yielded to active medical treatment, so that on the 15th of June, we left Rochester, and went to Byron, where the Holland Purchase yearly meeting was in session. I then proposed going to Canada, and immediately after my return, to the state of Ohio. But my brethren so strenuously and earnestly protested against my intended course, and seemed so anxious for me to labor as an evangelist among the churches of western New York, that I partly consented to delay my visit to Ohio till another season. My health was such that I could preach little, and my labors could probably be of very little use any where. The nervous irritability of my system subjected me at intervals to much mental prostration, and occasionally to depression of spirits.

From Byron we took the canal to Royalton on our way to Canada. Here again I was confined by sickness two weeks. A physician, whom I consulted, reiterated the often repeated advice of former physicians, that if I ever intended to recover, I must lay aside all mental labor, such as reading, writing, preaching, &c., avoid all conversation that would require any effort of mind, and at the same time take as much bodily exercise as my strength would permit. As this course would for the present deprive me of all prospect of usefulness to the church, the thoughts of it were painful to my feelings, but being convinced that the continuance of my life depended upon it, I commenced faithfully following his directions. I grew better, but not daring to proceed on my journey, I conclu-

ded to spend a few days in Boston, Erie Co. Leaving Royalton for this purpose, on the 4th of July, I could not well resist the temptation to stop at the New York State Anti-Slavery convention, which was that day to commence its sitting in the Methodist chapel in Lockport. Here, a little more than two years ago, a private lecturer was mobbed for advocating the abolition of slavery. Now not even the faintest whisper, 'I fear there will be a mob,' was heard. It was to me a gratifying circumstance that the convention was in a Methodist chapel, as the influence of so many in this denomination was on the side of the oppressor. O, thought I, could the illustrious Wesley arise from the dead, and speak to his American brethren, how would he show them their sins, while, as in the days of his flesh, he would thunder peal after peal on the conscience of the slaveholder, and cry aloud in his ears, 'Render unto all their dues. * * Escape for your life! Regard not money! Whataver you lose, lose not your soul! Immediately quit this horrid trade! Instantly deliver yourselves from blood-guiltiness! Your hands, your bed, your furniture, your house, your lands are stained with blood. Surely it is enough. Accumulate no more guilt!'

Some distinguished abolitionists were present. One of the number was Henry B. Stanton. He spoke on a resolution, saying that the declaration of independence breathes the very spirit and principles of abolitionists. While commenting on the declaration, he came to the clause, 'But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute despotism, it is their *right*, it is their DUTY, to throw off such government,' he said the resolution was not correct. That clause in the constitution allowed war. It was revolutionary. But it was the doctrine of the declaration, not of abolitionists. They were engaged in a moral conflict, a war of principles. No blood-stained banner waved over their heads. No widow's groans, no orphan's tears, no garments rolled in blood, marked their path. In a manner entirely his own, he alluded to the persecuted abolitionists, the mobs at Boston and New York, the burning of Liberty Temple in Philadelphia, the grave and future glory of Lovejoy, and closed his remarks in a burst of powerful and impassioned eloquence. The assembly seemed electrified. An amendment was immediately proposed, which passed unanimously, cutting off the approval of that part of the declaration, which declared it to be the *right* and DUTY of the oppressed, to throw off their yoke.

Leaving Lockport, we went to Buffalo, and thence to Boston, where my good friend, Deacon Truman Carey, gave us a very hearty and affectionate welcome, and told us to make his house our home as long as we pleased. I remained here three weeks, follow-

ing the prescriptions of the physician, excepting that I preached on the Sabbath, and wrote to some correspondents."

The following is taken from a copy of one of the letters written during this period, to Mr. Phillips, missionary in India, from whom intelligence had been received that his wife (formerly Mrs. Beede) had entered upon eternal scenes.

"BOSTON, N. Y. July 19, 1838.

My dear brother,

* * * In April last, on taking a copy of the Star from the P. O. at Rochester, I read that for which I was not prepared—the death of dear sister Phillips! For a while, I could not realize it, but as the truth of the painful intelligence rushed upon me, I was quite overcome, and could not refrain from weeping aloud. When I met my dear companion, I was reminded of your bereavement and solitary situation in a land of heathen strangers, while I was blessed with the wife of my youth in a land of friends. Then we fell on each other's necks, and sobbed for a long time. Our sorrow was not altogether for dear Mary, who, we doubted not, was enjoying sweet rest beyond the toils, and pains, and sorrows of life, but for our dear brother Phillips. We supposed that the heart-rending tidings of the death of both your parents had already reached you, and even then was weighing down your spirits. Since very remarkable bereavements had already become your lot, we were not looking for one still more heavy and cutting than all the rest. My dear companion, who you know was much attached to your Mary, read the short painful notice in the Star. Like the friends of Job, we sat a long time in silence, then we kneeled and poured out our supplications to high Heaven in your behalf. We were cheered, however, by the reflection that you mourn not as those who mourn without hope, and that religion can assuage the sorrows of the soul. Yes, my dear brother, a firm trust in the Lord can fortify us against those bereavements which are more painful than even death itself. The reflection that the time we have on earth is very short, and that the tender ties which bind us to our families and friends, were only formed to be dissolved at the touch of death, should reconcile us to look upon our friends as but lent favors, not to be retained always, but only during the pleasure of the loaner. Hence we should look at death until we become acquainted with its worst features, comprehend its power, and are prepared to resign ourselves, or our dearest friends, to its iron grasp.

It was once my lot to comfort and beguile your Mary of her tears, when her dear Beede was laid in the grave, and I had hoped while she was in India that I should have the privilege of attempt-

ing to comfort her in her labors. I recount the time since we parted, and am astonished at the swiftness with which more than three years have passed away. I cannot refrain from tears, when I think how little time I have had to hold communion with you across the great watery waste that separates us. But, however neglectful of my duty you may judge me to have been, I acknowledge with gratitude that you, and indeed all my missionary friends, have been faithful and kind to me in this respect, for myself and wife have received, in all, ten letters from India. We have felt a deeper interest in these communications than in any others we ever received, and after forwarding interesting extracts for publication in the Morning Star, we have filed them among our choicest papers.

One of the subjects on which you dwelt in your first letter is the wretched and heart-sickening appearance of the heathen of Hindoostan. Doubtless the first sight of them made an impression on your mind, of which we can form a very faint idea. But though we have not seen what you have, yet from the Scriptures we have a frightful picture of the sad and wretched condition of those who 'hasten after other gods.' For years, I have been fully convinced, that neither science nor civilization, equal rights or much temporal happiness, can be secured to men without the aid of religion—the pure religion of the blessed Bible. And it is equally certain, that the blessed God has not proposed to send men the gospel by any miraculous power; but through the instrumentality of the church, and by their using the ordinary means which God has put into their hands. Hence, our dear Savior forbade that state of mind which is always prompting us to seek a sign from heaven, when in fact the word of God is nigh us, and is sufficiently plain and conclusive to ensure our faith, if we will take the trouble to search faithfully for truth. I have seen the time when I anxiously sought for signs and wonders. I thank God that I have been perfectly cured of such desires, by the consideration that He who made man and perfectly understood his nature, and what will influence him best, has granted miracles very sparingly, and only on the most important occasions, such as establishing the divinity of certain dispensations, &c. Doubtless the reason is, that miracles, repeated frequently, would become so common as to lose their influence. Hence, God has not made it the *order* of his government to depart from the laws of nature, to advance his cause for the time being, at the expense of future generations. Although his mode of government imposes upon all men, and especially upon Christians and ministers, much study and labor in making examination of the records and evidences of divine truth, yet it exhibits an amount of wisdom sufficient to astonish even the angels of heaven. * * *

Your affectionate brother in Christ, D. MARKS."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Particulars of Mr. Marks' Travels and Labors, mostly in New York, from July, 1838, *to April,* 1840.

The following is copied from Mr. Marks' correspondence in the Morning Star:

"About the last of July, my health having considerably improved, we resumed our journey to Canada, crossed the Niagara at Black Rock, and as we proceeded down the river, passed several houses that had been perforated with balls during the late insurrection. At the Falls, we found an encampment of eight hundred soldiers, who were marched from New Brunswick during the last winter, to aid in quelling the rebellion. We were permitted to visit any part of the army's camp. Their tents were large and neat, and the officers and soldiers were very civil. They told us heart-rending stories of their privations and sufferings in marching, during the severity of last winter, through the deep unbroken snows of the wilderness, where they came near perishing. Alas! the miseries of war are indeed untold! We pursued our way to Zorra, found the country in a quiet state, and were treated with much hospitality and kindness. In August, I visited the churches in the London quarterly meeting, and found their state to be just what might be expected, after so much of the blighting spirit of war had swept over the land. Several of the brethren had removed to the United States, and others were preparing to follow. A council had been appointed to meet in Southwold, the second of July, to ordain two brethren to the work of the ministry; but on the first day of the month, the whole province was thrown into commotion, by a rumor that many thousands of the inhabitants were secretly organized with abundance of arms and ammunition, and would be joined by men from the United States to take the province on the fourth of the month. This occasioned the calling out of the militia, the fencing up of roads and bridges, and the stopping of travellers, so that the council did not assemble. I was now requested to meet with them. I did so, and we had a very interesting season. Both of the brethren that were ordained, appeared to be ministers of promise. In September, we returned to Boston, N. Y., where we arrived after an absence of six weeks, thankful to our Heavenly Father for our preservation, and for the rich blessing of improved health."

Mr. Marks, with much joy, now resumed his labors as an evangelist in the Holland Purchase yearly meeting. He had also consented to take an assistant general agency for the Book Concern,

among the western churches. Sept. 22 and 23, he attended the Chatauque quarterly meeting in Arkwright. Several were awakened, and one professed to be converted. During the remainder of the month, he preached in Cherry Creek, Ellington, Collins, and Springville. In the early part of October, he labored several days in China, generally preaching twice daily, besides holding prayer and inquiry meetings, and spending two or three hours in active manual labor. The blessing of God attended the preaching of his truth, the church was revived, many of the impenitent were awakened, and about twenty professed to turn to the Lord, most of whom were baptized. Some of these meetings were awfully solemn. In one of them, a Congregationalist minister related a thrilling account of the death of one of his classmates in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, aged about seventeen years. This relation greatly affected Mr. Marks, especially as he knew and highly esteemed several relatives of the deceased. At the close of the meeting, he requested the minister to give him the statements he had made, in writing. He did so. The account, with the addition of some facts subsequently gathered, was substantially as follows:

"This youth resided in Rochester during the great revival in that city under the labors of Mr. C. G. Finney, and at that time was the subject of deep convictions. He visited Mr. Finney, acknowledged himself a sinner, but on being asked, if he would repent then, he said he would not. Mr. Finney said to him in much faithfulness, 'Young man, you will come to some dreadful end.' He replied, 'I am not afraid of it.' He resisted his convictions, and finally resorted to the objections usually urged by open infidels. His manners were gentle, his moral character unexceptionable, and his mind was of the very highest order. But he loved to use his objections against Christianity, in which he manifested uncommon skill. He was sent to Lane Seminary, that he might prosecute his studies under a holy influence. One day, after the cholera commenced its ravages in Cincinnati, he was in a shop where the workmen were making coffins. He asked, what should the shortness and uncertainty of life teach us? One answered, 'While we have life, to prepare for death.' 'No,' he replied, 'it teaches us to enjoy life while we have it.' The next day he was attacked by the pestilence, but remedies were applied so promptly that he was restored to comfort, with a good prospect of a speedy and perfect recovery. In this state, he was sitting in my room, when some rice was brought him, of which he ate too much, and suffered a relapse. The first indication of relapse was sudden. He exclaimed, 'I can see nothing.' I looked upon him, his eyes were open and rolling —his cheeks were blanched—his lips purple. I took him and bore him to his bed. From the first, those of us who had experience in

the disease, had no hope that he could be raised again. An effort was made to direct him to the Savior, without distracting him by informing him of his desperate bodily circumstances. Said a friend, [Theodore Weld,] as he handed him a glass of water, 'Jesus Christ offers you the water of eternal life, ten thousand times more freely than I offer you this water.' But his stout heart rose up against the kind attempt. 'Let me alone,' said he, 'not a word of that. Let me try my experiment. Infidelity is true after all.' It is probable that at this time he was deceived with the hope of recovery. Though he repelled all Christian conversation, if the friend attempted to withdraw, he would say, 'Come back. Come back.' It was manifest that a dreadful struggle was agitating his bosom, between the pride of commitment on one hand, and the fear of hell on the other.

While lying in this condition, one of the theological students came in, to whom he turned, and calling him by name, said: 'You have never given me the evidence that there is an eternal hell.' He replied, 'There is no time and no need that I should do so now, for I perceive that you believe that truth.' He accused him of not having been faithful to him in religious matters. He told him he had been faithful, but said he, 'You would not hear.' At length the physician having taxed all his skill, approached the bed, saying to the attendant, 'This is the last portion I shall give him. If this fails, all hope is gone!' It did fail, and then one of the students addressed him thus: 'We have now done what we can to save your life. All hope is now past. You must die. Prepare to meet God. You will probably be in eternity in half an hour.' At this announcement he became outrageous and blasphemed. 'Oh!' said he, 'I wont die. Have I come here to Ohio to die!' And then, his shrieks and blasphemies were horrible. He grasped the bed clothes as if to hold back from death, and in this condition, about nine hours from the time of his relapse, without a particle of light or hope, his soul was taken away.

May the living be warned. May those that are tampering with infidelity here see its end. Affectionately yours,

——— ———"

October 20—22. Mr. Marks attended the Genesee quarterly meeting, and presented the following resolution on religion and politics, which passed: 'Resolved, that Christianity claims a direct and minute control over all the conduct of its disciples; therefore, in our opinion, professed Christians cannot, in any case, vote to put an unjust or wicked man into office, without transgressing the law of God, which saith, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of the Lord." He remained in Warsaw nine days, attending meetings daily, and laboring in connection with the pas-

tor of the church. Several were awakened, fifteen of whom professed to find the Savior. Ten of these were members of the Sabbath school.

In the early part of November, Mr. Marks preached several days in Pike, in a neighborhood called "Campbell hill." The church in this place was without a pastor, few in number, not exceeding twelve or fifteen who resided near enough together to be able to meet in weekly meetings. Their place of worship was a small school house, and as few could be accommodated, the congregation was of necessity small. Still about twenty professed to be converted, seventeen of whom united with the church. These converts appeared unusually strong and stable. During the progress of the work, one brother, who was a very faithful Christian, saw seven of his family bow to Christ, and follow their Savior in the ordinance of baptism. November 10 and 11, Mr. Marks attended the Erie quarterly meeting in Collins, and during the latter part of the month, preached a few times in Hume. In December he held a few meetings in Springville. Several appeared anxious for salvation and some were converted. But sectarian spirit blighted in the bud, the prospect of a powerful revival. He next held a three days' meeting in Nashville with a Calvinistic Baptist church. There had been no revival here for years. Great attention was given to the word, and several professed submission to Christ. Dec. 22. He attended the Chatauque quarterly meeting in Villanovia, where a precious season was enjoyed.

In January, 1839, he held a protracted meeting in Boston, Erie Co. This had long been a strong hold of Universalism. Several aged persons had recently died, not one of whom left an evidence of a well grounded hope. The church was in a low state and seemed to have little faith that God would revive his work. After a few sermons, however, great seriousness rested upon the assemblies, and the impenitent began to inquire what they should do to be saved. The altar for prayer was soon crowded, and one and another found peace in believing, till about thirty professed to be born again. Among the converts were several children under twelve years of age, whose zeal and activity in laboring for the conversion of their associates, was a loud rebuke to many professors. One of these children expressed great anxiety for the conversion of a younger brother. He begged of him to repent of his sins, and give his heart to God; and when his brother yielded and was converted, he was so affected that he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Glory to God." On another occasion, one of his cousins, a little boy seven years of age, was brought by his prayers and conversation to feel that he was very wicked and ought to repent. The little boy, like the grey headed sinner, wanted to put

it off a little longer, or, in other words, till he became older. But the faithful little convert begged that he would not do so, and urged as a very reasonable and powerful motive, "You don't know that you will live till another morning." These children, to the number of eight or ten, were very faithful in their duties as church members, and exemplary in their conduct, and when a year afterwards Mr. Marks visited them, not one of them had backslidden, and they were reckoned among the most faithful, devoted Christians in the church.

In the month of February, Mr. Marks preached a few times in Hamburg, and saw some turn to God. He also attended the Cataraugus quarterly meeting in China, the Erie quarterly meeting in Ashford, and the Chatauque in Portland. In these meetings, he labored to enlist the brethren and ministry to act more efficiently in the various benevolent enterprises, and consecrate themselves with renewed zeal to the work of saving souls. He remained in Portland a few days, and saw some prospect of a revival, but sectarian and pro-slavery feelings seemed to throw powerful obstacles in the way of a general work.

In the early part of March, he went to Rochester, and having carefully guarded the contributions he had received in the places where he had labored, and also what he had earned in his agency, and in the sale of religious books, he had saved something of a sum. Fifty dollars of this sum he appropriated to the use of his father, and the remainder, with much satisfaction, he now paid to his creditors, carefully making a dividend exactly proportioned to their dues. He next attended the Penfield quarterly meeting, and on returning to Rochester, found his companion, whom he had left there, very ill. Her health, which had been declining for some years, had now entirely failed, and most of the time, for nearly the ensuing three months, he watched by her bedside, while the lamp of life seemed just flickering in its socket. Nothing could exceed his kind care and affectionate attentions during this period, while, to a great extent, he performed both the duties of nurse and watcher. The anguish of his mind during this season of affliction was often very great. April 11, he wrote thus to Mr. Burr:

"Though I have not been a stranger to affliction, a trial has come upon me, compared with which other trials seem as nothing. I have reason to fear that God is about to take from me my dear companion. She whose labors to aid me in the ministry for more than nine years have been well known to you and thousands in our denomination is very sick. She has been confined about one month with nervous debility, and is now so low that there is not sufficient life for a fever to prey upon. She has every attention that medical skill and the kindness of warm friends can secure."

Mrs. Marks at length began to amend, but so slowly as to be scarcely perceptible, and it was about twenty weeks from her first attack, before it was deemed prudent for her to leave the city. The liberality of Christian friends in these days of affliction, greatly affected as well as comforted the heart of her husband. Miss Emily E. F. Winsor of Greenville, R. I., (a grand daughter of Judge Foster, who was converted under Mr. Marks' labors in 1830,) sent or caused to be sent him fifty dollars. The conductors of the Book Concern also sent him fifty dollars, and other Christian friends ninety-five. These sums met Mrs. Marks' sickness bills within five dollars.

During Mr. Marks' detention in Rochester, a very interesting revival of religion was progressing under the labors of Mr. Knapp, the celebrated Baptist evangelist. He attended several of the meetings, was much interested in the preacher's bold and lucid manner of presenting truth, and took notes of about thirty of his sermons, which he preserved as a choice treasure. It was believed that in this work four or five hundred were converted to God. Among them were persons of every age and class, from the wealthy and intelligent gentleman, down to the most confirmed drunkard and devotee of licentiousness. Most of the pupils of the dancing and waltzing schools in the city were among the converts. One infidel, on being converted, came forward and publicly gave up "Paine's Age of Reason," and confessed that, in his enmity to God, he had burned the Bible, and had attended public worship but once in twenty-seven years!

May 18, Mr. Marks attended the Genesee quarterly meeting in Batavia, where he received much sympathy and kindness from his Christian friends. They presented him with a horse and carriage. The latter he continued to use while he lived. Since the assignment of his property, he had been obliged either to walk to his appointments or hire a conveyance, or depend on brethren to send for him. About this period, he made an estimate from his daily accounts of receipts and expenses, and found that in the nineteen years that he had been preaching, he had expended $9000, only $3000 of which had been given him. This estimate included the sums he had given for charitable and religious purposes, but did not include his recent losses.

About the middle of June, he attended the Holland Purchase yearly meeting at Varysburgh, where a solemn, impressive season was enjoyed. He was appointed a delegate to the General Conference, which was to meet the ensuing fall at Conneaut, Ohio. The subject of the remaining debts for which he was responsible, and which he was struggling to liquidate, was taken up, and it was thought that, as they were contracted in peculiar circumstances,

and in most trying times, while he was laboring for the yearly meeting Home Mission Society, the brethren of the yearly meeting ought to aid him in liquidating them. For this purpose, it was agreed that a subscription should be raised, and contributions should be taken among the churches. As he had concluded to labor for a time in the yearly meeting, he was appointed one of the agents in this business.

During the month of July and the early part of August, whenever he could be persuaded to leave his companion, he visited and preached with the churches, returning frequently to Rochester. August 14 and 15, he attended a semi-annual meeting of the New York State Temperance Society in Rochester. Two hundred and twenty delegates were present, comprising many distinguished gentlemen. Among the number was Mr. E. C. Delevan, recently returned from Europe. Many high spirited resolutions were passed, which elicited very able and animated discussions. These discussions Mr. Marks briefly reported for the Morning Star. Mr. Delevan described an interview of two hours he had with Louis Phillippe, the present king of France, which he spent in discussing the subject of temperance. The king coincided with him in principle, said, as for himself, he was ready to sign the pledge of total abstinence, but, continued he, "The people would call me a fool." Of the 34,000,000 of people in France, it was estimated that not less than 14,000,000 were concerned in the traffic of wine! Within the walls of Paris, the amount of strong drink used annually, is equivalent to one hundred and thirty bottles of wine, and five bottles of alcohol (holding nearly a quart each) for every man, woman and child!!

The remaining part of August and September, Mr. Marks preached almost daily among the churches in Yates, Monroe, and Genesee quarterly meetings, with much acceptance. September 28 and 29, he attended the Monroe quarterly meeting at Ridgeway, where he met several delegates from New England, who were on their way to the General Conference, about to meet in Ohio. After the close of the meeting, he left with the eastern brethren, and arrived at Conneaut, Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1839.

The Conference opened its session October 2, and continued five days. Mr. Marks, in addition to his duties as a member, reported the proceedings. The most animated and interesting discussion during this session was on the subject of slavery. Dr. Housley, a licensed Calvinistic Baptist minister from Kentucky, differing from his brethren in doctrine, and agreeing with the Free-will Baptists, had come to the General Conference, bringing letters of commendation. He wished to unite with the Free-will Baptists, and be ordained before he returned. He stated that there were

several thousand Baptists in Kentucky and adjacent states, who were with him in sentiment, and if he was received, would eventually unite with the Free-will Baptists. A committee was appointed for his examination. They asked him what he thought of American slavery. He replied, that it was a great moral evil, a scourge, and a curse. They inquired if he was a slaveholder. He said he was; he owned a mother and three children. Being asked, if he thought it morally and religiously right to hold slaves, he replied, "Circumstances alter cases. If I believed my slaves would be improved in their condition by immediate emancipation, I should be as glad to have them emancipated as you would; but they are ignorant and unprepared at present to take care of themselves." The council said to him, "We will give you satisfactory bonds that we will give each of your slaves three years' good schooling in New England, support them during that time, and give other necessary instructions to qualify them for usefulness in life. We will also go to Kentucky, and take them free of expense to you. Will you let us have them on these conditions?" He replied, "No, unless I can have a remuneration." They asked, "What value do you put upon your slaves?" "They are worth about two thousand dollars." The council further inquired, "If we will produce bonds as before proposed, and pay you two thousand or two thousand five hundred dollars, will you give up your slaves?" "Yes," was the reply. "If you should see your slaves passing here toward Canada, what would be your course?" "I should arrest, and claim them as my property."

One of the resolutions on slavery, discussed by the Conference, expressed the sentiment, that "The slaveholder or the advocate of slavery, who refuses to examine the subject, or having examined it, after due admonition, continues to advocate the system, ought not to be fellowshipped as a Christian." After many excellent and animated speeches from several members of the Conference, one brother said, "I cannot go for the resolution. I think it uncalled for, particularly at this time. Here is a brother [Dr. Housley] who has come between nine and eleven hundred miles as the representative of some thousands of Christians at the south, who wish to become acquainted with our denomination, and will probably unite with us. He is a gentleman of science and respectable standing. The course the Conference is taking is likely to close up the door of the union of those brethren with us. True, he owns a small number of slaves, but we must remember that the circumstances of his education have been quite different from ours. I understand that, on the morning previous to his leaving home, he called his three little boys, who were slaves, with his own children around the family altar. He holds these slaves on an equality with his

children. He has tried for years to induce the legislature of his state to grant liberty to instruct the slaves. But the moment you pass this resolution he is down, and the hopes of the Christians with whom he is connected, are instantly blasted. They have been struggling long and hard against the doctrine of the necessity of the human will and close communion, and they rejoiced exceedingly to learn, that at the north there were Christians of the same sentiments."*

Mr. Marks replied, "I am perfectly astonished. I am almost confounded with surprise, that my dear brother —— should wish, while we are clear from the contaminating guilt of slavery, that we should sell our freedom and purity at the beck of one man with but four slaves!† Is it possible that to gain a few thousands to our number, brother —— is willing that we should change our ground, and welcome slaveholding into the church? If Dr. Housley wishes to come into our denomination, let him free his slaves, and then we can receive him cheerfully, and bid him a hearty welcome to our communion. But can it be possible that brother —— wishes it published through the world, and in the sight of high heaven, that the Free-will Baptists were full-blooded, thorough-going abolitionists, until a slaveholder came from the south, and sought admission to their communion, and the denomination, for the sake of one man, instead of requiring him to free his slaves before he could be received, gave their abolition to the winds, and bowed before the dreadful Moloch of slavery? O, be astonished, ye heavens! Tell it not in Gath."

The resolution passed unanimously, with one exception.

Dr. Housley having been invited to speak, subsequently addressed the Conference as follows: "I wish merely to tell the Conference the object of my visit. I have been a member of the United Separate Baptist church in Kentucky. Fifteen months since, I had a call to preach in one of the churches. I accepted it, and preached according to my sentiments—a universal atonement, and free communion. As the result, I could not receive ordination from persons of opposite sentiments, and there was a prospect of a division. I finally announced that I would withdraw and unite with the Free-will Baptists, requesting them to deviate from their usual course, and give me a certificate of my standing. They assented. I have since itinerated among the churches of Kentucky, and have found that large numbers of them are ready to split on the points about which we differ. Many churches are made up of

* The brother who made these remarks, is now a zealous, active abolitionist, and keeps one of the "*under ground rail-road houses.*"

† The Free-will Baptists had previously dis-fellowshipped their churches in North Carolina on account of their persisting in their connexion with slavery.

Free-will Baptists in sentiment. About thirty years ago there was a separation of many churches, who took the ground of free salvation and free communion. These were called Separate Baptists. After this, there was a convention, and negotiations were opened for their being united again with the Calvinistic body; and the two parties did unite in form, but not in sentiment. There are now divisions constantly taking place. On one side they are called Parkerites, Fatalists, Calvinists, and, on the other side, they are called Arminians and Missionaries. [The latter name is given them because they are friends to missions.] Should you plant a mission in Kentucky, probably you might gather in that state twenty thousand members into your denomination within three years. In talking these things over, it was agreed that I should come and see you, and lay the circumstances before this body. I have united with the Free-will Baptist church in this town. [It is but justice to the church to say they did not know that Dr. Housley was a slaveholder when they received him.] In the expectation that I should here receive ordination, I have an appointment to attend baptism on my return home."

The inquiry was made: Can a Free-will Baptist preach among those churches with safety? Dr. Housley replied, "He can—provided he do not make the exciting subject of abolition the test of fellowship."

The council appointed for Dr. Housley's examination, reported to him, that while he claimed property in his fellow man, they could not acknowledge him as a minister of Jesus Christ.

The report of the committee on the Book Concern gave ample proof of the ability and wisdom of its conductors, and, as a matter of course, was a subject of the deepest interest to Mr. Marks. It contained the following very excellent remarks: "If we look at it [Book Concern,] as it is now exhibited to us, it presents to our view a large pecuniary interest, as the property of the denomination, for which, as a body, they never have advanced a farthing. With its weekly circulation of five thousand copies of the Morning Star, and its many thousand copies of useful books, we may contemplate it as now exerting, under the Divine blessing, an extensive, benign, and heavenly influence over thousands of eternity-bound souls, preparing them for greater usefulness in this world, and for holiness and endless joy in that which is to come. If we look at it as it has appeared in the past, we behold it weak and feeble, without funds, loaded with debts of thousands of dollars, declaring uncompromising war with the whole empire of darkness, constantly beset among other enemies, with poverty, prejudice, ignorance, intemperance, Romanism, and even measuring swords with the giant monster slavery—and yet, under all these unfavora-

ble circumstances, we see it gradually rising, freeing itself from pecuniary embarrassment, increasing in strength, gaining the confidence of the public, and enlarging the sphere of its usefulness, until it arrives as its present useful and prosperous state. We do feel that every heart ought humbly and devoutly to say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.' The Morning Star is known through our nation, and even in Europe and India, as the decided and fearless opposer of the sins of the age. If this characteristic of our paper be destroyed, the world will suffer an irreparable loss. To the care of our beloved denomination, God has committed the Morning Star, bidding us to occupy till he comes, and on *us* its future character and usefulness depends. * * * May the Morning Star never cease to emit the sacred rays of gospel light and saving truth, until the glory of God shall cover the whole earth."

Among the resolutions that were passed on the subject of temperance, was the following: "Whereas tobacco is one of the most deadly poisons in the vegetable kingdom, and its use injurious to the health and happiness of mankind, Therefore, Resolved, that the habitual use of tobacco is in direct opposition to the true principles of temperance—that it becomes us as a denomination to labor for the removal of this evil from among us, and especially from the ministry—and that we earnestly entreat our brethren who have been engaged in the filthy practice of using this obnoxious weed, to abstain therefrom."

Monday morning the Conference closed. The parting was a very melting one. The delegates, in the prosecution of their business, had been of one heart and one soul, and several had repeated, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." They pledged themselves to remember each other in their addresses at the throne of grace, also the various operations in which, as a denomination, they were engaged for the good of souls. They sung a parting hymn while the members of the Conference took leave of each other by shaking hands. The scene was very affecting. All were bathed in tears, and the feelings of some burst forth in sobs. Even Dr. Housley wept.

After the close of the Conference, Mr. Marks spent a few weeks in accordance with previous engagements with the churches in the north-eastern part of Ohio, the north-western part of Pennsylvania, and south-western part of New York. All the record that has been found of his labors among these churches, is contained in the following brief, occasional notices in his letters to his companion.

ASHTABULA, Ohio, Oct. 21, 1839.

My dearly beloved wife:—

* * The evening I parted with you, Oct. 8, we had a very interesting anti-slavery meeting in Conneaut, and thirty-two

gave their names to form a society. Oct. 9 and 10, I travelled fifty-eight miles, seven of which I walked, preached four times, and had one unusually good season. Sabbath, Oct. 13, I preached three times at Washington village, in Erie county, Pa. The congregations were large, and the Lord was with me. I have preached with several churches in the Erie and Ashtabula quarterly meetings. The seasons of worship have generally been very interesting, and the assemblies large. I attended the Ashtabula quarterly meeting at Williamsfield, and had one of the best seasons in preaching that I ever had. About thirty arose for prayer, and some confessed their sins. In Cherry Valley, a church has recently been formed under the labors of Elder Ransom Dunn. One hundred were converted in ten days, eighty of whom he baptized. The church is building a house of worship.

My health is unusually good. I fill my appointments with perfect ease, preach usually twice a day, from an hour to an hour and a half, and feel no inconvenience. You have frequently entreated me not to be anxious about you, but how can I help it? Can you so control your mind and feelings as not to be anxious about me? If you can, it is because you have more grace. Christ said, "Be not anxious for your life," and if it is possible not to be anxious even for life, I suppose we may so discipline our thoughts as not to be anxious for each other; but I scarcely know how to bring my mind to such a state. The recollection of your feeble health, and the fear that you will have a relapse, are thoughts almost constantly before my eyes. O that I could be with you to show you a multitude of those little kindnesses which you so much need in your feebleness. I will try, however, to be patient, and comfort myself with the reflection, that you are in the hands of a kind Savior, who has shown me many mercies, and whose kindness, though unmerited, will not forsake me. Since we parted I have enjoyed considerable of the Divine presence. I hope you also have had the presence of Christ to comfort you in your privations and afflictions. O how good has my Heavenly Father been to me. What kindness in permitting me to be with my dear companion so much, and above all in granting me the privilege, when she was sick, of ministering to her comfort. Certainly we have no reason to complain; thousands of persons are induced by the hope of mere sordid gain to part for months and years. Some have to leave their wives with several children, and they have to endure severe poverty, with none to pity them, but many to oppress and misuse them. But what a multitude of kind friends we have. O we will labor to be thankful and contented. We know we can stay here on earth but a little while, and then our final change will come. We have now arrived to a period of life, in which the flight of time

will be very rapid, and much as we love one another, we must certainly part soon. O may we be prepared. We will thank God for what time we are allowed to spend together here, and for the blessed hope, that soon after the last parting on earth, we shall meet where we shall "know as we are known," and our union be complete, perfect, and eternal.

Your fortunate husband,

DAVID MARKS.

He wrote Nov. 2, "One of the most interesting meetings which I have had since I saw you was at the village of Gerard. The power of God was wonderfully manifested. A large assembly, with one exception, bent the knee. I had good seasons among the churches in the French Creek quarterly meeting. In Northeast I was attacked by a pro-slavery advocate. The weather has been very fine indeed—the best I ever saw it during an autumn. The thermometer has been usually from 60 to 70 degrees and the roads have been as dry and dusty as in June."

From Nov. 2 to Nov. 24, Mr. Marks visited twenty-one churches in the Chatauque, Erie, Cattaraugus, and Genesee quarterly meetings, preaching from one to three times daily.

He wrote, "I preached three times in Portland Sabbath, Nov. 3, with tolerable freedom, and during the week, I preached in Arkwright, Villanovia, Charlotte, twice in Cherry Creek, and Nov. 9 and 10, attended the Chatauque quarterly meeting in Dayton. The latter was a powerful season. Several confessed their sins. Some, I think, will be converted. During the six days following, I preached in Ellington, Napoli, twice in Little Valley, Mansfield, West Otto and East Otto. Yesterday I had three sweet meetings. In the evening, my text was Luke 16:5. "And how much owest thou my lord?" I think deep and lasting impressions were made. Several confessed their sins, and one that came forward for prayer, prayed aloud. * * My health has not been so good in eight years. I have not even a cold or cough, which is so common for me at this season of the year. Indeed I seem nearly well, thanks be to God. In compliance with your request, and for your sake, I am more careful than I need be, merely because were you with me, you would insist on certain points of caution and self-preserving care.

Concord, Nov. 19, 7 o'clock, A. M. I arose this morning at three o'clock, and have written a large sheet of editorial reports of the General Conference. To-day, I have to write a letter to India, then go to Boston, thence to Richardson's settlement in Concord and preach to-night."

During the month of December, Mr. Marks preached daily, with good success, among the churches of the Genesee and Cattaraugus quarterly meetings. In the early part of January, 1840, he left his companion with friends in Bath, Steuben county, and attended several appointments extending into Pennsylvania. He wrote:

ADDISON VILLAGE, Jan. 17, 1840.

My dear wife:—

This morning is at least ten degrees colder than any I ever saw to my knowledge. I am now sitting by the side of a great fire, but the ink freezes in my pen before I can write out a pen full. The mercury has retired from sight in every thermometer in the village, though one of them shows thirty degrees below zero.

Since I left you, I have preached from one to three times a day, and during the first six days, beside my other labors, I wrote and mailed thirty-two letters. The snow has been very deep, and the roads little broken, consequently the travelling has been tedious. I visited two churches in Pennsylvania; one in Westfield, the other in Deerfield. The former church is small and poor, and the country sterile indeed. The one in Deerfield is the only church in the village. My meetings, on the whole, have been interesting, but not attended with so much power as I have earnestly desired. This has made me feel gloomy." Three days afterwards, he wrote:—"Last Sabbath, I preached three times and had excellent seasons. I was very happy. My soul was deeply imbued with the importance of the truths I presented, and the assembly was greatly melted. Several arose for prayer.

I have been thinking to-day how much comfort we have enjoyed together—how happy we have been in each other's society. What mutual confidence, and affection, and unmingled pleasure have attended our association. Notwithstanding the keen, heart-rending, soul-prostrating grief, which will press upon the one that is left, when the other shall have gone to our eternal home, will there not be a sweet mournful pleasure in thinking of our happy union, and also in thinking of its renewal in another world! * * * * When I reflect on the extreme shortness of this life, and the great rapidity with which time is floating us down—down to the great ocean of unchanging, endless duration, I am more and more astonished at the stupidity of the multitudes who know not God, and the thoughtlessness of professors of Christianity. If we may judge from the conduct of most men, it would seem that they were atheists. God is not in all their thoughts. O what a lack of principle is there in the multitude, and even in the church! Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, appears to be the characteristic of the great body of the people, and I fear

too of even the church. With all the facilities which we have for gaining knowledge, how little love of study we find, how little logical and sound reasoning. In view of these things, I have, last evening and this morning, felt much depressed. * * *
Farewell. As ever, your affectionate husband,

D. MARKS."

Friday, Jan. 24, 1840. Mr. Marks returned to Bath, and till the middle of April, travelled constantly. In this time he preached one hundred and sixty-five sermons in the churches in Yates, Penfield, Monroe, Genesee, Erie, Cattaraugus, and Chatauque quarterly meetings. While riding, he was constantly studying or reading, as had long been his custom; when he stopped and was not in meetings, he was almost continuously writing, and at the same time often carrying on an animated conversation. All the record of his labors during this period, are a few brief notices in the following letters.

"February 26. The ground was bare. I walked nine miles in twenty-two, to my appointment in Parma, and preached nearly two hours. The house was full, and the people were very attentive. I have had considerable difficulty and much fatigue to get along on account of the travelling. Sometimes I almost regret having appointments at this season of the year, but then I must have omitted doing much that I have done towards liquidating my remaining debts, and until I get this old affair off from my mind, it will be difficult for me to pursue my labors with a clear mind and a full heart."

"March 10. The sleighing being gone, I rode thirty four miles in the storm on horseback, carrying all my baggage, and preached at evening in Colden. I enjoy pretty good spirits, and trust that I shall meet some fruits from my present labors in another world. I rejoice at the interest you feel in studying the Bible. I hope it will furnish matter for conversation and my instruction, particularly at such times as we may be riding in places where I cannot read.

I intended to have conversed some more with you at our last meeting in relation to the child given us by our dying sister.* I have thought considerably about it. I feel a strong inclination to take her with some deduction on account of circumstances. The result is, I am passive. I do not wish you to take her to please me—nor not to take her to please me—nor to take her out of pity, for this would be putting a burden upon you which you are not able to bear, and which it is not needful you should bear. I wish you to follow your

* Mrs. Mark's brother's wife, who left an infant daughter four months old.

own inclination, and do what, on the whole, you think will secure to you, in all probability, the greatest amount of usefulness and enjoyment. I have thought she might be company and a comfort to you in future years. Ask wisdom from above, and may God direct you.

I confine myself strictly to a Graham diet. I thank you for your kind instrumentality in inducing me to try it. I am not positive that it has as yet effected any change except it be to reduce my appetite. It may have produced more evenness of temper, calmness and cheerfulness of mind, and less liability to disease. I wish to sleep less than formerly, from four to six hours being all I seem to need.

* * * I cannot tell you what feelings the thoughts of your removal by death give me. How solemn the reflection, that it will soon be, or that which will be to you more painful, shall be taken from you! Are we prepared? I trust we are. I think we are living for another world, and a happy way it is to live. * *

March 16. I am reading Faber on the prophecies a second time and making notes. To-day I resume the study and comparing of Fuller and Hall on Communion. I think I am preparing for as great performances, as to the amount of labor, as disciplined temperance and exercise will enable me to perform. Farewell.

With unshaken, undying affection, I remain your happy husband, D. MARKS."

"WIRT, Allegany County, April 6, 1840.

My dearly beloved wife:—

Since I wrote you last Friday, I have been well, and success has in general attended me. The most that has pained me has been that I succeed no more in moving upon the consciences and hearts of my hearers. I have no difficulty in finding good words, and sound speech, which cannot be gainsayed, but I feel exceedingly dissatisfied with myself. I need to get my own soul more baptized into the spirit of the subjects on which I preach. I have resolved to spend more time in prayer. I need not say to you, "Pray for me," for I am satisfied you do this daily, and that more faithfully than I do for myself.

I am now in a blacksmith's shop on my way to Angelica, writing on a bench, while my horse is being shod. I cannot describe to you the feelings which your account of my brother Jeremiah's return gave me, nor tell you how it affected me when his unexpected name was disclosed. Truly it seemed like one coming from the dead, for I had little expectation of ever seeing him again. Till now I never had much conception of the feelings of relatives,

on the return of one from an unknown sea-faring life. O how I long to see him.

I have finished the reading of Combe's "Constitution of Man." I have had a great variety of feelings. Sometimes I have felt bad —sometimes my admiration has been raised very high. His positions with regard to study, health, exercise, and particularly in relation to the treatment of the poor, are excellent. With respect to other things, some seem to me as common truisms and some as untenable. Sometimes I could but feel that his positions favored infidelity—at other times, they seemed to favor a cold philosophical religion. Again, it has seemed that he was not a believer in revelation, but used words and sentences like Robert Owen, in a new and peculiar sense. I cannot assent to his position, that man was *created* to die, nor to his position, that the Creator designed the rude barbarian ignorance which formerly existed, or, in other words, that the mere progressive state of rising in the human family, was an original plan of the Deity. His positions in relation to the *unavoidable* wickedness of character created by parents in their offspring, are "hard sayings," and unreconcilable with Scripture, or with the benevolence and justice of God. But, perhaps I do not understand the necessary inferences which follow from his positions. Sometimes I fear the reading of this work will lead me to be too literal, as Sutton said of McKnight's Commentary. You know I am already much inclined to dwell upon facts and skeleton frames. In relation to a *few* things presented by Combe, my feelings remind me of the Bramin, who with his foot crushed the microscope which discovered to him the living insects in his food.

Aurora, April 7. I had a good meeting last evening, and a full house. To-day I am to preach twice in Belfast and Rockville, and am to stay to-night at brother Bruce's, where, as I told you, I admired so much the mother and her children. How charming, and yet how unfrequent, the sight of a household regulated in all things by the gospel of Christ. * * Farewell.

Your affectionate husband,

D. MARKS."

"WARSAW, April 10, 1840.

My dear Marilla:—

Since I wrote you, I have had most excellent meetings. My own soul has been much blessed, and I have seen more of the power of God attend my preaching. In one of my meetings, forty-two spoke, and twenty came forward for prayer. In Pike, the Lord is reviving his work gloriously.

I rejoice to hear of your improved health and enjoyment. I do most earnestly hope, that 'He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' will so reconcile you to your lot, that you will not have that afflictive gloom which you had when I was gone to Ohio. I have not suffered so much agony of feeling, as I did on that occasion. I cannot attribute this to any loss of affection, for this does not seem to be a possibility. Indeed, I do not think such an event could possibly occur, except it were in consequence of a departure from God; and we must remember that we are not beyond the reach, power, and influence of temptation. In two weeks I hope to meet you, and I hope we shall never have to be parted so long again. Still we do not know what a day may bring forth. We have certainly had a full and sweet cup of social enjoyment. When I think of the manner in which many others live, and how pleasantly we have passed our days together, I feel my heart burn with gratitude to that God who graciously brought us to see each other's face, and to be re-united in heart and in reality for life. * * Farewell. As ever, your very affectionate husband,

D. MARKS."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Particulars of Mr. Marks' Labors, &c. mostly in the State of New York, from April, 1840, *to July,* 1842.

For several years, Mr. Marks had desired to attend the meetings of the great benevolent societies, held annually in the city of New York. The way for the gratification of this desire was now open, and the latter part of April, accompanied by his companion, he visited the city for this purpose.

April 23. He attended the American and Foreign Bible Society, and reported the speeches for the Morning Star. The Society voted to give one thousand dollars to the Freewill and General Baptist mission in Orissa, to aid in circulating Mr. Sutton's translation of the Scriptures in the Oriya language. April 28—30, he attended the Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention, which was an extremely interesting season. It was stated that there were more slaves held by Baptists, than by any other denomination. From five to twelve hundred were held by single Baptist churches, and 125,000 by the denomination!! He also reported the discussions of this convention. Sabbath, May 3, he listened with thrilling interest to a discourse from Mr. Kirk. His subject was the moral

and religious state of France, and he plead eloquently that the Foreign Evangelical Society should send missionaries to France. He said there was the most power in Paris of any city in the world, and more literature, thought, and refinement. Its present influence was ruinous. Infidelity, superstition, materialism, abounded. He expressed the conviction, that the condition of female chastity was such as to undermine any government. During the ensuing week, Mr. Marks attended the anniversaries of the Seamen's Friend Society, and the American Anti-Slavery Society. There was nothing at the latter, which so much interested him, as an address from H. P. Garnet, a negro, who was a graduate from Oneida Institute, and of whom Governor Seward said, "I never listened to eloquence till I listened to Henry P. Garnet." His voice was commanding, his enunciation distinct, his ideas bold, his descriptions graphic, and his language extremely beautiful.

Mr. Marks employed his leisure in visiting places of interest in the city. Among these, was Mr. Peale's museum, of which he made the following record. "New York, Wednesday, May 6. We visited Peale's museum. The first object that met us was the 'Belgian Giant,' (recently from Europe,) seven feet eight inches high. He was well proportioned, and his appearance commanding, weighs about 330 pounds. He is said to be the largest and strongest man living. He took a young man about eighteen or twenty years of age on his hand, and tossed him as a common man would a little child. He was very gentlemanly and sociable—had been in the museum about six weeks for a show, and was soon going to the Philadelphia museum. The next object was an Egyptian mummy, five feet and two inches in height. It was taken from a catacomb at Thebes. The body was enveloped in sixty-eight thicknesses of linen, the most of which had been removed from the face. The features were regular, the skin nearly black, and the hair a little curly. It was enclosed in a sarcophagus [a sort of coffin] of sycamore wood, which was covered with hieroglyphics. Strange feelings passed over me while gazing upon this relic of antiquity. How far it was from the thoughts of those friends who embalmed this body, that it would ever find its way across the mighty ocean, and in the New World be a wonder upon which many should gaze. After all, how vain is the effort of man to perpetuate his memory. While the tenement in which the soul dwelt a few brief years, is preserved from decay, the name of the individual has been forgotten for centuries. And while acres of catacombs have been discovered, it is said that the present inhabitants of Egypt, instead of reverencing the respect of their ancestors for the dead, are using the mummies for common fuel. Surely, the 'glory of man is as grass.'

Some of the delegates to the World's Convention, which was to meet in London the following June, urged Mr. Marks to accompany them, saying, that as the Free-will Baptists had washed their hands from the guilt of slavery, they ought to be represented in the Convention. But as he had not funds to defray the expenses of the voyage, he wrote, at their request, the following letter, which was published in London in the "Proceedings" of the Convention, in an octavo volume of about six hundred pages, and is copied from that work.

"NEW YORK CITY, May 8, 1840.

To the World's Anti-Slavery Convention at London, June 12, 1840.

Dear brethren in the cause of suffering humanity,

The Free-will Baptists in the United States, numbering about 40,000 communicants, are united in the holy cause of abolition. Probably we should have sent a delegation to your Convention, had a knowledge of its appointment reached us previous to our anniversaries in 1839. In the absence of such a delegation, I will take upon myself the responsibility of making some statements respecting our anti-slavery sentiments.

As a people, we mourn that the church in this land is so deeply involved in the sin of slavery, and have endeavored to keep our garments pure and unspotted from its foul stains. We neither receive into our churches, nor at the communion table, *any* whose hands are polluted with slavery. Our Board of Foreign Missions refuses to receive any donation or bequest from slave-holders, on the principle that their wealth is the wages of iniquity, and the price of blood.

Our churches, which are spread over about half the United States, meet together [by delegation] quarterly, in about eighty associations. The cause of the down-trodden slave is almost invariably remembered at these meetings, facts are presented, warm-hearted, stirring addresses are given, and our testimony against the wicked system of slavery is repeated in the form of recorded resolutions. These associations, being held from church to church, have been effectual in scattering much light and in tearing away many a veil which sophistry had woven. At the last session of our General Conference, which comprised a delegation from every portion of our denomination, our anti-slavery principles were practically tested in a public manner. Dr. Housley, a slave-holding minister from Kentucky, accompanied with high recommendations, presented himself, desiring admission to our church. Had he been received, 20,000 in the slaveholding states would probably have

been added to our communion, who with him had embraced our peculiar denominational tenets. But his request was met with the prompt answer, that he could not be received, either as a minister, or a member, till he should give liberty to his slaves.

Probably, a principal cause of the union of the Free-will Baptists in abolition efforts, is the righteous course pursued by the Morning Star, a weekly religious periodical, which is the organ of the denomination. May heavenly wisdom guide your deliberations, and direct your decisions.

Yours in the cause of the slave,

DAVID MARKS."

Sabbath, May 10, Mr. Marks was laboring under much indisposition, but having previously accepted an invitation to preach for Mr. Dunbar, pastor of the Calvinistic Baptist church in McDougal street, he spoke to his congregation in the morning. The audience seemed to listen with much interest, and in almost breathless silence. At the close of the sermon, Mr. Dunbar said to the people, "Mr. Marks will preach to you in the afternoon. I have not consulted him, fearing he will decline, and believing if the notice is given out, he will not dare to do so. I venture to say you will not be disappointed. I shall take him home with me, and shall not allow him out of my sight." The excitement of the morning service seemed to have imparted to him some strength, so that he spoke in the afternoon with much animation and apparent effect. At the close of this sermon also, Mr. Dunbar said to the audience, that the same speaker would address them again in the evening, and added, "I have not dared to ask his consent, lest he should refuse." Mr. Marks now made remonstrance on account of his illness, but it was all useless. He endured a third sermon better than he anticipated. This church had ever been an anti-slavery church. It was organized in 1809, when slavery was tolerated in the state of New York. At that time, they adopted the following article: "We believe that a slaveholder, or one who traffics in human beings, is not a fit member for a gospel church, and that it would be sinful for such a church knowingly to suffer one to sit down and commune with them."

Mr. Dunbar seemed much interested in Mr. Marks, and urged him to make his arrangements to labor in the city. He said, "There is a great destitution of *laborers* here, that is, of such as really care for souls. There are many thousands in this city who never go to the house of prayer; these ought to be visited, and conversed with. You can do vast good here. There are many Free-will Baptists, and many General Baptists from England, in this city, and they want a home. We have some that are mem-

bers of our church. They are good Christians, but they are not at home with us. They do not believe our distinctive sentiments. We will give them letters of commendation to join you, and I will help you all I can." Mr. Marks objected, that a difficulty would arise from want of means for his support. Mr. Dunbar said: "There will be no difficulty on that ground. You can be sustained here. I will board you and your wife for the actual cost, and this I can do for $3,50 per week." He continued his plea till he made considerable impression, and Mr. Marks began seriously to think upon the subject.

His illness continued to increase till he found himself severely attacked with bilious fever. He kept his bed two days, and feeling relieved after the operation of powerful medicines, he ventured to take a steamboat to Albany, and thence the Erie canal westward, but was obliged to lie most of the time in his berth. The following incidents of this trip he wrote for the Morning Star. "I had been unable, without suffering a day's detention, to get a passage in a Sabbath-keeping boat, and while Saturday night was approaching, as I lay confined by illness most of the time to my berth, the thoughts of getting my baggage stored, and stopping a day among strangers, would have been burdensome and gloomy, were it not that the privilege of reverencing God's Sabbath filled my soul with inexpressible peace. Said a gentleman, who had formerly held a high office in the state, on learning that I was going to leave Saturday night: 'You do wrong—you ought to stay here over the Sabbath. I heard the captain say he was going to ask you to preach to-morrow. You may do much good. If you leave, probably there will be no religious services on the boat.' His reasoning failed to convince me that it was right to 'do evil that good might come,' or that I should dare to ask God's blessing on my labors, when I was knowingly breaking his commandments. Two professing Christian ladies, who were present, feeling that their intention of travelling was silently rebuked, resumed the discussion, and began to plead, that in their case, at least, it was excusable—they were travelling alone, should spend the day in reading the Bible, &c. Their arguments were replied to; they seemed to feel their sophistry, though they did not then acknowledge it, and remained silent. At length, said the eldest lady, 'I think I shall not travel to-morrow. I have been thinking much of our conversation. I never before considered it in this light. I do not think because it is attended with inconvenience and self-denial to keep the commandments, that we can be guiltless in disobedience.' On arriving at Syracuse early Saturday evening, I could but give thanks to Him who 'tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,' as unexpectedly we came 'along side' a beautiful Sabbath-keeping

boat, an incident which precluded any expense of my strength in the care of my luggage. I immediately introduced myself to Elder Blain, pastor of the Calvinistic Baptist church in Syracuse, who received me, not as a stranger, but welcomed me as a 'brother beloved.' The ensuing Sabbath was indeed to me a day of joy. The sweet peace and animation that filled my soul, seemed to invigorate all my physical powers, so that, much to my own surprise, I was enabled to comply with the kind invitation of brother Blain to preach Christ to his people. One effort, however, brought on so much weakness, that I dared not yield to his often repeated request to address them again, but O it was sweet to be in the sanctuary.

Sabbath evening, I listened to an address from Mr. Stillman, an agent for the American Bethel Society, and never before did the sweet charities of Christian benevolence, aiming to convert this wicked world into a new "Eden of moral loveliness," seem to me so inexpressibly delightful. Mr. Stillman stated, that it had been ascertained by a careful examination, that within ten years, the amount of crime punishable by law in the state of New York had much decreased. [This result had doubtless been produced by the temperance reform and the great revivals of religion.] Yet it was a startling fact, that *half* these crimes have been committed on the Erie canal, and the cause of this disproportion was clearly traceable to the disregard of the Sabbath. All the lines of boats, with one noble exception, run on the Sabbath. Boatmen and drivers are effectually excluded from the blessings of this land of Sabbaths. Professors of religion, and even professed ministers of that Savior, who came 'not to destroy the law,' are often found on the boats on God's holy day. The consequence of this state of things is a horrid amount of profanity, intemperance, licentiousness, and numberless other crimes that imbrute and ruin the soul; and for this, Christians are responsible.

Mr. Stillman recommended that a complaint be entered against every church member that should be guilty of the sin of Sabbath travelling on the canal, and that the discipline of the church be as impartially exercised upon those that violate the fourth commandment, as upon those that violate the sixth or seventh. My soul shuddered as I listened to his portrayal of the crimes and wretchedness he had himself witnessed. Among the cases of ruin that he named, were two boys, sons of widows, about twelve or thirteen years of age! who had been employed as drivers. They died the past winter, and when he saw them, they were almost literally *eaten up* with that most awful disease which God ever inflicted on man, as the immediate consequence of crime. Mr. Stillman announced the pleasing intelligence, that the Bethel Society had en-

gaged a devoted minister to labor constantly as a missionary on the canal till the close of navigation, going from boat to boat, and conversing with the captains, crews, and drivers. He had already visited five hundred boats, and in no one instance had been treated with the least unkindness or disrespect. The captains and boatmen generally told him they would be glad to rest on the Sabbath, but the owners of boats refused. Several capitalists whom he visited, said they were willing, on their part, that their boats should lie still on the Lord's day, but the western merchants would refuse to patronize them. Many of these western merchants are professors of religion!" * *

On Monday morning, Mr. Marks resumed his journey on the canal, and by the time of his arrival in western New York, his health had much improved. From the 27th of May to the 18th of June, he attended appointments previously notified, extending through the Erie, Chatauque, and French Creek quarterly meetings, preaching usually from one to three times in a day. June 19—21, he attended the Holland Purchase yearly meeting in Bethany, and preached on the Sabbath, standing in one of the windows of the meeting house, as not half of the vast concourse could get inside of the house.

Immediately after the yearly meeting, he was attacked on his way to Rochester with a disease in his throat, attended with a very severe cough, and which confined him to his bed a few days. A physician, whom he called, said it was an attack of the bronchitis, and that he must for a time entirely desist from preaching. He soon began to amend, but being prohibited from public speaking, he went to Canada the early part of July, and spent a few weeks at his father-in-law's, writing a treatise on the "Design of the Lord's Supper," which was afterwards published by the Book Concern, with three other essays, in a volume, entitled Free Communionist. The following incidents, connected with this visit to Canada, he wrote for the Morning Star.

"On approaching the Canadian shore, Gen. Brock's stately monument on Queenston heights appeared a prominent object. From the accounts in the public journals of its having been 'blown up,' I had received the impression that it lay a mass of ruins. At a distance, no change in its appearance is perceptible; but on a nearer approach, the ruthless work of the enemy was clearly discernible. The monument was riven from its base to its top-stone, a distance of about 125 feet. * * I was every where kindly received and cordially welcomed. Indeed, I never travelled among a more hospitable people than the Upper Canadians. In my journeyings in the province, I have frequently called among entire strangers, and met with almost reproofs for offering to pay for fa-

vors I had asked; nor had the late commotions altered their character in this respect. Much of the country is delightfully situated, and the soil is equal to western New York. Some sections are fast improving. Woodstock, [in the town of Oxford,] the principal village of Brock District, has sprung into being with the rapidity characteristic of the villages of our western states. It has an elegant Court House, and, together with its vicinity, contains the beautiful seats of several of the English gentry. Five different denominations hold meetings in this village every Sabbath: the Episcopalian, Scotch Kirk, Free-communion Baptist, Methodist, and *Christian*. The latter is distinct from the sect of that name in the United States. Their denomination arose in Wales. Among their distinguishing peculiarities, is the order of their meetings. When they assemble for '*worship*,' they all sit together, and do not allow those they consider impenitent to mingle with them. On such occasions, they have no one selected to preach to them, but any one who chooses may speak, or pray, or engage in any act of worship, to which his views of duty may lead him. They have separate meetings, in which they preach to the wicked, but these they do not call meetings of worship. Our Free-communion Baptist brethren, so far as I could learn, were prospering. Their church in the village of Woodstock is flourishing. They have a house of worship, a respectable congregation, a good Sabbath school, and enjoy the labors of an excellent and talented pastor. A few months since, they were blessed with a precious revival. In the vicinity of Long Point, the Free-communion brethren were sharing one of the most powerful revivals that has ever visited that section of country.

Our brethren of the London quarterly meeting are in a very scattered state. The rebellion had a disastrous effect on the churches of this association. A large proportion of the members, and some of the preachers, fearing the troubles and distress of a tedious war, emigrated to Michigan, Illinois, &c. Those that were left thought it was useless to struggle any longer against the opposing influences that surrounded them, and concluded to give up their quarterly meeting. Time passed on, yet they could not rest satisfied. At length a few brethren met together, and after a season of weeping and prayer, they determined on making another effort to renew the quarterly meeting. They have only two ministers left them.

During my stay in the province, the colored people, to the number of about two hundred, held a camp meeting in Norwich, a town a few miles distant from Woodstock. Most of these were fugitives escaped from republican slavery. The meeting was attended with the Divine blessing, and gained the reputation of having been one of the most solemn, orderly meetings of the kind ever held in the

province. I heard many contradictory opinions respecting the character of the negro fugitives. Some represent them as most degraded and wicked,—others say they are grateful for favors, upright, moral, and industrious. The testimony gathered from those who best knew them, as well as from facts that fell under my own observation, generally corroborated the latter opinion. Doubtless, there is every variety of character among them, as they partake of the depravity common to man, and probably are as bad, or *nearly so*, as white people would be in the same circumstances. Bred from infancy amid scenes of oppression, cruelty, and licentiousness, sunk in ignorance, and unrestrained by moral or religious considerations, it would be contrary to the laws which govern mind, and indeed would amount to a miracle, were they, without the use of means, to be metamorphosed instantly into beings of great moral or intellectual worth.

There is much work in this province for the temperance society, as there is much intemperance, especially among the higher class; that is, what 'temperance folks' call intemperance,—though perhaps the devotees of fashionable custom might think this a slanderous accusation. Some of the ministers of the Scotch Kirk have recently engaged in the cause with an ardor becoming their profession, and are exerting a great influence in reforming the dissipated habits of their people. If the ministers of the established church would follow their example, incalculable good to Canada would be the result. The Scotch and English inhabitants are generally members of their respective churches, and are very punctual in their attendance upon their Sabbath services. They also refrain from some sins on that day in which they indulge on other days. They look upon it as very 'heathenish' not to be a member of some church, while their lives evince that the *power* which produces a change in the affections and conduct, is generally wanting. There is great need of more humble, holy, evangelical ministers, who, alike regardless of praise or censure, shall boldly tell the people, that the swearer, the gambler, the fornicator, the adulterer, though he may belong to a church below, can have no inheritance in the kingdom of God."

Mr. Marks returned to New York in September, having preached little for two months. His throat was apparently well, and he now resumed the employment he so passionately loved. From the 1st of Oct. to the 19th of November, he visited and preached with fifty churches in the Monroe, Penfield, Yates, Genesee, Erie, and Chatauque quarterly meetings. As winter approached, he deemed it prudent to locate for a season. Accordingly, he accepted a call to labor half the time with the church in the little village of Varysburg, in the town of Sheldon, Wyoming Co., where he again com-

menced house-keeping. The Sheldon High School, under the patronage of the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, was located here, and was in a flourishing condition. He commenced his labors in December. In the latter part of the month, he held a protracted meeting in Portage, a village on the Genesee river, noted for its irreligion, about twenty miles distant from Varysburg. The meeting was blessed to the conversion of several. He organized a church, consisting at first of twelve members, and engaged to labor with them half the time for a season. The church soon had several additions, and they immediately commenced building a house of worship. He now applied himself very laboriously to his pastoral duties, visiting and praying not only with the members of his own and other churches, but with the people generally. Indeed, there were few, if any, families in Varysburg and its vicinity, with whom he did not have personal religious conversation and prayer. He also met a class of four young ministers weekly, (three of them members of the school,) to whom he gave instruction and criticised their skeletons prepared for the occasion.

Varysburg had for some time been a very wicked village. Intemperance, and its kindred vices, had long blighted its moral prospects, and sectarian bigotry had paralyzed the efforts of God's ministers. Mr. Marks could find no rest for his spirit amidst such a state of things. He determined to commence a series of efforts to remove this pall of death, and labor with a faithfulness, which, at least, should clear his garments from the blood of the people. He was aware that it would be a long and severe struggle, but his trust was in God, and he had faith in the power of his word. He knew it to be mighty to the pulling down of the strong holds of satan. Sometime in January, he commenced a protracted meeting, preaching from two to three times a day, at the same time holding inquiry meetings, and visiting from house to house. Thus he toiled for three weeks, with little apparent effect. Some of the members of the church had taken hold well in the work, some backsliders had been reclaimed, and a few converted. But many that were serious soon after the commencement of the meeting, had hardened their hearts; the students, on whose minds it was evident conviction had fastened, seemed leagued together to resist religious influences; the faith of Christians that they should see a revival began to fail, and the visible prospect of a general work was dark indeed. At this period, Mr. Marks' agony of spirit was almost overpowering. He felt that if Christians relaxed their efforts, there would be little hope for the spiritual welfare of Varysburg. His mind was now led almost constantly to the subject of death. He felt that it was about to visit the people, and so powerful was the impression, that he several times mentioned in public, that he be-

lieved that death was going to sweep through the place, and carry mourning into many families; and at the same time, he entreated the people in the most moving and pathetic manner, to prepare for its approach. A day of fasting and prayer was now held for the conversion of the students; and on this occasion, Mr. Marks preached a funeral sermon for the first individual of the congregation that should die. It was evident that deep impressions were made, and in the evening many crowded the altar for prayer, trembling, and confessing their need of Christ; and, to the great joy of Christians, several professed to find pardon. The scene was glorious and awfully solemn on account of the Divine presence; and for a few succeeding days, the place seemed almost shaken by the power of God. Mr. Marks remarked that he never before saw so many in one place so deeply affected by the truth, neither had he ever seen so much resistance to its power. He doubted whether there was an individual in the village, or within some distance of the village, that was not solemnly impressed. Some dared not attend the meeting, lest they should be converted; others would leave the village under pretence of business. Two gentlemen, of perhaps as much talent and influence as any in the place, agreed, in derision of the work, that if one would arise for prayer, the other would. Accordingly when an opportunity was presented, one of them arose; but no sooner was he on his feet, than it came powerfully to his conscience, that he had gone too far in so solemn a matter, and, yielding instantly to his convictions, he spoke almost before he was aware, confessing himself a great sinner, and saying that he was resolved to seek the Savior. The assembly seemed electrified, and Christians began to feel that nothing was too hard for the Lord. This gentleman was soon after converted, and became a zealous laborer in the work. His comrade dared not arise. Soon afterwards, he too was numbered with the sincere inquirers for salvation, and, with his wife, professed to find peace in submission to Christ. The work spread amidst much opposition, till about sixty were converted, including some that were entirely backslidden; and a much greater number, it was believed, resisted the convictions of their duty. Such was the grief of Mr. Marks on this account, that he could hardly rejoice for the success the truth had gained. During the progress of the work, still feeling deeply impressed with the idea that the desolating tide of death was about to roll through the place, he appointed another day of fasting and prayer for the conversion of twelve of the most influential business men in the vicinity, and on the occasion, preached a funeral sermon for the first of the number who should die.

Immediately after the close of the protracted meeting, (which continued about eight weeks,) a disease, to which the physicians

gave no name, commenced its fearful ravages in this hitherto healthful vale. It partook of the symptoms of spotted fever and erysipelas. Its first victim was an individual who had not attended the meeting, consequently it could not be said that excitement and exposure to evening air, originated the malady. It soon raged with a most alarming fatality, and in a few days, more than thirty in Varysburg and vicinity, within the limits of two miles, were suddenly hurried to eternity. One of the twelve for whom a day of fasting and prayer was held, was of this number. Few families were left unvisited by this dreadful sickness, and there were scarcely persons enough in health to take care of the sick. Some lived but a few hours after they were seized, and in some cases the bodies were so putrid that they were obliged to be buried in five or six hours after they had ceased to breathe. Those that recovered, in many instances, regained their health very slowly. It was a remarkable circumstance, and one that was frequently named, that not one of the converts or the reclaimed, fell a victim to the disease. Several of the number that died were Christians, and left the world rejoicing. Others died without hope. After the sickness began to rage, there were no more cases of conversion. The impenitent trembled in view of this judgment, while fear and anxiety sat upon their countenances. Still they refused to repent and give glory to God. They did not know the time of their visitation; and now it seemed to be hid from their eyes.

In the month of April, 1841, Mr. Marks received a letter from a brother in the city of New York, spreading out before him the great field then opened for Free-will Baptists to do good in that city, and urging him to occupy it without delay. He offered to become responsible, on certain conditions, for the rent of a hall for public worship, and said there would be no difficulty in raising means for his support. Such was the interesting state of things at Varysburg, and the victory that had been gained, had been achieved at such expense, that Mr. Marks did not feel at liberty to leave immediately, and accordingly returned an answer that he thought he would go the ensuing autumn. He soon received a reply, saying that, on several accounts, the spring would be the most favorable for commencing a meeting, and if he could not come immediately, it would be best to defer it till another spring. This he preferred, as it gave him more time for preparation.

In June, he attended the Holland Purchase yearly meeting, and was appointed a delegate to the General Conference, which was to convene the ensuing October in Topsham, Me. He was also appointed a delegate with two other brethren, to the New York Christian Anti-slavery Convention, to meet in Auburn, June 23, to deliberate on the duty of the church in regard to slavery. The

yearly meeting wrote a letter to the Convention, taking high ground on the slavery question. At the day appointed, more than two hundred ministers and brethren, of different evangelical denominations, assembled in the large Methodist stone chapel, where a year before even an anti-slavery notice was not allowed to be read. The Convention continued in session two days. The letter from the Holland Purchase yearly meeting was listened to with much interest by the Convention, and a vote was taken to publish it with the minutes. There was much warm, interesting, and animated discussion on the different resolutions, in which Mr. Marks took a part, and which he briefly reported for the Morning Star.

July 4, he attended a temperance convention at Wyoming village, met for forming a county society for the new county of Wyoming, recently set off from Genesee, embracing thirteen towns. The assembly, amounting to about two thousand, was convened under the dense foliage of an ornamental forest, belonging to the mansion of Mr. J. C. Ferris. A very ingenious and interesting "Declaration of Independence, and of War, against King Alcohol," was drawn up much in the language of our national declaration of independence.

In compliance with the invitation of several gentlemen in Warsaw, Mr. Marks preached a discourse with much acceptance in that village on the following question: "Is it consistent with the Christian religion to vote for a pro-slavery candidate for any office affecting the rights of the slave?" His text was Exodus, 18:21. "Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens." Also, 2 Sam. 23:3. "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of the Lord."

Having made provision for supplying his two churches with preaching for two months, he set out with his companion in his own conveyance for the General Conference in Maine. On his journey he visited his father in Tyre, and as he purposed giving him $50, toward building him a small house, he concluded to make some purchases of lumber for him. For this object, he went to Clyde, a village on the canal, about six miles from Tyre, and as he supposed was seen paying out money. He left Clyde to return to his father's at eight o'clock in the evening, and after riding about half a mile from the village, he got out of his carriage and passed around to the back part to take out some fruit. While thus engaged, a stranger accosted him, saying, "Sir, you must go with me. I am an officer, and have a warrant for you." Without any suspicion or fear, he replied, "You must be mistaken in the person you are seeking. I am a minister. My name is David Marks." "No, that is the very name. I am not mistaken. You must go with me,

and it will be useless for you to resist." Glancing at him, he saw by the light of the moon that he was shabbily dressed, and from all the circumstances, he felt satisfied that he was a robber. Looking around, he perceived that he was in a "dug-way," surrounded by woods and no house in sight. He stepped forward, caught his horse's reins, and sprang on the forward end of his carriage without waiting to get in. Instantly, the stranger seized his horse by the bits. Mr. Marks asked him to show him his warrant. He said, "I will," and putting his hand into his pocket, took out something that glistened in the moon-light like bright steel, and resembled in appearance the muzzle of a pistol. Mr. Marks sat perfectly self-possessed, with the reins firmly grasped in one hand, and his whip over his shoulder, watching every movement of the robber. He judged that there was some difficulty about his pistol that he was unable to remove with one hand. At length, he stepped directly before the horse, and let go the bits. Instantly, Mr. Marks struck his horse a heavy blow, at the same time, reining him a little one side. He sprang several feet the first bound, and flew over the log cross-way with great speed. When the robber saw his prey had escaped, he set up a terrible cry, and threw a volley of stones, which, however, were harmless in their effects. After Mr. Marks found himself safe, a sense of his narrow escape from a violent death so overcame him that he could scarcely sit in his carriage. Considerable pains were taken to detect the robber, but without success. Shortly afterwards, in nearly the same place, another stranger was attacked in a similar manner, by a person of a similar appearance. He knocked the robber down and then fled.

Prosecuting his journey, Mr. Marks stopped a night in Peterboro' with Mr. Gerritt Smith, in whose kind family he was very affectionately received, and with whom he had an exceedingly interesting interview. The Saturday following, he arrived at Clinton Seminary, an institution the Free-will and Free-communion Baptists had recently purchased. It was free of access to all without distinction of color, and was in a flourishing condition. Mr. Marks preached four sermons in Clinton.

September 8, he attended the Free-communion Baptist General Conference at Ames, Montgomery county. This Conference was composed of fifty-eight churches, and was to decide the issue of the negotiation that had been for some time going on, for a union with the Free-will Baptists. Thirty-two of the churches reported in favor of union, thirteen opposed, and thirteen made no report. Considering the nature of the business, the session was very harmonious. A resolution was passed, saying that they considered the names Free Baptist, Free-communion Baptist, Open-communion Baptist, Free-will Baptist, as significant of the same people. Three

delegates were appointed to the Free-will Baptist General Conference, who were instructed to present a request for the admission of their churches, to membership with that body.

The ensuing Saturday evening, Mr. Marks arrived in Troy. The Washingtonian temperance reform was exciting much attention. Learning there was a street temperance meeting, he attended, and being called upon by the gentleman whom he accompanied, he addressed the meeting a few moments. At its close, he was requested to lecture on temperance the next day in the street in West Troy. Sabbath morning, he preached a sermon on temperance in East Troy, and then attended worship in Dr. Beman's church. At the close of the afternoon service, he preached on temperance in the street in West Troy, and in the evening, preached by request in the Methodist chapel. The audience was large; it was a season of much solemnity and weeping, and several presented themselves for prayer. Monday morning at sunrise, he gave another street lecture in East Troy, according to a previous appointment.

Continuing his journey, he attended a few meetings by the way, and lectured again on temperance in the street in East Arlington, Vt., and in Pittsfield, N. H. In the latter place, he spent a week with Elder D. P. Cilley, and preached a few sermons. Sabbath, Oct. 3, he spent in Portsmouth. He had heard of the temperance reform in that place, but was hardly prepared for the reception he met, and the change he saw. Instead of the contempt and reproach that he used to meet, even in the street, for the carrying out of his temperance principles, the people seemed to delight to do him honor. After preaching twice during the day, he lectured on temperance in the public market to a large crowd. A temperance meeting, appointed for the evening in one of the houses of worship, was adjourned to the Free-will Baptist house, on learning that Mr. Marks would be there. He gave them a short address, which was received with much enthusiasm. Next morning, the people made him up a purse of several dollars, and, as it stormed violently, they gave out notice, without consulting him, that he would attend a meeting in the afternoon, and industriously circulated it among the sailors. But the fury of the storm abating, he could not be persuaded to remain, as he had scarcely time to reach Topsham by the opening of the Conference. His road lay along the Atlantic coast. The ocean was rolling tremendous waves, and with their white caps, presented a more sublime and terrific spectacle than he had ever before witnessed upon this great "high way of nations." Shortly afterwards, it was ascertained that many boats were wrecked, and many lives lost in this dreadful gale.

October 6, 1841. At the hour appointed, the Conference opened its eleventh session, and adopted rules, requiring the delegates to

spend eleven hours and a half daily in session, besides the time spent on committees. Forty-two delegates attended. The yearly meetings reported general prosperity and more than an ordinary increase. In addition to the duties of a member of the Conference, Mr. Marks was reporter of their discussions, and some of the time sat up nearly the whole of the night. A very interesting letter was read from Mr. Pike of England, severely condemning slavery. The delegates from the Free-communion Baptists presented their request for the admission of their body to membership, which was granted unanimously. Their number was about twenty-five hundred. Their churches were mostly in the vicinity of Utica.

Spirited resolves were passed on the subject of Missions, Popery, Moral Reform, Education, Sabbath schools, Temperance, &c. Among those passed on Temperance was the following:

"*Resolved*, That we advise the churches to prepare and use none but unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper, and that the Clerk insert in the minutes a recipe for preparing such wine."

The resolutions on Education recommended to the general patronage of the denomination the Free-will Baptist Education Society (which had been recently formed,) and requested prayer for the different literary institutions in operation among the churches. The Conference continued its sitting for a week, but had several adjournments to attend the anniversaries of the Free-will Baptist Mission Societies, Education Society, and Sabbath school Union, which, for the sake of convenience, had been appointed at this time. Mr. Marks reported also the discussions at these anniversaries, which were very interesting, especially those of the Education Society, of which he then became a member. He presented a resolution to the Society, the purport of which was, that we ought not to expect that God will miraculously supply us with that knowledge which can be obtained by the common use of our faculties. In its support, he said:

* * * "The wise man says; 'The heart of the prudent man getteth knowledge;' from which it would seem that instead of waiting for God to transmit it to us without our agency, it is the business of prudent men to get it. Again, says the same inspired writer, 'The ear of the wise seeketh knowledge.' From this testimony, it is clear that those who do not seek knowledge are not wise. That it is not sufficient that ministers be sincere and good men, is clear from the word of the Lord to Jeremiah: 'And I will give you pastors according to my own heart, which shall feed you with *knowledge* and understanding.' From this, we can see how God looks upon ministers who cannot feed the people with *knowledge* and *understanding:* he does not consider such ministers as 'after his own heart.' Another testimony from Malachi coincides with

this. 'The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they [the people] should learn the law from his mouth.' There we are not only told that knowledge should be kept by ministers, but also that the people should learn the law from their mouth. Again, God said by Hosea, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' Thus it was not knowledge, but the want of it, that caused their destruction. A minister of Jesus Christ, above all other men, should be the last one to plead for the neglect of study; for it is written again in Hosea, 'Because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me.' This scripture is very explicit; and as God has not changed the principles of his action, we can now see why some good men, who have been called to the ministry, are comparatively useless in the vineyard of the Lord. They have 'rejected knowledge;' and for this cause, God has rejected them. Let it not then be said, that the friends of education have crowded those who will not study from the field of usefulness. They have not done this thing. God did it, because they rejected knowledge."*

On the Sabbath, between the afternoon and evening service, Mr. Marks preached a temperance sermon to a large congregation in the street in Brunswick village, separated from Topsham by the Androscoggin river. During the early part of the week, he set out on his return to New York. Sabbath, October 17, he preached in Portsmouth, and there learned that the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes, had just arrived from India, the health of both having failed. He had with them an interesting interview. Great anxiety had been felt on their account, as they had been expected for some time, and it was feared they had been lost in the late gale. They had indeed suffered greatly, having been obliged to put out to sea when within a few leagues of Boston, and had been beating about for nearly three weeks, often exposed to the most imminent danger. Thursday, Oct. 21, he left Dover, and preaching a few times by the way, arrived in Varysburg the last of the month, and was rejoiced to find that the Washingtonian temperance reform had reached this little village, and had rescued several of its inebriates.

In the early part of November, Mrs. Marks' little neice, given her by her dying mother, became a member of the family. Ever after, she was a great favorite with Mr. Marks, and occupied a large place in his affections. She was then a little more than two years old.

Mr. Marks now resumed his labors with the churches in Varysburg and Portageville; but as the latter place was so far from his residence, it made his work too hard. The church was prospering, had nearly finished their house of worship, and he persuaded them to get another pastor. After the first of January, 1842, he labored

half the time till the ensuing May, with the church in Java, eight miles from Varysburg. They had been in great trials, and despairing of settling their affairs, concluded to disband and organize anew. Accordingly they sent for Mr. Marks to aid them in their re-organization. He told them he thought their course unscriptural, but consented to assist them, provided they would exercise discipline, and settle their differences by the law of Christ. He met them in a protracted church meeting, which lasted about a week. This resulted in the amicable adjustment of affairs with but one or two cases of discipline. The church felt encouraged, and began building a house of worship. He commenced a protracted meeting with them, and was soon rejoiced to see a flattering prospect of success. Several were awakened, some were converted, and added to the church, and there were good indications of a general work, when, on his return from an evening meeting, he was suddenly seized with a severe distress in his stomach, and would have fallen to the ground, if he had not been supported. For several days following, he was confined to a bed of sickness, and, after he was able to be carried home, remained very feeble for some time, though he continued the discharge of his pastoral duties.

The time was drawing near, that he had appointed for going to New York city, but while he was planning the necessary arrangements, he received an unexpected call to go to a western field. The Ohio and Pennsylvania yearly meetings had formed an Education Society, which had resolved to get a Seminary of the first order into operation, and a very earnest request was sent him to come to their aid, and be their agent. He hardly knew what to do. His health had for years been so frail, and exposures consequent on travelling had so greatly injured him, that he had thought he was firm in his purpose of settling in some place where he could find labor enough to do without travelling, and at the same time, pursue a course of study, that would the better prepare him to write some works for the Free-will Baptist denomination, which had long been on his mind to write. New York he thought offered these facilities. Now another path of usefulness was presented. He had long looked upon the Western Valley with much interest, and had deeply felt the need that something should be done to arouse and prepare Free-will Baptist churches to act efficiently in the great moral battle-field of the West. Another circumstance had its influence in guiding his decision. Oberlin was in the vicinity of this new field. He had loved it from its early settlement, and, as has been already mentioned, had greatly desired to enjoy its rich literary privileges, and be benefited by its high tone of piety. After much consideration and prayer, he finally concluded to accept the call to Ohio, and make Oberlin his home for a season.

In the early part of May, he made a tour to Upper Canada, where he left his companion with her parents while he could visit and take leave of the churches in the Holland Purchase yearly meeting. From the 21st of May to the 10th of July, he visited and preached with forty-six churches, attended the Genesee quarterly meeting in Bennington, and the Holland Purchase yearly meeting in Middlebury. The yearly meeting was deeply interesting. The quarterly meetings reported revivals and more energetic action in the various causes of Christian benevolence. Mr. Marks requested a dismission from the yearly meeting of which he had been a member more than twenty years, to unite with one of the Ohio yearly meetings. A very kind and affectionate commendatory letter was given him; and, unexpectedly to him, the yearly meeting conference passed the following vote of thanks:

"*Resolved*, That we render our unfeigned thanks to Elder David Marks for his services in this yearly meeting for the last twenty years, and gratefully acknowledge the aid he has rendered us in his indefatigable labors for the advancement of the cause of Christ in this region."

A few further particulars respecting his labors and the industrious occupancy of his time, may be gathered from the following extracts from his letters.

"My carriage, near Niagara Falls, U. C. May 20, 1842.

My dearly beloved wife:—

My health is good and I am happy. The morning is beautiful, the road very smooth, and I commence writing this letter while riding in a wagon at the rate of five miles per hour. The day I left you, especially the latter part of it, I was very calm and happy. My time was spent mostly in meditations, which were sweet to my soul—such as the certainty of the hope of eternal life, where sickness, sorrow, labor, and pain, will be unknown, and loved friends will part no more. O how sweet were these reflections. What a luxury it is to the soul to contemplate the ineffable glories of eternal life, not in a vague, general, and indefinite manner, as by a glimmering light, but as a tangible reality, an 'anchor sure and steadfast.' These sweet reflections were awakened by those lonely feelings which had at first come over me, in consequence of the *long* separation which was to take place between us. While my thoughts wandered over the thirteen years which have passed since we first met, and lingered on that kind providence which has ever attended us amidst all the changes of this rapid flight of time, my heart was melted with a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness which was inexpressibly sweet.

As I draw near the Falls which are so celebrated I must lay aside my pen to listen to their majestic roar, gaze upon their awful grandeur, and contemplate the greatness of their Author.

May 24. I had a pleasant time in passing the mighty cataract. I crossed the Niagara the same day, and left Buffalo about 6 o'clock, P. M., then rode twenty seven miles by a delightful moonlight, and arrived at Darien at half past eleven o'clock.

The quarterly meeting, [Genesee, at Bennington,] was attended by a larger number of delegates than I have seen at the quarterly meeting for many years; and on the Sabbath, notwithstanding the heavy rain, a large congregation was present. It was on the whole the best quarterly session this association of churches has had for years. Brother Philander W. Belknap was ordained. It was my lot to preach the ordination sermon, and my soul was baptized into the spirit of my subject. I preached my farewell discourses at Varysburg and Orangeville the 22d of May." * * *

"My carriage, Castile, June 8, 1842.

My dearly beloved wife:—

The travelling of seventy miles *extra*, the settling of Book Concern accounts with several assistant agents, the completion of my eleventh Star report, and keeping a copy of the same, together with my personal business, daily appointments, and travels, have occupied me so closely, that I have had little sleep or rest for eight days past. Even the *whole* time that I have been riding has been occupied in writing or arranging accounts. I am getting so as to write letters to others while riding as well as to my dear companion. * * *

The church in Portageville still prospers. It now numbers about sixty members. I preached in Naples in the Methodist chapel to a very crowded house, spoke two hours and had one of my best seasons. I never saw a stiller or more attentive assembly for the same length of time, so far as extraneous noises were concerned. * * * *

June 15. I found a revival in Freedom under the labors of Elder Benjamin McKoon. Nine were converted the night after I preached there. The church were finishing off their meeting house, which was covered six years ago! I take much comfort, enjoy excellent liberty in preaching, and am kindly received in every place. My old Rochester affairs are nearly settled. * * * Farewell. Your affectionate husband,

D. MARKS."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Marks' Labors in the cause of Christian Education, &c. in Ohio and New Hampshire, from July 1842, *to Nov.* 1844.

Mr. Marks gave a lecture by request in Hamburg, on the 4th of July, on the duty of voters. This subject, as well as temperance, education, &c., he always treated very religiously, and enforced its practical obligation by arguments drawn directly from Scripture. He usually selected a text, and conducted the services in the same manner as any meeting of religious worship. Often these occasions were melting, solemn seasons. After the close of the lecture, he rode to Buffalo, met his companion returning from Canada, and with her proceeded on his way to his field of labor in Ohio.

July 13. He preached in Cherry Valley, and next morning, in company with Elder Ransom Dunn, (who had been instrumental in engaging his services for the Western Reserve Education Society,) continued his journey to Chester, Geauga county, nineteen miles east of Cleaveland, the place the society had in view in which to locate their Seminary. July 15, the society convened. They had no funds to meet the expenses of an agent, and but extremely limited collections could be immediately made. The churches among which they were going to send their agent were many of them but recently organized, small, comparatively poor, mostly without meeting houses, and able to sustain preaching but a part of the time. Mr. Marks, with his usual self-sacrificing spirit, changed the terms of his services. He had stipulated to receive his pay quarterly from the society, in order to meet his expenses; but now he agreed to wait till it could be collected from the subscription he might raise for the society. In addition to the agency, he accepted the appointment of Corresponding Secretary. It was also decided to open the school immediately at Chester. The directors purchased eighty acres of land, designed for a manual labor farm, at a cost of $1593, which was paid for with a part of $2159, which had been subscribed in Chester, and $100, relinquished by the Free-will Baptist Education Society in New England, from the bequest of Mr. Luke Philbrick, of Chester.

Mr. Marks spent several days in getting the school into operation. Subscriptions for between twenty-five and thirty scholars were obtained, the services of brother Asahel Nichols were secured as teacher for a short season, and the school was immediately opened in the Free-will Baptist chapel. Mr. Marks then visited Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Branch, at that time teachers of Farmington

Academy, for the purpose of engaging them as permanent teachers in Chester. They removed to Chester the February following, took charge of the school at the commencement of the third quarter, which charge they have ever since retained. They have been very faithful, laborious, and self-denying in their efforts, and have seen many of their pupils converted.

In the month of August, Mr. Marks, after removing his family to Oberlin, commenced a tour through the churches connected with the Ohio and Pennsylvania yearly meeting. The Education Board had resolved that the subscription should be opened to articles of all kinds that are bought and sold, except slaves and intoxicating drink, or such things as would make the reception a violation of principle. The following brief account of the agent's labors till the last of January, 1843, is taken from an article published in the Morning Star.

"In the month of August, 1842, I commenced a tour through the churches belonging to the Ohio and Pennsylvania yearly meeting, and in three weeks visited and preached with twenty churches, and raised a subscription of $2007,85. Not the first word of opposition did I hear from a single individual in these churches. * * In Pennsylvania, the most sanguine expectations were more than realized; for, notwithstanding the churches were nearly all new, small, and poor, there was, according to their ability, a greater liberality among them than among the churches in Ohio, for in twenty-seven churches that were visited, $1298. were subscribed. Indeed, in some instances, poor females that had large families, came forward with tears, and wished to subscribe a dollar per year to be paid in knitting. Others wished to subscribe on condition that health would permit, and others on condition that they could pay their subscriptions without distressing their dependents. One brother subscribed ninety dollars, his wife ten dollars, to be paid in knitting, and his eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, ten dollars more, to be paid in the same way. But when I understood that this brother was worth but about $800. my heart was touched, and I said to him, that I feared he had been excited, and had subscribed too much, and I would allow him, if he chose, to lessen his subscription. He replied, 'No, brother, I have not subscribed too much. For years, I have trembled at the increased corruption of political parties, which threatens our country with the subversion of all its liberties. No ray of light or hope has dawned on my mind until the subject of a sanctified education was introduced. Here there is light, hope, and prospect. What I have subscribed is not all I intend to do, if the Lord prosper me.' This brother had right views of the subject. O that our churches were filled with such men. On the 18th of January, 1843, I finished a tour through the

Ohio Northern yearly meeting, which had occupied seven weeks, having preached to about sixty churches on the subject of education, and raised a subscription of $4770. Total in the two yearly meetings, $10,579.* More than one half of this subscription is payable either in cash or its equivalent, and it is probable, according to the usual failures in subscriptions, cost of collection, transportation, &c., that not more than one-third, or at most, two-fifths need be deducted from this sum, to get the amount which will be actually returned to the Society over and above all expenses, losses, failures, &c. It is also probable that a foundation is laid for increased subscriptions every year, not only from those whose hearts God may yet enlarge, but also from converts that will be added to our churches. Eighteen building lots have been rented by the Institution for ten years, to individuals intending to erect small private or family boarding houses the present year."

The following are extracts from his letters written to his companion during these labors:

"FAIRFIELD, Pa. Sept. 16.

* * I have travelled eleven miles this morning, and for the first two hours busied myself in reciting the rules of my Latin grammar. * * * My health is about as usual, except my bronchitis is better, much better, while there is an increase of the weakness of my stomach, and of exhaustion upon exercise. I feel that I hold my life on a slender thread, and its continuance is on probation. Sometimes I think I will return home and attend to my health, to the neglect of every thing else. Then again, I seem to think I am foolish, and easily alarmed, so that what would be nothing to another, affects my weak nerves. But, blessed be God, there is a home, sweet home, the eternal rest of the redeemed, where loved ones will part no more, and where sickness will be a stranger. * * *

Sept. 13, I am now through visiting the churches of the Crawford quarterly meeting. There are eight in all. I have visited six. I attended a session of their quarterly meeting last Saturday and Sabbath at Deer Creek. My mission was kindly received. I preached three times on the Sabbath, and three or four professed to be converted Sabbath evening.

Huron Village, November 28. I am now at the house of —— ——, one of the richest men in this part of the country, and till seven months since one of the wickedest men. Then a fit of sickness brought him to repentance, which he has lately confessed for the first time. Brother C—— and myself are, this night, probably

* A part of this subscription was payable in annual installments for the ten ensuing years.

the first ministers that were ever invited into his house, and this evening probably the first vocal prayer was made under his roof. We have had a very good quarterly meeting. [Lake Erie quarterly meeting.] This evening, eleven came to the anxious seat, one of whom found peace." * * * * * *

Toward the last of December, Mr. Marks returned home. He had discovered a bloating in his limbs, which a physician, whom he consulted, said was merely a result of the debility of his system. He wrote:

"New Haven, Huron Co. Jan. 2, 1843. Through the goodness of the Lord, I am in usual health, except the bloating of my limbs, which I think increases a little. I hope, however, that it is but the result of the inactive state of my system, from which I hope to recover when my nerves become strengthened. My medicines, I think, are producing a good effect. My stomach is certainly much stronger, and acidity is almost a stranger to it. The difficulty in my throat has entirely disappeared. O, dear companion, thank the Lord with me for these favorable omens, and yet let us be prepared for whatever chastening the Lord may be pleased to send upon us, remembering that whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

Yesterday, I preached three times to crowded congregations, and had very good seasons. Twenty-two came forward and kneeled for prayer, nearly all of whom spoke. Eighteen of these and forty-two others [professors] covenanted to kneel and pray three times a day for a year. I think a revival will follow. I commenced the year by a new consecration of myself to God, and a renewed promise to live by my good rules and resolutions. Perhaps this year may make an inroad in our happy family, but I trust we are all like minute men, and shall be ready when our Lord shall call.

I am, as usual, busy, very busy. How is it that I always have my hands full? When I think I will do less, and, for the recovery of my health, live easy, it is true, as you have often told me, *I do not know how*. Infinite toils are needed in this wicked world, and as I see that a little labor here, and a little labor there will do good, I feel a sort of uncontrollable, impelling power, urging me on, and before I am aware, I am *loaded* with cares and responsibilities."

"Grand township, Marion quarterly meeting, Jan. 5, 1843. * * The day after mailing my last letter to you, I went to Bucyrus; and as my limbs were swollen the night before worse than I had ever seen them, I called on a physician, to learn whether I had the dropsy. In answer to my questions, he said I had no symptoms of dropsy, though my debility, if not removed, might, in two or three years, terminate in either dropsy or consumption. He said my liv-

er is very inactive, and the bloating of my limbs proceeds from the inactive state of my blood. He thought the course of medical treatment I was pursuing, as directed by Dr. Vanort, would cure me.

January 8. We have had a good quarterly meeting; my health improves. In twelve days and twenty hours, I hope to see my dear family in my sweet home; yet, if disappointment awaits me, may the Lord prepare me for it.

Your more than ever affectionate husband,

D. MARKS."

About the last of January, Mr. Marks suspended for a few months his travels for the Western Reserve Education Society, and made arrangements for the commencement of his studies at Oberlin. He engaged to preach statedly with four churches, two of them eight miles, one of them nine, and the other twenty miles from Oberlin, spending with them about three days in a week, including the Sabbath. These churches were to raise $300, per year for his support. At the commencement of the term of the Oberlin Institute, February 1, 1843, he joined a class, and began anew his study of the Latin and Greek languages, preaching according to his engagements, occasionally holding other meetings in adjacent neighborhoods, and superintending the building of a small house. He was not only able to go on with his class, but, even under these circumstances, his health rapidly improved. Formerly, when he travelled, as night came on, he had laid his book aside, except when the full moon shone, but now he adopted the expedient of carrying a lantern, and studying by its light, as he returned from his evening meetings. Three months thus passed very happily with him in his studies and labors. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy life exceedingly. He had, in the mean time, from different sections, many and urgent calls; but, with a perseverance unexampled in his former history, he was enabled to say "No," a word he often remarked he had never before learned to say. One of these, however, notwithstanding his strong resolution, made him pause. It was a call from the Trustees of Strafford Academy, in New Hampshire, written in their behalf by Elder Place. The Institution was so involved that it was feared it would be lost. He wrote the following reply:

"OBERLIN, O. March 10, 1843.

My Dear Brother :—

Yours of the 27th ult., directed to Chester, was received yesterday at this place—the place of my fixed residence for a number of years, if I live. I must answer your letter briefly, as I have to attend to study ten hours to-day, and besides have to travel eighteen miles to the

mouth of the Vermillion river, and preach three hours on baptism according to a previous engagement.

I am now settled in Oberlin, with a fixed and unalterable determination, if the Lord will, to pursue those studies needful for preparing me to enter college—then to take a thorough and regular course through college and theology. I have not blundered into these purposes. They are not the result of any sudden excitement, but of careful, prayerful, and sincere examination of duty for years. I take this course from the full conviction that I can do far more good, if I should live but a few years after its completion, than I could accomplish in any other way. * * * I have now only to say, that until I change my views of duty, no consideration will induce me to abandon my studies, nor leave them, even temporarily, unless I should have evidence that it is to accomplish some great work for the public good, which no other man can be found to do, under existing circumstances. If I knew that no other man could be and would be obtained to save the Institution, I cannot say that I would not leave my studies for three or four or even six months to accomplish such a work. But on no other grounds would I listen to *any* proposals, nor to *any* inducements whatever. I am poor, and probably always shall be—and should be, if I had an income of $2000, a year, but mere pecuniary offers would not induce me to go. If the Institution has been, and now is, conducted on right and Christian principles, I have no doubt that I have arguments and measures that would clear it from its embarrassments, and set it on a sure foundation in from three to six months. * * * * I would not think a moment of the great, and trying, and painful self-denial of leaving my dear family in my feeble health to go to your aid, were it not from fear that the Institution will not be saved. I entreat that every measure may be taken that is possible, and that no dependence be made upon me, except as a last resort. I would rather not go at $2000, a year if I could avoid it, and not sin against God and my beloved connexion, for I have an object in view higher than any money concern." After making several propositions, he added: "After all, I dare not say that I would go were all these conditions fulfilled. My studies and my age—my health, the wants of the Western Reserve Education Society, and the churches to which I preach, make me hesitate, and close in haste, with a fervent prayer that God will direct." * * *

In the mean time, brother J. J. Butler, Principal of Clinton Seminary, N. Y. wrote him thus: "If you can save Strafford Academy by three months, six months, or a year's labor, I think you ought to engage in its behalf. And I am inclined to suppose you might. Could you place the pecuniary affairs of your Seminary in Ohio in such a train, that you could safely leave them, you would accomplish a great and good work in rescuing the Institution at Strafford. I hope to hear that you comply with their request, provided you can do it without thereby sacrificing the Ohio Institution. You must be pretty busily employed with all your cares and responsibilities. You need wonderful faculties to do justice to them all."

Soon afterwards, Mr. Marks received the following:

"STRAFFORD CENTRE, N. H. April 17, 1843.

My Dear Brother Marks:—

Yours of the 16th ult. has been duly received and laid before our Trustees. At their meeting held on the 15th inst. I was authorized to answer your letter, and present to you the views and feelings of our Board. * * * * O, brother Marks, we do not wish to flatter you. God forbid. The sole and only cause why we have troubled you with our request, is, that we do believe that, under God, you are the only man that we have any knowledge of in our denomination, that can save our literary Institution.

The Catholics have at last formally invaded New England. A large, expensive, and splendid edifice is now in progress at Worcester, Mass., forty miles from Boston, for a college of JESUITS!! and yet nine-tenths of the numerous host of Free-will Baptists in this state are *asleep*—*asleep* on the subject of Christian education, while the enemy, in solid phalanx, will soon overtake them, when it will be too late for repentance. O, brother, I say it in the fear of God, that while I write this, streaming tears flow in torrents from my weeping eyes, and my prayer is, that God may direct us all in the way of duty. I am reading D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. It is a rich repast, and had it not been for a sanctified education, in the hand of God, the world would have slept on till this time in Papal darkness, and you, and I, and millions of others, have finally gone to hell. We believe that the call we make upon you is from God, and that his holy hand is in it. * * * * *

Our wish is that you become our sole agent. O do come, do, do, for God's sake, come to our help. I do not say this to move your passions. The whole truth is summed up in these few words—the Board of Trustees believe, beyond a doubt, that you alone can save the Institution, and if you cannot come, no other man can do it. * * * *

Yours, in the best of bonds, E. PLACE."

This letter was an appeal that Mr. Marks had not in the power of his heart to withstand. He laid the subject before his teacher, and the President of the college, and asked their advice. They thought it unfortunate for him at his time of life to fall back a year in his studies; but conceded, that probably under existing circumstances it was his duty to go to New Hampshire. After this consultation, he wrote immediately to the Trustees an affirmative answer, and sent on a list of appointments. He wrote also a very pithy appeal to the New Hampshire churches, which he closed with a brief outline of the plan of his agency. He said in this article, "Don't forget that I am to *preach*—not merely lecture, but *preach* the blessed gospel, that this is the only part I have any thing to do with in relation to education."

There were at this time three young Free-will Baptist ministers pursuing a course of study at Oberlin, in whose welfare Mr. Marks felt much solicitude, which they ever affectionately reciprocated. On the morning of the day of his departure, he received the following note from one of them.

* * * * "Permit me, dear brother Marks, to charge you to be careful of your health. You are aware that we have reason to fear that the arduous task before you may prove too much for one in your state, and with your strength of constitution. As far as human observation can go, there seems to me to be a long chain of reasons why you should be spared to the Free-will Baptist church yet many years. Those of us in this place, who belong to that branch of the church, cannot but feel deeply solicitous. An educated and holy ministry we must have, or we shall cease to exert a saving influence as a denomination. You know how strongly the tide of opposition sets against us, who have come to this place, and how necessary to us, under God, are your strength and influence. May God have you in his holy keeping is the prayer of your brother in Christ, H. E. WHIPPLE."

Tuesday, June 6, he bade adieu to his family, expecting to be absent four months. He wrote:—

"Boston, Mass. Monday, June 12. I reached this city, 764 miles from Oberlin, after travelling fifty-seven hours and twenty-two minutes, and stopping thirty hours and forty-eight minutes. Sabbath morning, I preached in Charlestown to Elder Jackson's congregation, and had an excellent time. In the afternoon, I preached to the Free-will Baptist church in Boston, and had a far better season than in the morning; indeed, one of my best. About two hundred and fifty were present, and they seemed deeply and solemnly impressed.

I am in good health and most excellent spirits. I have been quite happy to-day, though affection to my much loved family has forced a few sighs and some tears from me. Farewell.

Your ever affectionate husband, DAVID MARKS."

On entering upon his labors, he found obstacles of which he had no idea, and his prospects of success seemed dark indeed. He wrote:—

"NORTHWOOD, June 19, 1843.

My Dearly Beloved Wife:—

Happy should I be, could I write you good tidings—tidings which would comfort that heart which is so worthy of consolation; but you have learned that 'man is born to affliction, as the sparks that fly upwards'—that this is not the place of our rest. The most painful news I have, and which saddens me *because* it must sadden my dearest earthly friend, is, that I have been sick, quite that when I reached Strafford, I kept my bed, except when I went to my meetings. However, I soon got better, for I could sleep from ten to thirteen hours per day, and have ever since, as I find this the best medicine I can take. I never before slept so much with such perfect ease, insomuch that sometimes I have been almost alarmed on account of my stupidity.

Another subject, and one which I do not know how to approach so as to prevent paining you, is, my agency. To tell you the plain truth, and to tell you the worst at once, I have now little doubt that it must and will prove an entire failure, by which I shall lose my time, and I think

all my expenses, except my mere travelling expenses. 1. Millerism has done much, and so far as that is believed, I can do nothing. 2. My appointments are in a busy time for farmers. 3. There is a general dislike to the Trustees running in debt to build a boarding house. 4. There is great complaint on account of the location. 5. There is a great dislike to agents—a supposition that they have very high wages, and that former agents have run off with the money, and many have said for a long time, 'I'll never give any thing more to an agent.' 6. Deep rooted prejudices have settled in many hearts against the Strafford Institution, they know not why; so that while I can carry all before me as to education, and move my assemblies to a flood of tears, I can make no impression in behalf of Strafford Academy. I find much more sympathy for myself than for the institution. I think some of cutting my agency short, and returning home sooner than I intended. I shall strive to get a meeting of the Trustees and ask advice.

I have now told you all my trouble, because I promised to do so; but it has been hard work; yet I know you can bear up under afflictions, even better than I do. * * *

Your affectionate husband, DAVID MARKS."

Mr. Marks prosecuted his labors amidst these and other discouragements. So inveterate were the prejudices against the object of his agency, that many would not go to hear a word on this subject. Others that out of respect to him, would listen to a lecture, were careful to leave their money at home, lest their feelings should be touched, and they should be induced to give something. In some instances, however, their precaution only gave them trouble, as their consciences would not let them leave till they had borrowed money and contributed. Hoping to arouse the churches to a sense of their duty, Mr. Marks resorted to the expedient of publishing a weekly reports of his labors in a tabular form, giving the names of the churches, the number of members, number of hearers, sums subscribed, and sums paid, to which he added remarks either of censure or commendation. The following was in connection with his seventh weekly report:

"One cause of the little interest felt in education, is manifest by the following note which was attached to my carriage by a man that listened to my discourse ten minutes and went off apparently angry. I copy perfectly verbatim, *letter for letter, &c.*

'Jesus Christ tasted death for every Man it is not for you to Say who shall Be Saved you told Me that you came to Preach the doctrine of Jesus Christ Jesus Christ Never Sent any man out A Begin for Money to Raise up Ministers, Doctors Nor Lawyers, Nor Judges Nor divils if you want Money you go to work and ern it what money we have hear we want for our own yoose Bee off yoor Self.'

Now, though no *Christian* would exhibit the spirit of the above writing, yet its principal sentiments are practically acted out by a large portion of church members. The great error contained in this paper, is a common and extensive one. It consists in the assumption that great principles are not obligatory, and to be carried out, unless God has pointed out precisely the thousand best methods which would arise in differ-

ent ages and nations, and specified these very methods by definite names in all the dialects of earth. God has enjoined great principles throughout the whole Bible on every question which can interest man. In relation to education, the principle enjoined is, that we should 'study,' 'learn,' 'increase in learning' in every thing visible and invisible which God has created, giving to every part of his works that proportion of attention and affection which its value demands. Hence it is an undeniable inference, that well regulated academies and colleges, being among the best methods of obedience to God in relation to the study of several parts of his works and truths, are well pleasing to God. They are expressly designed to develope our faculties, and train our intellects, so as to fit us by a knowledge of the works and truths of God to do good here, and finally sit down with Christ in his throne, judge angels, and judge the world. But if words, instead of principles, are to be our rules of action, then we should abandon temperance, mission, and Bible societies, family prayer, Sabbath schools, prayer, conference, church, monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, because their names are not found in the Bible; and as Jesus Christ never, in so many words, said any thing against drinking whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, &c., nor against circuses, horse races, theatres, houses of ill fame, free masonry, and slavery, all opposition to these and a thousand other kindred vices not known in the Scriptures by the names under which they are designated among us, should cease as unscriptural."

Mr. Marks wrote to his companion as follows:

"Enfield, July 3, 1843. My health, praise God, is, for me, extremely and astonishingly good. I preach and speak publicly five or six hours daily, seemingly with as much ease as the moving of a clock. I have got my soul baptized into my mission, so that I am more successful than I feared I should be. My meetings are attended with much weeping, and often with powerful feelings. * * * *

Manchester, N. H. July 10. I am, through the blessing of God, in excellent health, though last week I preached thirteen sermons, averaging two hours each, and yesterday three more in brother Cilley's church.

* * * * * * * *

Dover, July 24. A week ago to-night, I met with the Trustees at Strafford, and obtained facts which will help me in my agency. Matters, so far as I can learn, have been managed well. I have now little doubt that I shall save the Institution, though I may have to come a three months' tour again.

You wrote that brother N—— and other western brethren think the remarks in the weekly reports of my agency are too severe, and calculated to make me enemies, &c. Brother N. and our western brethren can scarcely form an idea of the disorganizing stuff and want of principle, which have called for the merited severity of my reports. My opinion is that they are doing much good, and that though some assemblies may have been smaller on this account, a much greater number have been larger. My success has been increasing from the commencement of my reports in the Star. I aim to be just to right principles, let the immediate effect be what it may. Great principles are concerned. I have the approbation of our most intelligent men in my severity,

still there are good men that think it injudicious. The reports are arousing a good deal of sensibility. Thribble is paid down in a week now to what there was when I began. This shows that conscience is aroused. * * * I think the Institution will be redeemed. But if it is lost, there will arise a re-action that will produce more principle as to education. My success I do not measure by dollars. Very many converts are made to right principles. I have reason to believe that very few go from my meetings with anything like those feelings with which they came. The seed is abundant and will produce fruit.

I rejoice to hear of the good preaching and spiritual times at Oberlin. May God preserve me to be blessed by such seasons there. I greatly rejoice to hear, my precious wife, of their influence on your own mind, and of the increase of your confidence in God. O, I thank Heaven for this. I am exceedingly interested in the account you wrote me of Professor Finney's Pastoral lectures on the qualifications of ministers' wives. Brother Burr thinks your report would do good in the Star. If you have any objection to its publication, write me. * * * Farewell. I remain as ever,

Your affectionate and confiding husband—a happy one indeed.

D. MARKS."

"Lisbon, Monday, Aug. 23. I hope, my dear wife, you have grace to reconcile you to any mere earthly affliction, that God shall permit to come upon you, knowing that there is not a sorrow which God does not design to work for our good. This letter will cause you unwelcome pangs; but let me assure you that I am happy in the Lord, and cheerfully resigned though I am mostly confined to my bed by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Last Tuesday, August 22, I started in a moderate rain to go twenty-three miles to Gorham: but having a covered carriage, a thick buffalo skin, and a thickly lined borrowed cloak, I did not anticipate the least danger; but on the way, the rain increased to a shower: my buffalo skin got wet perfectly through, and my clothes damp, but not much wet, and the rain soaked through my carriage top. Though my health was as usual, I stopped, thinking it not safe for me to attempt to reach my next appointment. The next day toward night, I felt some rheumatic affection about my right knee. Thursday it increased, and was accompanied with swelling. I went, however, to Concord, Vermont, thirteen miles, and preached sitting. Friday, I went to Lisbon and preached, but I passed a night of great distress. I felt now that I was actually sick for the first time in the absence of my dear companion, who, under God, has blessed me and comforted me so much in my scenes of sickness and nervous prostration. I imagined erysipelas—white swelling—that I should be a cripple for life, or that mortification must set in and death follow—that I should never see my dear family any more in this world. [You know my nervous hob-goblins so well that these things will not frighten you.] This night, I had two watchers attending constantly upon me, brushing, rubbing, fanning, &c. At four o'clock in the morning, I sent for a physician of some celebrity residing in Lisbon, a member of the church and a man of prayer. Saturday I was some better, and Sabbath both the physician and my friends would have me carried out to preach. I spoke to about four hundred people. The

physician has visited me three times a day. I have now little pain, and I hope to be able to leave safely the last of the week. My right limb is almost useless, and I have to get about with crutches. My symptoms are all favorable, but you know a swelled joint demands that patience have her perfect work. * * *

September 2. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, yesterday I was strengthened to get up from my sick-bed and ride forty-eight miles, and this without doing me any injury. A young man came with me to assist me, and I went to bed twice by the way. With care and prudence, I hope now to meet my appointments.

September 18. My health is still improving, though I can walk or stand very little; but my preaching powers, thank Heaven, never seemed so little fatigued by immense labor. I have a great deal to do, and I have to labor hard to take what sleep nature requires. The excitement occasioned by my longing for sweet home and the bosom of my family, as I draw near the time of my return, is so intense that I find it difficult to sleep."

Mr. Marks was in the habit of holding correspondence with his little favorite Julia, who in her turn often dictated very amusing replies. The following, written about this period, is a specimen of his letters to her.

"My dear little precious daughter Julia Marilla:—I was so glad to get your sweet little letter that I cried—shed tears on it. I want to see you so much that I weep now. I can't help it. O how my heart beats at the thought of you. I feel as though I could almost fly to see you. O, I was very glad to hear that you are a good girl, and that you pray daily, and pray for me. If you could see me, you would cry to see how lame I am. I walk with crutches. O you would pity me much if you could see me. You know your 'dear papa' was to be gone sixteen Mondays. [She always reckoned the time of his absence from home by the number of Mondays.] Well, precious pet, they are nearly all past. In two more Mondays and five days, I hope to see you in Cleveland. If mamma thinks best will you come with her to meet me? Good by, dear daughter.

YOUR PAPA."

The following were among the remarks, appended to Mr. Marks' concluding weekly report.

"Near the close of my agency, a report went out that I was to receive thirty-three per cent. on all the subscriptions I obtained. Some brethren of good judgment (in cases where they had no bias,) actually believed that the Trustees, with all their personal embarrassments for the Institution, were about to give me seven hundred dollars for thirteen weeks' work, and actually used this as an argument to prevent individuals from coming to my appointments, or giving any thing to the object of my agency. Hoping to modify, in some measure, the prejudices of such as have not enough of the charity which thinketh no evil, I will state a few facts, leaving them to judge how much real foundation there has been for this report, and for slanders of the above cast,

which the devil always puts in circulation against benevolent Institutions.

I have raised a subscription of $2006,74, of which $863,22 were paid besides $60, collected on old subscriptions. The raising and collecting of these sums cost me as follows:—1600 miles travel by public conveyance, 1518 miles by private carriage, 138 sermons, averaging two hours and four minutes each, 394 hours mental labor, close application to accounts, &c. If thirty miles travel by private carriage—one hundred miles by public conveyance—eight hours close mental labor, and one sermon of one hour's length, are each enough for a day's labor on an average, I have rendered 349 days service for the Institution in four and a half months.* For this service I have received but $78,97 over and above what I have paid out for mere travelling and agency expenses, or suffered in losses unavoidably resulting directly from my service, not including wear of clothes, time, or family expenses. I make not this statement for complaint, for I am satisfied, not only that the Trustees gave me all they should have given me, but also that in this respect I have fared better than agents generally, excepting those of older and wealthier denominations."

As Mr. Marks was about leaving Strafford, the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees was handed him:

"*Resolved*, That the exertion, zeal, and untiring industry of Elder David Marks, in his agency in procuring subscriptions and donations for the Strafford Academy, entitle him to the thanks and highest regards of the Trustees for the diligent and faithful manner in which he has conducted his agency. DANIEL WINKLEY,
Secretary of the Board of Trustees, pro tem."

Mr. Marks arrived at Oberlin, October 6th, in very feeble health, having had another attack of sickness in Boston, which, during nearly his whole journey, obliged him to accept the almost constant care of a brother who was accompanying him to Ohio. When he was in Albany he had a very interesting interview with Mr. Charles T. Torrey, (the recent martyr in the cause of humanity,) and purchased of him several thousand copies of the second number of the Monthly Patriot, containing an article written by himself, entitled, "War of Slavery on Northern commerce and agriculture." This article he read aloud on the steam-boat (having previously obtained permission) during its passage from Buffalo to Cleveland. There were several slaveholders on board, though he was not then aware of it, and so much excitement was produced that for a time he viewed himself in danger.

His engagements for the Western Reserve Education Society allowed him no time for rest. He had already one hundred and twelve appointments notified in the Ohio and Pennsylvania churches, covering the ground he went over the preceding autumn, which

* This period includes the time spent in going to New Hampshire, and returning; also, the time spent in writing previous to his departure from Oberlin.

would occupy his time till the 12th of January. Besides, he was depending on the avails of his agency then due him, (and for which he had consented to wait till it could be collected from the subscription,) for the immediate support of himself and family. The Education Society was also in pressing want of funds, as they had commenced a large building for the Seminary. They had refused the charter granted them by the Ohio Legislature on account of a clause prohibiting them from extending equal privileges to the people of color, and had directed Mr. Marks, as their agent, to circulate among the churches a petition, requesting the repeal of the restriction.* He thought, under the circumstances, that it was duty to go forward; but his toils were excessively fatiguing. The season, it was said by the oldest inhabitants, was the most unpleasant of any that had been known since the settlement of the country. It rained almost daily for several weeks, and the travelling through the deep mud of the clay roads of Ohio, can only be conceived by those who saw them. The Society fitted out a two horse wagon and a man to accompany their agent. But on account of the state of the roads, it was impossible for him to reach several of his appointments, and at a number of those he did reach, he found small congregations, the people not expecting him, supposing that he could not travel. Still he toiled on, riding sometimes till twelve or one o'clock at night, doing what he could, till the early part of January, when he found himself so worn down, and so ill, that it was an utter impossibility to fill his remaining appointments. He now engaged a brother to go in his stead, and resigned himself to rest.† But repose failed to invigorate his system as it had formerly done. Its elasticity seemed gone. His limbs bloated badly, and it caused him much distress even to walk across his room. After the lapse of a few days, he gave up nearly all hopes of recovery, yet he was very calm and happy in his mind. He wrote several farewell letters to his relatives and friends, from some of which the following few extracts are taken.

[To Miss M. Turner, Arlington, Vt.]

"OBERLIN, Feb. 28, 1844.

My dear Aunt:—

* * * * I am now confined mostly to my room—have given up all my studies, and do not often go out even to meeting. What little strength I have, is occupied mostly in arranging my papers, so that should I not recover, they may occasion my dear companion as little trouble as possible. Mrs. Marks is strong in the faith that I shall

* The Legislature, at their ensuing session, granted them such a charter as they desired.

† This was the last of Mr. Marks' labors for the Western Reserve Education Society. The Institution at Chester has continued to prosper. During the term closing Nov. 1845, it had 100 students.

yet get well. I am not. But my mind is calm, and I have peace like a river. 'For me to live is Christ; to die would be gain.' I have looked death in the face, surveyed its terrors, carefully reviewed my past life in view of my approaching dissolution, and think I am not mistaken in saying, '*All is well.*' While now my labors are closing up and coming in review preparatory to my final change, it is to me a great satisfaction, that I feel a sweet consciousness of having acted on the principle of entire consecration to God—that neither the love of honor, popularity, nor interest, have ever influenced me to withhold needful truths, nor to daub with untempered mortar, crying, 'Peace, peace, where God has not spoken peace.' * * O how sweet it is to feel that God—the everlasting God—is *my* Father, *my* Friend, and *my* everlasting portion. Surely in Him there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures forevermore. * * *

I have means to be comfortable for a few months: if health does not amend, I must then subsist on the kindness of friends, of whom I have many, and they will not suffer me to want, after I feel that I need to ask help; and as to this I shall feel no delicacy, believing I have rendered faithful service to the public these twenty-three years, much of which yet remains temporally unrewarded. I may recover. If so, I intend by Divine permission to go through college, and a regular course in theology.

Oberlin is the most interesting spot I have ever seen. Its professors are the most humble, and its influence the most holy and effectual for the searching and sanctification of the heart of any Institution with which I have been acquainted. Great is the grace here manifested, and its influence is being felt to the end of Christendom. * * *

Yours affectionately, D. MARKS."

[To a lady relative, nearly ninety years of age.]

"OBERLIN, Feb. 29, 1844.

My Dear Aunt:—

The feelings of my heart prompt me to write you, especially as it now appears quite doubtful whether we ever again meet in this world, and quite probable, when a few more days are gone, that we shall meet amid all the realities and scenes of another state of existence. Your advanced age gives strong assurance that the days, which Job declared were 'like a weaver's shuttle,' will soon be forever numbered, and the ties which bind you to earth be dissolved no more to be renewed. True, you have lived, even since the infirmities of age came upon you, to see many of the young, the healthy and the gay, go to their long home before you. Yet, let it not be forgotten, that it has been said of the oldest man that ever lived—'He died'—nor that it will yet be thus said of us all. What a multitude of friends and acquaintances you have lived to see go down to the grave. O how many funeral solemnities you have witnessed. Another thing which inclines me to invite your attention to this subject, is, I feel that I too have but a few days to stay in this world. Pray, dear aunt, be not grieved, if I inquire, 'Are you prepared? Is your peace made with God? Have you been born of the Holy Spirit?' Surely, it is our privilege to know what our state is, for the word of God has said: 'He that believeth hath the witness

in himself,' and again, 'Prove your own selves whether ye be in the faith. Now we should not be commanded to *prove ourselves*, if it were impossible for us to do this. Again, the beloved disciple speaks of our *knowing* that we have passed from death unto life, and he could never have spoken in this manner, had it not been our privilege to know our own state. A multitude of Scripture evidences might be brought to the same point, but these are sufficient, and prove unanswerably, not only that it is our privilege, but our duty, to determine with certainty our true character before we go to the judgment. O then, permit me to entreat you, as a child would entreat a parent, as a friend would entreat another dear to his heart, and as a watchman of the cross should entreat the souls, before whom he must soon give an account of his stewardship, don't delay. O, for heaven's sake, do not trust to mere morality or even the form of godliness, and to the circumstance that you love the good, and are a friend to religion. Don't rest without a witness that your heart is changed, and that you have something more than a mere hope—which may be 'as the spider's web in the giving up of the ghost.' O get one that will be like an anchor cast into a firm rock. It is for you, if you will only seek it. Dear aunt, do seek it—seek it now—seek it earnestly—seek it perseveringly—seek it with the whole heart—seek it as an invaluable prize, an indescribable treasure, as that which is worth more than friends and wealth, or indeed more than all earth itself. Many have found a new hope at an age greater than yours. Yes, some sinners have been converted, and become like little children at the age of one hundred years. May we be prepared to meet in heaven.

Yours affectionately, D. MARKS."

[To one of his brothers-in-law.]

"OBERLIN, March 2, 1844.

My dear brother:—

* * I certainly have great reasons and very strong ones for attachment to your family, nor have they been lessened by any want of courtesy or brotherly kindness on your part. Though you do not profess religion, my visits in your family have always been pleasant and are remembered with delight. Only one deduction has pained my heart, and this concerns your duty to God and your eternal interest. Being fully assured that here our time is short, and that in a few fleeting days, we shall witness the crumbling of every earthly tie, and the dissolution of every worldly hope, O how can I refrain from anxiety. Surely you would not think me too forward or officious, should I see you exposed to be burned to death in a flaming house, even though I should be greatly excited, and alarmed, and use even ultra efforts to save you. But this is only a faint illustration. Permit me to say, dear brother, that I am sure, if you have not a well founded hope in the dear Redeemer, you are in infinitely greater danger—in danger of a death that never dies—of a loss which is irreparable. O the loss of the soul! Who can describe it? When we lose friends we may regain others; and when we lose property we may accumulate more, or even reconcile ourselves to poverty. But when the soul is lost, all is lost!—lost forever!—lost irrecoverably!—and with it, all that the heart can desire. O my brother, I would not pain you unnecessarily. The physician, in ampu-

tating a limb, don't *mean* to inflict pain—that is not his object; but he would benefit his patient, and he acts from the full conviction that the amputation had better go on, notwithstanding the circumstance that pain is its inevitable attendant. So I feel, that, as a brother, if aught of benevolence rules in my heart, now while my health is gone, and I stand rejoicing on the brink of the eternal world, I must solemnly warn you, that except you are born of the Spirit, there is ceaseless sorrow before you—that there is a fire never to be quenched, where all will be lost! —forever lost! O the loss of the soul! Who can imagine its ceaseless woes! a night beyond which no day will ever dawn—pain without pleasures, sorrows without joys, where the sweets of society and of *sympathy* will never cheer the heart—where there will be an ocean of pain without one drop of ease, and an eternity of woes without any relief!

> 'Tempests of angry fire will roll,
> And beat in one eternal storm
> Upon the naked soul!"

O my brother, fly to Christ; fly now. Don't delay. God 'hates putting off.' We know not our time. 'As the bird is caught in the snare, and the fishes are taken in an evil net, so the sons of men are snared in an evil time when it falleth suddenly upon them.' Let us then be ready. O that I may hear that you are a decided Christian 'before I go hence to be here no more.' Pray write to me, and let me know your state of mind. Tell me all about it. It would be a satisfaction to me. I can but pray for you daily: I trust your dear wife does the same, and I know your sister Marilla does. Do you pray for yourself? Don't be offended at my importunity. The case is an urgent one. * * *

Yours affectionately, D. MARKS."

Mr. Marks, for some time, refused to employ a physician, believing that his efforts would be unavailing, but at length, for the gratification of his anxious family, he consented. Medicine appeared to have the desired effect, his system again seemed invigorated, his bloating subsided, and finally disappeared. In the mean time, as spring opened, he busied himself in the cultivation of his garden as his strength would permit, an employment which benefited him, and in which he greatly delighted. But, with his returning strength, though he did not feel able to resume his studies, he could not be restrained from his much loved work of preaching Christ. Accordingly he resumed his labors in some of the churches with which he was preaching previous to his tour to New Hampshire, and also organized a church in Henrietta, four miles from Oberlin, to which he preached every fourth Sabbath. During the spring he commenced an acquaintance with Mr. Edmund B. Fairfield, a member of the Faculty of Oberlin College, which soon ripened into strong Christian friendship. He was a Calvinistic Baptist licensed minister, and first called on Mr. Marks for the purpose of conversing on the subject of free-communion. Not long afterwards, he united with the Free-will Baptists.

May 25, Mr. Marks attended the Lake Erie quarterly meeting at North Amherst, and preached on the subject of sanctification, from 1 Thess. 5:23. He introduced his subject by saying, "Had all the evil spirits in the universe held a three hundred and sixty-five days' council in pandemonium, they could not possibly have succeeded better in their designs, than to have invented measures to establish the doctrine in the church of Jesus Christ that the blood of Christ never cleanses a soul from all sin in this life." In June, he attended the Ohio Northern yearly meeting. This body now passed some very spirited resolutions on the subject of slavery. Hitherto they had not taken a very high stand in the cause of abolition. Mr. Marks was appointed one of the delegates to the General Conference to meet the ensuing fall in Plainfield in the eastern part of New York. He declined the appointment, still thinking his recovery doubtful. His acceptance was urged on the ground that if he did not recover, he ought to go and meet his brethren once more, and as a substitute was elected in case of his failure, it was insisted that his appointment should remain.

In the latter part of June, he had a public discussion on the subject of baptism with Dr. Shaffer, a Methodist presiding elder. Several months previous, in compliance with the urgent request of a number of ministers, he had consented to meet Dr. Shaffer, who, as he was informed, devoted a considerable part of his time to preaching on this subject, advocating the position, that immersion was not baptism, and had challenged the Baptist world to meet him. The discussion was held in the Methodist meeting house in New Haven, Huron Co. and continued five days. Mr. Marks was assisted by brother E. B. Fairfield of Oberlin, a liberty he requested on account of his health. Fifteen Methodist and nineteen Free-will Baptist preachers were among the attendants. Among the novel positions of Dr. Shaffer was the following: "That as baptism is the answer of a good conscience, the candidate should have his choice as to the mode of administration; but that immersion is not a scriptural mode of Christian baptism, and that therefore he would not immerse those applicants who desire to be baptized in this way, but would send them to his brother ministers." Previous to the discussion, it was agreed that no public expression of the congregation should be taken. Some idea of its merits, may be formed from the following article, which appeared in the Morning Star. It was written to the Trustees of the Free-will Baptist Book Concern, and was signed by twelve ministers.

"*Dear Brethren*:—The undersigned, having been in attendance during the discussion on baptism between brother Marks and Dr. Shaffer, which commenced on the 24th inst. and was continued five days, take this method of expressing to you our fullest conviction, that Baptist senti-

ments have been triumphantly sustained, both as it respects the subjects of baptism, and the manner of its administration. We are also of the opinion, that it would greatly subserve the interests of true religion, to have the principal arguments used in this debate, published in a book form for the use of the Christian public. Such a work is needed by our denomination, especially in the new states, where our sentiments are continually assailed by the crudest objections, and most shameless dogmatisms. The arguments adduced by our brother Marks, are, in our judgment, admirably suited to the times, in view of the various and conflicting sentiments entertained respecting the design, mode, and subjects of baptism. There are, indeed, many valuable works before the public, treating on these points, but in no one of them do we find any considerable portion of the arguments used on this occasion. Ever since this discussion was first contemplated, brother Marks has been actively engaged in collecting his materials for debate, so that no point of attack has been left undefended. A very considerable share of his matter is already in manuscript, having been copied from Pedo-Baptists lexicographers, commentators, authors of the highest distinction, whose numerous concessions, of themselves, form an unanswerable argument in favor of Baptist sentiments. In collecting these materials, brother Marks has been assisted by our gifted and worthy brother Fairfield, a tutor in Oberlin college, and has been enabled to collect an amount of valuable testimony in favor of immersion far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. * * * The arguments used in this debate, should you publish them, will be found to contain the statements of the ablest critics and lexicographers, on all the varieties of sentiment entertained on the subject of baptism, with accurate references to the books where they may be found, so that one may have within a compass of some four hundred pages, substantially, the arguments of the learned Carson, of Pengilly and Hinton, the valuable arguments of Campbell with McAuley, and more recently with Dr. Rice, besides many other excellent works of less magnitude. * * * But the greatest value of these materials, arises from the fact that they are so simplified as to bring the most elaborate arguments drawn from classic usage, and other learned disquisitions within the comprehension of the general reader."

Mr. Marks greatly enjoyed this discussion, but the mental effort much reduced his strength, and he never was able to comply with the many requests to prepare the work for publication. On his return to Oberlin, he received the following, in reply to the resignation he had tendered of his agency for the Strafford Institution.

"*Dear Brother Marks:*—The account you gave us of your health, and the resignation of your agency, has filled us with no small concern. * * * It is the settled opinion of the Board, that your visit to New Hampshire, and your powerful effort as our agent, was of God, and that the hand of God was manifest in that effort, and further, that if you could find it to be duty to come with your family to New England and reside for a term of time with us, that you would soon free our Seminary of learning, that God has so manifestly owned and blessed with the out-pouring of his Spirit. And further, we believe that if

our Institution is ever saved, it will appear to have been done by your efforts. At the last meeting of our Trustees, they voted and directed me to write to you, that they cannot give you up, if God will, in answer to prayer, restore your health. I remarked to the Board, that I was willing to write, and would do it cheerfully, but that I believed you had made up your mind that you had done all you could for us, or you would not have sent us your resignation. All this, however, would avail nothing; write I must, or some other one of the Board would, for they are determined to hear from you before they appoint any other one as agent. Do, brother, pray over this subject, and come, if your health will permit. We do not entertain a doubt of your success, for the objections that lay in your way, have by you and the above named committee, been removed from the minds of all who have received the intelligence. * * O that God's will, and not ours, may be done in this thing. Yours in love, E. PLACE."

In reply, Mr. Marks recommended brother E. B. Fairfield as his successor in the agency, and he was afterwards employed by the Trustees.

During the months of July and August, Mr. Marks remained mostly in Oberlin, except on the Sabbath, his health, meanwhile, again improving. He was very happy, for he was in an atmosphere congenial to his feelings, and he enjoyed, with the keenest relish, the moral, intellectual, and religious repasts so often spread in Oberlin. But he could not rest to enjoy them alone. He loved to impart his good things to others, and accordingly frequently reported for the Star, some of the interesting meetings he attended. Among these reports were seven lectures on slavery by Professor Hudson, and Professor A. Walker's account of his tour in England and France. Perhaps there were few occasions that filled him with greater delight, than the celebration of West India emancipation, conducted entirely by the colored people. The decorum, taste, and refinement, exhibited by them during the exercises of the day, afforded him the sweetest enjoyment, as it was a demonstration of the power of liberty, science, and religion, to elevate this crushed and down-trodden race.

Mr. Marks' physician having advised him to journey in an easy carriage, entirely laying aside preaching, he concluded to attend the General Conference; and, accordingly, Friday, September 13, he left home in his own conveyance, accompanied by his wife, and brother Fairfield, who was going on his agency to New Hampshire. Saturday and Sabbath following, he attended the Lorain quarterly meeting in Sheffield. Two ministers united at this session, brethren H. Wellington and Charles Pierce. The former, an Oberlin student, was from Massachusetts, and had hitherto been connected with the Calvinistic Baptists. The latter was a Congregationalist licensed minister, formerly a student at Ober-

lin, who, having embraced Baptist views, believed he had never been scripturally baptized. At his request, Mr. Marks now baptized him, and a very impressive season was enjoyed.

Prosecuting his journey, and enjoying the kind attentions of brother Fairfield, Mr. Marks found his health improving, till two or three days before he reached Plainfield, when he took a severe cold, and his dropsical difficulties returned. He reached Plainfield in season to be present at the organization of the Conference. Fifty-three delegates attended, besides several other leading brethren, who had come from different states to enjoy the discussions of the Conference, and attend the anniversaries of the benevolent societies. Soon after the Conference was opened, a little time was spent in listening to the remarks of brethren considerably advanced in life, who had seen much of the glory of God. The season was a melting one, and an excellent preparation for the discussions before them. The reports from the different parts of the denomination were cheering. Nine yearly meetings, most of which had been newly organized, were received into membership. One of this number had been raised up through the instrumentality of a minister sent out by the Home Mission Board at an expense of only $1500. A very interesting letter was received from the missionaries in India. They had formed small churches at two stations, which they had organized into a quarterly meeting, called Balasore. All seemed astonished at the rapid spread of the denomination within the last few years.

Resolutions, accompanied by soul-stirring speeches, were passed with great unanimity, on Slavery, Missions, Moral Reform, Popery, Temperance, Sabbath Schools, Education, State of Religion, Church Polity, Secret Societies, Printing Establishment, &c. Among the resolutions on slavery were the following: "*Resolved*, That all human laws which require men to violate the laws of God, are wicked laws, and should not be obeyed. *Resolved*, That all laws which require us to assist in returning the fugitive slave into bondage, or prohibit us from feeding, clothing, or protecting him, contravene the laws of God, and therefore should not be regarded. *Resolved*, That this Conference believe it to be the duty of all Christian voters to act on anti-slavery principles at the ballot box."

The following are a few of the remarks Mr. Marks made in support of the last resolution, and are introduced as exemplifying some of his views of the political duty of a Christian citizen. He said:—

"In this business of voting, there is a great *moral* principle, which has not been sufficiently weighed by the church to enable her to fix upon her conscience, the responsibility she has at the ballot box in a re-

publican government. God has ordained human government. The form of government and the exercise of governmental powers, are left to be determined by circumstances. In a republic, the people are the *sovereigns*,—the *governors*—and God holds them responsible as such. One's *declining* to act as a governor, lessens not his responsibility to God, so long as his *power* to act remains in his own hand. Nor does the fact that one cannot alone carry his point at the ballot box, lessen his moral obligation, so far as his proportion of power or influence is concerned. It is not necessary that a mob of one hundred should kill a hundred individuals, in order to constitute each one a murderer. All who engage in a mob which kills a single individual are murderers. So it is in a republican government. I am responsible for every principle I vote to have carried out. Nor will it avail me anything to plead as an excuse, that if I had not voted to put in an immoral man, others would have put him in without me. I might on the same principle, rob, sell rum, practice licentiousness, &c., pleading that I deplore these evils 'as much as any body,'—'but'—if I don't practice them, 'others will.' * * * * * There is sophistry in this doctrine 'of two evils, choose the least,' which is often overlooked. Evil has two meanings; one signifies sin—the other calamity. Now, while in the last sense, it is lawful to choose the least of evils, as did David when he chose between sword, pestilence, and famine, it is not true in the first sense, *moral evils*, that we should chose the least. To choose the least of two *moral* evils, is to choose to sin. To sin, under a pretence of effecting a greater good, is not only a simple, foolish doctrine, amid the light of this age, but it is a horrible doctrine, a 'damnable heresy,' and joins its advocates to those of whom Paul said their language was: 'Let us do evil that good may come.' Were there three candidates up for President of the United States, the first being the *devil*, the second a thief, and the third an honest man; and had I the casting vote between the devil and the thief, I would by no means give it to the thief to keep the devil out, simply because I have no right to vote for the thief to keep others from putting in the devil. I must vote for the honest man, though by my adherence to principle, another should have the casting vote, and put in the devil. He then will have the guilt before all heaven, earth and hell, of putting in the devil, and I, before all the same witnesses, will have the praise to all eternity, of voting for the honest man. Let me illustrate the moral responsibility of voting. Suppose here is a crank connected with a wheel, that wheel with another, the second with a third, and so on to five hundred wheels, and I take hold of the crank, and turn it, and that turns the first wheel, that the next, and so on; and the five hundredth wheel turns a sword in such a manner as to cut off a man's head. Now, who does not know that I am just as much a murderer as though I had done it directly by taking the sword into my own hand. To say I did not kill the man, that I merely turned the crank, &c. is a mere quibble. God holds me responsible for the natural results, which I saw would accrue from my turning the crank. So in the business of voting. Here is a law system, which not only robs the slaves of all their earnings, but compels them to licentiousness, and kills multitudes of them. But who made and retains the slave code that does all this wickedness? The

law-makers. Who make the law-makers? The voters—the sovereign people. * * * * * Hence it follows that every voter who votes to send a pro-slavery agent to Congress, or put one into a law-making office, is himself a robber, and, *if he knows all the circumstances* which his vote thus sanctions, he is also a murderer, and God will hold him responsible as such. * * * *

The committee on secret societies, of which Mr. Marks was chairman, reported as follows:

"That the watchfulness of the public eye is essential to the purity of all associated bodies and institutions whatever; and that, in the present state of society, however pure may be the motives and principles of the founders of secret societies, secrecy is sure to corrupt them. * * In the opinion of your committee, all extra judicial oaths or affirmations for the keeping of the secrets of such associations as Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Rechabites, and similar combinations, are contrary to the Bible, which forbids us to forswear ourselves, and contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion, which does not allow its subjects to agree to things which they do not understand, or to take obligations upon them which they do not know for themselves the bearings of, in contingencies which may arise,—Therefore,

Resolved, That we advise our churches, as far as practicable, to avert this evil in its first beginnings, by laboring with all who take upon them the extra judicial oaths or pledges of these societies, or who remain connected with them."

The report of the Book Concern afforded matter for devout thanksgiving, and furnished ample testimony of the wisdom and prudence with which it had continued to be conducted. Its value was now estimated at $25134, it was free from debt, and had several hundred dollars surplus funds, which the Conference voted to divide between the Mission and Education Societies. The Morning Star had been enlarged the third time, and otherwise improved, without addition to the price.

But perhaps no subject that came before the Conference awakened so much interest as the location of the "Biblical School," an Institution which had been established by the Education Society, and had been in operation several years without any permanent location. The Trustees of Clinton Seminary, N. Y., had made a very advantageous exchange of their Institution for the buildings of the Oneida Institute in Whitestown. They were anxious the Biblical School should be located with them, and had offered to give the use of one of their large buildings. Other very generous offers had been made from other places; and the Society had referred the decision to the General Conference. Notwithstanding the local interests, that could but have their influence on the minds of the members, the discussion was conducted in the most Christian spirit, and the decision finally was in favor of Whitestown.

After a week's sitting, when the time for the adjournment of the Conference arrived, a very great solemnity rested upon its members, several of whom addressed their brethren. But probably to none was it more solemn than to Mr. Marks. He said, "I thank my Heavenly Father for the strength he has unexpectedly given me to come to this Conference, and see so many that are dear to my heart. My feeble health admonishes me, that probably this is the last time that I shall see your faces in this world, and that I have for the *last* time reported your speeches. But I thank God that for me 'to live is Christ, to die would be gain.' I wish to ask you all to pray for me." The "Christian's Hope," by Mr. Sutton, commencing,

> "Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds
> Our glowing hearts in one,"

was sung, and nearly all, if not all, wept as they exchanged salutations. Prayer was then offered, and an affecting separation followed, accompanied with many tears.

Thus closed the twelfth General Conference. It had embodied a greater array of talent and sterling piety, than had ever before been assembled in the Free-will Baptist denomination. It was also the most interesting and important in its results. In subsequent days, the subject of these memoirs often referred to this Conference, while tears of gratitude would flow down his cheeks, and, in the most melting accents, he would thank his Heavenly Father that he had strengthened him to attend it, and had permitted him to live to see so many strong young men raised up to fight in the holy war, and then he would frequently add, that he could be spared from the field, and he was ready to depart in peace.

Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 9, Mr. Marks set out on his return homeward, and as he had been able, during the Conference, to write out but little part of the notes of his reports, and there was much anxiety for their immediate appearance in the Star, he employed much of his time while travelling, in writing. These reports when published, occupied between fifty and sixty columns, and were read with the greatest avidity. On his return, he visited the Institution at Whitestown, and was extremely gratified with all he saw. During a night in which he stopped between Rochester and Buffalo, the country was visited by a most dreadful tempest, which, with its effects, he thus described in the Star:

"The prophet Isaiah said, that Christ should be 'A hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.' In the land of Judea, where the storms are frequently terrible and awfully sublime, the figure used in the above passage is a striking one. Nor has it been less strikingly appropriate to multitudes on lake Erie, and in western New York, who have witnessed the heart-rending effects of a terrible tem-

pest, which happened on Saturday morning, Oct. 18, 1844. We were then on our return from the General Conference, and had taken lodgings at the house of brother A. Achilles in Oak Orchard, about thirty miles from Rochester. At one o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by the noise of the wind and the tremulous motion of the house in which we lodged. At two o'clock, the family were up, and the shaking of the house warned us to flee to some stronger retreat. We were scarcely dressed, when there came a crash, the whole building reeled, and, for a moment, we expected to be buried in its ruins. The roof of the kitchen had fallen in, and we now all fled to a neighboring house. There we listened for hours to the ragings of the gale, and as we thought of the scenes of distress on the adjacent lakes, which, from the suddenness of the tempest must be unavoidable, we engaged in prayer. Saturday, we continued our journey westward, and through the whole country witnessed extensive damages, such as the destruction of timber, fences, and buildings. Four days after the gale, we visited the lower part of Buffalo, which had been inundated. The wind had blown from the south-west directly down the lake with such force, that the whole body of the lower end of the lake had risen, some said *sixteen feet!* This, with the unprecedented dashing of the waves, caused an amount of destruction which almost surpasses the power of description. On one of the largest streets in the lower part of the city, we were told that the water stood five feet deep in the street. Yet beneath the large blocks of buildings were under-ground rooms, some of which were used for sleeping apartments. At one time, it was said, the water rose four feet in five minutes. In some cases, a furious wave would burst in a door or window, and fill a room so suddenly, that the inmates had only time to awake and perish! How awful to such must have been that moment! They had not the most distant dream of danger. They slept as calmly as others. They heard the noise of water—sprang from their beds, and found themselves in the dark rising flood—they were covered with it—no intelligence as to the cause—no explanation—no time for reasoning; and the awful thought rushed on the soul—'I am drowning—escape is impossible—it is done—now I must meet my Judge—*am I ready?*—No time for preparation—O! I am going—going—gone!' It was said, that the screams of distress and cries for help, that alternately rose and died away amid the waves and winds from two o'clock till sunrise, were enough to melt a heart of stone. We were informed that the bodies of fifty-five had been picked up and carried to the court house, where they were left for a season that their friends might identify them. Many were missing that had not been found. Some were of the opinion that one hundred lives were lost in Buffalo, but, considering the number of those whose bodies may have washed down the Niagara river, and sunk into the dreadful whirlpool below the Falls, never more to rise till Gabriel's trump shall call out the dead from earth's deepest caverns, no one can be sure of even the probable number lost. We stood in the south part of the city, on the edge of the ruins, nearly a mile from the lake, and with the most solemn feelings surveyed the scene of desolation, which for more than a mile in extent, north and south, east and west, met the eye. * * * Though now four days after the destruction, almost all kinds of materials seen in a city were here piled in end-

less confusion. Large numbers of teams, and hundreds if not thousands of workmen were engaged in clearing away and regulating this singular flood-wood." * * * *

Leaving Buffalo, the next day Mr. Marks visited the wreck of the steamer Robert Fulton, lying on the beach twenty miles south of Buffalo, where it was driven ashore during the gale, with about two hundred and seventy-five passengers on board. It was to them a night of awful terror, and of earnest, continued, and agonizing prayer. Two were drowned in the steerage cabin, and two were washed overboard. He was told by one of the passengers, that an infidel was on board, who had zealously argued his principles till the gale struck the vessel, and then, when all were expecting to be lost, he prayed as fervently as any one. Mr. Marks continuing his journey, arrived in Oberlin the early part of November.

CHAPTER XXX.

A few particulars respecting his state of health, last labors, death, funeral sermon, farewell addresses, &c., from Nov. 1844, *to December,* 1845. *Also, extracts from the correspondence of friends, containing testimonials of their esteem and views of his character, &c.*

Mr. Marks preached a few Sabbaths after his return to Oberlin, but he found that every attempt increased his illness. Professor Finney now interested himself in his case, persuaded him to relinquish his appointments, and encouraged him to hope that continued rest, sleeping all he possibly could, and omitting the use of medicine entirely, would yet restore him to a tolerable state of health. He commenced this course, and was astonished at the changes produced. His bloating again subsided, his system became somewhat invigorated, and his friends greatly rejoiced in his brightening prospects. Professor Finney, in his kindness and care for him, used often to go out hunting wild game, with which he kept him almost constantly supplied for several months. Thus passed the winter and spring. As soon as Mr. Marks' friends were apprised of his state of health, and that he was destitute of funds to meet his current expenses, they made him kind and liberal remittances.

May 31 and June 1, he attended the Ohio Northern yearly meeting, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of brethren, on

condition that they would not ask him to preach. It was held in Spencer, twenty miles from Oberlin. He assisted during the business meeting, lying down a part of the time. Sabbath morning, he gave a short exhortation, which produced a thrilling effect. One impenitent man went out, because he said he would not be seen to weep, and if he had remained, he should have burst into tears. After the meeting Mr. Marks returned to Oberlin, apparently uninjured by this effort.

June 2. A minister from Michigan called to persuade him to attend the Michigan yearly meeting, which was soon to assemble. He urged his attendance in the most moving terms, and was especially anxious on account of a literary institution the yearly meeting had just established. A charter had been obtained for a college, called Michigan Central College, and the school was then in operation in Spring Arbor, under the superintendence of brother Daniel H. Graham, a graduate from Oberlin. He argued that he could rest about as well on the steam-boat and in the cars as he could at home, and that a trip on the lake would benefit him. After considerable consultation, the decision of the matter was referred to Professor Finney, who, with much hesitation, reluctantly said, that perhaps it would not injure him. June 4, Mr. Marks took a steam-boat for Detroit at Huron, but after leaving the wharf, found the berths all engaged, consequently he was able to get very little rest through the night. At Detroit, he took the cars. The following letter from brother D. H. Graham, written since the death of Mr. Marks, gives a few particulars respecting his visit to the Michigan yearly meeting:

"SPRING ARBOR, Mich. March 9, 1845.

Dear Sister Marks :—

* * Our yearly meeting, at which brother Marks preached his *last* sermon, was held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of June last, in our meeting house at Leoni. * *

On the morning of the 5th of June, I set out for the yearly meeting. At Jackson, eight miles from Detroit, I took the cars, when, to my great surprise, and still greater joy, I found that I was fellow passenger with Elder Marks. He was in company with Elder Elijah Cook. He was unusually cheerful—almost jovial. I expressed my joy for the privilege of meeting him in my own state, and of listening to him once more: he said, owing to illness, he should not attempt to preach. In a few moments we were at Leoni, eight miles from Jackson. Having been introduced to the Conference, he asked the privilege of lying down during their deliberations. Accordingly, he took his position on a buffalo robe, his head being supported by pillows. As Pitt was carried on a bed to Parliament to discharge his last political duty, so, in future, it may be said of brother Marks, that he was borne to the house of God to discharge his last two public duties in the service of his King. He frequently spoke during the deliberations of the conference, sometimes

standing, sometimes reclining. Saturday afternoon, there was a sermon and religious conference. His feelings were much elated. While thus looking upon the work of his Master, and being pressed by all, he consented to preach the next day. Sabbath morning, the church was crowded, and many were standing outside at the doors and windows. After a sermon preached from the words, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink,' your husband preached from Matt. 28:19, 20, 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations,' &c. He kept his seat for the most part while delivering his sermon. He was very moderate when he began, manifestly favoring himself what he could. His sermon was simple in diction, powerful in argument, and overwhelming in pathos. He seemed to be familiarly talking with each auditor till every one was all attention, then compelling conviction by his argument, while tears gushed from his own eyes, he seemed literally, with resistless strains of eloquence, to melt the whole audience before him. In vain I attempt to describe the scene. He continued thus more than two hours. So deep, lasting, and extensive, were the impressions made by that sermon, both among professors and non-professors, that long, long after the speaker shall have lain in the grave, one wanderer after another will, through its influence, be brought home to God.

After sermon, he was taken to Elder Limbocker's, completely exhausted. He told me that he feared that he had done wrong in preaching so long. I parted with him, expecting never to meet him again, as it was then his intention to leave the next morning for Oberlin. The next day, however, he called upon me in Spring Arbor, apparently in better health than he was before preaching. When passing in front of the new building erected for the use of our Institution in this place, he fixed his eye on it, and paused for a while, as though in deep thought. At length, addressing himself to Elder Coltrin, he spoke with deep emotion of the progress of the denomination. 'Who would have thought a few years ago,' said he, 'that our denomination would, from a mere infant, have become a great people, spreading far and wide! Who would have thought,' continued he, 'that so soon after hiding my grammar, lest the indignation of my elder brethren would be out against me, we should have one literary institution after another, and most of all away here at the West!' Many remarks similar to these he made while with us. He spoke of the influence this institution would be likely to exert in the great battle yet to be fought between Truth and Error in the West. So elated did he become, that he even shouted, 'Glory to God! Glory to God!!' "

Mr. Marks returned to Oberlin, after an absence of eight days, much enfeebled. Rest now failed to benefit him; he grew worse rapidly, and his symptoms became very alarming. After much entreaty, he was persuaded to resort to medicines which had formerly lessened his dropsical difficulties, but they produced no effect. Again, he gave up all hope of recovery, but was very calm and happy. Once more, in deference to the anxious feelings of his family, he consented to call a physician who had recently settled in Oberlin; but told him he had no expectation that he could benefit him. The physician, after an examination of his case, expressed

confidence that he could be relieved; but said if the accumulation of water could not be carried off, he could live but few days. He commenced treating his case, and very shortly succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, in removing the dropsical obstructions, and restoring him to ease and comparative comfort. Again, his friends and himself were flattered with hopes of his restoration to health. Sometimes, while lying on his couch, and thinking of once more being able to preach, he would say, "O, what a beautiful world is this. I am not anxious to leave it. O the precious harvest of the Lord. How delightful it will be to labor in it again. I would like to live a hundred years, if it were my Heavenly Father's will, and I could preach. O, I would like to see the triumphs the gospel will then have won. I would like to see the wonderful effects wrought by the annihilation of distance by steamboats, railroads, and the wonderful magnetic telegraph. God will use all these for the spread of his knowledge." Thus he would often go on, his eye kindling with expression, and his countenance glowing with emotions too big for utterance. His health continued to improve for a few weeks, and then seemed to remain about stationary. He usually rode out every day, and sometimes attended worship on the Sabbath. On one occasion, at Professor Finney's request, he broke bread to the Oberlin church, and made some remarks, and several times he opened or closed the meetings by prayer.

In the mean time, he was often cheered by the letters of his Christian friends. Among them were communications from his missionary friends, Sutton, Bacheler, and Phillips. The latter wrote:

"JELLASORE, India, Sept. 11, 1844.

Dear Brother Marks:—

* * * * We see by the Star, that you have been extensively engaged in the cause of education. The success which attended your effort in Ohio is really encouraging, and seems to have been unprecedented in our denomination.

I read your full and very interesting letter of March 13, 1844, at our late quarterly meeting, it being of common interest to us all. We all felt sorry, though none disappointed, that you were laid aside from active labors, and suffering from 'nervous debility.' The wonder seemed rather to be, that you still kept soul and body together, and I believe we were all agreed in charging you with imprudence. 'Strength equal to your day,' seems not to satisfy you. You grasp after the strength of three or four days in one. My dear brother, is this wise? I trust you have taught the people truths that will not soon be forgotten; but even to do this, ought a man to kill himself? A candle lighted at both ends must soon burn out, and cease to afford any light. On the subject of your own education, to us in India, you appear to be verging an extreme. Already broken down with hard labor, and sinking into the

grave under the pressure of premature old age, the vital fluids too much exhausted to rally again soon, you are, to say the least, in a poor state of body or mind, to endure four or six years of close application to hard study, not to inquire what your prospects for usefulness are likely to be when the task shall have been accomplished, should you live so long. One would think that David might well have been content with Goliah's sword in addition to his sling and smooth stones, without coveting Saul's armor, and especially so, when he sees what a mighty victory they had gained for Israel. If I have taken too great liberty, I know you will pardon me, rather than take it amiss. What you say of your state of mind and of the society at Oberlin, is calculated to represent your situation as the most desirable on earth, and such I can fancy it to be. Many thanks for your offer of the Oberlin Evangelist. I should much prize the Evangelist, but I cannot consent to have you give it to me. * * * * * *

With you, I look forward with delight to the time we shall meet, no more to part. I trust I can say, that 'for me to live is Christ, to die would be gain.' Once more, adieu. J. PHILLIPS."

Elder Place wrote him June 7, 1845, as follows:

"Dear Brother Marks:—

You cannot conceive the peculiar sensations that filled my heart at the close of the General Conference at Plainfield, when you told us that it was the last time you ever expected to report the doings of that body, and that it was more than probable, that before their next session, you should be numbered with the dead! My thoughts flew quicker than lightning over our beloved denomination in solemn search for a man to fill your place, but could not find him; neither have I been any more successful in my search since, than at that time; and if there is one of our brethren whom God has designed to fill your place, it is only known to him, and not to us. On a second view of the subject, I have never been able to bring my thoughts to believe for a single moment that your gospel labors were about to close forever. Hence it has been my earnest prayer, that your health might be restored, and that our brethren might pray for that specific object, and that you might be reconciled to your lot, and take every precaution to recover your health. Whitefield said at Exeter, the day before his death, that he was not tired *of* the way, but tired *in* the way. All resignation to the divine will, to live or die, should be the frame of mind in which every true servant of Christ should be found; but truly this is no small work or minor attainment: it is only through much prayer, and the assistance of divine grace, that such victories are ever achieved. And further, we should not wish or long to go to heaven, while it is God's will that we remain on earth. For could we live a thousand lives, and each to the common age of man, and spend the whole in preaching the gospel of Christ, O, it would be delightful work, glorious employment, and then, with all those brought to Christ by his ever-blessed gospel, we should find ample time to praise God in a world without end. * * * * * May God raise you up to health, and prolong your days for Zion's sake.

E. PLACE."

Mr. Marks seldom allowed himself to write replies to any letters, or furnish any articles for the Morning Star, though his name

was still continued as one of the assistant editors. But noticing a communication from a correspondent, favoring the society of "Odd Fellows," he forwarded an article on the subject, from the Oberlin Quarterly Review. To this article he wrote the following preface, which was about the last he wrote for the Star. It was published October 15, 1845.

"It was with sorrow that I perused an article in a late number of the Star, from an esteemed brother, as we are assured, favorable to the society of Odd Fellows. When I was strong and 'able to go whithersoever I would,' my Lord demanded me to expend some of my energies in an uncompromising warfare against *secret* societies. The society of Free Masons at that time was most prominent, and that was a glad day to my soul, when our General Conference, years ago, took a decided stand against them. I mourn that so soon the evil is gaining ground in the rapid spread of the society of Odd Fellows. But let this selfish organization be confined to the children of the devil, whence it originated, and where it belongs; and let not the followers of a pure and holy Savior, turn aside to be taken in its snares, deceiving and being deceived. When I read the article referred to, I could scarcely restrain myself from taking my pen with a view of exposing to the readers of the Star the wicked principles of this society; but the reflection that even this effort might blast my prospect of returning strength, or hinder me longer from open combat with the foes of Zion, deterred me from the attempt." * * *

A difficulty had arisen in a church near Oberlin, in consequence of the faithful and pointed testimony of its pastor against intemperance. This difficulty had been referred to the Lorain quarterly meeting, of which this church was a member. Mr. Marks, fearing the faithful minister might not be sustained, determined to attend the quarterly meeting, to which he had been appointed a delegate, and which was to be held in September, about twenty miles from Oberlin. On being remonstrated with for his decision, and being reminded that his physician would not consent, he replied, "I shall not ask my physician. We are commanded to *lay down our lives* for the brethren. There are those that will, if they can, sacrifice brother ——, because he has been faithful to truth and their souls. He is a man of God, and it is my duty to go and stand by him." At the time appointed, he went, accompanied by four Free-will Baptist ministers living in Oberlin, all of whom rendered effective aid in favor of the persecuted minister, being permitted to take part in the discussions. For a day and a half the subject was canvassed. Mr. Marks was the only *member* that defended the uncompromising course of the faithful preacher; but he was in his element, and never did he appear stronger in the power of truth, nor his spirits more buoyant. Undaunted, fearless, and bold in his positions, he seemed to speak with a power more than human. In-

deed, his language was clothed with a grandeur, that was both awful and terrible, and which carried resistance before it. When the final vote was taken, he expected that he should be in "the glorious minority of *one*," but, to his great astonishment, it was unanimous on the side he had advocated, except one, who refused to vote. Two or three members, as they were parties concerned, did not vote. Mr. Marks lay down much of the time during the deliberations of the Conference. After its close, he returned to Oberlin, exceedingly happy and joyful, and to the surprise of himself and friends, apparently in better health than when he left home. From this circumstance, they all felt encouraged to hope for his ultimate recovery.

The following Sabbath he attended worship at Oberlin, which, as near as can be recollected, was the last Sabbath he ever spent in an earthly sanctuary. He walked to the meeting house, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. At noon, he dined with Professor Finney, lay down on a sofa most of the time during the intermission, meanwhile conversing with much animation. At the close of the afternoon service, he walked home, stopping by the way at President Mahan's to rest. He was again very cheerful, conversed about the prospect of his returning health, and remarked that he thought he should yet be able to preach the glorious and blessed gospel. The President said he thought so too. About the middle of October, he rode out one morning to attend to what he thought was indispensable business. The air was chilly—he took cold, and shortly after his dropsical symptoms returned, with aggravated violence. His physician, who was about to leave on a journey to Massachusetts, to be absent several weeks, tried to encourage him to hope for another removal of those symptoms, gave him some general prescriptions, and charged him to be very cautious of future exposures, as they might bring on a relapse that would terminate fatally. He faithfully followed the directions of his physician; but his disorder steadily increased, while his soul seemed absorbed in heavenly contemplations. He often said his hopes of recovery were again very faint, and talked almost incessantly in the most touching strains, about the reality and consolation of the Christian's hope, the resurrection, the work of the "spirit-land," and the glories of heaven. Still none of his friends were particularly alarmed, as he had several times been apparently much worse. He had recently heard of the death of his oldest brother in Illinois, and they attributed his conversing so much about his own departure, to the effect of this intelligence upon his mind. He continued declining, and finally began to speak of the certainty of his dissolution in a more positive manner than he ever had before. His companion, now fearing that he was about to be removed, commenced

recording a very *few* of his many remarks for her own consolation, in case he should soon pass away. These memoranda are as follows; but they give a very faint and imperfect idea of the glorious and affecting scenes of his closing life. To those who had the invaluable, the blessed privilege of seeing the angelic expression of his countenance, and hearing his heavenly words, his very room seemed often "quite the verge of heaven."

October 28, Tuesday. My dear husband said to me he was decided that there was in his case no hope of recovery. It was a great trial to his mind to lift the veil and tell me we must part, but he felt sure he should stay but little time. He knew my trial was much greater than his, said he tenderly sympathized with me. He well remembered his own feelings when, watching by my sick bed, he expected to be left, and felt that he knew not how to endure it. "But I bless God," said he, "that in mercy he has so constituted us that the poignancy of grief will wear away. 'Though sorrow endure for a night, joy will come in the morning.' We have lived together as Christians. More than sixteen years God has given us to each other. They have been happy years, blessed with the most perfect mutual confidence and affection. In a little time we shall be re-united, and when your work is done, I shall joyfully welcome your spirit to that better land." What he did, he added, must be done quickly. He wanted to write letters to his friends, also a farewell address to his beloved denomination and to the world, while his strength remained. He wished to be carried to the house of worship, to give one more public testimony for God, to speak once more to the students preparing for the ministry. He was very happy, felt his work was done. He had loved it exceedingly, though for years he had labored in great weakness of body. Now he was going where he could work without sleep, and labor without fatigue. [At this date he had no alarming symptoms except being weaker.]

October 30. He wrote thus to his youngest brother. "My dear brother Jeremiah:—Your letter of the 4th inst., bringing the painful tidings of our brother's death, was duly received. So our dear brother Friend has gone—gone to his long home—gone to the spirit world—to receive, while endless ages roll on, according to the deeds done in the body! And soon we must follow him, and know all the realities that there are on the other side of the river of death. I am fast hastening. I write to you now in bed, to which I am confined most of the time, and have no expectation of recovering my health. I am exceedingly weak, and probably this is the last letter I shall ever be able to write you. I may drag along some months yet, but I should not be surprised, should I drop away in a week. The tide of life has run so low that I am now arranging all my affairs to leave without a moment's warning. But glory to God, dear brother Jeremiah, I am prepared—and I am happy. Jesus Christ has taken away the sting of death, so that I rejoice and am exceedingly *happy* in view of my certain dissolution. What supports and comforts me, dear brother, is the hope of eternal life—a *sure* hope like an anchor to the soul, *sure* and steadfast, and entering even into heaven. O, my brother, don't be offended with me, when I say, would to God that my brother Jeremiah had this hope also—this good hope—

this precious hope—which extends beyond this life—which will buoy up the spirit in the dark valley and shadow of death. O that you were a Christian! a good Christian—a genuine Christian—that you had all the consolations of the blessed, the glorious hope of eternal life! Nothing else can fill and satisfy man's capacious soul—his restless nature. O brother, you may become a Christian—God is willing—Heaven will forgive—mercy lingers around you, and knocks at your heart for admittance. Until you become a Christian, you can never fill the design of your being. Religion, genuine religion, is as much the natural food of the human soul, as earthly food is the natural food for the body. I am glad, my dear brother, that you did not go to sea. * * * * May God help you to be contented, and give you a good hope of immortality. Farewell, dear brother. If you can, do write me one more letter before I die. Your affectionate brother,

DAVID MARKS."

October 29 or 30. He rode out and met Professor Finney, who said he thought he should leave Oberlin the next morning to spend the winter. Mr. Marks expressed his regret, and added that he wished him to preach his funeral sermon. President Mahan was already gone. Professor Finney smiled and said, "Brother Marks, you can't die now. Are you subject to depression of spirits?" He replied, "No, I was never happier."*

October 31, Friday. He said he was only confirmed in his views that he had but few days to stay with me. I asked him why he felt so. He then rehearsed the history of his sickness from the time of his labors to establish the Book Concern, where his toils and exposures subjected him to four successive fits of sickness, since which he had never seen a well hour. From year to year he had kept running down lower and lower. He had tried to rest, he had tried to be quiet, but he had such an insatiable thirst to do something for God that he could not. If his body was still, his mind was like a steam engine, his thoughts flew with the speed of lightning, and it was a vain attempt to stay them. He knew his constitution could not long endure. God had trained him for the work of the spirit-land. He had greater work for him, nobler business in the upper world.

November 1. Little Julia and myself rode with him to Pittsfield. As we passed the grave-yard, he pointed to it and said, "My dear Julia, soon I shall lie there. This is the last time you will ever ride with your papa, whom you love so much. I am going to live with angels in heaven." On our return home, we met Professor Finney, who asked him how he did? With a peculiar emphasis and a heavenly smile, he said,—

> "There's not a cloud that doth arise
> To hide my Savior from my eyes."

November 2, Sabbath. He rode out on horseback, returned greatly fatigued, said he thought he should never go out of Oberlin—that he should go out of the door but few times more—spoke again of writing a farewell address to the Free-will Baptist denomination. As he was so

* Professor Finney was detained by sickness in his family.

feeble, I suggested that instead of writing it himself he should employ a stenographer. He thanked me for the suggestion.

November 3. Professor Finney called to see him. He again asked him to preach his funeral sermon. Professor Finney, not supposing him so ill, smiled and said: "I will, if you will agree to preach mine if I die first." Soon he examined his pulse, appeared astonished and said, "I did not think you were so low." He then prayed with him. Mr. Marks told him how much he had loved to preach—said he wished to be carried to the church, and give one more testimony for God. Professor Finney replied: "I would love to have you, but I fear you are too weak. Brother Marks," he continued, "you have done the work of eighty years in forty. I don't know but it is good economy to do our work quick, and save the time for heaven. I think it is. Such is the selfishness and stupidity of the world, that unless a man makes a tremendous effort, he can accomplish but little."

November 4. A physician, living several miles from Oberlin, who had been sent for, called and stayed the night with him. He seemed very confident that he could help him. Mr. Marks told him he would take his medicine, but added: "It will do no good." He left his directions, and promised to see him again in a week.

November 6. He dictated several hours to a stenographer his dying message to his beloved brethren. He seemed much animated and to enjoy it exceedingly. When he was through, expecting he would be much exhausted, I asked him how he felt. "Oh! well, very well; I have had a feast of fat things." In the afternoon, Elders S. C. Parker and A. Curtis with some others came to see him, and asked him how he was. He replied, "Happy, very happy. I have got almost well." The next day, as they were about to leave, he said to one of the young brethren with them, "Be strong. Let sanctification be your motto. Set God before you in all your meat, and drink, and dress, and when you enter the dark valley of death, God will send kind angels to minister to you. I look back upon my life, and have a sweet consciousness that I have not lived to please myself, but have, through grace, been able to bear a pointed testimony for God, and that, regardless of the frowns or praises even of my friends, I have done what I believed my Lord called me to do, and now while I approach the dark valley, God sends angels to minister unto me. They hover around me, and there is not a cloud between me and my Savior." Taking Elder Parker by the hand, he said, "Farewell. We have spent happy hours together; we part now, but shall soon meet again. I am going to my heavenly home. When I am gone, remember my poor wife, and the poor slave."

November 10. Set up three or four hours, begged for something to do that would be useful to his family. At his request, some pumpkins were carried into his room, and he busied himself while he sat up cutting them. Towards night Professor Finney called, and said, "Brother Marks, how do you do?" "I am happy, very happy, happy as I can be." Prof. Finney said, "You are doing well. I did not expect you had made so much progress. You have got on well towards heaven." Mr. Marks asked him if he had selected a text for his funeral. He answered that he had not. He then said, "A funeral sermon is for the living and not for the dead. I have been thinking of several passages, but my

mind does not settle on any. I have thought of this: 'Exercise thyself rather unto godliness.' O, if I had health, how I would delight to run through the churches, and again hold up the doctrine of holiness of heart—of entire consecration to God." Professor Finney replied: "It is well that it is in thine heart to build a house unto the Lord." In the evening, as I was going to lie down, he asked me if I would give him up. I told him I had not, for I was not convinced that it was the will of the Lord to take him yet. He said, "You will have to give me up very soon." At one o'clock, I got up. He said, "I am weaker—thank God for it. O I am happy, very happy; I am going to my Father, to the society of disembodied spirits, to the sweet labors of eternity. The tomb is not gloomy. The Savior has passed through it. My bloated limbs look beautiful to me, a sign that I am near my home." I asked him if he were in haste to leave me. "O no," said he, "I have never said with Paul I *prefer* to depart, could I have health to preach the glorious gospel; but if unable to labor for God, I would prefer to depart. This is a dark, wicked world, full of selfishness and unbelief, and there is a great deal to be done. I should love to preach and labor here, but my Father sees it not best. There is nothing to be accomplished by my staying here. I have nothing to do. I am entirely reconciled and ready. As I enter the dark valley, the Savior is with me—angels minister unto me, and they seem to fan me with their wings. You have been a good wife, and when you come to die, the same grace will be given you. I have been sick a great while, and I rejoice to have the question settled. I have been anxious about the result, and my friends have been anxious. Either alternative would be joyful. I am a happy man; were I to live, it would be for the delightful work of saving souls, but to die would be gain."

November 11. He wrote and talked all day—expressed great anxiety to be carried to the chapel to give one more public testimony. I tried to dissuade him, pleading that perhaps he might recover, and that such a step might turn the scale. He did not think so, but would submit the matter to me. If I was unwilling he would not go. After a fit of coughing he looked at me and said, "O how much I would prefer to spend my strength in publicly testifying for God, than in coughing and struggling for breath. Who knows but that God by his Spirit, through something I might say, would touch the heart of some one of the students here, who would do much more for him than I could, should I live to be old." I told him I could not bear such responsibility, I would oppose his desire no longer—I was willing he should go. He laughed and wept for joy, and thanking me, said he knew it was affectionate anxiety that had so long withholden my consent. He sent for Professors Finney and Dascomb to consult them. Prof. Finney said he would love to have him go, but he thought he would not live through it. Dr. Dascomb thought the same. He thought differently, but he said, if he did not, he would as lief die in the chapel as at home. It would be a glorious death to die in the field. Prof. Finney said, if he desired it, he should be gratified, and every arrangement should be made. He requested Dr. Dascomb to make a post-mortem examination of his body. He said he used to have a dread of death, which he supposed was constitutional, and that he should never overcome it, and until lately it had

always caused a shuddering to think of its approach, but now it seemed a friend, a kind angel—its sting was taken away. He continued, "If you take a bee, and extract its sting, it cannot harm you, even if it crawl on your bosom." Seeing us weep around him, he would sing with a smile,

> "Weep not, my friends; my friends, weep not for me,
> All is well."

Said Professor Finney, "How strange it must seem to worldlings to hear a man giving directions with such cheerfulness, about his own post-mortem examination." Miss Curtis called. As he looked up and saw the sun setting in the west, he said to her, "O this beautiful world. It looks beautiful, because I see God in it. How beautiful every thing looks about the house. The perfect adaptation of every thing in nature to all its parts reveals God. I could sooner believe, that if the letters of a newspaper were cut in pieces and scattered to the four winds, they would fall in the city of New York and form a perfect volume, than that this world came by chance, or that the Bible is not the book of God." He spoke of going to his sweet home. She said to him, "You love your wife so much, how can you bear to leave her?" He replied, "I know with whom I leave her. Our separation will be short: her Heavenly Father will not suffer her to shed a single tear, or endure a single pang, which he will not overrule for her good. Not a hair of her head can fall to the ground without His notice."

November 12. He wrote: "Being just ready to depart out of this world unto the Father, my dear wife asks me to write in her album, and this as one of the last mementoes that I can leave her. I comply with the greatest pleasure, though probably this is the last writing that I shall ever make—my heart being nearly drowned, and the pulsations of life so weak as often to stop. I am now waiting hourly in expectation of my change, being fully prepared, and filled with indescribable joy at the thought of entering that world where I can labor without sleep, and work forever without fatigue. Sixteen years and forty-five days God has lent us to each other in the Lord. Sweet have been these days; and the union without a bitter pang, has been an apprenticeship to prepare us for the union of spirits in the next world. And though we are now called to part, it is but for a few days, and then to meet in that land where 'Adieus' and 'Farewells' are sounds unknown."

He selected the hymns to be sung at his funeral, and wrote out the first lines, in the following order;

1st Hymn. "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay, &c.
2d do. "Ah! lovely appearance of death," &c.
3d do. "What is this that steals upon my frame, &c.

To be sung at my grave.

4th do. "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," &c.

He requested, if it should be convenient, that the bearers should be ministers. I asked him why he wished this. "O," said he, "because I love them so." After a few minutes silence he exclaimed, "What a reality the Christian's hope is! Nothing I ever experienced was more a reality. Jesus said, 'Feel of me, a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as

ye see me have.'" Mrs. Willard and some other friends called: as they entered, he sung with much emotion,

> "There is not a cloud that doth arise
> To hide my Savior from my eyes,
> I soon shall mount the upper skies,—
> All is well."

Mrs. Willard said his countenance seemed radiant with glory, and his sick room, which she expected would seem sad, was in reality bright and joyful.

He passed a very sick and distressed night, and it was not thought he would survive till morning. He said he had hoped to speak for God once more, but did not think he should live to see the hour of his appointment. "O Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt. Thou knowest I have not been idle in thy vineyard." During the night, several times when he was thought to be dying, he sung,—

> "Vital spark of heavenly flame,
> Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
> Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
> O the pain, the bliss of dying!
> Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
> And let me languish into life."

His new physician spent the night with him. When he came, he seemed astonished at the change he saw, and wept like a child as he told him he must die. Mr. Marks heard him with a joyful smile.

November 13. He sent for Mr. Kinney to take a measure for his coffin, and never was he measured for a suit of clothes with more cheerful composure. He told him to make it plain, with no unnecessary expense. He wished to have his shroud made without delay. After some minutes silence he laughed and wept. I asked, why these emotions. He said, "Heaven! bright visions! The reality of the Christian's hope! Never was any thing of my life more real."

He prayed at morning family worship thus: "O holy Father, I thank thee that thou didst forgive my sins and count me faithful in putting me into the ministry, that these unworthy hands have handled the words of eternal life. I thank thee for the mercies of my sickness, that I have suffered so little pain, that as I am entering the dark valley, thou art with me, that thou hast sent kind angels to minister unto me. O Jesus, I thank thee for thy presence. What should I do, while heart and flesh fail, without thee! Let me see the light of thy blessed countenance to the end. Bless my dear wife and sister. I thank thee that thou hast prepared them to part with me. And now, Father, if it please thee to keep the vital spark burning till the hour of my appointment, that I may give one more testimony for thee I would rejoice; but, Father, thy will be done."

Having talked incessantly for a time, I tried to persuade him to rest. He replied, "Talking excites me and makes me easy. My soul is full, like a cart pressed with sheaves, and I must give it vent. O if I had a voice that could sound around the globe and make the whole earth hear, every king, potentate, philosopher, and sceptic, how I would love to preach an hour! O the Christian's hope! The philosopher, after he has fortified his giant intellect all his life, the utmost he can do is to die

with composure; while the Christian, though weak and ignorant, not only has composure, but ecstatic joy."

E. Hawley called, asked him how he was. "O happy, happy, happy. Home, home, home, sweet home; there I can work without fatigue, and labor without sleep."

Anna Mahan called; he said to her, "My bloated limbs, distended stomach, suffocation, palpitating heart, are beautiful passports to my long home, kind angels to release me from my clay." A little time after, he said, with great emotion, "How differently I die from my Savior! See him on the cross! Nails through his hands and through his feet! I am surrounded with kind friends, ready to anticipate every want." He gave his cane to Professor Finney, and his watch to his sister.

At three o'clock to his great joy he was carried to the chapel, reclining on pillows in a large easy chair, and set down on the stand. Professor Finney announced to the assembly that it was doubtful whether he would survive the effort to speak to them—that Dr. Dascomb was unable to find any pulse in one wrist, and only a little trembling in the other. He hoped if he should die in the attempt the people would remain in their seats, as his friends near him would take care of him. A hymn was sung, he prayed, and then addressed the audience about half an hour. After he was carried home, he continued in great distress till midnight, and was several times thought to be dying. He frequently sung, "Vital spark," &c. At one time, he said, "I think I am going—straiten my limbs—fold my arms on my bosom. O, if this be dying, it is happy dying."

November 14. He said he was disappointed that he had not got home, but not unhappy, he trusted not unreconciled. He said, "I have been very happy, happy, Hallelujah to the Lamb! O how differently I die from those that are not Christians. I go to a happy home, where the sun will never go down, sorrow and sin will never come; but they to eternal darkness, where their selfishness in which they have trained themselves will torment them forever. O, poor sinners! poor sinners!" He prayed "O Jesus, when wilt thou come? Give me patience to wait." He said to me, with a look of inexpressible tenderness, "If I am permitted to come on errands to this world, I will visit you frequently and give you good suggestions." He wished to see his class of little children, (who had met him in his sick room for several months for prayer and religious instruction, some of whom he thought had been converted.) They came into his room two or three at a time. Taking them separately by the hand, he would say, "My little dear, I am going to heaven where the Savior and angels are. Will you be a good child and try to meet me there? I shall not be able to teach you and pray with you any more. Remember what I have said to you." Then kissing them, and frequently they kissing him, they retired, sobbing as though their hearts would break.

He said, "If the worthless tree or shrub which has been cut down, or whose 'stock has died in the ground,' will bud and grow, shall not MAN, whose noble powers pant for immortality, live again? He will, I *know* he will. O, the sweet, the glorious doctrine of the resurrection!

It not only dispels the darkness of the tomb—the gloom of the grave—but it even gilds its pathway with a heavenly radiance."

Mr. Bartlett called at evening, and though in great distress he looked up and smiled. "You are happy," said Mr. B. "Why should I not be? The greatest monarch that ever ascended a throne was never so sure of the reality of enjoying wealth, honor, and glory as I am. God makes it a reality to me. It is sure. I KNOW it." He had a sinking turn during the night—watchers thought he was going, and called me to see him die. He soon revived and said, "Lord Jesus, O, how long? When wilt thou let the pilgrim go home?"

November 15. He looked bright and happy. Exhibited the same care and exactness in some little things for which he was remarkable when in health. I said to him, he appeared so natural it did not seem possible that he was going to die. "Why should I change?" said he. "I expect to die David Marks. I have lived for God and heaven—for the judgment and eternity. I have lived with death in view, and now why should I change?" He inquired if his coffin and shroud were done, then sung—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee," &c.

After a little silence, as if in deep meditation, he asked me, "What do you think my mother and brother Jeremiah will say to me when I meet them in the spirit world? There are many there that will be glad to see me."

Sunday, November 16. Very feeble, unable to lie down without great distress, said it was a good symptom, a symptom that he could endure but a little while, that he was nearly through. He talked little, was very patient and happy, frequently sung—

"I am thinking all the while,
When will my summons come,"

Also—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee," &c.

He said, "I am not going to die, I am only going to sleep. It is not death but life." Passed a restless night.

November 17. He wished he had a stenographer, to whom he could dictate a few dying messages to some of his friends, especially to some impenitent relatives. I asked him to whom he wished to write. He mentioned several, saying, "I wish you to say to them individually, from me, that it will be a dark and dreadful hour, if they come to the valley of death without Christ; and that I beseech them to turn to God, and never rest till they have the evidence that their sins are forgiven." To a Christian relative whom he named, he wished me to say, "I beseech her always to bear the cross, and then I have the fullest confidence, I shall meet her in heaven. Tell her to say to her mother, (a lady nearly ninety years of age,) that I have never in all my life experienced any reality that was more positive and certain than the Christian's hope, and I beseech her not to rest until she has obtained that hope."

He had frequently conversed with little Julia about leaving her, and

often prayed with her. At one time, he said to her: "I shall soon be gone, and your dear mamma will be very lonely and feel very bad, and she will sometimes go with you and visit my grave. I want you to be very good and kind to her and comfort her all you can." He gave her a Bible and two hymn books, and wrote in them, after her name, "Presented by her dying father." Prof. Finney called. He took his hand and with tears said, "Brother Finney, O I am glad that never for the sake of interest have I avoided preaching the truth and standing up in defence of great principles. What comfort it gives me." He often expressed great thankfulness for having been permitted to be carried to the chapel and the opportunity he there enjoyed of speaking for God.

November 20. His voice began to fail. He tried to sing, but finding he could not, he smiled very sweetly and said: "Soon I shall have new lungs." The day following was worse, suffered much from suffocation, said he should soon choke to death, or rather choke into life. Was much distressed till midnight.

November 22. He was more comfortable. He longed to go where he could do something for God. Prof. Finney said to him—"Never in your life were you doing more good than you now are. You are preaching all the time. The people here are running in to hear what you say, others are inquiring of them, and you ought not to feel that you are doing nothing. Are you not willing to remain where you are a hundred years, if it should be the will of God?" After a moment's pause, he said, "I never thought of such a thing before, but certainly I would." Afterwards he said, "That was a hard question—I answered yes, because for many years I have been resolved to have no will but the will of God."

Mr. Belden from Amherst called to see him. He wept, and as he took him by the hand, said, "O how I love you. O that you had this anchor to the soul that I have. You have been kind to me. Your house has been a pleasant home. I cannot bear the thought that we shall not meet again. My coffin and shroud are ready and waiting for me, and I am going to my happy home. O, will you try to meet me in heaven?" Mr. B. wept profusely—said he would.

November 23. He was very weak and hoarse. Taking Prof. Finney's hand, he said, "O how I love you. How happy we shall be when we meet in the spirit-land, where the watchmen shall see eye to eye, where there shall be no more pain." "And," said Prof. Finney, "where we shall run to see each other die no more." "O," said he, "this has been a sweet life to me, I think it will be a sweet death, and it will be a sweet heaven." He was anxious for a speedy release, said that never did any one more intensely long to lie down and sleep than he longed to go to his long, sweet home.

November 24. Was very languid and greatly exhausted—prayed that he might depart—said that angels were waiting at the portals of heaven to receive his spirit. Observing him looking very earnestly round the room, I asked him what he was looking at. "I was trying to see whether I could see angels." Said I, "You have said much about angels visiting you. What do you mean by it? Have you actually seen them?" He replied, "Not with my natural eyes, but with an eye of

faith. I *know* they are here. They are around my bed and in my room."

Mr. Willard called. Taking his hand, he said, "I have loved you much. Sweet has been our acquaintance. O, if you can see it duty, preach the gospel. Do all the good you can. I have been thinking over the toilsome labors which have literally worn me out at the age of forty; and the remembrance of the particular efforts I have made, through storms and fatigue, to preach the gospel to poor sinners, look to me now as the brightest spots of my life. Often, to reach my appointments, I have rode or walked without a dry thread about me, and in that state gone into congregations and preached."

He talked some time with me, advising me what to do for the future. Among other things, he said, "I charge you, don't let your affection for me keep any of my clothes that you can dispose of in any manner to be useful to you, or to others. In my view, it would be a species of idolatry."

After a few moments, seeing me weep, he repeated: "Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far—more—exceeding—and eternal *weight* of glory. O what language! What a combination of words! How expressive! What ideas! *far—more—exceeding*—and *eternal—weight*—not a *quantity* but WEIGHT of glory! No mere rhetorician, no uninspired man, ever wrapped up so much meaning in so few words. O I would not rob you of one star in your crown by wishing your sufferings less. God will sanctify them all, I know he will."

Professor Finney called and inquired about his mind. He said it was hard work for him to think much. Prof. F. remarked he had been expecting his mind to fail. He replied, "I have always felt a great horror of being deranged in my last moments, but now I feel perfectly willing; for," he added with great emphasis, "*all is safe.*" Two or three hours after this, his mind began to wander, and the use of his faculties rapidly failed. Passed a very distressed night.

November 25. Weaker than ever, was greatly distressed, thanked God for it,—said, "Home! home! home! Hallelujah!"—sung

"Cease, fond nature."—

He smiled continually, and bore his sufferings with a meekness and patience that seemed almost sublime.

He dictated the following letters. The first was addressed to a minister.

"Dear brother,—I expect some to get home to-day—to my sweet, long home. I hope you will yet meet me there, but as I had not strength to converse with you as I wished when you called, I want to dictate to my wife a dying message for you. I have for the twenty-five years of my ministry borne a pointed rebuke against sin, even the sins of my dearest friends, perfectly regardless of personal interest, for I have feared God! I knew I was going to the judgment. This has caused me enemies and opposition, but now, in my dying moments, the joy it gives me is inexpressible. I have often been personal and said 'Thou art the man,' and O the peace, the peace, the peace, it gives. My garments are clear from the blood of souls. I want to say to you in the utmost love: * * * Stand up in defence of great prin-

ciples. Do right and the God of peace will be with you. May God make you a holy and efficient minister, that shall have many souls in your crown. Farewell till we meet above.

DAVID MARKS."

[To the December term of the Lorain quarterly meeting.]

"Dearly beloved brethren:—

Before this reaches you, I shall be in heaven with Christ and glorified spirits around God's burning throne. I go rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The valley of death is not dark but light and shining, for God is with me. His everlasting arms are underneath me. Dear brethren, I want you to meet me in that bright world. I thought I should labor and suffer a little more with you when I met you in the last session of the quarterly meeting, but my Heavenly Father hath need of me for the work of the spirit-land, for which he has perfectly fitted and trained me. Suffer a word of exhortation from your dying brother, the last he will ever say to you. Be fearless, bold, uncompromising in the defence of truth, while you exhibit all the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Love and cherish those faithful servants of God, who, regardless of your favors or frowns, dare to tell you your sins. Don't count them your *enemies*, for they are your best friends. O seek for holiness of heart, entire consecration to God, for sympathy with Christ. This is a dark world, full of selfishness and sin. God has need of you, my brethren, to aid in the work of saving souls. O how many around you, even some in your own families, are living without God! and O, dreadful thought! how many are at ease in Zion, their minds blinded by the god of this world, stumbling-blocks to the impenitent around them! O what a fearful experience awaits such souls!!

But, brethren, you cannot labor successfully for God unless your hearts are right—unless you are filled with the Spirit. O will you seek for a revival of God's work throughout your borders, first, by searching your own hearts faithfully, and getting them filled with the love of God, and then laboring with mighty prayer, and with earnest, faithful warnings of those around you who are away from God.

My soul mourns over the trials among you, but it affords me great joy in these my last hours, that my Heavenly Father permitted me to meet you at your last session, and leave with you my testimony to great principles. O my brethren, never, O never, let satan so beguile you, that you shall attempt to muzzle the mouths of God's ministers. Let them do the preaching God bids them. They are His ambassadors. O how often have brethren, and dear brethren, since I commenced in the ministry, wanted me to preach smooth things, begged me not to say any thing about masonry, temperance, missions, slavery, &c. saying if I did, I would offend some who were my warm friends and who had contributed to my necessities. At such times, how has my spirit burned within me, and I have felt to say, "Get behind me satan." The judgment and eternity would rise up before me,—my awful responsibility to God and undying souls—and the truth upon those points, would be like fire shut up in my bones, so that my spirit had no rest till I had declared it whether men would hear or forbear, whether I had abun-

dance or lacked the necessities of life. O the sweet peace I now enjoy. My garments are pure from the blood of souls. I have not shunned to declare the counsel of God. There is not a cloud between me and my Savior. The light of his blessed countenance constantly shines upon my soul. O how much this is worth in such an hour as this. Brethren, would you exchange it for the applause of all the mortal worms of earth? If you would, I would not. My soul is full. I was never before so happy. O the peace, the joy, the ecstacy, that God continually gives me. Brethren, be faithful to God and truth, and this rich experience will be yours in a dying hour. Farewell till we meet above.

Yours for immortality,

DAVID MARKS."

November 26. He appeared to have his senses, but his mind was extremely weak, so that it was difficult for him to remember what he wished to say, after he commenced a sentence. Still he was inexpressibly happy. He said to Elder Knight, "O, Brother Knight, preach, preach a Holy Ghost religion."

Seeing me weeping, said he, "My dear Marilla, I shall love you as well, yes, better, when I am gone, than I ever have on earth, and I have no doubt but that my spirit will often visit you and minister to you, perhaps be your guardian angel." A little after noon, Prof. Finney called. I told him my husband's unsuccessful attempt the day previous to write his name. He smiled and said, "I think I can write it to-day." A pencil and paper were handed him. He wrote very awkwardly, "*Davidd.*" On being told of it, he clapped his hands, and with tears of joy, shouted as loud as his hoarse voice would permit, "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, Hallelujah. Am I so near my home? Can't write my name. O, bless the Lord." Seizing Prof. Finney's hand, he continued, "O, bless the Lord, that I am so near home, home, sweet home." He then threw his arms round my neck—"O my dear wife, you have been a faithful, good wife; we shall soon meet. You have been a faithful Christian—a great help to me in my ministry. You never held me back, never placed the least hinderance in my way. God will bless you." Said Prof. Finney to the by-standers—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

He seemed remarkably affectionate and child-like. A barber shaved him. (A colored man.) He kissed him very affectionately, and looking up, said: "O, how I love you, God bless you." Several friends called. It seemed as if his heart burned with affection. He would kiss them, and as they were going out would say, "I hate to have you go." He expressed much concern about my health, requested some friends to watch over me, and frequently said: "Poor child! Poor child!"

November 27. Seemed very easy but extremely weak. Spoke in a whisper. Said little. Mrs. Professor Allen called, and asked for my signature to a petition, remonstrating against the annexation of Texas. Mr. Marks eagerly inquired, "May my name go on?" He was told that this petition was exclusively for ladies, but that there was a similar one circulating in the village for gentlemen, and if he wished, his name should go on that. He said, "I do wish it." One of his attendants promised him that it should be done. At every arrival of his

anti-slavery papers, he would ask me to see if there was any good news for God's afflicted, oppressed poor. The last that it is recollected that he read was in an anti-slavery paper a day or two previous to this date.

Professors Finney and Morgan called. Throwing his arms around Professor Morgan's neck, he said, "I have wanted to see you very much." Professor Morgan spoke of a certain Christian who said he would rather die and have his body laid in the grave, than be translated as Enoch was, because his Savior died and was buried. I asked him if he felt so. He said, "O yes, if it be the Lord's will." The two following days he said little, slept most of the time.

November 30. Failed very fast. At night had no pulse. Slept most of the night.

December 1. Slept very sweetly, reclining on pillows in his easy chair. About eight o'clock, A. M. Professor Finney called. I aroused him, but as he took no notice of him, I inquired, "Do you know who that is?" He smiled and said, "Yes, I do. It is my brother Finney," and immediately fell asleep. As Professor Finney was about to leave, I tried to arouse him again; and as he saw him going out, he whispered, "Farewell," which was about the last word he was heard to say. When spoken to afterwards, sometimes he would answer "Yes," or "No," at other times would only smile. A little before noon, he made a signal to be laid on his couch. His attendants attempted to remove him, but it distressed him so much, that he desired to be set back in his chair, when, with a sweet smile, he fell asleep almost instantly. He continued to sleep as quietly as an infant till about half past four o'clock, P. M., when he made another signal to be removed to his couch. As he was set down on the bed, a change was perceived. I took his head on a pillow, he placed one hand under his head, while little Julia, weeping and sobbing, took the other. His eyes rolled back in his head, he breathed hard four or five times, and then, without a struggle or a groan, or even one gasp, all was still. He was gone! His spirit had soared on angel wings.

December 2. Professor Dascomb, assisted by Doctors Steele and Boyce, made a post mortem examination, which they reported as follows:

"*A post mortem examination of Elder Marks, twenty-four hours after death*, exhibited the system generally in a dropsical state.

The *cavity of the chest* contained several pints of water. The *heart* was enlarged, and together with the membrane lining the cavity of the chest, presented indications of chronic inflammation.

The *cavity of the abdomen* contained about two gallons of water. The *liver* and *spleen* were both much hardened by disease, especially the latter organ. The disease of these organs was undoubtedly of long standing. Extensive adhesions were found about the *kidneys*, and indeed the organs in this cavity generally bore strong marks of the ravages of chronic inflammation. The inner coat of the stomach, especially, had been in a state of universal inflammation.

The *external* dropsy, or the effusion of water into the cellular tissue, was confined to the body and lower limbs, the head and arms being quite free from it.

The *lungs* had a more healthy appearance than any of the other internal organs."

December 3. About one o'clock, P. M., his corpse was removed to the new brick meeting house, which was the first ever carried within its walls. Several brethren and sisters followed in the procession as mourners. Professor Finney preached from the text Mr. Marks had suggested. Professor Cowles, editor of the Oberlin Evangelist, briefly reported the sermon as follows, with the exception of a few passages which were omitted, and which have since been supplied by Professor Finney.*

SERMON.

TEXT—1 Tim. 4:7. "*Exercise thyself rather unto godliness.*"

In discussing the subject presented in the text, I shall consider,

I. THE SPIRIT OF THE INJUNCTION IT CONTAINS.

II. THE CONDITIONS OF OBEYING IT.

III. THE REASONS FOR THE INJUNCTION.

I. Taking into view the whole of the verse of which the text is a part, it is obvious that there are two prime ideas involved in *the spirit of the injunction*:—namely,

1. A caution against giving attention to things that are idle and profitless. By "profane and old wives' fables," Paul may have referred to the doctrines of the Rabbins, than which nothing can well be more worthless and ill befitting a sensible and Christian man who has the gospel to preach to perishing men. Take heed, Paul would say to his son Timothy—take heed that you be not ensnared by any reading, or any legends of tradition which can only amuse without instructing, and therefore waste time without profit. Let "old wives' fables" alone. A man of God to be thoroughly furnished must store his mind with better things than those. If thou wouldst keep thyself pure, take care to avoid such things. Fables and stories for amusement, fit only for such as are in their first or second childhood, will pollute your mind, and grieve away the Holy Spirit of Truth. From all such things turn away.

2. Exercise thyself rather unto godliness. This is the more excellent way. Practice godliness;—not only learn what it is, but put it in practice—bring it into your daily spirit and daily life. Godliness is being like God. Of course the meaning of this precept is—become God-like. Adopt the spirit of Jesus your Master, and live a life like His. Exercise yourself in this. The word exercise seems to be an allusion to the ancient Elysian and Olympic games, in which various exercises were carefully practiced, to discipline the body for victory in the hour of conflict. The next verse sustains this allusion—"Bodily exercise profiteth little." Yet those candidates for contest in the games, shrink not from any severity of discipline—they keep their body under and are temperate in all things,—only to obtain a perishable twig of laurel. How much more should you exercise yourself to be like God,

* It is due to Professor Finney to remark that most reporters have found it difficult to do him justice. On account of his rapid delivery, they have seldom been able to preserve his language, and present his thoughts in his own peculiar, bold, and lucid manner.

since the prize is an immortal crown of glory, and the profit is beyond measure great, both in this life and the next?

These two points then—(first avoid all diverting and polluting influences, and, secondly, discipline yourself to become like God,) constitute the spirit of the injunction of our text.

II. We pass to notice some of the *conditions* of obeying it.

1. *True and thorough regeneration*—a new birth which transforms the moral character, causing old things to pass away and all things to become new. This is a change not merely of opinion, or of intellect, but of the *heart*. There is no beginning to exercise one's self unto godliness without this change. This change itself is from the image of satan to the image of God.

2. *The baptism of the Holy Spirit.* This is perfectly indispensable to success and even to diligent effort. The being like God, which is required and implied in exercising one's self unto godliness, demands a deep study of God and of godliness. But none will ever learn God except as taught by the Spirit. And none will exercise themselves in this study and in the practice of living like God unless the Spirit of God mightily imbue their hearts.

3. *A deep and abiding sympathy with God.* There is substantial and rich meaning in this language. There is such a thing as having sympathy with God. Nay, every real Christian must and does have such sympathy—he enters into the feelings of the Deity—adopts the same great end of life,—has the same objects of supreme affection, so that heart beats in unison with heart. This is sympathy—such as man must have with his God. This is plainly involved in exercising one's self unto godliness.

To obey this precept effectually, you must have so strong and deep a sympathy with God as shall,

(1.) Overcome the love of promiscuous reading. By "profane" in the verse of our text is meant whatever is not sacred; just as we call all history profane history which is not sacred history. The true spirit of the requirement therefore enjoins Christians to forego at least in general all profane reading, and certainly all that in the least interferes with exercising themselves unto godliness. No profane works are to be read or studied only so far as their reading and study will make you more like God, and thus help you in exercising yourself unto godliness. You must have so much sympathy with God as shall annihilate all relish for reading that tends not to make you like God. Nothing can be more certain than this.

(2.) Again, so deep must be your sympathy with God that it shall quite overcome the disposition to useless speculation and vain philosophizing. There is a vast amount of this among men whose minds are more intellectual than spiritual, and who love the amusement of curious speculation more than the luxury of studying the depths of godliness. This state of mind must be changed. Those studies which furnish neither the head nor the heart with any thing really useful to God or man must be put away:—nay, you must have so vital a sympathy with God, that it shall quite eradicate that vile taste for things profitless, and implant a vigorous thirsting of soul after the better things of God.

(3.) So deep must be your sympathy with God that it shall destroy your love of popularity with men. Surely you must have enough of God to effect this, or you cannot in spirit obey the injunction of our text. You never can exercise yourself to be like God until you value his favor incomparably more than the favor of man. Indeed, according to the Bible, you cannot even *believe*, so long as you "seek honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only." Plainly, you must have so much sympathy with God as shall overcome alike the love of applause and the fear of reproach—for while these prevail, you will do any thing rather than exercise yourself unto godliness.

(4.) Of sympathy with God you must have enough to overcome the thirst for worldly gain. So long as this thirst bears sway in your heart, you surely cannot exercise yourself to be like God. You must be satisfied with the comforts of life, and content with the awards of divine providence—content moreover to live by faith in God for future good, so as to have no anxieties except for the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Else you cannot exercise yourself for the Christian strife.

(5.) Your sympathy with God must be so strong as to overcome your love of ease. Those men of the Olympic games had to crucify their love of ease. So and much more must you if you would contend with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, with wicked spirits in high places. So and much more if you would exercise yourself unto godliness. Did Christ indulge his love of ease, or did Paul? Have any of those men ever done so who have achieved much for God, or for their generation according to the will of God?

(6.) You must have sympathy with God in such a degree as shall suppress a *self-indulgent spirit*. Even Christ pleased not himself—nor did Paul, nor have ever any of those men whose life and labors have blessed the world, and have secured the favor of God. No man can live for the end of self-indulgence, and yet do any thing great and good for God or for his race.

(7.) Your sympathy with God must beget a self-sacrificing spirit. The doctrine of the gospel on this point is—"Present your bodies a living sacrifice unto God." All must be laid on his altar. He demands a whole burnt-offering.

I have been struck with the exemplification of this, in the example which brother Marks has left us. Indeed, if this were the place, I could show, under each of these heads, how appositely each point is illustrated in his life and spirit. Seldom in any man have I seen the love of ease and of reputation so entirely subdued. He has often told me that he grudged the hours of sleep. He could not bear to suspend his labors for God long enough to take the repose which his physical and nervous system demanded.

A man needs to have his heart so set upon his work as to beget a thirst after truth, and an intense desire to know what he shall do to honor and serve God. Unless a man has this spirit, he cannot do much for his generation. He must have enough of it to set his soul all *on fire* to get at the very foundations of those great principles which are involved in the salvation of our race. The men who would move the minds of the age must understand these things fundamentally.

Again, a man must have great honesty, and a child-like spirit, if he would attain the truth and avoid all error. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." This was a most remarkable feature in the character of brother Marks. In illustration of it I may adduce one fact of his history. He once fell into a snare in consequence of reading a book in defence of Unitarianism. It presented arguments which he did not then see how to answer, and his honesty was such that he could do no otherwise than to hold his mind in suspense and humbly seek for light. There stood the arguments which he knew not how to meet: he could not get round them or thrust them aside out of his way. It should be noted here that he was yet very young, and not extensively read in the abstruse things of divinity. He began to preach at the age of fifteen, and devoted so much time to preaching, as left little leisure for deep study in the more speculative departments of polemic theology. To return. As his honesty and simplicity of character were conspicuous in the way of his getting into the snare, so were they also in his way of getting out. He shrank not away from his ministerial brethren, afraid of their censure, and sensitive lest his orthodoxy should be questioned—No, he frankly laid before them all his difficulties. A father in the ministry asked him to sit down with himself and read the Bible. They began with the first chapter of Paul to the Hebrews, and read on with no marked results till they came to the tenth verse. Here, said brother Marks, the aged father paused, laid his finger down upon it, and read it with such a tone of reverence and solemn emphasis, as made its truth flash in floods of light upon my mind. "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands." I now, said he, saw Jesus to be the supreme Creator in so strong and clear a view as showed me at once that I could no longer suppose him to have made the worlds by any delegated power. Thus his candor and honesty brought him promptly out of the snare, and are not less beautifully illustrated here than in his manner of holding up his mind when unanswerable arguments fell in his way.

Once more, let me observe, you must have so much sympathy with God as will overcome ungodly ambition. Else you cannot live for God, for this ambition can never be blended with godliness.

Again, an essential condition of obeying the injunction of the text is great love for spiritual labor, love for every sort of labor to which the Lord calls you. This has a most remarkable illustration in the case of our deceased brother. You know he has preached a great deal—few men of his years, if any, have preached so much. And he has loved this work. His love and thirst for his work have been all-consuming. It seemed to swallow up his whole soul. His economy of his time was most rigid. No man perhaps was ever more peculiar for this than he. You have seen him riding these streets in his little old wagon, or on horseback, and reading all along as he went, jealous lest even a moment should slip away unimproved. I have often gazed at him with admiration, as I have seen him, sometimes drawing lumber, and seated upon a board or upon the naked reach of his little wagon, so deeply engaged in reading, that, but for the fact that his little horse was so aged and gentle, I should have feared for his safety in riding with no attention to his

driving. I have met him out of the village, riding in the same manner, so lost in reading as not to appear to know whether he was going or standing still. You would be surprised to know how rigidly his manner of spending his time was noted down—how carefully all his moments were measured out, and how scrupulous he was to see to it that every moment was well spent.*

I only add further, that any man to comply with this requirement needs a most controlling and absorbing love for souls. Such a love for souls had Paul, and such had his great Master.

III. I must next adduce some of *the reasons for this requirement.*

1. This world is a place of training for the next. This is its chief business. The characters of men are here being moulded either to be like God or like the devil. All moral agents here are either preparing for those high scenes of usefulness and glory that are reserved for the saints; or for the wailings, the blasphemies, and the despair of the damned. Now, be it well understood, if a man is not exercising himself unto godliness, he is not training for heaven. "Blessed be God," said brother Marks, "God has trained me for my work. I doubt not that when I get into eternity, I shall find that all my labors here, and all my love for my work, have been fitting me for a more glorious sphere of labor there. O, it will be so blessed to work for God to all eternity! There I shall never tire, never wear out; shall not need to stop to sleep or to eat—but may go on my unwearied and unretarded course forever!"

2. The Apostle subjoins as another reason for exercising one's self unto godliness—For bodily exercise profiteth little. It is of small avail to chastise the body and discipline it as the ancient athletæ were wont to do; and all the usual results of physical labor now are of small account; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of all needed good here and of all possible good hereafter.

3. It is indispensable to doing much in this world. No man will ever do much unless he accustoms himself to work with all his might, and sees to it moreover that his work be indeed exercising himself unto godliness, laboring to become and be like God. Then something great and good will be done.

4. This is indispensable to true peace of mind. A man may have an Antinomian peace of mind without it—a peace delusive and baseless, resting on that strange notion that Christ's righteousness imputed to us while we live in sin, avails for us, instead of Christ's righteousness wrought in us. How many such there are now, filling the church with numbers, with spiritual lethargy, and fatal delusion! Ask such—Are you personally holy? O no, I know I am not; but I trust in Christ's imputed righteousness. Are you indeed walking with God and living for God daily? O, I do not expect to do that myself—I believe in an

* For many years, Mr. Marks had been in the habit of keeping a most rigid account of the occupancy of his time. He always carried with him a little book, called his "Time Economizer," in which he daily charged himself with the twenty-four hours, and on retiring for the night, accounted for every moment as carefully as a miser would reckon his dollars and cents. Several times during the last two years of his life, he attempted to lay aside this practice, thinking it had injured his health, but so powerful had the habit become, that its suspension affected him so unpleasantly that he would soon resume it as the least of two evils.

imputed righteousness. Christ has obeyed the law perfectly; his obedience answers instead of mine. Thus a man may cry, peace, peace, and his conscience be quite at ease in his sins; but assuredly unless he exercise himself unto godliness, he can have no solid peace here nor hereafter.

5. It is indispensable to *peace with God*. It is absurd that God should be at peace with a man who is not holy;—who does not exercise himself unto godliness: and is not perfecting holiness in the fear of God. It is indeed a marvellous fact that men should thus pervert the gospel—should thus dream of being in such a covenant with Christ that God will accept them while they are living in sin. Is Christ the minister of sin? Did he come both to save his people from their sins, and also to quiet their consciences, and give them peace *in* their sins by his imputed righteousness? What can be more absurd? It would not be easy to name a sentiment fraught with more mischief to the souls of men than this.

Again, it is indispensable to salvation. No man can be saved who does not exercise himself unto godliness. It is the only consistent course. Every Christian professes to be a follower of Christ. Consistency therefore requires that he should be.

It is indispensable to a right understanding of the spirit of the gospel, also to true spirituality of mind. Persons may talk about being spiritually minded; but it is all a dream unless they exercise themselves unto godliness. Away with all such spirituality! Perhaps they would immure themselves in a monastery, or resign themselves to mystic dreaming, but unless they vigorously seek to live for God, and exercise themselves to do all his will, it can avail them nothing.

Again, this is the only comfortable course of life. There will indeed be many trials, but those who meet and endure them in the spirit of faith and patience can bear a full and glorious testimony that this is the only way of comfort.

Let me add that this is the only course that is honorable to God, also that this is the only course of usefulness. I have known more than one poor woman, an invalid too perhaps, and unable to do any thing but pray and converse, and pour out the fullness of the soul on the great things of God's kingdom—such I have known who have done apparently more good than almost any minister of the gospel. O, it is a luxury to hear such persons recount the mercies of God towards themselves. In conversing with one of them not long since, a member of the church of which I was pastor when in the city of New York, I was greatly interested in the story of the good hand of God upon her, since I had seen her. She was brought up a slave until (I think) forty years of age. When a child, herself and two little brothers were sold into a most Christless and cruel family, I believe in the northern part of New Jersey, or in southern New York. She has informed me that they had no bed or covering whatever provided for them in the coldest weather in winter,—that they would lie down together upon the kitchen floor, and as the room grew cold, would get upon the hearth close together as possible, and, to keep from freezing, would get more and more into the fireplace, until sometimes they were severely burned in their sleep. This is a specimen of her treatment when young. But God finally gave her lib-

erty and converted her soul. She is a cripple and an invalid, and has lived these many years by faith. It is always refreshing to meet her and witness her confidence in God. She does much for the cause of God in many ways. Although she is unable to work, and lives wholly on the free-will offerings of her friends, yet she gives more in money to support the gospel, than many men of wealth. She knows how to draw upon the "Bank of Faith." She contributes regularly twenty-five cents every Sabbath to the support of public worship. This amounts to $13. a year. When I asked her how she obtained it, she replied that she obtained it by faith; that whatever she may need, she always lays by the first money that is given her from week to week, to give the next Sabbath to the support of the gospel. This amount is what she gives where she worships. To the mission, and to every good cause, she contributes; and by visiting, conversation, and prayer, she effects much for the cause of Christ. There is another woman in New York, who, although entirely destitute of earthly goods of her own, and confined these many years to her room, and most of the time to her bed, is a living example of the power of faith and prayer. She is also able, through faith, to contribute to every good cause, more in money, than is given by many wealthy professors of religion. These women, and other men and women like them, are full of faith and the Holy Ghost. They have learned to live by faith in Jesus, and when they open their mouths to speak of his love, you see that their souls are ravished, and that Jesus is indeed to them the chief among ten thousands. They have thoroughly exercised themselves unto godliness, and now they are bringing forth fruit unto God.

Finally, all such and such only shall die the death of the righteous. If any of you have never known what this is by seeing a righteous man die, I would to God you might have witnessed the death-bed scenes and triumphs of brother Marks. There was a glorious illustration of the blessedness of dying the death of the righteous.

I shall now conclude with some notices of the life, history and death of our departed brother. One general remark at the outset will have continual illustration as we proceed;—he seemed to possess the characteristics of fulfilling this great command—"Exercise thyself unto godliness." Converted from sin at the age of ten years, he began to preach at the early age of fifteen, since which time his labors have been incessant. At the age of twenty-six, he published a Narrative of himself, at the instance of his friends, made up chiefly from his own diary. From this I shall take the liberty to make some extracts. It appears from this that his labors in the denomination of Free-will Baptists, to which he belonged, were almost unbounded. Probably no man living has done more for that order than he. When his labors commenced, twenty-five years ago, they were few—their preachers mostly illiterate, though distinguished for their piety and zeal. They had no religious paper of their own, no Book Concern, no literary institutions. This accounts for the course brother Marks pursued with regard to his early education. He travelled and preached over the whole country from the Ohio river to the remote parts of New England—at the cost of immense and self-sacrificing labor, he, at length, with others, got up a Book Concern.

He came here and located himself and family three years ago, mainly for the sake of improving his own education. Having commenced his

labors in preaching very young and with little education, he felt the need of it greatly, and seized the earliest opportunity to turn aside from his career of incessant preaching for this purpose. He had also collateral reasons. His health was already impaired, and he greatly needed rest. Moreover his acquaintance in this great western valley had shown him its immense importance in view of the future progress of Christ's kingdom. He saw that a great struggle of truth with error must take place on this field, and it would seem that his heart was set upon improving his education, that he might bear an active and vigorous part in its achievement. From some circumstances, I have supposed that his Baptist brethren have not fully understood his reasons for coming here. They may have feared that it was some ambitious scheme; but nothing can be farther from the truth. He came here to prepare himself for a great work in this great western battle-field of Zion.

His diary shows that he was at one time greatly exercised on the subject of sanctification. I have often observed that God seems to move on many minds independently of each other, at the same time. So it often happens when a great series of revivals is about to ensue; you will find Christians moved in various parts of the country simultaneously, and so far as we can see without any concert or communication with each other. So the Lord led brother Marks to inquire on this subject, at the same time that other minds in other Christian denominations were also inquiring, yet without concert with each other.

In his diary for February 20, 1828, he writes:—

"On the way to Middlesex my mind was impressed with the necessity of salvation from all sin. The commandment of the Lord Jesus, Matt. 5:48, '*Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect*,' came with power into my soul. And, remembering the declaration of the Apostle, 1 John 5:3, '*His commandments are not grievous*,' my unbelief fled away, and faith said, 'God's ways are equal, and his requirements just.' 'Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.' Matt. 5:19. Then the following queries arose: 'If he shall be least, who practices and teaches contrary to the *least* of Christ's commandments, what will be the fate of him who not only violates, but teaches contrary to the *greatest* commandment? And what commandment is greater than this, to be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect? How then dare I, a vessel of the Lord's sanctuary, that ought to be holy in body and in spirit, live in sin?—and, like satan, bring Scripture to justify my iniquity, or screen my guilty conscience? When I preach to sinners that they should 'repent,' do they not quote the words of Christ to justify themselves, 'Without me, ye can do nothing?' And were I to preach to Christians that they should be 'perfect,' would they not say, 'There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not?' After reflecting on the above queries, the conviction settled into my soul, as if from heaven, that these Scriptures are as unjustly misapplied as that quoted by the tempter, Matt. 4:6, 'Cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee,' &c. Now it is certain that satan did act himself in reciting this text, that he seemed to have *holy Scripture directly to the point* that he wished to gain. So, alas!

it is a fact, and my blood chills at the reflection, that sinners, and even saints, often quote Scripture as satan did, and make an application equally erroneous, to justify their living in sin. 'And thou, my soul, be humbled exceedingly before God; for, alas! *thou also*, since Heaven forgave thee all, hast recited and applied Scripture to justify thyself; as though those who are redeemed from sin could not help living in sin! Hast thou found that the death of Christ was not sufficient to enable his children to become like Nathaniel, '*An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile?*' O be thou abased exceedingly, for thou hast applied the word of God like unto satan, to content thyself without entire victory over sin. How vain was thy thought, that death, the offspring of sin, should in any way save thee, or fit thee for heaven. If the blood of Jesus have not the cleansing power to perfect thee for glory, how shall death fit thee for the better world?" From these reflections, I sunk into nothing before God, and turning aside into a wood, I fell on my face and called on the Lord; and, blessed be his name, I felt resolved in his strength to strive to live without sin, and 'follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.' "

Those of you who were acquainted with the deceased, know that he entered most heartily into all the great Reforms of the age as soon as their respective subjects came fully before his mind. In respect to those reforms, he has no doubt done much for his denomination. It is an interesting fact, that they are now remarkably harmonious on all these points, more so than almost any other denomination in the land.

This denomination has enjoyed a rapid growth and a very unusual degree of prosperity, no inconsiderable share of which it is believed those who best know will ascribe to his influence and labors. It has indeed had many other able and faithful ministers, yet his labors have been immense, and in the main very successful. The body of Free-will Baptists, which numbered about ten thousand when he entered the ministry, is now said to number sixty thousand, and to have not far from one thousand ministers in its connexion.

He was a man of great uprightness of character, as all know who have had any business with him. He was most scrupulously accurate in all his dealings, careful to pay every cent which was righteously due, and expecting a similarly equitable course from those with whom he dealt. Yet obviously the spring of this was not in his case avarice, but genuine uprightness of character.

As another instance, I will mention that he called on me once this fall, and wanted me to attend to a little matter between him and another individual. But he would not tell me any part of the story lest he should prejudice my mind. He wished me to hear both sides at once, and hear his own statement in presence of the other party concerned.

I have already alluded to the fact that for many years he counted sleep a burden, and grudged even the moments which he must lose from his Master's work in this repose of nature. When I first became acquainted with his state, I said to him—You must sleep. It is your duty to your God and to your generation. You are almost worn out, but you are too young to close up your labors yet. Sleep enough may restore your system, and you may yet live to do much more for your Master. I faced him down in it, and was earnest and decided with

him. I said, it is impossible for you to live so, and what a pity that you should die an old man while yet young. He received it kindly, and tried to sleep a great deal more; but, as sometimes happens, tried so hard that he could not sleep. It was in his heart to do all known duty. The spirit was willing—the flesh weak. The fact was, his whole system was upon the strain. His mind and whole nervous system were in a state of the utmost tension. The ardor of his spirit, glowing through his kindling eye, and every thing about him, spoke a soul in most solemn earnest. His soul indeed was grown too great and too mighty for his poor broken body. I admired and revered his most devout zeal for God and souls, and seldom, if ever, have I been blessed with the acquaintance of one whose presence and spirit were at all times so refreshing to my soul, as were brother Marks', and yet so loud a rebuke to my comparative want of self-denying zeal during much of my ministerial life. I always found myself benefited by his society. I feel that it would have been a great favor had my Heavenly Father suffered him to abide at Oberlin as long as he anticipated. But brother Marks, though young, comparatively, in years, being only forty, had lived long in the actual results of his labors. He had performed more than the usual work of a hundred years. It was impossible without a constant miracle, that he should live under such a weight of exciting and exhausting labors. His mind, since I have known him, has been like a powerful steam engine in a frail and broken vessel, crowded with terrible and self-destructive speed through an ocean of stormy waves. This figure has repeatedly presented itself to my mind, when I have seen or thought of him. I have thought brother Marks will soon go to pieces, unless he abates his speed. It was plain as noon-day, that his ardent soul was tearing its frail tenement all in pieces. But rest was out of the question with him. As I said, when I faced him down, I insisted that he should rest; but so great and irrepressible was the ardor of his soul, that the effort he made to keep still, cost him more than to let his zeal for God have all the vent that his frail body could from day to day sustain. I have regarded myself as peculiarly blessed in that providence which made me more particularly acquainted with brother Marks, than many of our brethren here, who, since his death, have expressed their grief that they had not sought more intimacy with him. Many here can attest the truth of my testimony in regard to what he was, and many more might have done so, but for the fact, that we are all so pressed with labor, and brother Marks was so truly a modest and unobtrusive man, that those who knew him well, must have been providentially brought into contact with him. This was my lot, and I can truly say, that to me his memory is most sacred and beloved. All my acquaintance with him was sweet and hallowed. He was at all times the Christian, and he is one of the few men with whom I have been at all intimate, of whom I can say, that I never saw any thing in his spirit and temper, and never heard any thing from his lips, or saw any thing in his life to deplore. "The memory of the righteous is blessed." I love to think of him, for it does me good. It makes me feel my littleness. His countenance, all radiant with love, seems even now to smile and take on that affectionate and most earnest look, with which he used to meet and greet me. But my brother is gone! My heart is sadly joyful when I

remember that his work on earth is done, his conflicts are over, and especially that his dying strife has ceased. Death has no more to do with him. He lives forever. Do not let us conceive of him as to be carried and left in yonder grave-yard. O no, he is beyond the reach of death and the grave. We may carry the frail tabernacle in which he lived, as we might carry the clothes he wore, and leave them in the grave. But brother Marks will not be there. No, there is no dark, cold, damp grave to him, but, bathed in the sunlight of heaven, he walks the golden streets, and gazes upon the ineffable and unsullied glories that surround him forever. What a contrast! A few days ago we saw him dragging about, with a body crushed and broken, racked with pain, and limbs swollen and heavy with dropsy, but with a soul all fresh and energizing almost to a miracle in so poor a body. But now, could we draw aside the veil, and behold him lost in wonder and admiration, standing in the effulgence of heaven's glories, and surveying the unutterable wonders of his Savior, and of his palace with its myriads of mansions for his saints, we should rejoice to leave him there, and have no wish to bring him back again to earth.

It may have been supposed by his people at a distance from us, that since he came here he has relinquished his preaching too much, and given himself up too much to study; but in this, if such has been their view, they are mistaken. He has by no means relinquished his labors among the churches faster than he was compelled to by his waning strength. His labors abroad a part of the time, have been very great, particularly in assisting in getting into operation a high school at Chester, Geauga Co. Ohio. It seemed to be his meat and drink to labor in the gospel. Few men can say with more truth than he, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." It had eaten up the very energies of life from his system.

[Professor Finney here read much of the memoranda of his conversation during the last days of his life.]

Brother Marks said to me during his sickness, that he wanted the ministers in his connexion to hold up sanctification, and to LIVE it, to live it forth in all their daily life. I long, said he, to go among them, and urge upon them this great duty and responsibility, but if I may not have strength to do it, I hope you will do it by your preaching in my stead.

As I visited him every day, I continually observed that he seemed to rejoice in every fresh symptom of approaching death. Especially was this manifest when his stomach failed so that he could not receive and digest food. This was a glorious signal that the time drew near when he might go home. His wife at one time remarked to him—"You appear so little changed in your state of mind from what I have usually seen you, that I cannot realize that you are so near your end." He replied—Why should I appear changed before dying? Ever since you have known me, I have lived in the near view of death, ready each day to depart and be with Christ.

When he found that he could no more write his own name, his soul seemed to be in ecstacy. Not one of his friends around him could refrain from tears, but his soul seemed to be radiant with the glories of

heaven. He felt the Christian's hope to be the most substantial reality that can be known on earth. O, it has been a luxury for me and many other friends to see him day after day triumphing over death, and showing how easy a man may die, if he has only lived right. Then he has nothing to do but to wait in patient hope till the hour of release shall come. So died our departed brother. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Professor Finney, at the close of his sermon, said,—

"I wish to commend sister Marks to your sympathies. Few women ever met with such a loss, for few women ever had such a husband to lose."

The coffin was opened beneath the pulpit, and while the congregation was passing around to take the last look of his countenance, joyful even in death, it was said that Professor Finney gazed almost constantly upon it, and remarked to those standing near him: "Did you ever see such a corpse? What a countenance! How lovely! How smiling! How easy it is to die right, if we live right." The coffin was closed, and his body was then borne to its last quiet resting place.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of the people of Oberlin during his last illness. It seemed as if every individual in the village, from the members of the college faculty to the poor colored man, delighted to show him kindness. For about four weeks previous to his death, he had four men as watchers by night and two by day, besides considerable female assistance. A committee was appointed to procure these attendants, so as to have no failure, and to relieve his family from care on this point. Professor Finney called almost invariably twice, and sometimes three times, a day. Mr. Marks was greatly affected by this kindness, and in the full gushings of his heart, would say, "O how much more than a cup of cold water is this." The notice of his death, accompanied by the funeral sermon and extracts from the memoranda of his last conversations, was first thus announced in the Oberlin Evangelist, in an article prefatory to the sermon:

"Elder David Marks, whose recent death among us gave occasion to the following sermon, had greatly endeared himself to us by his unassuming and great piety—by his beautiful simplicity of character, and by his intense industry and devotion in his Master's cause. His last days were a most glorious triumph of Christian faith."

Subsequently, his death was announced in the Morning Star, which was clad in mourning. The article in the Star contained the following:

"Brother Marks had long occupied a prominent position in our denomination, and exerted an extensive and salutary influence, and in his death we have suffered a great loss. He had been one of the assistant editors of the Star for nearly twelve years, and his contributions have

added much to its usefulness and interest. Who will fill the vacancy which his removal has left in our Zion? 'Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.' "

The funeral sermon, memoranda of his conversation, his farewell address to his brethren, and his last address in Oberlin chapel, were also published in the same number of the Star, and were read with the greatest avidity. The addresses were as follows:

ELDER DAVID MARKS'

Farewell Address to the Free-will Baptists and the world, written from his mouth in short hand, Oberlin, Ohio, Nov. 6th.

BY CHARLES PENFIELD, STENOGRAPHER.

Believing my work to be about done on earth, and being about ready to depart and be with Christ, I desire to say a few words to my brethren, old friends, and the world, and being unable to write, I have sent for a stenographer to report from my mouth.

In times past I have looked upon death with a great natural dread; and although I then knew that I had not need of dying grace, I could not understand how I should be able to meet it with composure; but, as I approach the dark valley, Glory to God! I can say with the Psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." The hope of the Christian, instead of being deceptive or failing as the trying hour approaches, I find becomes stronger and stronger, like an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast; and the evidences of the truth of the Christian religion, instead of growing dim, brighten as the curtain begins to drop. Unlike the hope of the infidel that deserts him, and is like a spider's web in the giving up of the ghost, every circumstance, as this world recedes and the next heaves in view, serves but to confirm the blessed truth, that man was made to be religious. It is with the sweetest delight now when I expect to preach no more that I review the evidences of the Christian religion, and to me it seems strange, how a sane mind can examine even the external evidences of Christianity, and not yield assent to their truth; and I would seriously put the question to the infidel philosopher, how it was possible for sixty and six such books as compose the Bible to have been written in different ages and by something like forty different authors of every variety of rank, from the philosopher to the shepherd, from the man of wealth to the peasant, from the king on his throne to individuals in the humblest sphere of life, with no possible combination with each other, or concert at deception, and yet the material facts in these books being such as they are, be a forgery or untrue? For example, who can believe that it was possible for any impostor to make the whole nation of

Israel believe, without the exception of an individual, that the revolting and mysterious rite of circumcision was divinely instituted, unless the remarkable facts connected with the origin of that rite were absolutely undeniable? What sane mind, free from the bias of prejudice, can seriously believe that a whole nation was persuaded without a dissenting voice to believe that they passed through the Red Sea miraculously, and to yield obedience to a burdensome system of taxation and religion, had not this miracle been most clearly undeniable? Nor are the facts recorded in the New Testament less conclusive in their authority as to its divine authenticity. For example, such was the inimical feeling of the whole nation of the Jews against Jesus Christ, so jealous were they of the introduction of any new religion in circumstances at all plausible for its success, that no pains could have been spared to expose every possible imposture. The Christian church at its very commencement was based on the testimony of the evangelists, and of course the great facts of their testimony were familiar to every professed Christian, and equally open to the investigation of their enemies, both Jews and Pagans. How, then, is it possible, that it could then have been published that five thousand were fed by Christ miraculously in a wilderness place, where several tons of provisions must have been used—and the imposture, if it was one, not have been detected? Again, if the facts related in the case of Lazarus being raised from the dead were not true, how is it possible that there should not have been some one in the two millions of the nation that assembled at the yearly feast, to disprove the history in the case, and thus arrest the preaching of Christianity? Again, if the vail of the temple was not rent, and darkness did not cover the face of the whole earth from twelve to three in the afternoon, how is it possible that the Christian church should make myriads of converts, including many of the most philosophic minds, in the very vicinity where every person must have known that these principal facts on which Christianity was based were absolutely false? Again, what possible motive could the twelve apostles have had to sacrifice every worldly prospect, and every possible selfish aggrandizement, to testify that they had seen Jesus Christ raised from the dead; and had witnessed the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet? What could possibly have induced them in defence of this testimony to suffer the loss of all things and crucifixion at last, unless they had known these facts to be true, and by them have been supported in the full assurance of eternal life?

Nor are the internal evidences of the divinity of the Christian's hope less conclusive. An intimate acquaintance with man shows clearly that such is the structure of his mind, that no earthly or scientific acquirements can satisfy it or fill its capacities. Though

it grasp wealth, learning, power, beyond all limits, it is still like the troubled sea that cannot rest, and the soul instinctively inquires, "Who will show us any good?" But Christianity is as really adapted to the wants of man's intellect, to satisfy his mental capacities, as natural food and drink are adapted to the natural necessities of the body. But to the soul that does not know God by experience, the nature and strength of the internal evidences of Christianity are unknown. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And here is the glory and beauty of Christianity. It does not require the multitude of its disciples to become scholars and philosophers, in order to understand and appreciate the weight of its evidences. The little child, the illiterate, aged peasant that never learned to read, can have the holy anointing that teaches them all things—how to live and how to die, with far more consistency, composure and joy, than is obtained by the wise men of this world.

Now, when the strength of my nervous system is exhausted, and by physicians and friends, I am admonished not to study or think laboriously on any subject, O how sweet it is to feel the divine witness within my soul that God dwells within me, and to feel that there is not a dimming veil between me and heaven. As I approach the dark valley, my hope grows sweeter and sweeter, my confidence still more firm, and there is a divine reality that is the farthest possible removed from the effect of imagination, excitement, or fanaticism. It scarcely seems to me like a mere hope. There is an assurance—a philosophical, a rational, a soul-felt, a divine assurance, that I am but about to exchange the numerous and dearly beloved friends with whom I have formed an acquaintance within twenty-five years, for other friends in a happier clime, and that from these loved ones here, I shall be separated but for a little while, only to renew the union in circumstances where our joy will never be damped. When I commenced my ministry, I had a constitution of the strongest and firmest kind. Often have I rode thirty or forty miles in the sleet rains of winter, without an overcoat, without a dry thread upon me, and without taking a morsel of food, and felt not the slightest inconvenience. As I commenced preaching at the age of fifteen, the novelty of my boyhood often attracted large assemblies, which no house in their vicinity could accommodate; consequently, from the age of fifteen to twenty-one, while my lungs were growing, I was constantly accustomed to speaking in the open air in the wind and sometimes in the rain, so that my lungs obtained a firmness probably exceeding that of most men that have ever lived. Consequently, as my voice was strong and rarely ever was fatigued by use, the demand for its use

was very great; and oft-times I spoke from three to seven hours a day for weeks and months in succession. This circumstance, (the unnatural developement or strength of my lungs,) has probably been the cause of my overlooking the fact that my nervous system had not equal strength. Thus I have used my voice almost incessantly, until the nervous system has become wrecked, the vital energies expended, and at the age of forty, I have the infirmities of one of ninety.

During the first ten years of my labors in the ministry, my principles did not allow me to preach on contracts, or receive any thing that could bear any semblance to a salary, and rarely ever did I receive a public collection. In this time, my travels were extended from the Ohio river to the Penobscot, amounting to 42,353 miles, and during the same time I attended 3489 meetings, and most of these labors were in new sections of the country and among destitute churches. I supported myself mainly by extra labor and exertion, such as teaching school, and publishing and selling books.

One result of the acquaintance thus formed with my beloved connexion in these labors, was, the conviction that unless some powerful instrumentalities should be introduced to perpetuate the ardent piety and intelligence of the early ministers and fathers of our denomination, a horrible backsliding would ensue, and the salt would loose its savor. The little value that the fathers of the denomination had attached to *mere* human learning, or to an *unsanctified* education, had been misunderstood by many of our members, and emboldened them to despise all human learning. Yet I observed that often their children would read and study and keep pace with the intelligence of the age, consequently, their parents, with their views of learning, ceased to exert much religious influence over the rising generation. A large number of our young people were accustomed to a course of reading and educational influences, which, in my judgment, only tended on many points to turn them away from important truths. Indeed, I was pained to observe, that very considerable numbers of them were inclined to be sceptical, if not absolute infidels. These facts weighed like a mountain's weight on my soul, and I felt that to perpetuate the excellent influences commenced by Randall and his successors, something must be done. At length, I became satisfied that no one measure could be introduced to our denomination to remedy the evil with more prospect of success than the establishment of a Book Concern, as the property of the denomination, to be under the control of its best men. Thus might the press speak out evangelical truth with a voice long, loud, and free, unshackled by personal interest, and unawed by popular favor or frown, and God so baptized my soul into the spirit of the freedom of an evangelical

press, that I felt as though, if it were necessary, I would lay down even my life to establish such a press. Consequently, under the appointment of our General Conference, I consented to take the responsibility of General Agent for four years, in which time I became responsible for expenses and debts contracted in raising the Establishment to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

Several thousand dollars of these debts were in the form of bank notes in the Boston banks, which became due during the fearful times which followed the general bank suspension. The establishment being in its infancy, and the borrowing of adequate sums being impossible, but two alternatives were presented—a failure, the dashing of the whole establishment, the bankruptcy of myself and several undersigners—or a desperate personal effort on my part to raise the funds by the sale of books. In these circumstances, with the most intense interest, I sat down with my dear companion to count the cost. If I exerted my strength day and night to the utmost of my power with her aid, in the course of a few years we might possibly succeed in meeting the necessary payments. But the severity of the New England winters, especially in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, might render the filling of successive appointments, (made in the closest connection without reference to travelling or weather,) to supply our churches with books, receiving cash in hand—a most fearful task! The result of these appointments was the collection of thousands of dollars which could not have been raised otherwise. But sometimes I was compelled to travel nearly whole nights in the severest weather, and often to allow myself but two or three hours sleep in twenty-four, for days in succession, and the result was four severe fits of sickness, which broke down my constitution and I have not seen a well day since. The vital principle has seemed to be disappearing in equal ratio, for the ten years that have since elapsed.

In speaking of these things, I am obliged to say like Paul, "I speak as a fool." My object, however, is to bear testimony that the satisfaction I have enjoyed since I have been laid aside, and still enjoy in the uncompromising testimony of that Book Establishment against intemperance, licentiousness, and slavery, and in favor of all the benevolent institutions which God in his providence has appointed to be the nurseries of the church, infinitely exceeds the pleasure I could derive from the firmest health and the prospect of yet preaching many years. And though I am now poor, and living on the kindness of friends, and my feeble wife, after sacrificing all selfish interests, and bending all her energies for these sixteen years to aid me in the services of the ministry, is about to be left destitute, still there is a sweetness of hope, and satisfaction in reviewing the past, which I am confident, that no mi-

ser nor person that has laid up money for himself in this world, can enjoy in view of approaching death. And, although we have experienced some inconveniences from poverty, yet it has been nothing compared to the poverty endured by prophets, apostles, and Jesus Christ. God has usually judged it best to give the things of this life to his children with a sparing hand. Nor is there blame to be attached to my brethren for our wants not having been more fully supplied, since had we judged it best to inform our friends of the extent of our necessities, they would undoubtedly have relieved us.

There is, I am confident, a very serious danger attending our Book Establishment, against which I wish to raise my *dying*, warning voice. It is an inclination on the part of brethren and ministers to feel that the Book Establishment is well off and safe. I have watched this danger for years, and am convinced that it is serious and not easy to be removed. The disposition to delay payments for the Star, to take books on commission, and use the money in case of exigency, is swelling the debts of the Establishment to an alarming extent, and unless brethren cease to take the lenity they have, unless the agents generally are more prompt and thorough in their collections, I consider the failure of the Establishment as almost certain. But, my dear brethren, I beseech you to do all you can to avert such a calamity.

As to my sentiments, they have undergone no material change. I die a Free-will Baptist, but I trust free from sectarianism. The freedom of the human will, a distinctive sentiment of our connexion, I am more than ever convinced is the true doctrine of sound philosophy and of the Bible. Nor is a *little* importance to be attached to this distinctive sentiment. It lies at the foundation not only of all evangelical Christianity, but is the only sure basis of religion itself. If God is a self-determining being, and made man in his own image, man is a self-determining being, and, as such, is responsible, and the subject of moral government.

Another distinctive sentiment of our denomination, which is doubly dear to my heart, as I am about to depart to the spirit-land, is, that *genuine evangelical faith* in Christ is the only bond of Christian fellowship—in other words, that Christians of whatever sect are one, and that we cannot carry out the principles of our religion, as Free-will Baptists, without seeking to promote the interests of all evangelical churches.

As to another distinctive sentiment of Free-will Baptists, baptism, or the immersion of believers, I think it duty to say, that I fear that Baptists, as well as Pedo-Baptists, have overlooked or lost sight of the true meaning of baptism. As in case of pouring or sprinkling, the true idea designed by the Holy Ghost is lost sight

of, so those Baptists that deny the doctrine of entire sanctification and salvation from all sin, have equally lost the meaning of the rite. For, as in the primitive baptism there was a death and a resurrection, it is evident to me that by the rite God designed the convert to say to the world, that he is dead to all his former selfishness, and alive to every obligation of Christianity. Hence it seems to me that the rite of baptism, as practiced by Baptists or Pedo-Baptists, is of little use, unless the original design signified alone by the manner (which was an immersion and emersion) is kept in view. Hence the original rite, in its manner, should be meekly contended for and practiced with sole reference to the blessed and holy doctrine of death to all selfishness and life to all righteousness.

Another distinctive sentiment of Free-will Baptists, contended earnestly for by our fathers, is, that all religion without the baptism of the Spirit, the holy anointing, is vain. From this sentiment, I feel there has been a practical and horrible backsliding. As a tree soon becomes old and dies, there seems to be a fearful propensity in all organizations to lose the innocence and purity of their infancy. O my brethren, I beseech you carefully and prayerfully to avoid the spirit of backsliding in this respect. Some of our good aged men have had serious fears that the introduction of seminaries to the patronage of our denomination, would lead to a departure from dependence on the influences of the Spirit; and incline our ministers and members to trust in the wisdom of this world. This fear should not be treated with contempt; but, on the other hand, the fact must not be overlooked that men will be educated, that the sciences will be studied, and that they will exert a vast influence; and the only question to be settled by intelligent Christians is, shall the schools be under a selfish influence, or a divine influence? Shall the truths of science be taught for God, and subservient to a Holy Ghost religion, and an humble Christianity, or shall they be taught by selfish men in such a manner as to develope and cultivate all the selfishness of fallen nature? In other words, shall the truths of science be made subservient to make the scholar like God, the author of all truth, or like the devil, who is a prodigy of intellect, without moral principle? In my opinion, were Scripture views held by the church universally, and carried out with relation to the subject of education, the whole world would be converted in less than ten years. Literary aristocracy would be unknown, academies and colleges would be fields of perpetual revivals, and from these purified fountains a wave of salvation would sweep away every strong-hold of the devil, and fill the whole earth with righteousness.

For twenty years past, I have kept debt and credit as to my time, and accustomed myself to such diligence that rest has for years been a burden to me, except when exhausted nature has cried out for it. In thus closely taxing myself, I have lived out life while yet in my prime. Yet even from this I have learned one blessed truth, namely, that the soul when fully trained for the great work of the spirit-land, where sleep will not be needed, will have a LOVE for labor that language can scarcely describe. Since I have been confined by sickness, my thoughts have glanced like lightning over the immense fields for Christian labor, and I have viewed with ecstacy the facilities which God has introduced to concentrate and make effective the labors of the church. Why did God confound human language at Babel, and by more than one hundred dialects split the human family asunder? Why did he, by seas and mountains, lakes and rivers, cut up the whole face of the earth by barriers to separate the human family? Surely, because he saw the selfishness of man would only use language and unbroken intercourse to form monopolies, which would effect their own ruin. Why for more than 4000 years was the gift of tongues withholden from the church? Why for 5500 years was the use of the compass and the art of printing withholden from the world, and America, the most fruitful soil on the globe, unknown to the world? Why was the application of steam, as now used in steam-boats, and on rail-roads, and in numerous other ways, kept back for 5800 years? Surely, because God saw that the principles of his kingdom had not become sufficiently established to make these inventions and discoveries turn on the whole to the production of a greater amount of good than of evil. But as soon as he saw principle, activity, and self-denial enough in the church, to make these discoveries on the whole subservient to his kingdom, in his providence they were introduced, and now the battle is coming between the two kingdoms. The time for the shaking of the heavens and earth has come. The whitening fields invite the attention of every lover of man, and every angel looks on with the deepest interest. The nurseries of the church are to be cultivated, such as Sabbath schools, Bible classes, Temperance, Mission, Moral Reform, the Tract, Bible, and Anti-slavery societies; and while idolatry trembles on its throne, and the merchant-men of Babylon stand aghast, a mighty host of sanctified intellects are to go forth into all parts of the field, and labor until righteousness covers the whole earth. In the accomplishment of this work, no Christian has a right to feel little responsibility. Every man, woman, and child, that indulges hope of heaven, is under the most solemn obligation to make the removal of every curse that sin has entailed on the world, and the extension of universal righteousness, the main, yes, the whole business of

their lives. Every Christian should form the habit of having no work, wish, or will, except for God. Habits, as to food, drink, dress, and amusements, should only be formed, with express reference to glorifying God. The education of children, the purchase of furniture, the size and expense of buildings, the arrangement of grounds and yards, the size of farms, all the investments of property, should be made without any reference to one's individual choice, taste, or inclination, except so far as the judgment directs that the will of God requires conformity to this. In other words, the Christian has no right to live to himself. The one and soul-absorbing object of his whole life should be to know in what manner he can best glorify God, by removing the greatest amount of evil from the earth, and introducing the greatest possible amount of righteousness in its place.

And, finally, my brethren, in conclusion, I entreat you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in view of the glory that is to be revealed at his appearing, to concentrate all the energies of your being, to introduce, spread, and perpetuate pure primitive Christianity.

My dear brethren in the ministry, remember that your calling is not only the most important, but the most honorable. To be embassadors for the great God, and to negotiate for immortal interests, is truly the highest work to which mortals can aspire. Let no difficulties, poverty, or reproaches, dishearten you; but save all the souls you can. Let your testimony be a pure one, unawed by any and every selfish combination that can arise against you, and a rich reward will lie before you.

Remember the poor, down-trodden, suffering slave, to whom the lamp of life is denied—that lamp which so gloriously gilds my pathway to the tomb. Bear an uncompromising testimony against that horrid system that chattelizes the image of God. O my brethren, "Remember those that are in bonds as bound with them." What a command is this! Will you obey it?

My testimony against secret societies, such as Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Rechabites, &c., you have already had; but, dear brethren, I cannot forbear repeating, in this my dying hour, "*Beware of secret societies.*" Let not your honor be united to them. Remember that to you, in a great measure, is committed the purity of our churches. Ministers of Jesus Christ have nothing to do with such societies, except to expose their hollow pretensions, and guard the sheep from their devouring jaws.

To those who have ministered to my necessities, and of whose hospitality I have been partaker within the twenty-five years past, I give thanks, hoping you will find mercy in the day of the Lord Jesus.

'And finally, brethren, Farewell! be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' The whole family of God will soon be gathered together. There I trust we shall meet, complete in Christ, where separations will be unknown, and where our joy will be full.

To the unbeliever, the Christless sinner, without God and without hope in the world, I wish to say—A fearful experience is before you. To you it will be a doleful day when every earthly tie is broken, and every earthly hope has vanished, and you look across the dark valley without God and without hope. O, let me entreat you, while in health, to haste to Jesus Christ for refuge, and lay up a treasure in heaven. DAVID MARKS.

ELDER DAVID MARKS'

Address in Oberlin Chapel, Thursday, November 13.

REPORTED BY PROF. COWLES, EDITOR OF OBERLIN EVANGELIST.

"Professor Finney announced to the assembly that it was uncertain whether brother Marks would survive his effort to address them, that he had been apprised of this, but notwithstanding was anxious to speak to them. He said Dr. Dascomb, [Professor of Physiology in Oberlin Collegiate Institute,] had just examined, and could find no pulse in one wrist, and only a little tremulous motion in the other. If he should die in the attempt, he wished the congregation to be calm, and not leave their seats. His friends around him would take care of him.

Brother Marks said, in a brief introductory address, substantially as follows:

'My dear friends, I feel to thank God that I have the prospect of addressing you once more, and for the last time. This has been the desire of my heart. The lamp of life has for some time been flickering in its socket; and in the opinion of friends, I have but a few hours to live. I think I should have gone home to my Heavenly Father last night, if He had not wished me to bear testimony for Him once more on the shores of time. I bless his name that I am spared and strengthened to render this last public testimony. I suppose my coffin is being made, and my grave-clothes are in a state of preparation. I wish the choir to sing a hymn that has been very pleasant to me for many years—a working hymn. [1000 Hymn, Christian Melody.]

'Why sleep we, my brethren, come let us arise,' &c.

After singing, brother Marks prayed, and then addressed the audience as follows:

'My extreme weakness, and the distress of suffocation in consequence of the dropsical difficulty in my chest, and which is proba-

bly drowning my heart, has not allowed me to spend a moment in preparation for this meeting. Indeed, it has been extremely doubtful whether I should be able to meet you at all, so that I have not had much anxiety about preparation. Hence my remarks must be made 'off hand.'

The first and leading thought on which I wish to dwell, is this, that God has not designed this place, and this state of existence, as our final home. I have neither time nor strength to enter into the evidence now. I can only throw out the idea for your reflection. As the prophet said, 'Arise and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted; it shall destroy you even with a sore destruction.' Micah 2:10. God has designedly fixed in our constitution and state, certain counteracting influences to wean us from the love of life. When we see our friends in the agonies of dissolving nature, when we see the pallid countenance, the shaking frame, the quivering pulse, the gasping breath, the glassy eye, we are admonished of our own mortality; we see, as it were in a glass, our future selves passing away from earth and earthly things. Even the sorrows and trials of life admonish us that this is not our rest. Now mark, if this is not our real home, how little interest should we take in the things of this life? Suppose you were on a voyage to India to spend your life there, and should stop on some island for a single hour, how little interest you would take in the objects you might chance to see there, compared with the interest you would feel in every thing that related to your destined home? Now, if we should live to the age of Methuselah, this would be nothing compared to eternity. Place the two in contrast, and how forcibly we must realize that eternity is every thing, and time in duration is nothing.

And yet, on this little point of time, every thing in eternity is made to hang. All your plans and purposes, all your motives and actions, are giving shape and character to your eternal state. With what awful interest, then, ought we to look upon the motives that govern us here—upon the character we are here forming! With what solemn and watchful solicitude should we search our hearts, and ascertain the ruling object of our life, whether it be for God or for this world.

To the honor of God I wish to say it, I have lived in view of eternity. Forty years since, my existence began. Then my mother, now a saint in glory, consecrated me to God. With earnest prayer she besought the Lord that I might be converted early in life, and often have I heard her speak of the place, and the time, when she first obtained the witness of the Spirit that her prayers were answered. Often would she take me to the bed-chamber—the warm tears would fall on my cheek—she would tell me of that

promise of God, on which her faith took hold, and would plead with me to give my heart at once to my Savior. At the age of ten years, I was converted, and at fifteen I felt that I was called to preach the gospel of Christ. Necessity seemed laid upon me. I felt that I must go. Yet my parents were unwilling, for they thought me too young, and they did not hear that voice of God which I had seemed to hear, calling me to go forth at once and preach the gospel. My struggles at this time were very great. One day, I well remember, I was chopping alone in the woods: the whole subject came up before my mind with great freshness and power. I sat down and wept. I did not then know that my parents were watching me. My father called me to the house, and said: "Be seated, I want to talk with you a few minutes." I noticed my mother's eyes were red with weeping. "My son," said my father, "what have you been weeping about?" I told him all my heart, I wanted to preach the gospel. I felt that God called me, and I longed to go. "My son," said he, "*you may go:* we have for some time felt that we were like Pharaoh of old who would not let the people go to serve their God; we shall hold you back no longer; you may go." My father gave me my time, my mother prepared my clothes, and the next morning I started off. I was then a few days over fifteen years old. From that time I have been engaged in preaching the glorious gospel.

My early career as a preacher, was in some respects peculiar. The novelty of my boyhood often drew out immense congregations, and of necessity, I frequently preached in the open air. These circumstances, doubtless, contributed to give me great strength of voice, and an unusual developement of the lungs, so that I seldom became weary in the effort of public speaking. The call for labor was so great that I often spoke six hours a day. In this way I was drawn into a course which entirely overtaxed my nervous system, and ere I was aware of my danger, I found myself broken down.

But I cannot repent of my course. God has shown me a great deal of his glory, so that though my life has been short, I trust, through grace, it has been a blessing to my generation. Through grace, I have been enabled to work fast, and, I trust, accomplish something for God. Often for months and even years, I have done what good judges have said was labor enough for four men. So intensely has my system been excited, that I could not find time to sleep, and except when I have been completely exhausted, sleep has been a burden to me. The language of the hymn first sung by the choir, "Why sleep we, my brethren," has been very sweet to my soul.

One of my best evidences that God has trained me for the work to be done in that "spirit-land" whither I am going, is, that I have such an intense love for His work, as perhaps no human constitution can long endure. My physical frame has sunk under it; but I bless God, that my spiritual strength has been renewed day by day. Since the symptoms of death have been clear and decisive, no language can describe my intense longing for that "spirit-world," where I shall never tire in the work of God. My soul exults in God, and seems ready to leap up and soar away, as soon as it shall be released from this frail clay.

This confidence in God seems to me the more wonderful, and seems the more to exalt the rich grace of God, because it is what, in view of my mental constitution, I had no reason to expect.

My phrenological developements are such that it was always extremely difficult for me to believe in a miracle. The organ of marvellousness is almost entirely wanting. Hence I have, naturally, a strong tendency to scepticism, and I have especially been often troubled with the apprehension that I should be tempted to scepticism in the near approach of death. This hour has now come, and I rejoice to testify to the glory of God, that his grace triumphs. My state of mind is entirely different from what I had feared. No doubts cast even their shadows across the broad sun-light of my soul—all nature seems to cry out, "*Man shall live again.*" The light of a blessed immortality dawns beyond the tomb. If the worthless insect re-appears in fresh beauty, and soars on new wings of glory, emerging from its grave, how much more shall man live again in *unfading glory.*

O, it cannot be, even if there were no God, that nature should have implanted such a longing in the soul for immortality, if it is a boon forever to be withholden. The external evidences of Christianity have brightened around me most surprisingly since disease has been gathering strength and pushing its assaults towards the citadel of life. As I saw my limbs begin to swell, and my strength to wane away, O, there was a sweetness inexpressible in the confidence my soul felt in the Lord.

This confidence is not the philosophic composure of a Hume. No! infinitely unlike it! I bless God that the "Christian's hope" is adapted not only to the philosopher, but to the peasant—to the child—to the unlearned and the most despised of earth. None so low—none so far from philosophic science, but may feel Christ in the soul. Blessed be God, for this experience in my own case. Blessed be God, that I know the indwelling presence of Christ, *my own* glorious Savior." Now, although the outward evidences of Christianity have an obvious reality that satisfies my intelligence,

yet there is a sweetness in the personal knowledge of Christ in the soul, that is sweeter, better, clearer, and nobler.

And now I long for my time to come. Christ is so near and so precious that I cannot fear death, and cannot apprehend any evil to me. O, my brethren, no reality is so sure, none so sweet, none so glorious, as the Christian's hope. I am waiting now for my Lord to come; surely he cannot tarry long. I have not a *lingering doubt* but that I shall soon join that blessed company in the upper world. I as much expect it as I ever expected to meet this congregation in this house of worship to-day. O, I shall soon see that great company—parents, I shall see your children—and children, I shall see your parents too, who have gone up; and that great throng of martyrs who "came up out of great tribulation, washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Soon shall my eyes open on that land where the sun shall no more go down, nor their moon withdraw itself—where no storms shall rage, nor heat, nor sun shall smite us,—and, above all, where sin shall never enter nor afflict the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. O, my brethren of the gospel ministry, how sweet to be there, where the watchmen shall all see eye to eye, there too, where our spiritual children shall all be gathered to praise, with us, the rich grace of our Lord. There I shall meet many whom I have seen here below, and with whom I have taken sweet converse as we have moved along our pilgrim path-way together. O there is nothing like it. Every thing else dwindles into insignificance compared with that "exceeding weight of glory."

And now, I beseech you, make it the great object of your life to be in sympathy with God. Then you will love to labor in his cause, and God will take delight in owning your labors and crowning them with his blessing. O how has sleep departed from my eyes, as I have looked over the great West, and thought of the mighy conflict that is going on here, and is destined to go on till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord.

What a scene lies outspread before us! What an age of improvement is that on which we have fallen! The power of the press, and the wonders of steam, God has hidden from other ages since the world began, and reserved them for this—doubtless that they might just get under way, when he would take them into his service, and use them to waft the gospel round the globe.

O ye young men and women, who are congregated here—give yourselves up to this work. O, consider what a work you have before you—to win souls to Christ—to save a soul for eternity—one soul for whom Christ died—surely to save one such soul were

honor enough to stimulate your utmost efforts. There is no post so honorable, as to be a minister of the glorious gospel, to be an embassador for God—to negotiate for souls. O what a work! Let these thoughts sink down into your hearts. O live for God and your generation. You enter life in a glorious time to live—there is so much to do for God.

To all the unconverted let me say—my heart is full; I feel for you. Time's rapid tide is bearing you along, and a few days more, or years, will bring you before the *final bar*. All the sermons you have heard from brother Finney, brother Mahan, and brother Morgan, and from other brethren of the "Faculty," are recorded in heaven—all are registered there against you. You must meet them *all* there. O what an account you must render on that dread day! What agony of soul you must endure, if you will reject this salvation, bought with blood! I beseech you, yield your hearts to God. 'Tis infinite folly and madness to delay—'tis death to refuse! O, all of you, who are unconverted, rest not, till you have given your hearts to God and found a Savior in Jesus Christ.

Finally, Brethren, Farewell. Brother Finney, I want to give you my hand. All of you who love God, Farewell.

Dear sinner, I wish I could say farewell to you—but I cannot. I cannot wish you well in rebellion against God. I cannot say it will be well with you, for I know it never can be, till you give your hearts to God.

I want one more hymn sung, and then my friends may take me away. Sing the hymn,

'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' &c.'

With this hymn and a short prayer by Professor Finney, the meeting closed."

The unexpected tidings of Mr. Marks' dangerous illness and death produced an unusually deep impression upon his large circle of friends, and drew forth from many of them letters of condolence to his widow, interspersed with expressions of the esteem with which they regarded him. Some of these letters contained pecuniary assistance, which, from the consequent expenses of his protracted sickness, was kindness indeed. Several tributes of respect to his memory appeared in the Morning Star. It was intended to make copious extracts from these, and the letters referred to, but the limits of the work forbid. A few are given as specimens of others, and as illustrative of the impressions the tidings of his departure generally produced. The letters containing the first two extracts, were received three days previous to his death, and at his request were read to him.

[From the editor of the Morning Star.]

DOVER, Nov. 21, 1845.

Dear brother and sister Marks:—Your letters of November 11th came duly to hand, and their contents deeply affected my heart. Previous letters from you had encouraged the hope that brother Marks would yet recover. But now, like a thunder-clap, the news falls upon my ear, that all hope has expired, that he is just on the verge of eternity, ready to launch away, and that arrangements have been made for funeral obsequies! In a moment, all the happy interviews and pleasant associations of the past rushed upon my mind. Can it be possible, thought I, that I shall see brother Marks' face no more—no more hear his kind words, nor receive from him the friendly epistle! It seemed indeed like a dream. I thought of the pleasant associations of gone-by days—of a brother and sister Beede, now in heaven, I trust—of a brother Burbank, too, with whom I was long associated in the Star office. He too, is gone. And it really seemed that I was about to be left alone. Well, if it must be so, 'The will of the Lord be done.' It will not be long before I shall follow; and may God grant that we all may meet above. Sister Marks, you have my prayers, and the prayers of many friends here. The Lord, I have no doubt, affords and will continue to afford you his sustaining grace in your great affliction.

* * * * * * * * *

I remain truly and affectionately yours,

WM. BURR."

[From the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Boston, N. Y.]

"Nov. 21, 1845.

Dear brother Marks:—* * * I cannot believe that you are positively nearing the cold valley, I can but hope it is only a temporary prostration, from which you will soon recover. For this, be assured, you have my earnest petitions. Please allow me to say, that there is no man living to whom I owe so much as yourself. Your kind admonitions were an excellent oil, which often soothed and encouraged my disconsolate and desponding spirits. Where I should have been by this time, without your timely aid, the Lord only knows. I never think of it, without a sensation of gratitude arising in my heart. I was happy to hear of your joyful state of mind. God's grace is sufficient, bless his name.

* * * * * Yours truly,

P. W. BELKNAP."

[From the Clerk of the Ashtabula quarterly meeting, Ohio.]

"CONNEAUT, Nov. 29, 1845.

Dear sister Marks:—I received your letter yesterday and haste to reply. I felt melancholy at the intelligence that brother Marks

is apparently on the borders of the grave, (and perhaps at this moment is praising God in heaven,) and still a thrill of joy sprang up in my soul, on the reflection, that if his work on earth is done, it is well done, and he can say with Paul, that he has 'finished his course and *kept* the FAITH.' O how consoling: but sure it is, 'God's ways are past finding out.' The providence of God in withholding the labors of brother Marks, and taking him to himself, at so early a period, to us is mysterious, when so many live to a great age, that are mere ciphers and worse than naught in the moral world. But may God give us grace to guard against murmuring at His dealings with us in this trying hour. I think, of late, I have reflected on the situation of that portion of the Zion of God with which we stand particularly connected, something as I should. We have nothing of which to boast, but we have had, and still have, as good native talent as any of our sister denominations; and to see some of our strong men leave the field, I have been led to inquire, 'By whom shall Jacob arise?' One, on one hand, has fallen by his own improprieties, and now another, to whom we have looked as one of our 'Pioneers' and champions, is brought near the grave, (if not already interred,) one who has long stood high in the councils of our denomination, and who, by privations, perseverance, and personal sacrifice, was instrumental in aiding to secure, as the property of the connexion, the Morning Star, by the light of which thousands have been blessed. The influence he has exerted in its favor, the unwearied effort he has made to extend its heavenly rays, by extending its circulation, all these things, in addition to 'preaching the word,' have occupied my mind since I received your deeply affecting letter. But what can I say to you in this hour of affliction? To say that I fully sympathize with you would be an idle phrase, for as deeply as I feel the affliction for Zion's sake, I cannot feel what a companion feels in such a trying hour. * * * * * May God's grace support you is my prayer. SILAS A. DAVIS."

[From the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Lowell, Mass.]

Dec. 3, 1845.

Dear brother Marks:—I received yours of the 10th ult. a few days since, and was very sorry to learn that you were so low and feeble. I still hope and pray, if it can be consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father, that you may yet be raised up to health. Can it be that I shall never again see your face in the flesh? Shall I never again sit with you in General Conference to deliberate upon the interests of Zion? I hope I may: but if God should otherwise order, we must submit. We have spent many happy hours together in past years in different places in studying and laboring for the in-

terests of our beloved denomination. * * * * I am glad, dear brother, to learn that you enjoy the presence of the Lord, and feel resigned to his will. His grace will be sufficient for you. I trust we shall yet live eternally, where pleasures never die and sorrows never come. Yours very affectionately,

SILAS CURTIS."

Subsequently he wrote:—

"Dear Sister Marks:—Never shall I forget the sensations which were produced in my mind when I opened your letter, and learned the solemn intelligence that brother Marks was no more on earth. Thought I, can it be that he is dead? Shall I see him no more in this world? Has he indeed done with toils, tears, cares, and labors, and gone to his glorious reward on high? The recollection of many past scenes instantly rushed into my mind. The first time that I saw him was at the General Conference in Spafford, N. Y., more than sixteen years ago. Since that time, I have had an intimate and happy acquaintance with him, and our hearts were ever closely united in Christian ties, which death itself cannot dissolve. We have often journeyed, preached, and prayed together. We have wept and rejoiced together. We have spent many days and weeks, and a great part of many nights, in company with our associates of the Publishing Committee, in preparing for the press the 'Treatise on the Faith of the Free-will Baptists,' in devising means for the success of our Book Concern, and in laboring to promote the general interests of the cause of Christ. I was also reminded of my *last* parting with him at the General Conference in Plainfield, N. Y. in 1844. In his last speech in that Conference, he told us that he should never meet with us in General Conference again; yet little did I then think that I should never more see him till we meet on immortal shores. It is indeed true that he is gone. His work is done—his sufferings are ended—he has joined the admiring host around the throne above. My first and last interviews with him were at General Conferences, both of which were in the state of New York.

When I think of my dear brother Marks' peaceful, happy, victorious death, I can but wish that I could have been with him to witness that glorious hour, when angels waited around his bed to bear his spirit to the skies; but I look forward to future scenes. When a few more griefs are ended, when a few more storms have beat upon me, when I shall have blown the gospel trumpet a few times more, I hope to have the same grace to sustain me while passing through the gloomy vale, and then I shall meet the glorified spirit of brother Marks, with all my dear brethren in the ministry, and all the faithful who have gone before, on the plains of immortal glory,

where we shall gaze, and wonder, and admire—where our spirits will never faint—and our joys will never end.

> "O glorious day! O blessed hope!
> My heart leaps forward at the thought,
> When in that happy, happy land,
> We'll no more take the parting hand."

With such hopes and prospects as these, my dear sister, let us submissively bow to that Divine Providence, which has removed from you, for a short time, an affectionate husband, from Zion's walls, a bold, fearless, and faithful watchman, and say, 'Father, let thy will be done.'

I am truly yours in Christ, SILAS CURTIS."

[From the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church at Great Falls, N. H.]

"December 17, 1845.

My dear sister Marks:—The sad intelligence of the departure of your dear husband has just been received, and although it is impossible for me to give an expression of the sympathy and sorrow I feel, yet it seems a privilege to communicate something. * * * * You have our strongest sympathies and affections, and over the loss of the very many amiable and even holy qualifications of your dear companion, I mourn, as I have never mourned over the loss of any other minister. I hope the remainder of his Life will be given to the public as soon as possible. I read his 'Narrative' with deep interest soon after my conversion, and it then produced an anxious desire in my mind for more holiness of heart, and for higher attainments in the Christian life. After I believed that God had called me to the ministry, I read it again, and the effect produced was still deeper. Indeed, much of my usefulness, (if any useful spots are to be seen in my almost useless life,) is to be attributed to that peculiar sympathy for sinners, and anxiety for their salvation, which was wrought in my heart, more, perhaps, by reading his 'Narrative,' than any other one book except the Bible. As Mrs. Dunn wishes to write, I must close; but my soul is full, and I feel like weeping constantly, while from my heart the anxious inquiry is arising, O God, on whom shall the mantle of this good man fall? Dear sister, you are not alone in your affliction. You are but one of more than *sixty thousand* mourners! I know you feel it as others cannot; but I trust you are prepared, as in this low time others are not. But we will trust in the Lord, 'whose mercy endureth forever.' I feel that the grateful thanks of the denomination are due to those whose efficient kindness was so freely manifested in your recent trials. The Lord reward them.

In Christ, yours affectionately, RANSOM DUNN."

"My beloved sister in Christ:—I sit for a moment to express in a word something of the deep feelings of my heart, in consequence

of our bereavement, as a *denomination*, and the cause of the beloved Zion of God generally. I feel that we are bereaved. God has been dealing with us: he has dealt sternly, but it has been justly. Can it be that our beloved brother Marks is laid aside? Are his labors at an end? Are sinners no more to hear that voice that has so faithfully and affectionately warned them to seek the God of their salvation? Yes, his labors are done, and he has gone to his reward. Many will rise in the great day of accounts to call him blessed. I cannot refrain my tears while I write. Being much beloved, he dies much lamented. I would not say a word to probe the wound so deeply made, or cause a bleeding heart to bleed afresh; but were it in my power, would fain speak a word of consolation. In the absence of your departed husband, you have the presence of Him who can heal all your sorrows. You, my dear sister, have now become heir to more promises, than you could have been in any other situation, and may they be your support.

Affectionately, yours in sympathy, MARY E. DUNN."

[From a student of Oberlin College, now Principal of the Preparatory Department of that Institution.]

"NEWBURGH, Ohio, Dec. 20, 1845.

Dear sister Marks:—You have had a right to expect a letter from me before this, and it has been in my heart to write; but I have felt, in view of the circumstances, such a poverty of language that it seemed almost a mockery to pen a word. * * * How soon has the prediction of brother Marks, in his last words to me, 'You will see my face no more till we meet in heaven,' met its fulfilment! Yes, that event that we all, except himself, fondly endeavored to persuade ourselves was far in the future, has come upon us as it were in a moment. Thus has God taught us as with a lightning flash, how strangely insecure are all our creature comforts. I feel awed and rebuked before my Heavenly Father.

I strongly desired that brother Marks should live. There seemed to me many reasons why it was important that his days should be prolonged. 1. Its influence on myself. I anticipated much benefit from his counsels, which his large experience so eminently qualified him to give. His uniform kindness, and the deep interest which he constantly manifested in my welfare, made it entirely safe for me to indulge high expectations of much that would be exceedingly valuable in preparing me for the ministry. 2. The fewness of ministers among us, whose hearts are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reform, and who have such clear views of the doctrine of perfect love, as beyond all question was true of him. 3. I knew if he lived, he would do much to strengthen that sweet union which has sprung up between the Free-will Baptists and the dear Oberlin

brethren. I consider it matter of devout thanksgiving to God, that he came to Oberlin, and since his appointed hour had come, that he was permitted to die there. I would rather he should lay down his life there than any where else in the world. *The hand of the Lord was in his coming to Oberlin.* Let it be proclaimed to all our brethren, that one of their most faithful ministers went shouting home to his Lord from Oberlin—that Mr. Finney preached at his funeral, and that his remains repose in glorious hope in the Oberlin burying ground, and let the brethren of both denominations know, that as the Lord gave brother Marks to the Oberlin brethren to die with them, and with them to be buried, so should they give themselves to each other, to be one in the Lord, and that, although they may preserve their denominational distinction, yet in their hearts they should know no difference.

You need not, sister, that I write words of consolation to you. You have in the example of your departed husband—in his perfect resignation to the will of God—in his triumphant confidence, an infinitely clearer light to the Fountain of *all* consolation, than any thing that I can say."

Subsequently he wrote as follows: "It is my decided opinion that a Memoir of brother Marks should be published as soon as may be. All classes need it. To young ministers, especially, will it be of immense value in forming in them that apostolic earnestness for which brother Marks was most remarkable, and which is all important in a servant of Jesus. * * * * I need not say that I have been deeply affected by reading the funeral sermon, the addresses, &c. Being separated from brother Marks during the last days of his stay upon earth, and my attention constantly engrossed with a large school, I had hardly aroused to the fact, that he was dead, until I obtained the funeral sermon in the Evangelist. Then it was the sad truth seemed a reality: then I began to feel that pressure of sorrow—that aching of heart which tells me I have lost more than a brother. I can say, in all sincerity, I greatly loved brother Marks. During the whole time I was permitted to enjoy his acquaintance, he manifested the strongest sympathy with me in my efforts to obtain an education, entering as really into my trials and difficulties as though they were his own. And now that he is gone, the remembrance of those seasons that I have spent with him, although it unseals the fountains of my soul, is still among the sweetest of my recollections. How I rejoice that I consented, at his request, to leave my books and attend those meetings which we attended together the past autumn. I wish I could record every word he said in our pleasant rides. Never can I forget the profitable time we had returning from quarterly meeting last September. He was much animated the whole evening. He

spoke of the danger of ministers from pride, from ambition, from love of praise, from jealousy of their ministering brethren. I remember how tenderly and affectionately he spoke of his ministering brethren, especially of those from whom he had been compelled to differ. I am sure he possessed a Christ-like spirit toward all his brethren.

Soon after this, while yet we were all encouraged by the favorable indications of returning health, conversing with him one day upon the moral wants of the 'West,' he said, with much emotion, 'Ah, brother Whipple, if I can only regain my health, so as to be comfortable, I shall give up my studies, give up writing, take no more agencies, but spend all my remaining strength travelling through the 'West,' preaching Christ to perishing sinners.' It was not long, however, before he gave up all idea of preaching any more, being convinced that his work upon earth was almost done.

October 28. I called upon brother Marks, and found sister Marks in tears by his bed-side. He welcomed me with his usual affectionate manner. He said, 'I have just been telling my wife that she must prepare for a separation, for I am well satisfied that my stay upon earth will be short. I feel that it would be mistaken kindness to withhold this conviction from her. How common for families to put far from them, as a topic of conversation, this subject. What can be more unwise! Often many things that ought to be done and said, are neglected until the last agony comes on, and then there is no time. My wife will soon be a widow, and I wish to say all to her that I can, that will be of any use to her when I am gone. I leave a kind and pleasant family. I bless God the review of our matrimonial life has in it no bitterness. I have nothing to bequeath to my dear companion except my dying counsel, but the *Lord will provide.*' October 31. Expecting to leave on the morrow, I called to take my leave of brother Marks. Said he, 'Farewell, brother Whipple, you will see me no more in the flesh. Before the winter shall have half passed away, I shall enter upon higher duties in heaven. I have,' continued he, with tears, 'exceedingly loved the work of Christ. I have been a poor fallible instrument, but, in all my efforts, I have honestly sought the good of Zion. If the Lord will, I want to preach once more, and write a farewell address to the Free-will Baptist denomination, and then go home. Our acquaintance has been very pleasant, our next meeting will be unspeakably glorious.'

Thus, my dear sister, I have given you, in much anguish of spirit, and with many tears, a very imperfect sketch of two or three conversations I had with your departed husband. I can hardly be reconciled to the sad, sad truth, that I shall see his face no more in this life. I am aware this strain of remark will have little tenden-

cy to console you; but it seems to me you have an element of consolation of which I am deprived. Shut away as I was from his dying couch, I have not the preparation for the bereavement, which witnessing his most triumphant departure, would have given. Ah, it would have been a great privilege, could I have watched beside him the last few days in which he was crossing the river. But I will not murmur; nay, I would be unfeignedly thankful to my Heavenly Father, that I have been permitted to enjoy his society so long, and I trust this most wise stroke will not be lost upon me. I feel called upon to dedicate myself anew to the Lord, and do what I can to fill up the breach made in the sacramental host by the removal of that valiant soldier. * * *

Farewell. Yours in the bonds of our holy religion,

HENRY E. WHIPPLE."

At a recent date, he wrote: "Would that I could have seen the pale cold face of the sainted Torrey! Would that I could have dipped the point of my sword in his blood, and over his murdered body, renewed my oath against slavery! But his death will not be lost upon me. It will unite its influence with the death of your dear husband, to call me to nervous action in the cause of God. Their bodies have been laid in the grave; but their spirits have gone up on high to receive their reward. I have no doubt but they will be intimate friends in heaven. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not' much 'divided.' With peculiar emphasis, I can go on and say, 'I am distressed for thee, my dear brother Marks: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.' * * I cannot myself write about your dear departed husband, without pain of soul, such as no other affliction ever occasioned. My heart cries out with unutterable longings for my brother, whose face I may see no more. O, had I known last summer, that he was so soon to be taken away, how I would have treasured up his words, and how careful I should have been to spend all the time possible in his society. O, those were precious ties of Christian love, that had just begun to bind strongly your dear family to me and mine. I had begun to promise myself much profit and happiness in the connection, when, alas! the strongest link was snapped forever. I cannot but feel, and most keenly feel, that when the grave closed over the body of your dear husband, it concealed from me, as far as this world is concerned, some of my most cherished anticipations; but they shall be restored again. Faith points to a brighter shore. It will not be long, and we shall all go. Blessed prospect! Those ties, although sundered for time, yet reach beyond the grave, and draw us more strongly towards

heaven. Where the treasure is there will the heart be also." * * * * * H. E. W.

[From Mrs. Professor Finney.]

"My dear afflicted Friend:—The lonely feeling, no doubt, often comes over you with unutterable anguish, 'My bosom companion is gone! I am solitary and alone, as it were, in the midst of the world!' I feel, dear Mrs. Marks, that you need consolation, since the tie that so long bound you to your dear husband has been dissolved. The Lord, I trust, sustains and comforts you. How glorious the idea that Mr. Marks will never die. His poor body is laid aside, but his spirit is now released, disenthralled, no longer chained down to earth, unable to rise and seize the prize his ardent soul panted for. Although there are many things this side eternity calculated to bear us onward and upward, still the uniform tendency is downward. We are by the very constitution and the necessities of our nature compelled to descend, and become conversant with affairs little in accordance with those high hopes, which life and immortality have brought to light. Let us then rejoice that the heaven-born spirits of our friends are no longer bound down as ours are while in this frail tabernacle of flesh. I felt it to be a matter of thanksgiving that your Heavenly Father indulged you in the precious privilege of attending your sick and dying husband, to minister to his wants. Was it not an unspeakable consolation, when his strength was departing, and you felt that the dear Savior had sent a message for him, to see him not only, not disturbed or agitated, because 'flesh and spirit were about to fail,' but exceedingly joyful in hope of soon seeing Jesus?

Dear Mrs. Marks, keep your eye of faith steadily fixed above, and your hope anchored within the vail. That the presence of God may pervade your soul from day to day, is the prayer of your sympathizing friend, L. R. FINNEY."

[From the Principal of Smithville Seminary, R. I.]

"NORTH SCITUATE, R. I. Dec. 24, 1845.

Sister Marks:—It was with deep emotions that your last came to hand, announcing the exit of your husband. I could but look back to my first meeting with him, and the happy seasons we have since enjoyed at various times. Such recollections are sweet. But when I think that one of their participants is no more on earth, it strikes a gloom, and pierces my heart with a pang of sorrow. But we must submit. We must all die. We must soon follow the departed. Then how it behooves us to live in a state of preparation for the otherwise gloomy change. Though it is painful to take the finally parting hand with the dear people of God, yet it is blissful to reflect upon their triumphant departure, and their glorious state

among the beatific above. Doubtless these subjects of reflection soothe your sorrowing heart, and alleviate your distress of spirit. * * * Hoping to meet you in the world of bliss, together with your departed husband, I subscribe myself yours truly,

HOSEA QUINBY.

[From an Episcopalian lady in Vermont,]

"ARLINGTON, Vt. Dec. 25, 1845.

My Dear Niece:— * * * * The Oberlin Evangelist, containing intelligence of the death of your beloved husband came two days ago. I cannot realize that he has closed up his earthly labors, that he is no more to go out and come in among us, or speak to us of the blessed Savior. But it is—it must be so. Were not the promise sure that the Lord is a present help in time of trouble, and did you not realize this promise, your heart would be utterly desolate: but I trust that He is your refuge in this your severe affliction—that your heart is fixed—that you can say, Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. My dear afflicted neice, how do I long to see you—to do all in my power to pour in the healing balm of consolation into your stricken bosom, but you have a Friend whose sympathy is all-powerful to relieve—who is afflicted in all your afflictions, and will save you out of them all. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. Whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth. I pray and trust that you faint not under His rebuke, but that you regard your present affliction as a token of His love, more precious than earthly friends or any earthly consideration, and that you cheerfully acquiesce in the will of God. Cast your burden, therefore, upon the Lord, who, though he afflict, will cause all things to work together for your good. Trust in Him. He will give you grace to sustain you in all the trials he sees fit to cause you to suffer. 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, that cannot be removed.' * * * * *

There is much, too, in the circumstances attending your case. His 'rough wind' has not blown upon you; though it have been 'the day of his east wind,' it has been 'tempered' to you in much mercy. Your own loss is all you have to mourn. You had the inestimable privilege of watching over your dear husband in his sickness, and administering to all his temporal wants, and also spiritual comfort, as far as earthly friends could minister; and above all you had the unspeakable consolation of witnessing the glorious triumph of his faith over the last enemy, death, and you have not a reasonable doubt but his freed spirit has entered the mansions prepared for them that love God. What ingredient more could have been added to sweeten your cup of sorrow? Next to the consolations derived from the gospel, are the testimonies of the kind remembrances and sympathy of those who loved our departed friend;

and you have many such testimonies, both written and unwritten. From the gospel, too, you have all the consolations which its divine promises afford to the believer. What an inexhaustible source of comfort! It is a fountain ever full and ever open—whence the soul, bowed down under the weight of its sorrows, may draw of the waters of life, and drink, and be satisfied—yea, its mourning be turned to joy and gladness. That this may be your experience, is the prayer of your affectionate aunt, M. TURNER.

[From the pastor of three Freewill Baptist Churches in Strafford, N. H.]

"Dec. 31, 1845.

Dear sister Marks:—The very able letter which your late and much esteemed husband recently wrote me, even when he was feeble and filled with distress, was duly received, and read with thrilling interest. * * * Before I had done reading it, a solemn and sinking feeling took hold of my heart, different from anything I ever experienced before, when reading one of his communications, and I remarked:—'Brother Marks has about done his work; he is going from his labors to rewards.'

On the 22d inst., a brother came from Dover, and said that on the Sabbath previous, Elder Perkins, who preaches to the first Freewill Baptist church, named to the congregation that brother Marks was dead!! O what reflections! O what a thrilling shock it gave me! and I replied in David's words; 'Know ye not that a great man has fallen in Israel?' Yesterday, as myself and wife were alone in our house, seeing the mail pass, she went to the Post Office and got our papers. In came the Morning Star, all in deep mourning. She commenced reading to me and weeping. I then took the paper, and read and wept, and wept and read, and even rejoiced, withal, that he who had been so strong in faith, and abundant in labors, had been so happy and victorious in death; and although he fell a martyr (as did Randall and Colby) to his zeal for the Lord of Hosts, he has gone to receive that reward which all have received who have truly laid down their lives for Christ. I thought of our first acquaintance—our hearts had ever been united like the hearts of David and Jonathan. Again, I thought of the time when he and brother Beede, with myself, composed the committee to draft the plan of our Book Establishment. They are gone. I shall soon follow. I thought of his address to the members of the last General Conference, at Plainfield, at its close, when coming down out of the desk, with tears flowing over his manly cheeks. But I will say no more about my own reflections.

My dear sister, you have abundant reason to thank God that you have been permitted to live with His faithful servant some sixteen years, and that you now have such an interest in heaven, and at-

tachment to that heavenly world as you never had before. O I do sympathize with you and your adopted daughter, as well as with the whole denomination, who, as a general thing, will be like their religious paper, *all in mourning.* * * * * You will, no doubt, in due time, prepare a second volume of brother Marks' Narrative, and should the book not be too expensive, but so low that about all may obtain it, it will have an extensive circulation, and my dear brother by it, though dead, will yet speak, to the conversion of sinners, to the comforting of saints, and the awakening and stirring up of the ministry. We must all be more faithful, more devoted. I intend to be, for one, by God's help, and so aid in making up Zion's loss. My opinion is, that, eventually, God will overrule our dear brother's death to the interests of his church. Let us remember the words he spake unto us while he was yet with us.

The kindness of Professor Finney and others at Oberlin to brother Marks will be gratefully remembered by every true Free-will Baptist.

Very affectionately your brother in tribulation,

E. PLACE."

[From the New Year's Address in the Morning Star, written by Elder A. K. Moulton of Portland, Me., one of the associate editors.]

"Some of the early patrons of the Star have gone forever: and *one*, whose name is dear to all—*one*, who helped to warm it into life, and whose 'light' has been from week to week emitted through the Star, and who has labored almost incessantly to sustain it, whose sentiments have assisted in no small degree to give a tone to our beloved denomination, whose voice has gladdened her assemblies, and whose counsels have added to her prosperity, has gone to his reward."

[From the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Roxbury, Mass., formerly a Tutor in Oberlin College.]

ROXBURY, Jan. 5, 1846.

Dear sister Marks:—We received your letter a week or two since, containing the sad news of brother Marks' death. What shall I say? How shall I express the feelings which have not yet begun to die away in my heart? Our dear brother Marks is gone! But O what a death! How gloriously triumphant! As I read the account of his last sickness, I could only read and weep, and weep and read. Never did the fountain of my soul seem to be so broken up. I cannot call it to mind without renewing the flow of tears—mingled tears of joy and grief; nor without recollecting many things in my acquaintance with brother Marks. Especially does it bring to mind the first time that I heard him preach, and the second. [I heard him only three times.] I had read his

'Narrative,' and regarded many of the statements contained in it, respecting the effect which almost always attended his preaching, as utterly unaccountable; but when I heard him the first time, which was but eighteen months since, [at Lagrange, Ohio. ED.] my incredulity entirely vanished. It was a communion season, and his subject was the Lord's Supper. It seemed to me that my soul was but a vessel of tears. I stifled my sobs, until I could not refrain from weeping aloud. It was so with many. He possessed a peculiar power to reach the fountain of sympathy within the heart. Thus it was to nearly an equal degree the second time I heard him preach, three months afterward. Is it possible that he is gone? O! can it be? Dear sister, I would not harrow up your feelings, but you will allow me to weep with you. It seems as if it could not be that I should no more see brother Marks nor hear from his lips, the melting truths of Calvary. Had I supposed that he would, ere this, have gone down to the grave, I should not so soon have hurried away, when I was at your house in August last. Yes, it is indeed true. I shall no more see my beloved brother during all the pilgrimage of earth. But surely there is another magnet to draw us heavenward; and yet how shall we do without him? We shall deeply feel his loss for many years. But especially shall I. To few persons during my life, have I felt so strong a personal attachment as to brother Marks. His was one of the warmest hearts that ever beat in the bosom of man, and one of the most generous. His was no suspicious, half-confiding friendship, but whole-souled, unsuspecting. If I mourned only my individual loss it would be irreparable. But again, I revert to the glorious death-bed triumph. Would that the infidel world could have been there, 'to see how a Christian can die.' Die! It is not death! It is but the budding forth of eternal life. Nor is such a triumph a miracle. It is only an exhibition, (such as might be common,) of the power of that full salvation which the gospel proffers, and which was the theme of brother Marks' delightful contemplation. My last conversation with him was upon this point. Even then the smiles of heaven, beaming from his face, spoke of a peace that passeth all understanding, and of joys that are unspeakable and FULL OF GLORY! Never can I forget the expression of his countenance on that day. O I would have been glad to have stood by him in the hour of his victory. Yours, dear sister, has been a peculiar privilege. You were near him to hear his words of glorious triumph.

A week ago yesterday, I preached a sermon to my congregation on the occasion of brother Marks' death, from Psalms 41:1—3; and read most of your diary in connection with my discourse. The impression made, seemed to be deep and solemn. Sobbing was

heard through all the house. I do not know but it will be true that brother Marks will be found in the day of judgment to have slain more in his death than he did during his life. I feel to consecrate myself anew to the ministry; and well may the minister of the cross, in view of such a scene, exclaim, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.' * * * * * * You have the prayers and sympathies of hundreds here, both those who have personally known you and those who have not.

From your sympathizing brother in Christ,

EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD.

[From the Morning Star, written by the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Boston, Mass, formerly a missionary to India.]

"ELDER MARKS. Week before last I took the Oberlin Evangelist out of the office, and the first thing that caught my eye was the funeral sermon of this devoted and eminently useful brother I shut myself up alone, and read and wept almost all day. O wha a triumphant death! Brother Marks died not only a Christian, bu a MAN, *a full grown man.* If ever there was any thing like clearness and strength of intellect, we find it in him to the very last. Who ever heard of an infidel, a heathen, or a man of the world, dying as brother Marks did?

On the following Sabbath I preached from the words, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;' and, at the close of my discourse, read sister Marks' journal of her husband's last days. It was a solemn and affecting time. A few days after, when brother Marks' farewell address to the denomination, and his discourse to the students of Oberlin, came out in the Star, I expected, of course, to find but a few disconnected sentences from a dying man; but when I found him reasoning as clearly and forcibly as ever I knew him to do when in health, I could but glorify God, who had given such gifts to men. In brother Marks, our denomination has lost one of its pillars—*A great man* has fallen in our Israel; but we are honored by having such a hero of the cross in heaven. I hope an able hand will assist sister Marks in collecting the materials and preparing a complete memoir of his life. Certainly no book will be in greater demand throughout our denomination. * * * * ELI NOYES.

Boston, Jan. 12, 1846."

Subsequently he wrote:—

"Dear sister—I scarcely know what to say. Your loss is great, but how can you grieve? A mind so fitted for glory ought not to

have been longer confined in a human body. O what would any of us give, to be where brother Marks is to day! I well remember the first evening I ever spent with yourself and husband. It was at the house of Deacon Hutchinson in Fayette, Me. He spoke to me about going to India. Ever since that time, you have both been near and dear to my heart. I hope, dear sister, you will have grace to enable you to bear all trials imposed upon you by a kind Parent, and that you will have friends in every time of need. * * * Thine in the Lord,

ELI NOYES."

[From the Morning Star, written by an aged minister.]

* * * "In the above mentioned meeting, [a two days meeting in Savannah, Crusoe Island, N. Y.,] I preached a funeral sermon on the death of our late departed brother, Elder David Marks. I first read his last address to the connexion, then preached a short discourse from Hebrews 11:13. 'These all died in faith,' &c. I think it was a profitable time. It was but a few miles from this place, that he experienced the reality of that Scripture, 'They that seek me early shall find me.' Yes, and on the marsh that lies along this island, is the place where he went to work on the canal to get money with which to buy his first grammar. Here I imagined I saw the drunken Catholics, giving him their sympathies, and contributing to relieve him from further toil; yes, and near this runs on the pleasant stream, where he followed his Divine Lord in the ordinance of baptism; and near here he received his first license to preach. While these things were passing in review, they had a powerful effect on myself and on the crowded audience, who had gathered through a tedious storm. Glory to God, for his triumphant death. I think his doings and sayings in his dying day will do more than all he has done in his life, for this was the crowning day of all his labor: Glory to God. I never knew how much I loved him till now. How often we have wept, and prayed, and eaten together, in the name of the Lord—and now his body lies cold and dead at Oberlin! But I shall soon shake hands with him or see him in a fairer world on high, for I feel that I am doing my last work. Farewell.

SAMUEL WIRE."

[From the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Manchester, N. H.]

MANCHESTER, Jan. 16, 1846.

Dear sister Marks:—Your sad letter came to us Dec. 19th, informing us of the death of your dear husband, our beloved brother Marks. O! it was very sad and painful news to us. Can it be possible that we shall see him no more on earth! Both myself and wife weep and deeply sympathize with you in your great loss.

Brother Marks' character was no ordinary one. With a mind deeply engrossed with great plans for the promotion of the cause of Christ, he united the kindest sympathies and most tender affection for his friends.

You know we both loved and highly esteemed your dear husband; and from my long and intimate acquaintance with him, being associated with him on the Publishing Committee, and witnessing his deep devotion to the interests of our denomination, as well as the cause generally, I became greatly attached to him, and I know of no minister among our beloved brethren, whom I regarded with greater affection. I wish I could have seen him in his last sickness. Had I known he was to be taken from us so soon, I think I should have visited Oberlin, that I might have been with him in his last moments and witnessed his triumphant death. My heart is full, I can write no more. May the Lord direct and sustain you in your severe trial and affliction.

Respectfully, your brother in Christ,

DANIEL P. CILLEY.

[From a Congregationalist lady, formerly of Oberlin.]

LAWRENCE, Van Buren Co. Mich., Jan. 18, 1846.

My dear sister Marks:—Brother J——, a graduate of Oberlin Institute, informed me that he had heard through the Evangelist of your dear husband's death. This was indeed painful intelligence to us. My husband was deeply affected as well as myself. Brother Marks was very dear to us. We have loved to review the pleasant seasons spent with him, and dwell upon the wholesome admonition and sweet counsel we have often received from his lips. But, although we were deeply grieved to hear that our dear sister was left without a companion in this vale of tears, still we could but rejoice that our brother was at rest. He has lived a life of toil, of pain, and suffering. He has been a means, in his Master's hand, of winning many souls to Christ, and who shall say that in taking him hence, and laying him low in the tomb, God hath not done all things well. * * * * * Husband has just returned from the sanctuary, says there was no preaching, and as one of our neighbors had received the Morning Star containing the account of your dear companion's death, they proposed that husband should read brother Finney's sermon and brother Marks' farewell address. He said he tried to do so, but was so much affected that he could only read brother Finney's sermon, and a part of the extracts. There are several here who have heard brother Marks preach, and it was, no doubt, more interesting to them than any thing else would have been.

It must have been a very interesting sight to see your husband triumphing so gloriously in the arms of death. Surely, my dear sister, you have abundant reason to rejoice that in his sickness and death, God was so greatly glorified. I have, in imagination, pictured to myself the trying hour when he departed, and it has seemed to me, that it must have been a scene well worthy the attention of angels, and one upon which Christians could gaze with great delight. Truly, in life and death he glorified his Heavenly Father, and we should not wish him here to suffer again. Still I know you must feel his loss very deeply. You have so long had such anxious care for him, and formed all your plans of life in reference to him, that I am sure you must miss him every where. * * * * * * But thus it is, our dear Heavenly Father cuts asunder one tie after another that unites our affections to earth, until at last we feel that verily this is not our abiding house, and here is no rest. * * * * *

Your truly affectionate sister,

O. THOMPSON.

[From the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Ridgeway, N. Y.]

January 20, 1846.

Afflicted sister:—Your letter addressed to me, dictated by your husband, our dear brother, in his last illness, did not come to hand until we received the sad news of his death. * * * * The untiring efforts of our much esteemed and lamented brother Marks in the cause of God, and his devotion to the interests of our denomination, are too well known, and too generally acknowledged, to need comment by myself. I read with deep interest, the account of his last illness and his triumphant death, and while I could but weep for departed worth, I felt stimulated to new vigor in the cause of God. I read his address delivered to the students and people at Oberlin to my congregation. It is needless to say it was listened to with deep interest. * * * * May you be sustained in your deep affliction.

With due respect, your brother,

H. GILMAN.

[From the wife of Elder P. W. Belknap.]

BOSTON, N. Y. Feb. 10, 1846.

My dear afflicted sister Marks:—'It is all over! It is past!' O how these words thrilled and vibrated through my whole soul, as my dear husband tremblingly opened and hastily read from your affecting letter. I anticipated the sequel. I knew the arrow had flown, and the spirit of your much loved husband was gone! gone! gone! I had feared this might be the next intelligence we should have, yet I was unprepared to receive it. I had anxiously hoped

that the severing blow might a little longer be withheld, and your dear companion spared to comfort you, and bless our beloved Zion. But, my dear sister, it is God who has done it, and in the glorious and triumphant death of your 'now angel husband,' how much of his salvation has been exhibited. O, I praise God, that you have been enabled to realize it, and notwithstanding the indescribable loneliness which ever and anon sweeps over your smitten heart, I trust you still prove God's grace sufficient for you. Not a hair of your head can fall without his notice. O how safe to trust in such an Almighty arm! Precious resting place! Mr. Belknap received your mournful letter the Saturday after it was written. He appeared very solemn, but did not inform me of it till after supper, when he opened and read. We had company. Our feelings you can faintly imagine. Sighs and tears flowed profusely. And then that memorable Star that came to us in robes of widowhood! O what feelings it awakened! Mr. Belknap said he had been looking for it, and thought he was prepared to receive it—yet when it came to hand, his feelings were indescribable and almost uncontrollable. He endeavored to make use of it for the good of his weeping flock, some of whom were brought into the fold through the faithful labors of your companion. O the awful grandeur of that solemn moment, in which, from your own arms, your earthly all was yielded back into the arms of the Giver. Doubtless God and angels admired, as the still dark wave bore him away to the other side of Jordan. Often in my fancy have I traced your quiet step from one apartment to another of your peaceful yet lonely abode, and heard the suppressed sigh, as you saw—here, his long loved library filled with marks from his own pencil as emphatic sentences caught his penetrating eye—there, a garment left only to tell, 'He is gone!'—yonder, his table spread with valuable papers, filed and bound with his own hand, together with his stationery, invaluable letters to yourself, &c., all mournfully responding, 'He is not here!' O I seem even now to hear his melting strains, as he prayed for us when we last visited you. Shall I never again hear his mild voice? But forgive, sister, I did not mean to make your full heart bleed afresh. Hark! I hear a voice from the Lord, saying: 'Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' Your 'angel husband' rests!—but his works follow him. Mr. Belknap, a few days since, followed one of his brothers to the grave, who was converted through your husband's labors, when a lone youth he was travelling in western New York, warning sinners to flee the wrath to come. Methinks as his spirit entered glory, another star is added to your sainted husband's crown, while seraphs sing,

'Their works do follow them.' And does his work now cease? No. It goes on, and will continue to go on, widening and deepening, shedding a hallowed influence upon each successive generation to the latest period of time, while he continues to shine as a magnificent star forever and ever. And do you not, my dear sister, feel that even now he may be doing, as he desired, the work of a guardian angel, ministering unto you in lone widowhood? To deprive me of the belief that I enjoy this boon of love, would be to deprive me of one of the most soothing cordials (aside from the smiles of my Heavenly Father) that has ever been administered to me, since the angel of death commenced his desolations among my choice ones. Often, when afflicted, have I seemed to hear their sweet voices, saying, 'Sister, daughter, do not weep! life's night will soon be past, and then we'll welcome your spirit to the home of the blessed.'

I have read your letter again and again to those who have called. The stranger has wept, while the conviction of the reality of the Christian's hope, and its supporting power under such a bereavement, has evidently fastened upon his mind. * * * Your friends, from New England to the far west, are very numerous, and they will not, cannot forget you. No, no, so long as one of our denomination remains, the labors of your departed husband will be held in sacred remembrance. * * * * * Your welfare, dear sister, interests our deepest sympathies. Permit me again to say, don't yield to despondency. Farewell.

Your ever affectionate and sympathizing sister,

C. A. Belknap.

[From Miss Emily A. F. Winsor, R. I.]

Greenville, Feb. 18, 1846.

My dear sister:—The press announces your severe bereavement, and though I know you have all the consolation that one could have who had lost a friend, still your loss is great. But great as is this loss to you and all Elder Marks' immediate family, it is *greater* to a dying world; and for this reason I particularly mourn his departure. On the morning of the 7th inst., my dear mother communicated the news of your husband's death—much overcome. It was to her almost insupportable. He had not, I presume, a warmer friend, than my mother. She asked, 'Was he not the most remarkable man you ever knew?' I can truly answer, 'Yes,' and repeat in my grand-father's words, [Judge Foster. Ed.] 'Elder Marks' Journal was the most remarkable Journal I ever read.' My brother William, though a little boy, read it aloud to the family evening after evening, until he had read the whole. * * * * Were I acquainted with Professor Finney, I

would send to him my heartfelt thanks for his attentions to Elder Marks, one of my dearest Christian friends. I love to dwell upon his memory. I have not a relative deceased, who was so endeared to me, and to whom I owed so much. EMILY.

[From Elder Joseph B. Davis.]

JAMAICA PLAINS, April 20, 1846.

Dear sister in Christ:—The storm has passed—the trial is over—the active, energetic spirit of your husband, our beloved brother, and God's faithful servant, has finished its earthly course, accomplished its work and entered into rest. We are sorry for you, we mourn for our denomination, and the world, that death's dark cloud should blot out his full-orbed sun of usefulness in its glorious noonday, from our dark world. But we are glad that death could neither darken nor obscure those brilliant and glorious rays, which shone forth with such heavenly splendor, in his last clear and peaceful moments—rays, which even now gild our moral heavens, and which must continue to shine while the church exists or the world stands. He is dead, yet speaketh—gone, yet here—although in heaven, he lives and works among us. He indeed was a peculiar man, sent to a peculiar people, in a peculiar time, to accomplish a peculiar work. He has done it in haste, and gone, and left us gazing after him.

Your husband possessed a strong, deep, clear, original, well cultivated mind, and most severely disciplined; cultivated and disciplined alone for the cause of Christ, in which he was always overactive. His style, arrangement, and manner of delivery, were peculiarly his own. His easy unaffected manners, always accompanied with great simplicity, and his warm gushing heart, overflowing with kind feelings, could never fail to secure the love of those blessed with his society. His time, talents, and all his energies, were laid upon the altar of his God, and he was most emphatically wedded to the people among whom God sent him to labor. With them he identified himself and his earthly all. * * * *

Your brother in Christ, J. B. DAVIS.

[From the President of Oberlin Collegiate Institute, to a friend in Hartford, Ct.]

* * * * "I will give you a few facts pertaining to the character of Elder Marks, in the estimation, not only of his own, but of other denominations of Christians. 1. His natural talents were altogether above the ordinary stamp. This is evinced by the fact that, though he commenced his ministry when very young, and with little education, he at once acquired a commanding influence as a preacher and as a man, which influence continued to increase till the close of his ministry. 2. In labors in the cause of Christ, he was more abundant than any man I ever knew. 3. In the midst of the most arduous and unremitted labors, he was a pre-

eminently studious man. Even when walking or riding, he had some useful book or publication in hand, which he was continuously reading, and few I believe could give a better account of what they had been reading than he. No hour with him, during his waking moments, was idly spent. 4. In respect to his Christian character, its prominent features were pure integrity, benevolence, self-forgetful devotion to doing good, and an enlarged and tender philanthropy. I should mention other characteristics did my space permit. Sure I am, that the above is not an overdrawn picture. Such would be the verdict of all the friends of our common Lord of every name who knew Elder Marks. His works will follow him, and his Memoirs, I doubt not, descend as a sweet savor to distant generations.

Yours with much esteem, A. MAHAN.

The following Resolutions have passed by different Associations of Churches.

[Exeter quarterly meeting, in the state of Maine, at its January session, 1846.]

"*Resolved*, That the labors, life, and devotion of the late Elder David Marks, to promote the interests of our beloved Zion, and the cause of God generally, and his triumphant death, should stimulate us, as a people, to devote our lives, with all we have and are, to the cause of God, and should strengthen our confidence in the religion of Jesus Christ, as being an antidote for all the ills of this inconstant life, affording support to the afflicted, sustaining the dying, and preparing the soul for immortal glory beyond this vale of tears."

[London quarterly meeting, Upper Canada, at its January session, 1846.]

"*Resolved*, That this Conference deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow and the Free-will Baptist connexion in the loss they have sustained by the death of our brother, Elder Marks."

[Geauga quarterly meeting, Ohio, at its February session, 1846.]

"*Resolved*, That we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in our denomination by the death of our dear brother, Elder David Marks, and feel in our hearts to sympathize with our dear sister in the loss of her husband. And we feel called upon, by this providence, to consecrate ourselves anew to the cause of God, and seek that holiness of heart that rendered him an efficient laborer, and carried him triumphantly over the Jordan of death."

[New Hampshire yearly meeting, at its June session, 1846.]

"Whereas, since we last met in yearly meeting, we have been called to record the death of our late beloved brother, Elder DAVID MARKS, who has labored much for our denomination, and more in this yearly meeting than any other excepting the Holland Purchase, Therefore,

Resolved, That in his death the connexion has sustained a great and painful loss.

Resolved, That we are thankful for the efforts now being made for publishing the Memoirs of brother Marks, that we may be favored with his wisdom and experience; and are happy to see the subscription for that work so large and still increasing."

—

From the Morning Star.

To the Memory of Elder David Marks.

Alas! alas! and can it be, that thou art with the dead!
That thou, from all who loved thee here, hast like a vision fled!
Ah! little deemed we that so soon, the shadows of the tomb
Should shroud thy glorious noon-day sun in everlasting gloom—
That thou in life's high prime shouldst fall, as a tempest-riven tree,
Ah! little deemed we that so soon the grave would shelter thee!

Ere, in thy sky the golden tints of morning all were dead,
Or from thy path, its balmy dew or fragrant breath had fled,
Thou, with a willing heart didst turn, from earthly snares away,
And on the altar of thy God, thyself an offering lay;
And like the Hebrew prophet, thou didst early learn to know
Jehovah's voice, though it were heard in whispers soft and low.

'Tis but as yesterday, we saw thy kindled brow and eye,
As thou, with steady hand, did'st bear the gospel banner high;
And on the stormy battle-field, when Zion's foes were near,
Wert cheering on the scattered hosts,—thy cheek unblanched with fear;
For thou, with heaven-wrought panoply, did'st arm thee for the strife,
Prepared for Jesus' sake to spend thy honor, and thy life.

How often has thy warning voice been here among us heard;
And by thy thrilling eloquence, our spirits deeply stirred!—
Ay, round our hearths and o'er our hills thy heavenly words have rung,
And many a listening multitude have on thy accents hung;
And in our hearts, like holy fire, thy fervent thoughts have burned,
—They were not of the earth, and hence they have to heaven returned.

God called thee mid thy faithful toil to lay thine armor by,
And ceasing from thy earthly work, to join the hosts on high;
And mid thy dying strife, a strain of holy triumph rose,
As when to seek his happy home, a care-worn exile goes;
For light, from that celestial world, was o'er thy spirit shed,
And angels round thy humble couch their glittering pinions spread.

No more, no more, the fainting frame the restless spirit chains,
Nor night, nor sleep, from its high work, thy angel wing detains—
Thou art amid the hosts who bow around Jehovah's throne,
Rejoicing to obey His will, and make His glories known;

And loud thy rapturous songs arise amid the holy choir,
For even here, like his of old, thy lips were touched with fire.

Farewell! we know that thou art blest, and yet our tears will flow,
For Zion's sake we hoped that thou wouldst longer dwell below!
Love casts its offerings on the sod, which now doth cover thee;
But faith, with joyous eye, looks up thy angel form to see;
And hope illumes with holy light thy mansion in the dust,
And waits, till from its cold embrace, immortal life shall burst.

V. G. R.

From the Oberlin Evangelist.

On the Death of Elder Marks.

Haste! angels have called thee, away to thy home!
We may not detain thee, the Spirit says "Come,
Come home, wearied spirit, thy works are all done,
Thy task is accomplished, thy victory won."

'Tis surely the music of heaven's own choir
That has lit up thy soul with undying fire;
The harps of the seraphs have struck on thine ear,
And waked a response in thy bosom e'en here.

'Twas the love of thy Savior that sent thee to weep
O'er the woes of a world long buried in sleep;
It sent thee to labor, forbade thee to rest,
Chased sleep from thine eyes, and repose from thy breast.

It sent thee to weep o'er the young and the gay,
And to win back the lovely from death's beaten way;
It taught thee to watch and to mourn over sin,
Till the sad heart grew faint, and the wearied eye dim.

And thy spirit with joy took its heavenward way,
But a sweet smile it left on its mansion of clay,
And the wings of bright angels that still lingered there,
Gently brushed from thy brow every vestige of care.

Farewell, then, 'tis meet that the toil-worn should rest,
Who have labored and prayed that a world might be blest;
In thy crown of rejoicing gleams many a gem,
And the jewels that shine there shall time never dim.

Full many a spirit hath welcomed thee there
Thou hast labored and toiled for, and wept over, here;
How joyful that meeting—Ah, well may the song
Burst warm from the bosom of that holy throng.

And well may we smile o'er thy perishing clay,
And rejoice that thy spirit so soon passed away:
Thou hast gone 'mong the holy, the perfect, to dwell,
Thou hast gone—and we bid thee a joyful farewell.

M. R. McB.

Oberlin, December, 1845.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Although the distinctive features in the character of Mr. Marks stand out with prominence upon the surface of the preceding history, still there are a few incidents not introduced into the body of the work, which perhaps present those distinctive features in a still bolder light.

One distinguishing characteristic, as has been already seen, was his untiring industry. Perhaps no man ever lived who set a greater value upon his time. Seldom, if ever, could he take up the lamentation, "I have lost a day!" if indeed he could say, "I have lost an hour!" The following incidents will illustrate this point, and also exemplify his particularity in the most trivial things which infringed upon his moments. On one occasion, a few months before his death, an inmate of his house blew out his candle without saturating the wick with the tallow, as was his custom in order to make it ignite more readily. The next morning, he said to the individual, very solemnly, "Do you know that you have robbed me of one minute of my precious time?" "How," was the response. "It took me one minute longer than usual to light my candle, in consequence of the manner in which you extinguished it last night." Having, in early life, severely tasked and disciplined his mind by study and intense thinking in the midst of company, he suffered little annoyance from calls, even when pressed with labor. After explaining the importance of his engagements, to those who called, and apologizing for his seeming want of attention, he would request them to converse just as they would if he were disengaged. He would then resume his writing or reading, and at the same time carry on his share of the conversation. From his eminently social disposition, he enjoyed society with the keenest relish, but he never suffered himself to indulge in visits to his friends, only so far as he thought he could promote their spiritual interests. When urged to spend more time with them, he would say to them, if they were Christians, "Soon we shall have an eternity to visit in." As he seldom laid aside his books when riding, on account of a storm, they would often get injured; and if any one suggested that it was not good economy to use books thus, he would reply by giving his valuation in money of one, two, or more hours' study, and then the cost of the book, and according to his estimate, the pecuniary advantage was much in his favor. His reading was always of the solid kind. He had no moments to waste on the ephemeral productions of the press. He remarked not long before his death, that he had never read a novel. Life with him was too serious to waste on such trifles. His mind, trained to such activity in his waking moments, was often in his hours of sleep occupied with the

same momentous subjects, and he would pray and preach for a long time, frequently awaking all in the house.

He was emphatically a happy man, even in his most adverse circumstances. Few ever enjoyed life better than he. He lived in the sunshine—in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and joy, and though at times he was weighed down with an oppressive sense of his responsibilities, yet these seasons were but as "passing clouds, shading a path usually bright." This was doubtless owing in part to a very happy natural temperament, but it should be mainly attributed to his strong confidence in God. His firm, heartfelt assurance of a state of eternal blessedness for the righteous, scattered joy and gladness in his pathway, while it enabled him to look upon the trials of this brief life as of little moment. The religion of the Bible was to him, as he expressed it, a "tangible reality," absorbing all other claims and filling the whole sphere of his vision. He thought, planned, prayed, studied, and labored, as if he had no interest separate from the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, and whenever matters relating to its success were presented, "his own things" were the last and least which occupied his thoughts.

Another very prominent feature of his character was his crucifixion to the world. Indeed, he seemed to live so much above it, as to lose all desire for worldly fame or honor. Especially was this true of him during the last years of his life. Envy was a passion that had no resting place in his bosom. If good could be accomplished, he cared little who had the honor. If others could be more useful than himself, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Though frank and open almost to a fault, yet knowing a little "what was in man"—that eminence exposed its possessor to the envy and jealousy of little minds—he frequently sought privacy in the execution of his plans for doing good, persuading others to take the lead, and charging them, to use his own language, not to let it be suspected that the "hand of Joab" was there. In this manner he effected much for God and his generation, which will remain unknown till the judgment. He feared and dreaded the praise of men, not that he did not naturally love it, but he trembled, lest it might tempt him to seek worldly honor. Against this, he watched, and struggled, and prayed. The following incident is a specimen of the care with which he guarded his heart. During the fourth session of the General Conference in Rhode Island, 1830, he preached a sermon much to the acceptance of the audience, and which was blessed to the conversion of several souls. Soon after the close of the meeting, sorrow was depicted on his countenance, and he hastened to be alone. A friend inquired the cause of his sadness. He replied, mournfully, "Brother —— [a minister of considerable influence] has been talking to me just like satan." "What has he

said?" the friend inquired. "As I was coming out of the church, he said to me, 'Brother Marks, you have preached well to-day,' and satan had just told me the same." He never seemed elated by success. Indeed, his greatest seasons of humiliation generally followed his most successful efforts.

In his preaching, he was remarkably affectionate and pathetic. After portraying the dreadful condition of the impenitent, his own feelings would often become almost uncontrollable, tears would trickle down his face, and frequently he would kneel in the midst of his sermon, and pour out in prayer the gushing desires of his heart for the salvation of his hearers. The effect produced was often like an electric shock. At other times, while urging his appeals to the consciences of sinners, he would descend from the desk, as though he thought if he were nearer the people, the truths he was urging would find more access to their hearts.

Notwithstanding tenderness was a prominent characteristic of his preaching and of his intercourse with society, yet he was bold and fearless in his reproofs of sin, and when he thought the occasion demanded, he was very severe. About two years previous to his death, he said to his companion, on returning from Pittsfield, (a town adjacent to Oberlin,) "To-day, for the first time in my life, I told a man he lied." She replied, "You were not so abrupt as to use that language?" "Yes, I said in so many words, 'You lie.' I said it, because he did lie, and faithfulness to his soul made it my duty to tell him so. I was at the house of brother J——s. A man was present who went on for some time with a tirade of falsehoods about Oberlin. At length, he said that amalgamation with the colored people prevailed very extensively. I then asked him if he knew his statement to be true. He said, 'Yes, I have often been in Oberlin, and there is hardly a child to be seen in the street that is not as red as a copper cent.' I fixed my eye upon him for a moment, and then, in a perfectly calm and kind manner, said to him, Sir, you lie, and you *know* you do. I live in Oberlin, and there has never been a case of marriage there between the white and colored people. The man seemed thunder-struck. I supposed that he was an infidel, or some one who had no regard for his reputation as a man of truth, but, to my surprise, I afterwards learned that he was a professor of religion."

In the domestic virtues, Mr. Marks eminently excelled. He was emphatically, "The light and the joy of his house." As a son, he was a pattern of filial piety. No mother was ever more tenderly beloved by a child than was the mother of Mr. Marks. Though she had long lain in the grave, yet his love for her was "fresh and fragrant to the last." She was indeed worthy of his affection, and though she lived in obscurity, she was one of that noble band of

mothers, whose piety and maternal government have made them benefactors of the world. Few days of his life ever passed in which he did not allude to her; and when he was crossing death's dark river, his eye shone with unwonted lustre, as he spoke of soon seeing his dear mother. It has been said that "Trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character." Mr. Marks ascribed to the decision and firmness of his mother on one occasion, an influence which decided his future course. When he was about ten years of age, he was very anxious to visit a certain place, and for several days before he ventured to ask permission, exerted himself in every possible way to please his mother, hoping thereby to secure her assent. But his request was denied. He was greatly disappointed, and could not see the reasonableness of her refusal. Though always trained to habits of implicit obedience, yet in this instance, he was so intent on the gratification of his wishes, that he persuaded himself to think that she was wrong, and he resolved to make the desired visit. He knew his mother would punish him, yet he thought she was so tender-hearted that she would not be severe, and he would rather endure some chastening than not enjoy his anticipated pleasure. He began to make preparation. His mother inquired with surprise, "Where are you going?" He told her. "But," she replied, "I said to you that you could not go." "I know you did," he calmly answered, "but I think it is my duty to go." "Indeed," said she, "it is then my duty to punish you till you change your views." He persisted in his course. Without any further reasoning, she used the rod. For a time he bore it without complaint, thinking the tenderness of her heart would unnerve her, but the stripes becoming more and more severe, he was obliged to cry out for pain. He then thought he would frighten her, and falling on the ground, groaned out, "Mother, you will kill me." She replied, "Such a rebellious child ought to die. It is written in the law of Moses, that a stubborn and rebellious son that will not obey the voice of his mother should be stoned to death." [Deut. 21:18—21.] He now began to fear he should die, when the thought of meeting God in the very act of disobeying the command to honor his parents, filled him with unutterable horror, and he sobbed out, "O mother, can you forgive your wicked son? I will submit." Her strength failed, and bursting into tears, she said, "O my son! my son! never did I expect such a trial as this from you. You don't know what suffering you have caused me: but I knew that you were ruined if I did not subdue you." Her words increased his distress a hundred fold. His broken heart was filled with anguish, and a sense of his sinfulness never left him till he gave himself to God. In after years, and indeed, until the

close of his life, he seldom ever related this circumstance without shedding bitter tears.

He was ever much interested in the simplicity and innocence of children, and was always a great favorite with the children of families where, in his travels, he was accustomed to call. After winning their confidence, he would labor in the most affectionate manner to impress their minds with a sense of their duty to God, and many of them have in consequence been converted. He used to say, he loved little children, because Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

God has said, "Them that honor me, I will honor." Here lies the secret of Mr. Marks' influence and success. He honored God by his simple faith, and reliance on his word, and God verified his promise, not only through his whole life, but in permitting him, in the hour of his dissolution, to bear a glorious testimony to the reality of the Christian's hope. It may be truly said of him, in the beautiful language of Tupper, that,

"In childhood, he loved holiness and drank from that fountain-head of peace;
Wisdom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in purity;
He lived unpolluted by the world, and his young heart hated sin;
His friends were the excellent among men, and the bands of their friendship were strong.
His house was the palace of peace, for the Prince of peace was there.
Thus did he walk in happiness, while
The light of affection sunned his heart, and the tear of the grateful bedewed his feet.
He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,
While the busy satellites of evil trembled, as at God's ally.
He used his goods as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity;
He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him to the last:
And after many days, when the time of his release was come,
I longed for a congregated world to behold that dying saint.
As the aloe is green and well-liking to the last summer of its age,
And then hangeth out its golden bells to mingle glory with corruption;
As a meteor travelleth in splendor, but bursteth in dazzling light,
Such was his end: his death was the sun at its setting."