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REV. WM. H. WINANS.

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THE
SUCCESSFUL YOUNG EVANGELIST.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

BRIEF BUT BRILLIANT CAREER

OF

WM. HENRY WINANS,

WESLEYAN PREACHER,

CONTAINING SOME EXTRACTS FROM

HIS CORRESPONDENCE AND JOURNAL.

ALSO,

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY, BUT HAPPY
DEATH OF HIS BROTHER WILBUR:

BY

CONRAD VAN DUSEN,

MINISTER OF THE GÓSPEL, AUTHOR OF "THE INDIAN CHIEF,"
"PRACTICAL THEOLOGY," "THE PRODIGY," &c., &c.

TORONTO:

PUBLISHED BY A. DREDGE & CO.

1870.

343735
16.4.30.

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in
the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy, by
CONRAD VAN DUSEN, in the Office of the Minister of Agri-
culture.

TO
DOCTOR AND MRS. WINANS,
PARENTS
OF THE SUBJECTS OF THIS
MEMOIR,
THIS VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY THE
AUTHOR

PRINTED AND STEREOTYPED BY ROBERTSON & COOK,
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH PRINTING HOUSE, TORONTO.

P R E F A C E .

This work has not been written in view of making any panegyrical allusions to the subject of the memoir, but to glorify the Grace of God in a youthful, but eminent instrument in the hands of God in saving sinners. Nor has it been written because of anything exclusive in its historical importance. But the author trusts that the intrinsic value of this volume will be found in its remarkable exhibition of sublime christian character.

Also it is hoped that the examples and lessons of personal religion, with which it abounds, may render the work valuable to all classes of christians, who may give it a perusal. It is especially recommended to the consideration of young Ministers and Sabbath Schools, as it affords a rare example of unaffected and deep-toned piety and usefulness of a youthful, but faithful laborer in our Lord's vineyard, who accomplished more for the salvation of souls during his brief ministerial career, than has been accomplished by some old "veterans of the Cross," during a long pilgrimage.

That his example of piety, zeal, and success in the ministry may be preserved to the world, this volume has been written, and is now presented to the public, with the best wishes, and fervent prayers of the Author, that it may prove a blessing to many, by influencing them to imitate this pattern of youthful piety.

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THE SUCCESSFUL YOUNG EVANGELIST.

CHAPTER I.

A Remarkable Instance of the Power of Divine Grace—Errors in some Parents in Regard to Children being Recognized Members of the Visible Church of Christ—Method by which a Mother controlled her Son.

A REMARKABLE instance of the power of Divine Grace was wonderfully manifested in the useful life, and very brief but brilliant career of William Henry Winans, the subject of our *sketch*. He was the eldest son of Dr. Henry B. and Melison Winans, of Exeter, in the western part of Canada.

A short account of a circumstance that occurred when he was a boy, subsequently written by himself in his Journal, does not appear to have been designed, by him, for publication; but as he states merely to keep in remembrance the “past mercies and blessings of the Lord so freely bestowed upon *him*.”

As it describes the method by which his mother controlled him when a small boy, I will give it a place in the closing part of this chapter, hoping

that mothers who may chance to read it, may be interested and profited by a careful perusal of it.

Also, it will be observed that he refers to his father's unwillingness to allow him, when only about eight years old, to have his name enrolled upon a class-book, when he so anxiously desired to become an acknowledged member of the church. This is an error into which many pious Methodist parents have fallen. It is a pity that so many devout christians suppose that they should not influence their children to become members of the visible Church of Christ until they arrive at more mature age, and become responsible for their own actions. They suppose that after their children grow up in sin, and then, repent and become converted to God, *that* is the right time for them to be admitted as members of the Methodist Church. This kind of performance they consider their duty, instead of influencing their children, from infancy up, through all the stages of human life (while under their control) to partake of the "Lord's Supper," and attend class meetings, and all other public and private means of grace, and thus train up their children in the church, and emphatically members of the Church of Christ.

Children should be taught that the sacred pale of the Church is around them, and that, for their daily walk and conduct they are responsible to their God, to their parents, and to the Church of which they are members. Being thus instructed they will be encouraged in the use of the means to obtain, possess and enjoy, even in childhood, and in youth, that experimental religion which is essential to shield them from the snares of the "great adversary," comfort them in life, and give support in the hour of death.

The extract from his Journal, is as follows :

"A short sketch of my early days to bring to memory the many wonderful dealings of the Lord to me, even from childhood, &c.

"I was born in the town of Rockford, Illinois, U. S., in the year 1840. My parents were both pious members of the Methodist Church in that part of the country. I was early led to the house of God, and taught in ways of righteousness—often talked to in reference to salvation. In the year 1841, my parents moved to "Fairplay," a small town in the State of Wisconsin. Here my first recollection begins. I have a remembrance of the place, its appearance, its situation, its inhabitants, &c. I can now see before me the old

house on the hill; it was of hewn logs, height, a story and a half; although not much of a residence it was the best in that place, and considered quite a house. When about five years old I was sent to school, to a little school house in the suburbs. How well I remember the first morning, and the awful horror I had of the "school master." Unfortunately, the man's name was "Skinner," this of course conveyed to my mind the idea of skinning, and as I thought, he cruelly skinned the boys alive. I suppose I got this from hearing some of the larger children comparing him to a skinner. After sundry preparations, such as cleaning, combing, and many directions to be a "good boy," thoughtfully given by my mother, I started, and managed to get to the school house, but could not enter until the teacher came out and kindly spoke to me, at the same time taking my hand and leading me in. Only those who recollect their first days in school can imagine my feelings. Every child stared at me, although they had often played with me before. Oh! how my heart beat; but I lived through it, and soon became much attached to the awful 'Skinner' and his school.

"Fairplay was situated in the midst of a mining district, and was a kind of headquarters for 'all

sorts.' There was a great amount of swearing, drinking, and consequently plenty of fighting constantly going on. It was a remarkable thing if one day passed without bloodshed. While here, I took the liberty to try my mouth at swearing; but my punishment was such that I never tried it since. My uncle George, living with us at the time, was forever teasing me. One afternoon I was on the verandah playing, and he caught my head between his knees, and thus held me for some time, of course this was not very pleasing to me. After trying in vain to get free I became vexed and angrily *cursed him*. My mother being in the room near heard me. She came out, took me by the hand, led me up stairs to her room, put me inside and locked the door. She did not speak to me; this hurt me more than a good whipping. I was left to my own thoughts for two hours, and oh! what a two hours! I tried to amuse myself every way I could, but all to no purpose; I marked on the window with my fingers; counted the panes of glass, the nails and cracks in the floor and wall, imagined these were rivers, used feathers for boats and every other childish thing I could think of. Finally I gave up to a flood of tears. Oh! how bitterly I wept! I felt I had done wrong. My

mother came up to the door and kindly asked me if I wanted some tea? In a moment my old temper again rose, and I said no, she turned and left with a sad countenance. The next time she came she brought the Bible, read a chapter and explained it to me. Still, I was hard and rebellious, but when she knelt down to pray, and I saw the big tears falling down from her eyes, I could hold out no more. She prayed for me, and then I prayed for myself; I rose from my knees a wiser and better boy. This was my first and last oath. That circumstance is as clear to my mind, this day, as though it was an occurrence of yesterday.

“In the year 1846, we moved to Galena; here we lived some time, and in the winter of 1849, I attended a protracted meeting, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Phelps, and experienced religion. I was very anxious to join the church, but my father thought me too young; yet I then had as correct views of my duty as ever I have had since. Not joining the church, and when from under the paternal roof, having no special restraint, I shortly afterwards lost what I had obtained. Part of the time, while in Galena, I attended school, and the rest of the time I was in a store, although young.

“Even here, in youth, the Lord was my supporter. In 1852, we moved to Canada; the first winter I spent in a store in Picton, with Paul Washburn; in the summer following we moved to Georgetown; I was immediately placed in a store, kept by Henry Wright, and for three years I was off and on in his employment.

“Not long after this, I went to Brampton, and engaged in a store with Mr. Bucham. Here I spent one winter; trade with him being pretty dull, we tried in various ways to amuse ourselves; he being a great chequer player, of course, wanted me to learn, too; which I did. When tired of chequers we tried marbles, and so we spent hour after hour. One day, when playing chequers, we were interrupted by customers coming in, and when we resumed the game, he said I had moved the ‘men’ on the board. I denied it, for I had not. He persisted in it. So I said I would not finish the game, when he snatched up the board and split it over his knee, and then put it in the stove, so it ended for a time. In about a week he made another, and brought it out to play, to which I refused. He got in a rage, but I was firm, this ended my playing chequers; but it created such a thirst for it, that I had hard work to break it

off. I remained with him about eight or nine months; then went home. Soon after, I engaged in a store of Chas. Dolson's, in Georgetown, and stayed with him until he broke up business."

Some parents appear to manifest a concern when they discover any tendency of early piety in their children, they fear that, in them, the old adage may be verified—"a young saint, an old devil." But we have known many youths in their tender years deeply pious, and when grown up to mature age, continue to be patterns of piety, and pillars in the Church of Christ. Too seldom is piety to God cultivated in the infant mind. Parents should not fail to encourage their children in the earnest pursuit of experimental religion in early life; and also, influence them to grow up within the sacred pale of the Christian Church.

It is not to be wondered at, that infant piety is so very rare in some families, when we consider the general listlessness of parents in the discharge of duty to their families—duties which are verily fraught with a dreadful responsibility.

It is fondly hoped that all who read these pages may be influenced to imitate the parents of this youth, in the right method of controlling and cultivating early piety in the hearts of children.

CHAPTER II.

Early Business Habits—Mental Culture—Paternal Example Appreciated—Piety in the Whirl of Business—Token of Brotherly Affection.

FROM childhood he was distinguished for being sprightly, affable, and cheerful, and possessed one of the most kind and affectionate hearts that ever throbbed in the human breast. When only eight or ten years of age, he evinced an early development of mind. In his deportment he was even then like a man in miniature. He was fair and comely, bright and lively; gloom never rested on his brow. Also, he was of a business-like turn of mind. When but a boy, he could transact business quicker, and more accurately than some "business men" of riper years, and much experience. He had early opportunities in a common school to obtain the rudiments of an English education, and subsequently made considerable proficiency in the classics, and most of the solid branches of literature at the Normal School, in Toronto. In his studies he was more distinguished for lively, quick, sprightliness, than for slow, deep mental plodding.

Judging from observation, it often appears that

some people are naturally more wayward and inclined to go astray than others. Admitting this principle, William Henry did not require that degree of restraint that was necessary for many other youths of his age. He not only possessed a warm and an affectionate heart, but a noble soul, and always maintained a character for truthfulness and sterling integrity.

The tender admonitions and christian example of pious parents were highly appreciated and observed by him, not only in childhood and in youth but in more mature age; even up through his brief career in life, he continued to acknowledge his appreciation of paternal example and instruction. Such was the warmth of his affection, and his daily walk, and willing obedience to his parents, that he could not but be the more esteemed by them. Indeed, many have thought he was almost an idol in the family. He was also a general favorite among his associates. An artless, sweet spirited little girl, was once asked by her father, "Why it was that everybody loved her so much?" In her childlike simplicity, she replied, she "Did not know, unless it was because she loved everybody." This principle held good in his case—he was esteemed and loved by all who knew him.

Also, he was the subject of many prayers, and under the hallowing influence and example of pious parents he was converted to God, according to his own account, at an early age, and ever after adorned his profession by a uniform and consistent course through life.

In the autumn of 1856, previous to his attending the Normal School, in Toronto, he was employed as a clerk in a large and respectable dry goods store in that city; but even in the whirl of business, he maintained that deep tone of piety which is the only shield for a youth surrounded by the many snares and pitfalls of ruin for the wayward, which are to be found in the metropolis of any country.

His piety was as constant as it was uniform and even when engaged in the blustering commercial scenes in a city store, or when subsequently pursuing his studies at the Normal School, his mind was constantly absorbed in spiritual things. His thoughts, affections, and desires, all seemed to go out continually after the Great Fountain of Bliss. Religion was his constant theme, and in it his soul took delight; even at this early part of his history, his diary abounds with exultations and praise to God, for His abounding mercy and grace.

In one part of his diary he speaks of being engaged in a prayer meeting with the people of God, and two persons "came forward, one seeking pardon, the other sanctification," and that, as faith began to be exercised, and the interest of the meeting was rising, they were disturbed by the fire engines which came rushing along the sidewalk drawn by crowds of men, shouting fire, which nearly broke up the meeting. Then he expresses his deep regret and surprise, that men will run, work, and sweat, and risk their lives to save a house from burning, while they, themselves, are exposed to the fire that will never be quenched, and make no effort to escape, or to use his own language, "while they, themselves, are standing on the brink of perdition, they close their eyes to the danger of their position." His sympathizing heart began to yearn over impenitent sinners. On the next Sabbath morning he writes as follows :

"Beautiful quiet morning, all through the week I have been looking and waiting impatient for thy coming, and now here I welcome thee—'Sabbath of rest.' My pen cannot now write all the thoughts which fill my crowded mind; I have given rein to fancy and away she flies, ravished with the sights which lie before me, but I check its flight

to dwell on things real and substantial. My soul, how is it with thee? Is thy peace made with God? Search and answer honestly. Yes, for me, I believe His precious blood was shed, and now I accept the proffered gift. I do believe, even now, and peace is mine. I praise the Giver of all good for the knowledge I have of salvation, for this peace in my *borders*, for the hope—yea, the full assurance I have of a crown in heaven—to God be all the glory.”

He seemed to breathe the devout feelings of a heart subdued by divine grace, and consecrated all to the service of God.

His benevolence was equal to his unaffected piety, and quite beyond his pecuniary means. One or two instances of his generosity I will here notice: when met by a poor boy, in the streets of Toronto, asking for alms, he inquired of the boy respecting his parents, and on being told his father was lame, and his mother not able to work and that they were in distress, he requested the boy to show him where they lived. The lad replied, it was a mile from where they stood. “No matter,” said he, “Show me the place.” He followed the boy to his poverty-stricken home, and found things as had been represented. He heard their tale of

woe, and then took the boy with him, purchased what provisions he could and sent the lad home with the *bounty*. His life was characterised by such acts of generosity and kindness to all he found in affliction. This kind of benevolence and generosity was evinced in his life at an early age. When only nine or ten years old, a poor woman lived near his father's; she had three small children to provide for; one of them had been a long time ill, and she was quite destitute. His parents noticed for some time he would hurry through his morning work, before going to school, and then ran in great haste in the direction where the poor woman lived. After a few weeks, the poor woman informed his parents that William Henry had voluntarily called on her every day for a long time, to see if she needed anything from the market; and would bring in for her wood and water to last her through the day, and then run off to school. From childhood, whenever he met with infirm or aged persons, they were sure to command his sympathy, attention, and respect.

Every paragraph in his diary gives indications of a devout heart. He writes as follows: "I ask thy aid, O God. To-night I give myself wholly to Thee for safe keeping—take me Lord, all I

have, soul, body, and spirit, only let me be thine in time, and in eternity."

And on another occasion he exclaims, "Every day I feel more and more the need of living near—very near to God." Every day from that period of his life, to the end of his brief career, divine grace seemed to shine forth in him in soft celestial brightness, and his piety so devout and yet fervent, that it appeared more angelic than human. He was not only a youth of deep-toned piety, but he was gentlemanly, unaffected and modest in his deportment, and possessed not only a warm and affectionate heart but a noble soul. Not haughty or ostentatious; and no sycophant, but regardless of personal applause, he was independent in spirit. He was also quiet and affable, and won the favor of many by being affectionate to all. When but a youth he was distinguished for innocent cheerfulness, and natural refinement of manners, and was, therefore, loved by the young and esteemed by the aged.

His ardent desire for holiness of heart may be seen from the record he makes of his pursuit after it. Even when his mind was necessarily engaged in the business of the store of his employer, he writes in his diary as follows: "Tuesday, 25th.—

I did not go to prayer-meeting this evening, as I could not get away from the store in time; but after all the clerks left I had a good meeting alone with my Saviour, and a profitable one too, and now in my room I still feel very happy."

Soon after this, when looking back upon his past life, he adds—"I am still growing in grace; this week has truly been a profitable one to me; my peace and joy flow like a river; and when I look back and see how little real experimental and heartfelt religion I once enjoyed, I wonder I was not cast off. But bless the Lord, He opened my eyes to see where I was, and by His grace assisted me to make a fresh start for the kingdom, and for the last six weeks I have been endeavoring every day to make a full surrender to Him."

He was not only pious, affable and kind to his associates, but his fraternal attachments were very strong. On the 27th of September, 1859, (his only sister's wedding day), he wrote the following lines in her album:—

"Dear Sister—None but an affectionate brother can know the emotions caused by hearing that respected and affectionate, though familiar term, 'Sister.' To-day my thoughts are carried back to scenes of our younger days, when in childhood

we mingled our voices in youthful glee; when we united our hearts and anticipations in the prospects of years of riper age, and of the subsequent hours spent in social enjoyments, Christian and fraternal communion. But those days, months, and years have passed away, and to-day I feel the time has arrived when we, for a while, perhaps forever, must part. But what a consolation to know that, though separated on earth we may meet in heaven.

“I know there are others who can urge stronger claims on your affections, yet I will hope to be remembered as an affectionate brother, and when far away, as you may chance to leaf this tablet of friendship, and your eye fall upon the familiar name ‘Will’, you may raise your heart in prayer for him who claimed you as an only sister.

“That the choicest blessings may ever fall upon you, and upon him, who has this day taken your hand, is the prayer of your affectionate brother.

“Brampton, Sept. 27, 1859.

“WILL.”

CHAPTER III.

First Attempt to Preach—Impressions about Duty—View of the Dazzling Splendors of Heaven.

AS PREVIOUSLY intimated, he commenced as clerk in a large dry goods store, in Toronto, where he continued till the business of his employer was closed, and then engaged in the store of William Neelands, Esq., in Brampton, where he continued till some time in 1858, and then entered the Normal School, in Toronto. No doubt there are many in Brampton who well remember his youthful, but successful efforts in doing good. He frequently went from house to house, and invited people out to prayer-meeting, and a revival of religion ensued. One of the clerks in the store in which he was employed, through his influence, became anxious for salvation. After the business of the day was closed, they remained together in the store, with doors closed, and continued in prayer till near midnight, when the penitent's heart was made glad, and both returned home rejoicing.

On leaving the Normal School, he commenced to teach a school near the village of Exeter, in the County of Huron. The Rev. Mr. Chapman was the Superintendent of the Exeter Circuit that

year, and under his directions and superintendence, he commenced his labors as a local preacher.

We may form some idea of the exercise of his mind on his first attempt to preach from what he writes in his Journal, on the 21st of August, 1861, soon after his arrival in Exeter, he states:

“To-morrow evening, according to appointment, I go to ‘Roger’s School House’ to speak a few words to the people, and lead the prayer-meeting. Oh, how weak I feel! May the Lord help me!”

* * * * *

Then, on his return, after making his first effort to preach, he wrote as follows: “I went up to the school house at the time appointed—found quite a congregation. My heart grew faint, but oh, how it beat; my breath grew short. All the way I had been looking to the Lord for help, and on my arrival my mind was darker than ever; still my only hope was in Christ. Well, after singing a hymn we engaged in prayer. While on my knees I felt much liberty, and found the dark cloud passing away.

“I find many things unpleasant are to be passed over, and we must do the best we can. For instance, there were only three candles in the house, two of which were placed on the desk before me,

the other was placed on the ladies' side of the house. The greater part of the congregation might have been Hottentots for aught I could see. To me this was anything but pleasant, I would like to see the people when I speak to them. The next difficulty was, I had to use my fingers as snuffers before I could begin speaking, but after that, I never thought of fingers, snuffers, nor of any lack of candles.

“Like many other new beginners, I made a few blunders in the commencement; I called the ‘Epistle of Peter,’ the ‘Epistle to Peter,’ and made several blunders in reading the chapter, and it seemed that something had got into my throat, my knees grew weak and trembling; I nearly lost my sight, but thank the Lord, he helped me through, for after I got right in the work, I found the Lord at my right hand to support me. The portion of Scriptures on which I spoke was 1 Pet. 2nd chap. and 7th verse, ‘Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious.’ I had some liberty, but not that power I would like to have had. Oh, may the Lord give me power from above, if I try to speak I must have help. I care not for sermons—such as the world, and cold phlegmatic professors would call great, nor for the produc-

tions, that in a popular sense may be called great. Oh, my Lord grant that my weak efforts in sermonizing may tend to promote Thy glory, by quickening believers, and awakening sinners to a sense of their condition."

The next Friday evening he attended a prayer meeting in Exeter, and the preacher, present, being quite unwell, requested him to conduct the meeting, which he did, but states, It was with a dark mind he gave out the hymn, and that his "prayer was coldness and barrenness," that he "knew it, and keenly felt it," and that "this state of mind continued until nearly the close of the meeting, when the cloud broke, and a shower of grace descended," his soul was deluged with a flood of light, his cup ran over, he obtained a "Benjamin's portion," and was abundantly blessed. In such cases we always wish for more, and so it was in this instance, for he states that he "still felt an ardent desire for a nearer approach to the fountain," and on returning to his room, he states, "There is nothing like pressing the suit when the communication is clear, and we know we have a hearing." He then adds, "my poor soul had a shower—and never until to-night have I felt as I should feel on the subject of preaching. I was prostrated. Oh, the

insignificance of self! The weakness, and yet the imagined strength; the debasement, and yet self-exultation; the poverty, and yet boasted riches; the professed dependence, and yet glorying in self-independence; and yet for such poor weak worms Christ died. I felt as if I would sink under the burden, for souls, that rested upon me."

* * * * *

It appears, at this time, his duty to devote his life entirely to the work of the ministry was more deeply impressed on his mind than ever before, and in his Journal he exclaims: "Oh, the agony of my mind, I called upon the Lord to enlighten and show me the path of duty, and if it was His will, I should go out to labor in his vineyard, give me strength in my weakness." And he states that while he then lay at his Saviour's feet, waiting for the descent of the promised blessing, his soul was filled with light and glory; he declared that this was a "fore-taste of the heavenly kingdom." He appears to have been completely overwhelmed in view of the dazzling splendors of heaven, a clear sense of his duty, and the burden of souls resting upon him, he again exclaimed: "Oh Lord, use me as an humble instrument in saving souls, but let me be hid behind the Cross—

myself hid, and entirely out of the question. "Oh how indifferent I have been while on every hand sinners have been posting their way to ruin, and I did not say a word to them!"

After he had experienced this glorious manifestation of the presence of the Lord, which seemed to him, as it did to the disciples who witnessed the bewildering and dazzling splendors of Christ's transfiguration on "Tabor's top," he prayed more earnestly for a preparation for the work before him, and asked for grace to overcome what he felt to be his besetting sin, which was levity, that his constant life might daily speak his experience, and that his experience might grow brighter and brighter every day. He readily renounced all the fascinating pleasures and pursuits of this world for the service of God, and like the Apostle Paul counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.

CHAPTER IV.

Increasing Desire to be Useful—Humility Leads to Happiness—
Twenty-First Birth-Day—Letter to Parents.

FROM this period of his history he appears to have indulged in increasing desires to render himself more useful in the service of the Lord; and for this purpose called forth all the powers of his mind to attain to that state of holiness and zeal in the cause of God, that characterized the saints of old.

He believed it was his privilege to attain to that degree of grace that was enjoyed, and shone forth so eminently in the life of Wesley, Whitfield, Fletcher, Baxter and others who consecrated themselves entirely to the service of God.

His prayers were unceasing for grace to enable him to make an entire consecration of himself to the will and service of the Lord. He continued to seek more earnestly for the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, and inquired "Shall I be satisfied with a few crumbs when there is a full table spread—a free and bountiful feast? Shall I be satisfied with a drop now and then when I may be abundantly watered with the dews from heaven?" Then he further inquired, "Shall I be

lukewarm and careless about spiritual things. when I might be filled with glory and with God's love. And then with anxious heart exclaimed, "I must have these blessings; by the grace of God I will live for them till I live in the full enjoyment of them!" Then he exclaimed, "Oh, awake my drowsy soul and come forth into light for this full, free salvation. Oh, blessed Jesus!"

"Take me body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou, possess the whole."

On Monday evening the 26th of August, 1861 he wrote as follows:

"This has been a precious day to my soul. While in prayer before God, Oh, how I was blessed! I find grace given to overcome every besetting sin. But Satan appears in different garbs, and will even tempt us while humble, to be proud of our humility."

Again he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus cleanse and keep me thoroughly clean. Oh, Lord keep me humble at Thy feet!"

He appears to have well understood that to be happy, and secure from the storms of Satan, we must be humble—that even the little shrubs in the valley remain in safety and unmoved by the tempest, while the lofty pines and sturdy oaks on

the mountain's brow are swept away by the fierce winds and howling tempest. If we would escape the storms we must keep out of the tops of the trees—we must lie low at the foot of the Cross, then we are secure.

He appears not to have forgotten the sentiment of an humble christian who was asked, "what is the first step towards heaven?" He answered, humility. And what is the second step? He answered, humility. And the third? The answer was humility. To be exalted we must be humble.

The next evening he writes in his Journal, "To-day, my school began again. I find much pleasure in teaching the little ones. There appears to be a growing attachment between us. This is what I want that I may be able to govern them by love, not from slavish fear."

His constant desire to do good was apparent in every move he made. He adds, "I have this day been much in thought, in regard to my present state—what I might be, and what is my privilege and my duty, and in what manner I may best devote my time in doing good. I find to be useful I must be singular in regard to the world—I must give up company." Then he implores aid, and adds: "Oh, Lord direct me how to act; my nature

is such that often Satan tempts me in such a manner that I know it not, till I find myself drawn away from spiritual and divine things, and thus I am often thrown off my guard, and though not committing any act of sin, I find my mind liable to wander from God, when in company more than when alone, or in company with those who love and serve the Lord. My only plan is to be less in company, unless it is to do good, and not for the purpose of being fashionable or pleasing, nor to satisfy whims of my own or those of any one else. This I conceive to be duty. But I do not intend to be a gloomy christian, but shall strive to be cheerful, holy and happy, and hope to have grace to support me in any circumstance or position in which I may be accidentally thrown."

On Wednesday morning, the 21st August, he wrote as follows in his Journal: "And is it possible that I am twenty-one years of age already! Oh, how time flies! It seems only yesterday I was a light-hearted child, to-day a man—twenty-one. But I can hardly claim that title. What have I done all this time, and how little good have I accomplished? Merely nothing to what I might have done; much of my time has been wasted; I see it now; I deeply feel it, and always shall; but it

shall teach me to improve every moment in the future. I have my plan for life laid out, and by the help of the Lord I shall try to improve my time in future so that I may, in some humble degree, atone for wasted hours, which cannot be recalled.

“This morning I spent an hour in examining my own heart, my desires and intentions, and to measure all by the Bible.”

The lively example of consistent piety that shone forth in the daily walk of this youth should not be lost, but imitated by professing Christians, old and young; he was no idler; his hours were carefully improved in securing both mental and spiritual attainments; his whole aim was to do good, and by every possible acquirement and effort he endeavored to accomplish something in the vineyard of his divine Lord and Master.

And now, on his birth-day, when he arrived at the age of manhood, though he had all through childhood and youth, maintained strictly moral and religious habits, he mourns over misspent hours, and resolves to improve his time more assiduously for the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

Though he had now arrived at the age of man-

hood, he still is actuated by a spirit of meekness and a childlike disposition, as appears from the following letter he wrote to his parents at this time:

“EXETER, August 21, 1861.

‘MY DEAR PARENTS,—I cannot let this morning pass without, in some measure, placing my thoughts on paper. I awoke early this morning with the idea that I am really, ‘twenty-one,’ though I assure you I feel no particular physical alteration; I feel inwardly vagueness, and a sense of my nothingness in trying to answer the question, What am I?

“And is it possible that I am twenty-one so soon? Oh, how time flies! It appears only as yesterday, that I was a light-hearted boy, to-day a man, (as far as years are concerned) and in many things my judgment is not much improved. I have just been examining my own heart, my will, desires and intentions; I tried to measure myself by the Bible, but hardly dare stand the test. Oh, the depravity of the heart; I spent much time taking a retrospective view of my life, and oh, what scenes from childhood up, circumstances which, for years, have been buried in forgetfulness, now are laid before me; I see my life as a

panorama; the wayward steps; the broken commands; the disobeyed laws of nature; transgressing the will of my parents; the attempts to deceive; the moments of anger; the dissatisfaction of my position in life with much unthankfulness; coveting a higher situation in the world; the hours spent in idleness; the good resolves made and broken; the lost opportunities of doing good; the vows not performed; the grieving of the Holy Spirit; the days, weeks and months spent in a cold, heartless and careless manner. Oh, my God, what a page of wretchedness and depravity, and this has been the manner in which I have been cancelling my debt, and what is that? I see it in everything; my birth in a land of christianity; always have had a sufficiency of food and raiment; never suffered from hunger or cold; supplied with all the common necessaries in life, above many more deserving than I; never have been persecuted; scarcely know, from experience, what trials or difficulties are; blessed with good health, and kind friends, two dear brothers and an affectionate sister, tender and pious parents, who have often prayed for me. For all these blessings conferred upon me, how thankful should I be to the Lord. I feel it my duty to render to Him all my

ransomed powers. I have afresh consecrated myself to Him for time and eternity. At times I have prayed to be made a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. But never before so clearly understood their full meaning, as I did this morning.

“For the better employment of my time, I have commenced to live by rule—having a stated time for the performance of every duty. I have never before been so situated that I could do this. I think I now can, and shall make the effort. I have divided my time to the best of my judgment, and when I see I can improve my plan I will do so.

“From what I have often said, when at home, you know how I looked at the future. As to my future occupation, this much I know, if I live near the Lord He will direct me. I shall strive to improve my mind as well as I can, and ask the Lord to direct me through life.

“Dear parents ; although I am now from under your immediate care and direction, by being “of age”—arrived at manhood, and absent from you, yet I would feel deeply afflicted, did I for a moment imagine that you felt any less regard for my welfare ; and your will and wishes shall still

be regarded by me as ever ; and your advice and direction as thankfully received. I shall expect it given the same as ever. Why, I never in my life thought so little of myself, or less of my own judgment, than I do now.

“ My heart is too full to-day to express my feelings. But I can assure you that, by the grace of God, I intend to meet you both in heaven, where families will never be separated. * * *

“ Your affectionate son,

“ WILLIAM.”

CHAPTER V.

Ardent Desire for the Salvation of Souls— Singular Choice of a Text— Blessings enumerated— Feeling not to be substituted for Faith.

HAVING commenced to labor as a local preacher, in addition to his duties and attention to his school, he states that, during the latter part of the last week, he was much engaged, studying and preparing for his Sabbath work, and that going to his appointment on Sabbath, he cried mightily to the Lord for aid. He deeply felt his need of wisdom and strength ; but feeling confident that the Lord had called him to the work, though trembling under the awful responsibility, and feeling it his duty to obey, he went forth trusting in the Lord, and states he verily felt the Lord present with him while he spoke to the people, but mourns on account of such a lack of power, to accompany the Word, and carry conviction to every heart. He ardently desired the salvation of souls, without any ostentation, or attempt to make a rhetorical flourish. His whole aim was to win souls to Christ, and to accomplish this, he earnestly sought for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, to prepare him for usefulness.

He states, at first he missed his way—*that* when he desired the power and had it not, it seemed he had supplied it by noise! but when he found the Spirit in power accompanied the word, he spoke in a lower tone, made less noise, but the unction was there.

On one occasion he states that, on arriving at his appointment, he found the house full. He took for his text the 52nd Psalm, and 1st verse,—“Why boasteth thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man? The goodness of God endureth continually” He adds, “It was a strange text, but I could not give it up, I had chosen another subject, but while on my knees praying, this subject came so forcibly to my mind that I gave the other up, and took this, and did the best I could with it.” He then prayed that God’s blessing might attend the effort. His prayer was heard, and victories were accomplished. At his outset in the work, much good attended his efforts. In his weakness he was strong in the strength of the Lord.

He continued daily to sit in judgment upon himself, and call in question his motives, words and actions. In reference to which he says,—

“As my life passes before me, I see it all as a

panorama—my wayward steps—broken vows, violated rules, desiring a higher position, coveting more wealth and honour, and greater powers of mind, instead of being thankful for and contented with one talent, and improving on what I have. Also, hours misspent, good resolutions and vows broken, opportunities lost for doing good, grieving the Holy Spirit—days, weeks and months, spent in a cold, careless and formal state, in the church.” He then exclaims,—“ O my God, what a chart of wretchedness and depravity : and this is the miserable manner I have been trying to cancel my debt of gratitude to the Giver of all my mercies. And these mercies still continue to abound. I see them as follows :—My birth in a Christian country : favoured with kind friends and blessed with affectionate and pious parents, by whom many prayers have been offered up for me : and I have always been blessed with food and raiment : never suffered much from cold or hunger : never have been persecuted : scarcely know, from experience, what trials or afflictions are, and blessed with health both in body and mind.”

He appears to have been sensible of the obligations resting upon him, for the inestimable blessings that continued to abound, and he

resolved to consecrate all upon the altar of the Most High. It is the duty of the Christian to remember past mercies, in order to secure, and be thankful for future blessings.

The next Sabbath morning he exclaimed, "O how pleasant to the soul this hallowed day of rest;" but reproaches himself for losing an hour in sleep longer than was absolutely necessary, and resolves to economise and better improve his time in future, so as to gain one hour each day which he could add to the time set apart for self-examination and prayer. He resolved by faith to lay hold upon salvation in all its fullness, and draw plentifully from the well of salvation, and be invigorated, refreshed and strengthened to perform every duty.

On the second Sabbath after his twenty-first birthday he asks himself the question, "And how am I prospering in the spiritual way?" and then records his own answer—"Bless the Lord for this state of mind; I know, to-day, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin." And then offers devout prayer that he might continue to advance in this way of holiness, and ever retain the witness of this cleansing power, and be delivered from all the love and pollution of sin.

And on the next Sabbath morning he exclaimed

“Morn of the Lord, again thou’rt here,
With light, and joy, and inward peace.
Lord of the morn, dispel my fear,
My soul from inward sin release.”

It appears he had entertained great fear of falling into the sin of ingratitude, and frequently prayed to be saved from it. His mind had been much exercised during the week on the mode of living by faith on the Son of God.

On a close examination of himself he found that he had been living and looking for *feeling*, instead of the exercise of *faith*. That in time past, when in secret devotion he had prayed for the Lord to fill him with glory, joy and gladness, and that he had been abundantly blessed, and sometimes overwhelmed with the glory and presence of the Lord. But he now found that he had been more anxious to live in that joyful state of mind, than to gain strength by an increase of living faith in God. Or in other words, he had “spent more time, day after day, agonizing for this overpowering and joyful feeling, and hallowing sensation imparted to his own soul, than he had in praying for sinners and for grace, strength of faith, and wisdom to enable him to perform his duty in promoting the glory of God in the salvation of sinners.

He began now to see he had something to do. that he might be instrumental in influencing others to seek for happiness. And to be successful in this, he felt the need of more wisdom and faith. He felt that he had something to do besides always seeking to feast his own soul on the dainties of heaven. And then resolved to "be up and doing," and keep awake to his duty. And while striving to keep his faith in lively exercise, and agonizing and praying for the salvation of others, he not only felt a consciousness of the favour of God for doing his duty; but besides this, he felt also, that dazzling glow of divine love in his heart, and overwhelming joy that was unutterable, and in this way obtained a double portion, and again rejoiced.

He often wondered at the amazing mercy of God in condescending to take up His abode in our poor hearts, once the seat of base desires, old haunts of evil passions, and unholy thoughts, and yet to be now a place for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. O what a thorough scouring and cleansing we need, to make us fit temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. He rejoiced to know that all this is the high privilege of the true believer in Christ Jesus. In view of this, he felt

humbled and expressed a desire to be ever found at the feet of his Saviour, and exclaimed

“ For me He left His Father’s throne above,
For me He suffered grief and shame,
For me He shed His precious Blood,
For me the Lamb of God was slain.”

Then he asks “ And shall I be cold and lukewarm ? ” He at once resolved to go on to greater heights and depths in the divine life. He saw a wide margin before him, and felt that to bask in the love of God is like swimming in a boundless ocean that has neither bottom or shore. His love is vast as eternity, it is just like Himself, for ‘ God is love.’

This devoted youth was resolved never to rest only in the enjoyment of full redemption, and to be “ swallowed up in God,” which he conceived to imply being dissolved in love. He thanked the Lord for the sweet joy he found in believing, and in living by faith on the Son of God. He continued to trust in the Lord for wisdom and grace to continue making advances in the divine life. His ardent desire to obtain grace to live by faith was manifest by his holy breathing in the following lines—

“ Preparing grace, O Lord, I ask,
Now from Thy fullness give ;
Fit me, O fit me for my task,
And let me in Thee live.”

While engaged in teaching school, he continued to exert an extensive influence for good over the minds of all placed under his instruction, often conversing with them about spiritual things, and he enforced his kind precepts by his consistent walk as a devout and sincere Christian. His appeals at the throne of grace, for those committed to his care, were fervent, and his labours as a local preacher were abundant. He was no idler in the vineyard, but often preached two or three times on Sabbath. His rich and fervent expositions of the Word of God were not in vain, but were listened to with great profit and delight. He girded himself for the holy combat, and in all devotional exercises would read and speak with great animation.

He was sound in theology, and his sermons practical and remarkable for usefulness. His intelligence and deep piety made him very attractive as a preacher. His sermons often appeared as the outburstings of a soul of fire burning with fiery zeal to save souls. His heart seemed to glow with a love of divine truth, which gave him a freshness of thought, and warmth of feeling, which produced a sprightliness, and a charm to his pulpit efforts.

CHAPTER VI.

Preaches before the London District Meeting—Admitted on Trial—Appointed to the Strathroy Circuit—Illness—Labored with great success part of the year on Exeter Circuit.

HAVING been cordially recommended by the Quarterly Meeting, of the Exeter Circuit, he proceeded to the London District Meeting in May, 1863, accompanied by Mr. A. Freeman, the Recording Steward of that circuit. He was called on to preach a trial sermon before the preachers of that District, and then, after examination on his Christian experience, literary attainments, &c., he was cordially recommended to the Conference to enter the itinerant work. The Conference that year met in Toronto, and he was admitted on trial and appointed to the Strathroy circuit, to travel as the junior preacher, under the superintendance of the Rev. L. O. Rice. But at this time he was taken very ill, and for several weeks confined to his bed. During his illness, arrangements were made to supply his place on the circuit. As soon as his health was sufficiently restored, so that he could engage in his work, (his place on the Strathroy circuit being supplied by another,) arrangements

were made for him to labour as the third preacher on the Exeter circuit, under the superintendance of the Rev. Mr. Chapman.

He expressed great gratitude to God for His goodness in restoring him to health and strength, and for His sustaining grace, to comfort and support him while on a bed of affliction. He had suffered much during his illness, though he never complained, but said he found it good to be afflicted. He had longed to be able to speak and again work for his divine Master, and now being restored to health, according to the arrangement of his superintendant, he, and the Rev. Mr. Holmes—the second preacher on the circuit, engaged in conducting a protracted meeting, in a neighbourhood where many were unconverted, and wayward. They visited from house to house, prayed with the people, and invited them out to the meeting that evening. The work immediately commenced.

The next day (Wednesday) these two young disciples continued to visit indiscriminately all the families in that locality, and prayed with them, and invited all to attend the meeting. In this way they secured a full house every evening, when they would preach a short sermon

on some practical subject, and urge the people to seek the Lord, The spirit of awakening went abroad throughout the neighbourhood ; light from heaven broke in upon the people, and scores were savingly converted to God.

In opposition to the opinion of many pious but faint-hearted preachers of the Gospel, he believed that wherever and whenever the means are used, for the salvation of souls, the end *will* be attained.

Observation teaches us, that when a preacher, with a tongue of fire, anxious to promote the glory of God, in full reliance on the promises of the Lord—"Lo I am with you," goes forth in the strength of the Redeemer, and daily visits and prays with his people, and continues to point them to the cross, they will feel its attraction, and souls *will* be saved. If we act our part, the work must be done. All who believe and live for a present salvation obtain it. The great secret of success is, in living near the Lord. The burden of thought with him was, "How can I attain to more holiness of heart?" This he desired, that he might be useful in saving souls. He often exclaimed, "O what need have I of living near the foot of the cross!"

On Wednesday, the 25th of August, 1863, in

his journal he wrote thus: "Yesterday I visited thirteen families, and found my own soul greatly blessed in the work. In the evening I preached from "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Lord was very near. We had a glorious meeting. Forty were forward, seeking salvation."

Such were the means employed, and souls were converted, and the work continued to spread in every direction. While looking at the work before him, he said he trembled, seeing there were so many souls in that locality unsaved, and that, through his faithfulness or unfaithfulness, they may be saved or lost. He was eager to save souls, and exclaimed, "There must be faithful visiting, earnest prayer, and lively faith, then the work will continue to prosper."

In other parts of the Circuit he laboured with equal success. He states: "Last night I preached from the "Stony Heart," and we had a very good prayer meeting at the close—five penitents came forward and manifested a desire for salvation." Then he adds, "I am convinced if we perform our duty the 'ark will go forward.'" And so it proved to be, for many were brought into the fold of Christ. Sinners were saved.

This was his first circuit, and he swept round it like a comet, lighting a flame wherever he went. In all the exercises in which he engaged, the object appeared to be holiness of heart, and the salvation of souls. He adds, "Every day in my associations, with ministers and all others, I feel the need of a baptism of the Holy Spirit. I am a wonder to myself, aware that, after all that has been done for me, I ought to be more holy. I feel this daily, and by God's grace will strive to consecrate all upon the altar of the Lord.

Such were the devout aspirations of his heart, every day on the stretch for holiness, that he evidently appeared to continually grow in grace and usefulness. He continued to labour on the Exeter circuit till February.

CHAPTER VII.

Removed to *Strathroy* Circuit—Low State of Religion on the Circuit—Means used for a Revival—An address before a “Social.”

THE person who had been sent to fill his place at *Strathroy* failed, which rendered it necessary for him to labour on that circuit to which he had been appointed by the Conference, the remaining part of the Conference year.

On his arrival there, in February, he found the societies in a sad state of confusion. But he avoided taking part with any of the contending parties. He acted as a peace-maker amongst the contentious, and as such he was blessed,

In his journal he states, “This week has been one of much enjoyment. My peace has flowed like a river. A consciousness that I am fully the Lord’s, is a source of joy.” And looking forward to the approaching Sabbath, he adds, “To-morrow I hope to have a good time—a happy, prosperous day. I believe for it—especially that there may be some fruit from my feeble labours, and souls be savingly converted to God.”

Nothing less than the conversion of souls satis-

fied him; for this he laboured incessantly, and when preaching, he would often appear so inspired and elated with the hope of success, that his countenance, glowing with bright intelligence, would appear lighted up and brightened with animation. And when under the inspiration of true devotion, and in the immediate act of divine worship, he appeared to contract a greatness of mind that raised him above his equals; and then he would utter forth words that seemed to roll from the furnace of a soul of fire.

In the faithful discharge of duty, he sometimes became so inspired as to be at once exalted to a state very little lower than an angel.

After his arrival in Strathroy, finding the Society in such a state of contention, his mind was greatly exercised, and on the 18th day of March he wrote in his journal as follows :

“I have felt, since coming here, that I need much more wisdom and grace. My position is very peculiar, and sometimes trying. I have found much need of being very watchful, lest I bring a reproach on the cause of God, by thoughtless words or actions. I wish my life to fully accord with my profession. I intend, by the help of the Lord, to preach plainly and pointedly to

the people : and were I to preach the Gospel and then not live it, I could accomplish no good, but bring a reproach on the cause of my Divine Master, I therefore feel my need of a more full and entire consecration to God—the actual enjoyment of sanctifying power—holiness, entire holiness of heart. For this I am praying and believing.”

All the powers, affections and desires of his soul, verily, appeared to be *continually* going out after the Lord, and every emotion of his heart, and affection of his soul, centred upon Him—the source and fountain of bliss. In reference to a full conformity to the will of God, and growth in grace, he further states, on a certain occasion—“I had chosen my text, ‘According to your faith it shall be done unto you,’ and while meditating upon it, I came to the state of the Christian, and thought, if according to his faith it would be done unto him, what faith have I? and can I consistently urge upon my hearers to do that which I have neglected, namely, to believe for that deeper work of grace, to be wholly sanctified, soul, body and spirit? So I bowed before God, and wrestled and prayed, and believed, and by His grace was enabled to lay “my all” upon the altar, which

sanctifieth the gift. And, by grace, was determined to bind it forever upon that altar, not to be removed. Still, I felt no unusual sensation, nor did I at that moment realize any direct evidence that any special change had then been wrought. But in faith I continued to look up, believing the evidence would be given. His promise then presented itself to my mind, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' And I said, Lord Jesus, I come—I come, Thou wilt not, Thou canst not cast me out, for thy promise is sure, and cannot fail. While trying to believe, I at once obtained assistance—my faith increased. I could trust in the atoning blood to cleanse. All, all was consecrated upon the altar, and I could exclaim, Lord, I am wholly thine; and at that moment I was wonderfully blessed. O what a heaven of bliss was let down into my soul. And now I realize that God has accepted me fully. I love God with all my heart; more supremely than ever before. There is a change. I know it. O yes, I am convinced of this fact, Jesus is mine, and I am His. And now there still remains a sweet inward peace, after the rapture is past, and I can preach as I never could before; but all is through the aid of the Holy Spirit, all—all is of the Lord.

“As far as I know, there is nothing in my heart contrary to the will of God. I love God with all my heart, and soul, and strength. And I love his people. I love all men, but more than ever hate their sins.

“People may call this what they please. I am the Lord’s. If ‘holiness,’ ‘Christian perfection,’ or ‘perfect love,’ consists in having the heart cleansed from all pollution, and the love of sin destroyed, and all the soul beating and throbbing in perfect unison with the will and word of God, and a desire to know nothing but Christ, with a full reliance on his merits, and an entire trust in him, then I have it. Bless the Lord, I will praise Him, ‘let all the people praise Him.’ And although so unworthy, I am still wonderfully favored. I have been unfaithful, yet not forgotten. Ever, O Lord, may I realize the necessity of trusting in and leaning upon Thee my Saviour for support, and go forward, striving for more and still more of this heavenly unction. The Lord helping me, so will I do.”

Such were the aspirations of a devout soul on full stretch for holiness of heart, and such the efforts to obtain all the mind that was in Christ. Then on Saturday evening he again writes in his

journal as follows: "I have been living a new life this week, not at all as before; I seem to breathe a different atmosphere, and see through a different medium; I have stronger faith; my cup is full."

Having obtained a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit, he undertook to make peace among the contending parties who were disturbing the peace and harmony of their societies, and, as if inspired in the cause, to make reconciliation between the contending parties after much thought and prayer on the subject. On the evening of the 20th of April he attended their "Ladies' Aid Society," and at the close he was called on to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures and pray; he read part of the eleventh chapter of St. Luke, commencing at the 20th verse, and then proceeded to address them as follows—

"The words I have just read are those of Christ, and were we to deal as plainly and honestly with our hearers, how frequently would we be blamed? But feeling that it is our duty to so act, allow me, in love for your souls and the cause of God, to unburden my mind.

"I had thought from the spirit I saw manifested at Bro. J. and Bro. A.'s houses, that I would not attend any more [the Ladies' Aid Society]. But

after making it a subject of prayer this day, I felt convinced that I should attend and do my duty; though a heavy cross it may be.

“I am glad the meeting has, thus far, passed off so pleasantly this evening. But can I forget what I saw night before last, and at other times as well, since I came among you? No! and all this meeting would require is a “match,” and the flame would burn as furiously as ever.

“O brethren, it has been a sad grief to me to observe the state of feeling among the members of the church. And it will never heal a wound by covering the diseased part with a scab, but you must probe to the seat of the disease. Here we have only the outward appearance of friendship, I fear, the hatred is as deep and strong as ever. This I have witnessed in the street, in the social circle, and even in the house of God. Yes, brethren, I have seen two members of our own church, here in Strathroy, rise from their knees at prayer meeting, and would not speak to each other at the door, as they met passing out. I have seen two members, nearly side by side in church, yet pass out as if they were the greatest strangers. Is this the religion of the Bible? Is this the spirit our Saviour taught we should have? But you say you have been wronged.

Well, that does not alter the case a whit, for if you love only those who love you, what do you more than the world? Sinners do the same. What are we taught in regard to such matters? "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee"—mark the expression—"if *he* hath aught against thee," not if thou hast aught against him, "Leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Now, you know your brother has something against you—why not be reconciled? Is such conduct acceptable to God? You are here this evening, who will not meet in class with thy brother, but you will meet at the same time, in another class, in the next room! What is the difference before God? One is just as hateful and sinful in His sight as the other. The principle is the same; and I positively declare before God and you this moment, if your feelings are such as will not allow you to meet with your brother, and such as to exclude you from fellowship with him here, they are such as will exclude you from heaven. May God have mercy on us. O brethren, if judgment were to begin at the house of God, who would be able to stand? Who are ready for the trial.

“Now, I speak not from rumor, but from what I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. What some of you have said. You make your excuses to me and to others, but they are not such as will excuse you before God. And, brethren, if these things are not settled here, they will be at the bar of justice, in the day of judgment. Thank the Lord some of you are yet free, to you my words do not apply. But to you who indulge in feelings of enmity—for your soul’s sake—for the sake of God’s cause—for heaven’s sake, get right, in the sight of a holy God. Fearful is your responsibility! I go and talk to sinners, and what do they say?—‘Look at your own church members—look at the meetings of the ‘Ladies’ Aid Society.’ O how you tie my hands from usefulness. How can I work, when such things exist among you? You use the ‘Lord’s prayer;’ and I have known men offer up that petition when, if judged by their fruits, and God should hear and answer their prayer when they say, ‘forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,’ they would be sent down to hell in a moment. I fear, if there is no change in these matters, God will visit us with heavy judgments.

“What I have said here, I have said to many of you personally; and I would rather say it now to all, if they were present, and regret that all the members concerned are not here to-night. Nor do I think it proper to speak as I have to a mixed congregation; nor can I get the opportunity to address those concerned, on this subject, even at a prayer meeting—for some of you I have never seen at a prayer meeting since I came to Strathroy—which is the reason why I have taken this opportunity to speak on the subject. The Lord knows how I have felt about this matter, and how I dreaded this duty. And now allow me to say, I think both sides have erred. There is no doubt of it. We are all liable to err, but let us try to ‘forget and forgive;’ pray in your closets about it. Ask for pardon; plead for mercy, lest He visit us with a stroke. Let us go home with a fresh determination to be honest with ourselves and with each other.” * * * * *

He spoke kindly, but pointedly, to them, and then held a prayer meeting among them, and all returned home, evidently in a better state of feeling, and much good was accomplished; for, not long after that, all were united in the bonds of christian love and friendship.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sermons not Pictures—Effect of a Sermon on Prayer—An Overwhelming Scene at the Family Altar—Reflex Influence of Prayer.

HE ENDEAVORED to guard against every evil, and practically contract the habit of believing in Christ every hour for full redemption. No power of the mind appeared wanting to render him useful as a preacher, and none existed in excess. His piety was deep and fervent, and his mind well cultivated. All his mental endowments were good, but not very brilliant, though possessing a lively imagination. His sermons were not mere pictures, decorated with artificial flowers, or embellished by rhetorical flourishes, but richly evangelical, practical and sound in theology, delivered with tender emotions, in words that seemed to fall from the lips of one whose heart was overflowing with the love of God. As a speaker he was very impassioned, and his words seemed to flow from the fountain of goodness. He only lived to accomplish the great purposes of life.

On one occasion, preaching on the subject of prayer, he took occasion to show many reasons why prayer is not always answered; one he

noticed particularly was, when we do not pray in a right spirit, but indulge in hard and unkind feelings against other members of the church. His words appeared as if coined in the mind of an angel, and an awful solemnity rested upon the audience. Each seemed to receive "a portion of meat in due season." His pathetic appeals to the hearts of his hearers were most overwhelming.

The next morning two members of the same church, who had indulged for some time in unkind feelings against each other, started from their respective homes at the same time, to seek for a reconciliation, and on their way they met. One said to the other, "I was going to your house." "Well," said the other, "I was going to yours." They were both on the same errand—to confess their faults to each other, and seek reconciliation, which was soon accomplished; and they together entered the nearest neighbor's house, and joined in prayer, found free access at the throne of grace, and returned home rejoicing. In referring to this circumstance, they subsequently admitted they "could not withstand such preaching, and indulge in hard feelings against a neighbor." They have continued mutual friends ever since.

Seldom do we find such a combination of excel-

lencies in one person ; such gentle manliness and broad humane sympathy ; such matured judgment ; such burning earnestness in the cause of God, and such completeness of character, in a young man of his tender age.

He was consistent, uniform, and unremitting in his labors, and became more and more attractive in preaching. Also, he had great faith in prayer ; apparently artless and simple, but always earnest and appropriate.

His parents informed me of a circumstance which I will here relate :

On one occasion, when visiting his paternal home, on a New Year's morning, as often was the case, he led in family devotion, and, after naming each member of the family as he prayed ; he then, in the most solemn manner, dedicated all of them to God. Before he concluded his prayer, they were all so overwhelmed with the presence and power of God, that they remained on their knees a considerable time after he ceased to pray vocally. They all received a shock of divine power, and the glory of the Lord filled the house, and all were constrained to say, as did the disciples, when they witnessed the dazzling and bewildering glory that was manifest at the trans-

figuration of Christ, on Tabor's top—"Lord, it is good for us to be here."

Instead of praying, on all occasions, for every thing he could think of, he only prayed for what he could reasonably expect, and what he hoped to receive in answer to prayer.

Physical exercise is necessary to increase our strength, and promote a healthy state of the body. In like manner, when we engage in the exercise of a high act of devotion, in spiritual life, it conduces to the strengthening of the soul, and increases spiritual health.

Also, believing-prayer has a reflex influence upon the heart of the Christian. When we come into the presence of God in sincere prayer, the self-reflection necessarily connected with that act of devotion, calling to mind His past mercies and our present unworthiness and past sins; and then reflecting upon the grand figures by which His august character is portrayed before us—His moral and essential attributes—His inflexible justice and unbounded mercy, meeting in Christ; and then a contemplation of the power of the Holy Ghost, and ardent desires for the fulfilment of the great and soul-cheering promises in the Gospel, must necessarily re-act upon the soul of

the believer, which is one benefit derived from acts of true devotion, besides the direct answer to prayer.

Let infidels assert that it is absurd to suppose that by prayer Christians can change the course of nature; still we know that sincere prayer, offered in faith, produces an inflex and reflex influence upon the heart of the supplicant, for by it he draws from heaven a sweet and divine life to the soul, and then breathes it back to God in an offering of praise and thanksgiving. Thus, by prayer, we not only strengthen every faculty and power of the soul, but also, the prayer of faith moves the hand that upholds the universe, and gives a victory over all our spiritual foes; even

“Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

CHAPTER IX.

Second Year on Strathroy Circuit—Great Anxiety for Success in the Work—Writes to his Sister—Extract of a letter giving an Account of a “Splash in Water.”

AT THE Conference, in June, 1864, he was again appointed to the Strathroy circuit, under the superintendence of the Rev. I. Barber, and his usefulness still continued to increase.

At the close of his first Sabbath, after Conference, he seemed to have sat in judgment on himself, for the little success that apparently had attended his labors in that circuit during the last three months of the year. Though to him it appeared to be comparatively little, yet much good had been accomplished in clearing the way for a general revival. He had succeeded in getting many difficulties settled, and contending parties reconciled to each other. Indeed, much good had been accomplished in that time, but to him it appeared nothing to what he desired to see accomplished.

He continued eager for the conversion of souls, and knowing that the secret of success lies in a close and uniform walk with God, he resolved to seek for still more holiness of heart.

On the 15th of that month he wrote in his Journal, as follows :

“ I am just entering upon another Conference year; the mercies of God are still around me; a year ago this day I was on a bed of pain, rolling in agony, but to-day am in health and strength; it becomes me to be truly thankful to the Lord for his goodness and mercy.”

He rejoiced that some success had attended his labors during the past year, and that during the first part of the year, while laboring on the Exeter Circuit, he had witnessed the conversion of many, very many, precious souls.

But he adds, “ Where tens have been converted there might have been scores brought into the fold of Christ.” He then resolved to be more holy and zealous in his Master’s work, and said :

“ I tremble at entering upon the labors of the present year, and wonder what will be the result. Will my success, in being useful, depend on my faithfulness to God? Father of all our mercies, Thou only knowest; not my will but thine be done; let me be useful in any sphere it may please Thee.

“ The conversion of souls shall be the object of my life; but I feel the want of higher attainments, and will depend on the Lord for success.”



GEO. E. A. WINANS, M. D.

It appears he was resolved to hold the promise given by our Saviour, just before he ascended to his native heavens—"Lo, I will be with you."

His appointments were in the town of Strathroy, and also some in the adjoining neighborhood. At one time writing to his sister (Mrs. Freeman) he states:

"Bro. Barber has taken a severe cold and it has affected his lungs, so that he is not able to preach this week, but my health was never better, the Lord gives me strength for my day."

At this time his brother George having returned from General Grant's army in the United States, and evidently in a decline, he further adds in his letter:—

"I am sorry to hear dear George is so poorly; I wish you would be more explicit in writing about him; how is his cough, night-sweats, appetite, &c.? What does he think of his own case by this time, and what is father's opinion of him, and why not have Dr. Carson come up from Whitby and see him? If the roads were not so bad, and I could leave my work, I would run up again soon, and see him; I am glad I went up when I did, I enjoyed my visit very much."

He appears to have been much concerned about

the nealth of his brother who had been some time a surgeon in General Grant's army, in the American war, but had now returned with a broken constitution. He evidently felt deep sympathy with his afflicted brother, but his chief object was to labor for the good of souls. To show his ardent desire for the salvation of souls and his zeal in the great work in which he was engaged, I will here give an extract from a letter he wrote to his brother George, which also gives an indication of his deep concern for the afflicted :

“MY DEAR BRO. GEORGE:—On my arrival home I found my juvenile class waiting for me.
* * * The rest of the day was spent preparing for the Sabbath, which was a good day to my soul; the next day (Monday) I commenced special services at one of our country appointments; the roads were very bad and the nights dark and stormy, but the people came out through all, and quite a good number have been forward as seekers.

“On Wednesday Bro. N. took me out in his buggy to the evening meeting; on our way we had quite an adventure; night overtook us; the roads were so very bad it made travelling slow; going over a swampy place we found the water

had raised so that it appeared like a little lake, but on we went until the horse began to splash, and we found the waggon going over, when we jumped out, landing in the water ; there we were, horse and buggy off the bridge, and both of us standing in the water, and it was so dark we could not see the horse. Bro. N. waded to the other side of the horse, and after several unsuccessful efforts brought the buggy out, then we proceeded as well as we could ; Bro. N. stopped at a house on the way, and I proceeded on foot to the school house, got a local preacher to commence the meeting while I took off boots, socks, &c., and arranged my affairs as well as I could with wet clothes, and then addressed the people ; we had a first-rate meeting after all.

“ On Saturday I returned to my appointments in the town ; seldom have I ever had such great liberty in preaching ; in the morning I preached on the subject of Faith, and we had some real old fashioned Methodist shouting.

“ In the evening I preached about ‘ Naaman, the leper,’ and at the close twelve penitents presented themselves at the altar, seeking the Lord, and nearly thirty seeking for holiness of heart ; the Lord was very near and several were hopefully

converted to God, and others were made to rejoice in the possession of a *clean heart* through faith in Christ.

“Monday evening we had a large Bible class, the whole time was spent in discussing the subject of holiness, and last evening we had our usual weekly lecture, and in the absence of Bro. Barber, my Superintendent, I lectured on ‘Striving to enter in,’ &c., several penitents came forward, some of whom obtained peace through believing; they ‘entered in through faith,’ and returned home rejoicing.

“To-day is one of the most stormy we have had for a long time; I cannot help contrasting the face of nature with my heart—how calm and serene is all within.

‘Dear George, I wish I could step into your room and talk with you a while to-day, I do so much wish your experience to be clear—clear as noon-day. There is so much in Christ to enjoy; so much for you in your present state; no doubt you are in a state of grace, but I sometimes think it requires more grace to suffer the will of God, than to do his will; you know what I mean when I say, look for a fulness in Jesus; try, dear George, and throw off all indifference (we are so apt to be

sluggish in our devotions) in the exercise of faith. God may spare your life for some time yet, but if you must soon go, be determined to go under full sail for glory; the more here the more there; try and trust in the Lord for all, and trust him *now*; your means of grace, in your weak state, are not as they otherwise might be, but you have a ready, willing Saviour near—very near you, and O how willing to come to our rescue—when we open our hearts how willing to enter! O let him fully occupy—get the cleansing blood by faith applied afresh; I well know your feelings may not be so rapturous as some others, but you need not care for that. The question is, how is your faith? ‘According to your faith be it unto you.’

“Dear George, I feel more anxious than ever for you to obtain that fulness in Christ; O press after it—press into it, and trust your Saviour in life and in death, &c.

“Yours affectionately, &c.,

“WM. H. WINANS.”

CHAPTER X.

Prosperity of the Work in the Rural Parts of the Circuit—
A Memorable Quarterly Meeting—Views on Sanctification—
Manner of Preparing a Sermon.

THOUGH he had felt somewhat discouraged on commencing his work in Strathroy, on account of the low state of religion among the members of the church; yet now he had the satisfaction of seeing the "Ark" begin to move. He had labored in the strength of the Lord for a few months; and now, fruit began to appear. His special efforts to get the members of the church united and waked up in the town, and revivals of religion promoted throughout the other parts of the circuit, appeared to be owned and blessed of the Lord. His system of visiting and praying with the people, proved very profitable: and his style of preaching was energetic and forcible, practical, solemn, and well calculated to promote revivals. Such were the results of his efforts wherever he labored, for, in all cases, believers were quickened and sinners converted.

Again, when writing to his sister, (Mrs. Freeman,) in reference to the state of the work in the several parts of the circuit, he adds:—

“The work still goes on, more than a hundred penitents have been forward seeking the Lord, and nearly all have found peace and pardon. * *

“Our Quarterly meeting was a glorious one. We expected Brother Burch to preach for us, but he did not come, so I had to fill the ‘gap.’ My text was, ‘For Christ also hath suffered for sins,’ &c. Our fellowship meeting I never saw equalled. Just think of over sixty speaking in Gospel order, one at a time, in an hour! The young converts took the lead, and kept it the first twenty-five minutes. I never before heard so many bear the cross for the first time. Old professors here say it was such a time as they had never before known in their day. There was no wild fire, but a deep hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit seemed to rest upon the whole congregation. One hundred and forty-one partook of the sacrament.

“Notwithstanding the exceedingly bad state of the roads, the house was crowded. How good the Lord is to us! We are thinking of taking this week to ‘marshal our forces’ for a fresh attack on the cause of the enemy, and in the meantime work on in our usual means of grace.

“One pleasing feature of the work now is, the members of the church are not only seeking, but

obtaining the blessing of holiness. Last Sabbath, and during this week, I have been preaching on the subject of 'perfect love,' and purpose, by the help of the Lord, to preach two sermons more to this people, on Sanctification. I have long believed it a duty, as well as a privilege, to enjoy and proclaim it, and urge others to seek for it.

"Never, until lately, did I so clearly understand the difference between justification and sanctification. I had read and heard many things on the subject, but there always rested a mist about it. But now I see it as clear as noon-day; last Sabbath afternoon a clearness of ideas flashed on my mind never before enjoyed; it appears to me, so plain, I have no difficulty now in explaining it to others; I feel almost carried away with it; O, it is so sweet, so beautiful, so glorious, so heavenly, and Christ like. Dear sister, make it your great point of attainment—don't feed on husks, while there is substantial food." * * * *

A person may read and, to a considerable extent, understand the doctrine of sanctification, but as the things of God are understood by the spirit, it is essentially necessary that we enjoy it, in order to fully comprehend it in all its power and glory. Most people wish to *see* and fully compre-

hend these things, then they will believe; but we must *believe*, then we can see the things of the spirit, through faith they are revealed to us; so it was with him—the “mist” was not all removed from his mind until he experienced the blessing more fully, then he found no difficulty in explaining it to others.

The battle now seems to have been set in complete array—the members of the church, at many of the country appointments, were seeking for holiness, and sinners were converted to God.

We often complain about the apathy of our people, and ardently desire to see the work of the Lord revive, and sometimes wonder it does not; but if all who stand upon the walls of Zion would take the course pursued by this young Evangelist, we would soon have a jubilee throughout the whole christian world. Nations would be born in a day.

Ministers may neglect pastoral visitations, and beg and borrow all they can from different authors, compile, arrange, and commit to memory, and then repeat elegant sermons, sincerely striving thereby to promote the glory of God, by endeavoring to keep pace with the growing intelligence of the day, and edify their hearers with their lucid de-

clamations, and in great sincerity strive in this way to do good and promote the glory of God; but by pursuing this course they may preach a long time before they see a revival of religion among their people; such efforts may do some good and promote the cause of morality, but will not accomplish much in painting bright streaks of an approaching millennium. In opposition to such a course this young herald of the cross, instead of depending on mere theory, he was truly practical, and after selecting his text he would examine all parallel passages of Scripture he could find, and then after availing himself of the use of commentaries and theological dictionaries, he would form his own views on his subject, arrange, digest and mature it, and then pray over it until he felt the inspiration of it; then, while his heart was overflowing with the love of God, proclaimed it, and in delivering his message to sinners the words would flow as from the furnace of a soul on fire, and soon a flame was lighted up in almost every part of the circuit.

His manner of preaching was devout, earnest, and impassioned; he frequently moved his audience with solemn excitement—and seldom failed to reach the hearts of his hearers by wielding the

weapons of truth upon them; his appeals to the unconverted to be reconciled to God, often appeared almost irresistible; when he stood in the pulpit the love that was in his heart flashed from his eyes and trembled on his lips, so that those who heard him, filled with wonder, often were melted to tears.

CHAPTER XI.

Manner of Conducting a Revival Meeting—Wants of the People—A Contrast—Great Awakenings—A Congregation of Aged Persons.

ON THE 9th of July, 1864, he wrote in his Journal, and the following entry appears :

“As announced, prayer meeting was held on Thursday and Friday; the Lord was very good and some ‘seekers’ came forward; the Sabbath was a good day to my soul; I closed the labors of the day preaching at the ‘Second Line,’ after the sermon seven or eight came forward as ‘seekers.’ Monday, and the following days of the week, I have spent in visiting from house to house, and preaching in the evenings; last evening nearly thirty were at the altar of prayer seeking mercy, many obtained pardon, others are still seeking.”

He does not appear to have been *tied* to any particular system in conducting revival meetings, but was guided by circumstances, and proceeded as he thought would best promote the interest of the meeting. Sometimes he would ask if any one had a request to make; if so, to present it, and they would make it a subject of prayer. On one occasion, one arose, an aged person, and earnestly

requested the prayers of preacher and people for her husband, over seventy years old, and yet unconverted.

Another, a young woman recently converted, desired the prayers of the minister and congregation for her parents, who were unsaved; and also for her brothers and sisters.

Another requested the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of a neighbour, now old and yet unsaved.

Several other requests, one after-another, were presented, till they numbered in all sixteen, special cases—persons to be the subjects for prayer. And in a few days after, writing in his journal in reference to the revival, he states that nearly every one of them are now seeking religion.

Every effort he made to promote the interest of Zion, in the conversion of souls, was crowned with a good degree of success. For this his labors were incessant; he was “instant in season and out of season.”

About the 18th of July he again writes in his journal as follows:—“I am stronger than ever in the opinion that what the world needs, and really demands, is, not so much pulpit ability, as visiting pastors. Feeling convinced of my deficiency in the

former, I feel confident I may succeed, if faithful, in the latter. During the last few days, when making calls, I noticed that my conversation, if properly directed, tends more instrumentally to melt and subdue, than does my public preaching. I fain would have remained all day visiting, but I must be at home to-day a little while; and on my way I called to see a penitent. She met me at the door weeping, and when I spoke to her about her state of mind, she wept aloud. I knelt right down and prayed with her; the burden was in some degree removed from her heart. She appeared on the right track. I have no doubt she will soon be fully blessed.

“During our meetings the Lord has been present in all our services. Frequently scores of penitents were seen weeping under the Word. I think, after all my tears, my feeble labors were never more signally owned and blessed of the Lord than since I came to this circuit. O! what reason I have for humility and gratitude to God. I never felt my own incompetency for the great work as I do now. When among the people I see they need my every moment in visiting, and when in my study, and when I think of my small attainments, I feel I need more time there. * *

Again he adds: "To-day I feel the Lord very precious; in my soul I was greatly blessed while reading His Word on my knees. I was filled with love. Praise the Lord."

The next Monday morning he writes: "Yesterday the weather was very warm; my heart was also warm. The Lord was very near to assist me the whole day. At evening I was so weary I could scarcely commence the service; but when once started I found strength given. When I read of the indefatigable labors of the first Methodist preachers, I am ashamed of my weakness. How much more work they performed than their followers now do! May the Lord give me strength for my day, that I may labor on at His command."

He then adds: "Last week I visited many families, and found my soul much blessed while exhorting the people from house to house. The anxiety of the people for salvation urges me on to greater diligence. Last evening we had a glorious victory—nearly forty were forward, seeking salvation. Many were converted, and willingly gave testimony to the praise and glory of God. A backslider said, for three months he had been "ashamed to look any one in the face, but now he was

blessed—his backslidings healed, and he could look up like a man, and was not ashamed to look all the people in the face.”

The spirit of awakening spread throughout every part of the vicinity, and hundreds flocked to the house of God. The church was so crowded, in many instances, that all could not enter. And seeing the work increasing in every direction, he appeared to feel most deeply his responsibility, and often expressed his fears of incompetence for the work. He was greatly impressed with his own weakness, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would give him wisdom, strength and grace necessary for the work ; and favor in the sight of the people, only so far as would tend to promote His glory.

The next Monday he writes in his journal as follows :—

“Last week was spent in visiting and praying with the people during the day, and preaching every evening. In visiting, I found many actually famishing for the Word of Life—some old and feeble, and cannot get out to meeting, others are puffed up with pride, and will not come.

“Yesterday was a busy day, but profitable to my soul. I lead three classes, preached four times,

and conducted the prayer meeting at the close of the evening service. The house was crowded, and many seekers forward, several of whom obtained peace and pardon. Praise the Lord for His manifest goodness." He then adds:—

"This afternoon, according to announcement, I preached to the aged. With one exception, they were all over sixty years old, and the majority unconverted. I never found, in one settlement, so many old people grey in sin. And still they appeared careless and indifferent about their salvation."

He embraced every opportunity to do good to the aged, as well as to the youth; by visiting and praying with the aged and infirm, and by meeting in class, and especially in his visits to Sabbath schools, in which he took great interest.

CHAPTER XII

A Congregation of Roman Catholics, "Church" People, and Presbyterians—A Hard Day's Work—Conversation about Hay and Oats to Gain a Sinner's Confidence.

ON THE first Sabbath in August, he had two appointments in the country and one the town. Instead of closing himself up all day on Saturday, committing to memory a good sermon or two for the Sabbath, he spent the whole day visiting from house to house, praying with the people, till near evening, and then started to go several miles to reach his first appointment on Sabbath morning. But, before he reached his destination, the sky threatening a heavy shower, he called at the house of an aged person, a member of the "Church of England," where he found entertainment till morning. The man of the house he found to be ninety-seven years old, and appeared quite unconcerned about spiritual things.

He was now within a few miles of his first appointment on Sabbath morning, which was at half-past ten ; but, not willing to leave that neighborhood without delivering a message of mercy, he obtained permission to preach in the house where he "put up" for the night, and sent word

through the neighborhood, and collected a congregation at eight in the morning. The house was nearly filled, and he preached to them from these words, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." His congregation was composed of members of the "Church of England," Presbyterians, and some Roman Catholics. Some had never before heard a Methodist preacher; but they found, (as was afterwards stated,) that Methodist preachers "looked and spake" like other men. But he closely urged upon them their duty and privilege to present themselves sacrifices unto God without delay. The Holy Spirit accompanied the word, and a most solemn awe rested upon all present.

After preaching at eight o'clock, he proceeded to his next appointment and preached at half-past ten, then to another country appointment and preached at two in the afternoon, and then again in the town in the evening.

He had just closed a protracted meeting at an appointment on the "Second Line," where more than forty souls had been converted to God and gathered into the fold of Christ; but his eye was

upon Strathroy, over which he had mourned and prayed for a revival; he stated that one of the strongest desires of his soul was the revival of the work of the Lord in Strathroy; he fervently prayed for wisdom, grace and power to perform his duty to the people of that town.

On Monday, the 15th of August, he visited several families in the country, and as he was approaching a house the man saw him and, to avoid him, passed through a back door and went to his field; this young preacher entered the house and prayed with the woman and her children; she had attended his revival meetings, and had been converted and was now happy in the Lord, but opposed by her husband. She informed him he was the second person that had prayed in their house since their marriage, which was about nine years; she also informed him of her husband's opposition, and said that he had declared he would "cut the preacher's legs off if he came near him." Anxious to bring him into a better state of mind he followed him to the field, and to gain access and secure his confidence, instead of reproaching him for his sins, he began to talk to him about his hay and oats; at first the sinner appeared pale with rage, but after speaking kindly to him about

that in which he felt most interested, such as his farm, hay, and grain, he calmed down and uttered not one unpleasant word; after a few minutes friendly conversation he left with a promise to call on him again soon. In this way he "became all things to all men," and was successful in winning souls to Christ; he would first gain the sinner's confidence and then talk about the soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Great Day's Labor in Exeter—A Prediction—A Flame Lighted Up—A Cloud of Mercy Burst—Manner of Preaching.

SABBATH, the 21st day of August, was his twenty-fourth birth-day, and when retrospecting his past life he recognised the hand of the Lord in opening up his way. The past year had been filled with care and sometimes with discouragements, but with great enjoyment and much success in winning souls to Christ at nearly all the rural appointments in the circuit.

The next week he visited his friends in Exeter, and found his brother George still declining in health; but here he was not idle—on Sabbath morning he taught a Bible-class at nine, and after that addressed a Sabbath School and then preached at eleven; at one o'clock in the afternoon he taught another Bible-class at the school house, where he had previously taught school, after which he addressed the school children; he preached again at half-past two; the house was full, and many were outside who could not gain admittance; the power of God fell upon the people—sinners wept and saints rejoiced; then, he again preached

in the church in Exeter in the evening—the house was crowded, and the word of truth was accompanied with great power, the whole congregation appeared to be shaken as by an earthquake.

On his return to Strathroy, the next week, he seemed to be more than ever anxious for a revival of God's work in that place, and was ready to work for it; at the close of the prayer meeting on Thursday evening, he announced for a prayer meeting again the next morning at half-past five, preaching at half-past seven the same morning, and then pursued the old course—visiting from door to door and praying with the people: he resolved, by the grace of God, to crowd the battle till victory turned on "Israel's side."

On the next Sabbath, at their prayer meeting, one "professor" obtained the blessing of "perfect love," and soon after several other members commenced in earnest to seek the same blessing; he mourned over the cold state of members of the church, and collected them together to converse about the great difficulty in the church, on account of many members who appeared so careless and indifferent about spiritual things, and satisfied with their present attainments. He declared the work of the Lord would go on if they would go

to work or get out of the way; all agreed to seek holiness of heart, and he then ventured to predict a copious shower at hand, and declared the church would soon see better days; but while preaching that day, the cloud seemed to still hang heavily over them, and he appeared to be ploughing among rocks; some spoke of discouragements, but he said *no*, God will revive his own work, and proceeded to close the exercise with a prayer meeting, and one penitent came forward—a poor miserable drunkard whom he had visited during the week; still he believed God would accomplish the work, and continued to declare a great revival was at hand. It appeared, by faith, he saw the eyelids of a better day opening upon them, and continued his daily visitations among the people—prayed with them in their own houses every day, and in the evening would preach a short sermon on experimental religion, then close the exercise with a prayer meeting; soon a holy flame was lighted up and seemed to pervade the whole community, and while he continued to preach a risen Saviour, the work of sanctification in the hearts of believers began to progress, and also sinners were saved.

Speaking of the morning meeting at half-past

five, he said: "My soul was very happy this morning at the prayer-meeting, and more particularly so after returning to my room, while reading my bible on my knees."

The next day, he writes. "Friday.—This is a beautiful day, and we had the largest attendance at our morning prayer-meeting we ever had before, and eight penitents were present." The arm of the Lord was made bare to save. At this meeting he again received a fresh baptism of the holy fire, and exclaimed, "O what a heaven!—what a bliss! What a fullness of love deluged my heart."

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

The next Sabbath evening the cloud of mercy burst. He went to the church, expecting the presence of the Lord, and a time of great power, and took for his text, "Quench not the Spirit." There was a good influence when he commenced, and, while preaching, the Holy Spirit came down upon the congregation in such a powerful manner as he had never witnessed before. He states, "The house was full of glory." Then adds, "I lost myself—I know I did not preach, and perhaps

the less I attempted to do so the better. When I feel that I am nothing, I am most useful. I would ever lie at my Saviour's feet."

The work had now fairly commenced, and he exclaimed, "Now for the tug of war. Now for a real siege. We must conquer. We must be victorious, for our weapons are not carnal."

The next evening he states, "Brother Barber preached with much power, and several fresh penitents came forward."

While the work was thus rapidly progressing, he observed that the penitents were principally from the class of persons he had visited.

Some preachers cast blame on the members of the Church when the work of God is not prospering; but if they would adopt the course pursued by this young preacher, they would have less cause to complain about the apathy of cold professors of religion, or of the want of reformation fire in the church.

At the commencement of the protracted meeting in Strathroy, he singled out several as subjects of prayer, and induced other praying people to do the same, and was not a little encouraged to know that every one who was marked out as a subject for special prayer was brought into the fold,

before the meeting closed, and hopefully converted to God.

His views on the most successful mode of preaching, and the course he pursued, were to "Show the working of the Holy Spirit on the human heart—the riches of the atonement; present the Saviour in all his offices; plead the merit of His blood; urge for a personal interest in Christ—and to accept Him now, and cry, 'Behold the Lamb.' This gives power; it cuts right through the heart." * * * *

However disconnected he might appear in the eye of the critic in the arrangement of his subject, there was a pathos and an *unction* that accompanied the word, and crowned his efforts with success. The secret of his success could only be traced to his consistent and uniform walk with God. He appeared to live in the suburbs of heaven, and took delight in doing his Master's will.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ministerial Association—Strange Views of some Preachers about Revivals—Progress of the Work—A Great Love Feast—Missionary Anniversaries.

IN ATTENDING the "Ministerial Association," he thought it really wonderful to hear the views of some of the preachers about revival services; some were opposed to them. One brother said, "last winter his flock, somehow, got wonderfully awakened, and must have meetings every night," and that he "told them to show their energy in the good cause by attending to *the usual means of grace*, and then he would see about extra ones; that they now had all they could manage."

"The result was just what might have been expected, his congregation dwindled away until he had precious few to attend his 'usual means of grace.'"

It may not be generally known, but on close observation it will be found, that such laborers in the vineyard of our Lord are of very little use in extending the kingdom of Christ. Our successful young Evangelist did not wait till others got the torch blazing, and then run and blow and ex-

claim, O, see what a fire we have kindled! O, how it blazes and dazzles! and then begin to sing:

“See how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesu’s love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.”

He rushed into the work with all his heart and soul and scaled the lofty battlements of the enemies’ strongholds with success; he was “instant in season and out of season,” and a sacred flame was soon lighted up throughout every part of his circuit.

At the close of the week’s labor, at the protracted meeting in Strathroy, he said, “The past week has been of much good, many souls have been born to God; the meeting last night was a good one, five souls were converted, found peace and rejoiced—praise the Lord.”

Thus the work continued to progress, and the next evening it was supposed he had the largest congregation that had ever been convened on any former occasion in that town. The people ran to see what was going on, and the listening multitude appeared to hang upon his lips with breathless attention, while he urged upon them, in words of flame, the necessity of giving their

hearts to God without delay; six souls found peace that evening, and were hopefully converted to God.

On the 5th of October the quarterly meeting was held, and unexpectedly he was called on to preach, and while proclaiming Christ as the vicarious sacrifice for our sins, the power of the Highest fell upon the people in such an overwhelming manner, that the church seemed filled with the glory of God; then followed the "love feast:" many of the oldest members said it was the best they had ever witnessed in Strathroy; within an hour more than seventy bore testimony that they had experienced a change of heart, and enjoyed the favor of God. Seldom, if ever before, in that part of the country, were so many known to speak in a love feast in so short a time; but the most interesting feature of the meeting was, that the first part of the hour, set apart for bearing testimony to the goodness of God, was occupied by the *new converts*; many spoke who had never spoken in a love feast before, and more than a hundred and forty partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; this he called a high-day; but while he rejoiced to see the holy flame spreading over every part of the circuit, he was suddenly called again

to visit his brother George, at Exeter, dangerously ill, where he remained about a week.

After having returned from the bedside of a dear afflicted brother, and having been much exposed to inclement weather, he took a severe cold, and on Sabbath morning complained of being quite ill, but a sublime and holy enthusiasm glowed in his heart, and as if in a case of life and death, he managed to get through with all his Sabbath work, attending all his appointments, as follows: prayer meeting at six in the morning; then two visits to see and pray with the sick, and then three calls on penitents to encourage them; then met a class at nine, and preached at half-past ten, and met a class after preaching; preached at half-past two p.m. and then again at half-past four; this day's labor completely prostrated him for a few days, but his zeal in the cause of his Master prompted him to great activity, and he performed these duties from choice. He delightfully enjoyed the luxury of doing good, and willingly moved in the path of duty, and his efforts continued to be as successful as they were unremitting; his youthful spirit felt the thrilling touch of a live coal from the altar, and his burning zeal was not to be suppressed; his magnanimous soul was roused up to

feel the elevation and magnitude of the great work in which he was engaged; his labors were not only abundant on Sabbath days, but constant every day, and on the ensuing Christmas, which he said proved to be the most profitable and happy he had witnessed, he attended prayer meeting at six in the morning; met a class at nine; preached at half-past ten, and met a class at noon; then went out to the "stone road church" and preached at half-past two p.m.; met the class after preaching, and then preached again in the evening, and "beat up" for volunteers for the kingdom of heaven, and continued the prayer meeting for some time, when many rejoiced before the Lord. No opportunity was lost or neglected by him in winning souls to Christ; he usually held a class meeting or prayer meeting after preaching, in order to "gather up the crumbs that nothing be lost."

After his day's labor on Christmas, he expressed his gratitude that he felt well in body and happy in spirit, and again started for Exeter, to visit his afflicted brother George, who was evidently in a rapid decline. He returned to Strathroy in time to preach on New Year's eve, with the same success that usually attended his labors; many rejoiced while renewing their covenant with God.

A divine unction seemed to accompany all his ministrations.

He attended several missionary anniversaries, where he delivered appropriate and sprightly addresses. It was found that he excelled many of his age in the ministry, on the platform, as well as in the pulpit. At this time he received a special request to visit the Town of Ingersoll, and hold revival services in that place.

CHAPTER XV.

Great Revival in Ingersoll—Letter to his Brother—Self Abasement.

JUST before he started for Ingersoll, he wrote in his journal as follows :—“ I have been praying for a more complete preparation for the great work before me, and especially for my “trip” to Ingersoll. O Lord, I could lie in dust and ashes at Thy feet. O keep me humble, with a self-sacrificing spirit, with zeal and energy in Thy work.”

He had fears that none of the members in Ingersoll lived in the enjoyment of holiness of heart, but that they were mostly cold professors, and that, if they were all in a low state of religion, he might expect but little aid from that direction in carrying on a revival meeting ; but he supposed there must necessarily be a sifting time to commence with ; to secure success in his work he always as pathetically urged the members of the church to seek for holiness of heart, as he did sinners to seek for pardon.

According to appointment, on the 6th of February, he arrived in Ingersoll, and preached the same evening ; but he appeared so sensibly to feel

his own weakness, that he complained of his lack of faith and the apathy of the people, and mourned over the cold state of the professors of religion—their backwardness in bearing the Cross and faithfully urged them to duty. But things did not long remain in that state; he proceeded in his usual way—trusting in the Lord and visiting, and praying with the people from house to house, during the day, and then preaching to them in the evening—urging them in the most pathetic manner to turn from their sins and accept Christ as their Saviour.

He did not continue in this way long, urging professors to seek for holiness, and the profane to seek for pardon, till the “baptism of fire” came; pure light from heaven broke in upon the people: it came like a shock of divine power; sinners were saved and saints rejoiced; cold professors were quickened and many obtained the blessing of perfect love; while sinners trembled and sought the Lord, many were converted to God, and a spirit of awakening went abroad throughout the whole town.

In about one week after commencing to labour in Ingersoll, he wrote to his afflicted brother, as follows:—

“MY DEAR BRO. GEORGE, * * * *

“The work is going on most prosperously in Ingersoll; the people say for ten years past they have not had a revival of any account till now; I conceive the whole difficulty has been in the low state of religion among the professors, but many of them have been fully aroused to a sense of duty and have ‘buckled on their armour.

“When I came here I thought I would write you often, but as usual, I have been very busy every day—a meeting at half-past two p.m.—preach at half-past seven in the evening, and then a prayer meeting—reading my Bible and studying a little in the morning, and then visiting and praying with the people the rest of the day.

“Last night the altar and three double pews were filled with penitents, several of whom found peace.

“I should leave for my own circuit, but the official members have made a unanimous request for me to remain another week.

“Last evening we had a great meeting—many were saved, and the afternoon meeting was the best I have attended for several months; never before has my feeble labors been so abundantly owned and blessed of God—to Him be all the glory.” * * * * * * *

Notwithstanding his great success in the work, and his popularity among the people, he continued meek and humble as a child.

It appears he had remained at Ingersoll the full time allotted to him for that work, and the revival progressed rapidly, sweeping all before it, like a tide of glory; sinners felt the strong attraction of the Cross of Christ; their hearts were melted into tenderness, and scores were added to the church.

In compliance with the urgent request of the people, provision was made to supply his work on his own circuit, and he remained a while longer, and the work still progressed.

On the 18th he wrote as follows :

“DEAR MOTHER,—The revival in Ingersoll is progressing finely. Had we a church twice as large it would be crowded. Souls are converted at every meeting, and fresh penitents are every day coming forward, seeking the Lord.

“I should leave for my own circuit to-morrow, but fear I will not be able to get away. * *

“My health is wonderfully good—according to my day is my strength given me. To-day is our general fast for the revival. My soul is happy in the work, and happy in the Lord.” &c. * *

“WILLIAM HENRY.”

The work of the Lord was so extended and revived that it was marvellous in the sight of the people. In referring to it, he writes in his journal as follows:—

“ There is a most wonderful work here in progress. I don't know that for years I have seen such a general awakening, and never before saw a congregation so generally affected—so serious and so attentive. Last night the congregation was so great that we were compelled to take part of them into the basement, and hold a meeting there, while the meeting was held in the body of the church. Many cried for mercy, and found peace. Saints on earth, and angels in heaven rejoiced.”

Having labored in Ingersoll three or four weeks with great success, and witnessed the conversion of scores, he returned to his own circuit, and was most cordially hailed by his people in Strathroy.

Notwithstanding the great success that attended his labors, still he often felt abased and greatly humbled, on account of his own frailty, and said :

“ The more I see my own unworthiness and uselessness, the more I am humbled as in the dust; and when I read of Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, and others, I have need to cry, “ Lord, deal mercifully with Thy unprofitable servant.”

“How their labors shame mine—preachin three or four times almost every day—incessant travelling—exposed to violence and ill treatment from wicked men. When I think of all this, and then consider my almost useless life, I wonder that I am permitted to bear the “ark of the Lord.” However, I do not believe God requires of me what I cannot perform ; so that if I do all I can, St. Paul could have done no more.” It seems he was resolved to do as well as he could, and those who do as well as they can, do well enough.

CHAPTER XVI.

Effect Produced by Singing—Work progresses—Reference to the Life of Stoner—Self Examination—Sermon in the Chamber of a Dying Brother—Partial Failure when Preaching before District Meeting.

NOW, ON again resuming his labors in Strathroy, a divine unction still attended his efforts. On Sunday evening he preached on the subject of "Naaman, the leper," and at the close of his sermon the altar was crowded with penitents and professors, seeking for holiness; and the power of God was felt among the people in a wonderful manner. Many were made happy in the Lord. He said he thought "the angels must have had a good time, rejoicing in heaven, that evening; for **if** they rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, what must have been their joy when so many, at one meeting, repented and turned to the Lord!"

One man rose up in the congregation and said, the hymns he heard sung in the meeting, the night before, had been ringing in his ears ever since; that in the night he awoke and found himself singing the hymn—

"Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation," &c.

And, that hymn had been running through his head all day, and now he intended to turn his

course of life, seek the Lord, and strive for heaven. Another professed to have found peace while on his way, as he came near the meeting, and now rejoiced in a Saviour's love. In this way the work continued to extend and revive. Sinners were awakened, and souls converted to God wherever he went.

In referring to one neighborhood that had been remarkable for the hardness of the people, and inattention to religion, he exclaimed, "What a change in this neighborhood, in such a short time! To God be all the glory. My soul rests upon Christ with a calm, abiding confidence. O how sweet to thus live in Christ, and know He lives in the soul. In every sense of the word, as far as possible, I wish to be a perfect Christian.

I want much humility; this grace wonderfully qualifies a minister for usefulness, and I feel so much the need of it. O for a complete losing of myself in Christ."

He evidently had an ardent desire not only to be eminently useful, but to attain to the highest possible state of Christian perfection.

The severity of a Canadian winter having passed, he wrote in his journal as follows:—

"Nature presents her loveliest smile this morn-

ing, and speaks of spring's approach. My soul drinks in of the same spirit and rejoices in God my Saviour. Yesterday was another high day in Zion. There appears to be a spirit of general awakening all over the circuit. This morning we had several penitents forward, seeking the Lord, at our class-meeting after preaching. And in the afternoon twenty others came forward; and at our evening meeting the Spirit of God descended upon us in a most powerful manner. Many souls were converted, and saints rejoiced.

“After meeting, Bro. B—— said his wife was in despair, and wished me to go and see her. I found her in a bad state of mind. She had been under deep conviction, and had not acknowledged it, but resisted the Spirit, and now felt forsaken, and said God had left her to herself. She appeared greatly distressed in mind, and could find no relief in prayer.”

It was his delight to present the cup of salvation to the parched lips of distressed sin-sick souls. He drew her attention to the broad invitations and heart-cheering promises presented in the Gospel, and then urged her claims for mercy at the throne of grace; and she found great relief to her burdened heart, even in trying to believe in Christ.

In reading the life of Stoner, he said it appeared he had mourned more than he had rejoiced, and had written many bitter things against himself on account of his frailty, and natural weakness, which he thought was caused by some peculiarity in the constitution of his mind.

In Mr. Stoner's experience, compared with his own, he observed a difference, in reference to which he said:—

“Mr. Stoner seemed to feel condemned on account of his coldness and lack of energy in preaching, but I frequently mourn over my excessive energy in preaching, as though what I lack in matter I make up in noise.”

But while he observed this difference in their experience, he adds,—“But Mr. Stoner's views on Christian perfection are rather exalted. It almost staggers me about the enjoyment of it myself. But I know I have consecrated all upon the altar, and God accepts it. The evidence of it I even now enjoy. But there are still many things in my character I wish were otherwise. I would be more meek and child-like. O Lord, humble my poor heart, and give me freedom from the power of sin and pride.”

During the winter he had been engaged in

holding revival meetings in different parts of his own circuit, and by special request three or four weeks in Ingersoll; besides attending several missionary anniversaries and constantly visiting families every day wherever he went, so that he had not been able to attend to certain rules he had marked out to observe for the improvement of his mind and advancement in religion; but in April he resolved to mark out a course to pursue daily; the first of these was to "rise at five in the morning and spend one hour in prayer and in reading the holy scriptures" on his knees; then, after marking out other duties till noon, spending another hour in prayer and reading for private devotion, and in the afternoon visit not less than four families, besides preaching; and then before retiring, at night, engage in private prayer and self-examination from half-past nine until ten

Such were the restrictions under which he placed himself for the improvement of his mind, and advancement in the divine life, and for the promotion of his usefulness among men.

Some time about the middle of April he received a letter informing him that his brother George was rapidly failing, and wished to see him; on his arrival in Exeter he found his brother nearing

the gates of death, but perfectly resigned and happy in the Lord, rejoicing in prospect of soon entering into his eternal rest.

During the Sabbath he remained in Exeter, he delivered an address to the Sabbath School in that place, and preached at eleven a.m. in the church, and at the request of his dying brother preached in his room at three p. m. to a number of their friends met on the occasion.

The text he selected was very suitable, Rev. 7 commencing at the 13th verse:—

13. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

14. And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

A heavenly influence rested down upon all present, and he subsequently stated that he never before had so much difficulty in governing his

feelings as on that occasion. His dear brother lying just before him, and lingering upon the verge of the tomb, and friends that surround him weeping in prospect of the bitter pang of separation from their dear friend, that was soon to wring their hearts with sorrow; but the occasion was well improved while they mournfully rejoiced together in prospect of all soon meeting in the realm of immortality on the other side of Jordan, there to walk the golden street of the new Jerusalem, and for ever be with the Lord.

After remaining a few days with his afflicted brother, duty called him to Ingersoll to attend the May District Meeting; on his arrival, according to announcement, he preached that evening; he states in his Journal that, on that occasion, he "failed to satisfy the people, they came expecting too much, and that too from the wrong source;" he also states, that he thought it well occasionally, to be made to feel his own weakness.

He often remarked that there was so much business to be done at the District Meeting and at Conference that secret devotion was often circumscribed or neglected; in this way, he said, he often lost strength, but resolved in future to guard against the neglect of secret prayer.

CHAPTER XVII.

Brief Review of Past Year's Labor—Appointed to Ingersoll Circuit.

ON TAKING a retrospective view of the past year, he found much to humble him and much to fill him with gratitude to God; he had been generally blessed with good health during the year and much spiritual enjoyment; many kind and warm hearted friends; and great peace and comfort of mind in regard to his duty in the great work in which he was engaged; and above all, the great success in seeing so many souls saved.

During the Conference year (which was his second year in the ministry) he had held many revival meetings within the bounds of his own circuit, and one in the town of Ingersoll under the superintendence of the Rev. L. Warner, whose efficient labors aided much in carrying on the revival, where his efforts were crowned with great success. During the meeting he attended in that place, about eighty souls were hopefully converted to God and added to the church, besides a general work of sanctification among the professors of religion, and a spirit of awakening that spread throughout almost every part of the circuit.

On the Strathroy circuit, to which he had been appointed, a spirit of revival had spread through every neighborhood, and upwards of one hundred and fifty were saved and united to the church, making a total of about two hundred and thirty conversions he and his colleagues had witnessed that year. In referring to this prosperity in the cause of God, he states that the Lord had honored him in allowing him to be present where this great work was going on; then he exclaimed: "O what an honor! how exalted am I!. Truly the year has been laden with blessings; I am lost in amazement—my own deeds are not worthy of being mentioned." * * * God has enabled me by his grace to labor a little for Him; a record of this I have kept, that on reviewing it I may guard against slothfulness in His cause; but I am humbled in the dust and ashes, and ashamed when I compare my feeble labors with the labors of some other men in the good cause.

"I have been, by God's assistance, enabled to ride on horseback over two thousand miles, and about one thousand by other conveyance; I have been permitted to stand before the people to preach and exhort sinners to come to Christ, two hundred and forty times—averaging nearly five

sermons a-week. I have made about six hundred pastoral visits, conducted one hundred and forty prayer meetings, and led about one hundred class meetings.

“ Sometimes, when I consider this alone, I am apt to think I have, by grace, done some little in the cause of my Master, but when I remember my short comings, and think of the labors of Wesley, Coke, Clarke, Benson, Stoner, Somerfield, and others, I am ready to fall in the dust, and reproach myself for being so unprofitable. O what an account I must render to God for all my feeble labors; some have been hurried over in a dull and lifeless manner, and in too many instances how cold have been my exhortations and advice, and O how faithless my prayers! Sometimes my visits have lacked that fervor of piety that I could wish. My conversation has not been the most profitable at all times—not as becometh the Gospel of Christ. My ‘speech has *not* always been with grace seasoned with salt.’ And when I remember that I should be an example to others in my walk and conversation, I have great cause for deep humiliation, abasement, and confession before God, for my short comings and unfaithfulness. I have allowed too many moments to go to waste—if not in idleness, in misspent time.

“I have made some progress in religion, but not what I might have done. My private devotions have not always been characterized by earnestness, such as I should feel when under such heavy responsibilities. I have tried not to converse with the world, but I fear there may have been a little pride even in daring to be fearless in trying to do good ; for there may be pride even in humility.

“My poor wicked heart has been a great burden to me, and still how many temptations I have. I wonder, at times, if I am really in the enjoyment of perfect love. Pride creeps in, but I trust it no sooner shows its head than it is expelled. O Lord, Thou knowest my heart, I can earnestly appeal to Thee as its searcher. I hang upon Thy word.” * * * *

Such were the exercises of his mind, constantly striving to imitate his Saviour in all his imitable perfections.

At the Conference, held in London, in June, 1865, he attended a few days, but his brother (young Dr. Winans,) was at that time sinking into the arms of death, (and did depart this life in great peace on the 14th day of that month,) which event called him to Exeter before the Conference closed.



WILBUR WINANS.

At this Conference he was appointed to the Ingersoll Circuit, as the second preacher, and colleague of the Rev. L. Warner, Chairman of the London District.

The friends in Ingersoll had not forgotten the success that had attended his labors the previous winter, in that place, and hailed his appointment as an indication of another great revival amongst them. He entered upon his work on that Circuit with much trembling, but with a full assurance and trust in the Lord, that He would revive His own work during the year on which he had just entered. And such proved to be the case. Indeed indications of spiritual prosperity appeared to follow him wherever he went.

Having returned from the new-made grave of his dear brother George, his mind was much affected, on account of the unconverted state of his only remaining brother, Wilbur, who was but young, and had always maintained a strictly moral character, was kind and obedient to his bereaved parents, but had not entirely given his heart to God, and made no pretensions to experimental religion. William Henry, as well as his parents, had often urged him to "remember his Creator in the days of his youth," but still he

continued to delay entering heartily into the work of seeking salvation.

His anxiety for his brother's conversion may be seen from his kind letter, written soon after he commenced his labors on the Ingersoll Circuit, which reads as follows :—

“INGERSOLL, July 18, 1865.

“MY DEAR BRO. WILBUR,—Although somewhat tired, for I have been writing constantly for four hours, I now improve the time, by writing you this letter. I often think of you, and wonder how you are getting on. I not only think of you, but I pray every day for you. I pray to the Lord to convert you, and make you a good, pious boy. How I would rejoice, my dear brother, to hear of your turning to the Lord. I was just about your age when I renewed my covenant with God, and commenced in good earnest to be a Christian, and I have never regretted it. I feel more anxious about you than ever, since dear George has gone. I often think how much good you might do—how much help and comfort you might be to our dear parents, or how much trouble you may make them. To a certain extent, you are to take George's place ; soon they will look upon you as they did upon George. He would never have been what

he was, had he not given his heart to God in youth. No matter what he might have possessed, he would never have been so useful or so much esteemed and respected, and so much comforted in afflictions, and so happy in death, had he not in early life given his heart to God.

“I wish you could be with me on some Saturday evening. You would find some fifty or sixty girls and boys—young men and women—in a young peoples’ prayer-meeting. We meet and pray for each other, and for our friends. I am sure you would enjoy it. Each one asks the rest to pray for some unconverted friend. Some have sisters, others have brothers, and others parents unconverted. Well, I put in a request. For whom do you think it was? I told them I had a brother and sister in heaven, and all the rest of our family, except one brother—my only brother, were converted. I desired them to pray for his conversion. Now, tell me, Wilbur, will you not pray for this also? I know you may have a great deal to do, and many things to trouble and vex you, but pray to God to help you to be good. O I am so anxious that you should be a good Christian. Do try and be a comfort to our dear parents. You can be a great blessing to them; or, if you

should turn out to be a bad, wicked boy, you would prove a curse to them; but, I believe you never will be that.

“Try and meet our dear brother George and little sister Ida in heaven; you know we all must die, my dear brother Wilbur be ready. * * *

“Your affectionate brother,

“WILLIAM.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Perseverance almost Omnipotent—Extract of a Letter to Parents—Knowledge of God's Favor—A Field Meeting—Attended "Fairs"—A Proclamation Delivered.

SOON AFTER he resumed his labors on the Ingersoll Circuit he commenced a revival meeting at Mount Elgin, one of his appointments remote from the town. At first many discouragements appeared in the way; during the first few days after commencing the meeting, the people continued very indifferent about salvation; but, as in all other instances, when engaged in a good cause, perseverance is almost omnipotent; so in this case, he persevered in the use of the means—visiting and praying with all the families indiscriminately in the whole vicinity, and inviting the people to the meeting and preaching to them every evening, and then he would continue to pray, hope, wait for, and expect the power of God to accomplish the work; soon it came like an overwhelming torrent sweeping all before it—sinners cried for mercy and professors were quickened, and many rejoiced in God their Saviour.

We may form some idea of the state of the work from the following letter written to his

parents at that time, and although he then enjoyed excellent health, it appears from his letter he had a presentiment that he would soon be with his departed brother in heaven :

“MY DEAR PARENTS: * * * Our meeting at Mount Elgin took a start last Sabbath evening, and since then it has been going on in great power. I am led to stand and look on in amazement and declare ‘It is the Lord’s work and marvellous in our eyes.’ As near as we can judge about forty have experienced religion, and over thirty seekers are still looking for saving grace ; Bro. Warner is away to Brockville, and I have many calls on every hand ; my health is excellent, I feel sometimes almost overwhelmed when I think of the goodness of the Lord ; I find myself growing stronger every day, and sometimes think I am not doing enough to insure health, if by laboring for the Lord it can be had ; then, I remember the laws of Nature, and try to keep as near right as possible.” * * * *

“I think I dream, on an average, four nights in the week of dear George ; it acts as a monitor to retouch my memory, that I am mortal and will soon be with him.” * * *

His zeal in the ministry seems not to have

abated, and his success in the work continued to increase; a day or two after writing to his parents, in a letter to Rev. Mr. Holmes, he states, "Our meeting is still progressing favorably, about fifty have been converted up to this date—to God be all the glory."

On the 8th of August he wrote in his Journal, as follows :

"Yesterday I visited twelve families, but without much spiritual profit to myself; my private devotions are not so ardent as they should be; my faith is not as strong as it was, can it be I am losing ground? Lord save me from coldness or a lukewarm state."

It appears he was never satisfied unless making proficiency in the divine life. A christian should never be satisfied with present attainments; those who think they have grace enough have none at all.

When he felt the least indication that his heart was growing cold, he at once renewed his efforts, and looking to Christ would never rest without the fire glowing upon the altar of his heart.

On the 14th he again writes: "Yesterday was a precious day to my soul, I had much liberty in preaching, especially in town in the evening.

The Lord greatly blessed me while engaged in the opening prayer; I preached much too long; it seemed as though I could not cease, my heart was so full; may the Lord bless the word, though offered in much weakness; this morning, in my private devotions, the Lord wonderfully blessed me; my way is much brighter than formerly, yet still I am so unfruitful! But I know I am in Christ and He in me. Yes, all in Christ! All through Christ. All—all with Christ; He is my *All!*”

He then exclaimed in the words of the poet:

“When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

The next Sabbath he preached twice in Ingersoll and once in West Oxford; three penitents came forward seeking the Lord.

In the latter part of August, by special request, he attended a field meeting on the London Circuit; he said during the Saturday evening and Sabbath morning he felt very much the need of an increase of faith, and that the way appeared dark before him; but before preaching light began to break into his mind, and he felt encouraged to go forth in the strength of the Lord. In the morning he

preached from "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." The weather was fine, and the multitude hung with breathless attention upon his lips. He then invited all to meet him in the church, to hold a prayer-meeting, preparatory to the afternoon service. At two p. m. he preached on "What must I do to be saved?" It was supposed that about a thousand people were present, and great power accompanied the word. At the close, ten penitents requested the prayers of the people. Their cry was, "What must I do to be saved?" He preached again in the evening. His text was, "I beseech you therefore, brethren," &c. A general prayer-meeting was held after the preaching, and many found it good to wait on the Lord.

He was also faithful in discharging his duty to the sick. He delighted in presenting the cup of salvation to the parched lips of the afflicted. And that he might be better prepared for the discharge of this duty, he felt the need of a closer walk with God, and exclaimed, "I must pray more. I see this clearly. I must live every day nearer to God. I must enjoy more holiness of heart. I sometimes feel a sluggishness of soul, even when engaged in the work of the Lord, and ask myself

the question, do I really enjoy entire holiness of heart? Can a minister engaged in the work of saving souls feel lazy, stupid, and be useless? And then I look at myself, and at my feeble labors, and what are they? And what am I? I am too much like Ephraim, who mixed himself among the people, 'like a cake not turned.'

He then prayed most fervently that the Lord would sweep through his soul, and destroy every thing that was not of His right hand planting.

On the 27th of October he writes,—“Last night the Lord revealed Himself to us in great power, and gave me much liberty in preaching on the subject of repentance. At the close six persons presented themselves as seekers. The work was general throughout the congregation, many wept aloud in distress; their sins proved a burden, and they desired salvation. To God be all the glory.”

How true it is, that those who enjoy but little grace desire but little, or none at all, and those who enjoy much ardently desire much more; and those who profess to have enough have none at all. So it was with him; he enjoyed much, and was enabled to drink deep of the cup of salvation, which increased his desire for more. His enlarged desire was to bask in the sunshine of perfect love.

and dwell in God; and on this subject he often preached.

The next day he wrote as follows :

“ This has been a good day in every respect. I never preach on the subject of “ perfect love ” but the Lord wonderfully blesses me. Twice this day I have (in weakness) urged for full salvation, and my poor soul rejoices in the Lord as a Saviour from all sin.” He said he could see he had lost many blessings by not proclaiming more frequently the doctrine of “ perfect love.”

Again he writes on the 13th,—“ Our meetings progress finely. Our congregations crowd the house, and among the converted are many cases deeply interesting, and this has been to me another day of wonder.”

He appears to have been quite surprised at the extent of the work; the showers of grace descended so copiously, that it was marvellous in the sight of the people.

Some people pray for a revival, and if it come, they are frightened, fearing it may be accompanied with “ wild fire.” They are ready to flee from it, or become so indolent, superstitious, or fearful to use the means necessary to fan up the flame, that the fire soon becomes extinct. But his efforts

were to keep the fire constantly glowing; not only in the use of the ordinary means, but extraordinary means were used whenever in his power. He said he often felt impressed with the duty of preaching to the people in the streets, and when an opportunity was presented, through timidity, he had shrunk from duty, and felt condemned for his backwardness, and promised the Lord, by His grace, to discharge his duty in future, if an opportunity were again presented. And, on hearing of a Fair that was to be held in Tilsonburg, he saw his path of duty plainly before him, and the next day attended. On his arrival he found a large concourse of people assembled to see a person perform on a rope stretched across the street, from one building to another. He took his position under the rope. Some kind friends assisted him in singing the hymn commencing—

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.”

And, just as they sung the last verse, the performer appeared upon the rope. All was still till the performance was over, and then the young preacher at once announced his text, “ Believe on

the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He had great liberty in preaching, and many listened to the word of life with great attention. The spirit of the Lord accompanied the word, and many were melted to tears. After preaching, he distributed religious tracts, which were thankfully received by many. On returning home, he stated that he felt conscious he had discharged his duty.

A few days after this, on hearing of another Fair, to be held in Dorchester, about sixteen miles off, he resolved to attend; and stated that the more he prayed about it the more he felt it his duty to go. On his way, a suitable text was suggested to his mind; and on his arrival he found himself among strangers.

As in the other case, a person was preparing to walk on a rope stretched across from a store, to a building on the opposite side of the street. He went to the "rope walker" and obtained his permission to address the multitude, before he performed upon the rope, and then shouted forth that he had a proclamation to proclaim for the King of glory, and immediately announced his text. One man shouted out that he ought to be shot. Others, of the baser sort, cried out, "Shoot him, shoot him;" but he, firm to his purpose,

calmly continued to urge upon the people their duty to turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. At first there was an effort to make trouble, and disturb the people, but soon all were quiet, and attentively listened to the word of life. Before he concluded his sermon, the "rope walker" appeared at the end of the rope, and kindly seated himself till the proclamation was delivered, and made an announcement for preaching there again in the afternoon.

At half-past three in the afternoon, he took his stand in his own gig, and began to sing "the Eden of love," and a very large crowd of people were soon gathered around him, when he announced his text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The people listened with great attention. But a miserable sinner drove his waggon up to the outer circle of the assembly, with beer, cider, &c., and shouted aloud over his "bad drink." This did not disconcert him in the least. He continued to proclaim salvation to the people. He had great liberty in preaching, and many were deeply affected. Thus it was that he embraced every opportunity to win souls to Christ.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prosperity of the Work—Illness—Resumes his Labor—Special Blessings Prayed For—Christmas Day's Labor—Declining Health—Extract of a Letter to Rev. Mr. Holmes.

IN NOVEMBER, he writes, in reference to a revival meeting, he had some time before commenced at Mount Elgin, and states:—

“The meeting is still going on, and progresses finely. About eighty precious souls have been hopefully converted to God.”

He recorded the case of some families he had visited during the meeting, who did not attend any place of worship; but, after visiting and praying with them, they were induced to attend the meeting, sought the Lord, and obtained pardon and peace.

But, before this meeting was finally closed, he was taken very ill, and was conveyed to the parsonage at Ingersoll, where he remained a few days, and received the kindest attention from the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Warner, but, as soon as he was able, he returned to his paternal home, in Exeter, and, under the skilful treatment of his father, his health was soon a little improved; and, though threatened with a rapid decline, he appeared extremely anxious to return to his work. His heart

overflowed with the love of God, and he exclaimed that, on examining his own heart he found nothing contrary to love, and that he enjoyed great peace with God.

After remaining at his father's house awhile to recruit his wasted strength, he again returned to his circuit, to witness the close of the revival meeting at Mount Elgin, and during that week attended the funerals of three persons, all of whom died happy in the Lord, and had been brought to God through his instrumentality. The appointment at this place, as well as on every other part of the circuit, had been well attended to by his respected superintendent, during his absence from the field; and now, feeble as he was, he resumed his work on the circuit with great energy, and in closing up the revival meeting at Mount Elgin, he rejoiced to find that more than eighty souls had been converted, and brought to the "fold." On Sabbath he preached to the young people, and had great liberty, and was wonderfully blessed. But, late that evening, he was taken very ill, and though he suffered much, he said, his 'mind was stayed on Christ, and that he had sweet communion with God, and that he felt drawn out to pray for some special blessings, which he enumerated as follows:—

- “1. More humility.
2. More power in preaching.
3. For more vital godliness in the church throughout the circuit.
4. For the conversion of my brother Wilbur.
5. Wisdom to direct me in visiting, and especially two infidels on my mind.
6. More knowledge of God’s Word, and of His will concerning me.
7. Strength of body, (if it be the Lord’s will,) that I may labor on, and offer all my works to Him.”

For a few days his health appeared to be a little improved, and on Christmas day he made this entry in his journal:—

“The past year has been crowned with many rich blessings, and my life with loving kindness. ‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits.’ Another Christmas has come, and my health, for a few days past, considerably improved. Yesterday was a high day to my soul; especially in the afternoon, while preaching a dedicatory sermon, at Putnamsville. My soul was greatly blessed. It was a feast of fat things. In the evening I had great liberty in preaching at Ingersoll; and at the prayer-meeting penitents came

forward, pleading for mercy, and others that I spoke to, as I passed through the congregation, were deeply affected.”

On Christmas day he seems to have indulged a hope that his health would be restored. It was considerably improved, and though he appeared to feel pretty well, his friends could see he was failing. His zeal carried him much beyond his bodily strength. His physical frame was evidently giving way, but he continued to visit and preach with unabated zeal. It was more than his meat and drink to labor for the salvation of souls. He made an extra effort, and again visited and preached to his friends at Mount Elgin, where his example and labors will be long remembered. In Ingersoll his last sermon was like thunderbolts thrown among the people, and his words seemed as if coined in the heart of an angel, and rolled from the mouth of Gabriel's trumpet. The whole congregation were moved to tears, and rocked as by an earthquake. It appeared to many as if they were in the suburbs of heaven, for the Lord of hosts was present, and caused a letting down of glory in their midst. It was the last sermon he ever preached, and some who heard him thought it was the best.

He was so reduced in strength, and with every symptoms of a rapid decline, that he was obliged to return again to his father's house. His extreme anxiety to continue in the work, caused him to return again to Ingersoll on the 6th of January, although unable to perform any work.

His state of health, hope of recovery, and the exercise of his mind, may be inferred from his letter to the Rev. Mr. Holmes, written at that time.

“ INGERSOLL PARSONAGE,

Jan, 6th, 1866.

“ MY DEAR BRO. HOLMES.—I have just read your's of last month, and hasten to reply. No doubt, before this, you have heard, through Bro. Barber, of my loss of health, and that I had returned to Exeter. I left there this morning, and am now at this place. * * * *

“ I have just returned from Dr. Springer's office. He gives it as his opinion that tubercles are already formed in my left lung. My father gave the same opinion before I left home. My unfavorable symptoms are—bad cough, pain in the left side, fever and chills, red tongue, loss of appetite, dreadful night-sweats, &c. My favorable ones are—pretty good constitution, stomach in

good order, and good spirits. I still think I may recover, but I have decided to quit work. I am obliged to do so. I can't speak without coughing. Bro. Warner has written to the college for a supply. It is doubtful if I will be able to do any work before Conference, if ever." * * *

The next entry made in his journal is dated, "Exeter, Sabbath evening, January 28th, 1866." it reads as follows:—

"A few weeks sometimes make great changes. Since the last entry in my journal I have been under the doctor's care, for disease of the lungs. I have been very much reduced, and am still very feeble. But I have been at home, and had the kindest attention and care, and the best of treatment.

"At times I have thought perhaps my race is run, and my work done. Well, I am the Lord's, and he can dispose of me as he sees fit. O Lord, prune me, or use me, as seemeth good in Thy sight.

"I bless the Lord for the sweet communion I enjoy with Him. Thy mercies to me are great. O Lord, save me from ingratitude and irritableness.

"I find my style of speaking and living is not as meek, humble, or kind, as I desire. My cough

causes me to speak sometimes hastily and harshly. I need to be very watchful. My mode of doing things has greatly changed from what it was, when I was well and moving about. I feel dissatisfied with myself since my confinement. I have not made that advancement in divine knowledge that I should. I must read the word of God more prayerfully. I am ashamed of my ignorance."

Being unable to preach, and confined to his room, the people in his Circuit deeply regretted the loss of his efficient and successful labors among them, and on the 29th of January conveyed to him a copy of the following resolution of their Quarterly Board:

"That we improve the present meeting of the Quarterly Board to express our deep regret for the afflictions by which we are deprived of the efficient and faithful labors of Brother Winans, and that we would convey to him this expression of our sympathy and assurance of earnest prayer to God, that the consolations of divine grace may support him in the hour of affliction."

The above resolution of the Quarterly Board of the Ingersoll Circuit was accompanied by an affectionate letter from Mr. Bowes, the Recording

Steward, expressing their high appreciation of his virtues and successful labors on that Circuit. Such expressions of confidence and cordial affections from the people among whom he labored, did not fail to afford him many drops of cordial in his cup of affliction.

In a few days after this he received a kind letter of condolence, signed by twenty-five persons at Mount Elgin, most of whom had been brought into the "fold of Christ" through his instrumentality, conveying to him a substantial token of christian regard and sympathy in his afflictions.

Also, he received from friends in Strathroy, letters of condolence containing practical tokens of confidence, sympathy and tender regard. His friends could only pray for him, and send to him tokens of their continued liberality and expressions of christian love. These repeated expressions of of supreme and deathless affection, were gratefully received and acknowledged by him. Friends might aid in soothing his path, and add to his comfort by manifestations of that celestial affinity, that unites the hearts of saints on earth, but all this could not prevent the world receding from his view—he was on the king's highway to glory, and was soon to enter into rest.

CHAPTER XX.

Confined to his Room—Tokens of Christian Affection—Afflictions
 Messengers of Mercy—Confidence in Christ—Last Moments—
 Closing Scene—Churches draped in Mourning.

HIS MINISTERIAL career was limited, but his piety was deep and constant; he evidently lived near the Cross, and when in health a most powerful preacher, not cold or prosy, but intellectually and energetically he labored for the conversion of sinners; in every sermon that he preached he hoped for seals to his ministry.

By his deep and unaffected piety and faithful ministrations, he left a hallowing influence where ever he went, and by his meekness and sweet spirit, he endeared himself not only to the members of his own congregation, but to christians of every denomination. The high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him never appeared to move him, but he continued as artless and humble as a child while in health, but complained of himself for want of meekness when confined to his room with extreme illness and debility.

During his illness he would sometimes entertain a hope that soon he would be able to again stand upon the walls of Zion; but the wise dis-

poser of events ordered it otherwise. During the few weeks he lingered under a rapid consumption confined to his room, and much of the time not able to sit up, he never failed to comfort and encourage his friends, and affectionately recommended all who visited him to seek and serve the Lord.

In him was fully exemplified the following lines, which he had often sung :

Happy if with my last breath,
I may but gasp his Name !
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb !”

He continued to receive tokens of tender regards from the numerous circle of friends who sympathised in his afflictions ; a few days before his curtain in life dropped, he received a kind letter from the Rev. W. J. Hunter, enclosing to him a resolution adopted by the London District Meeting, expressing deep sympathy in his afflictions. These tokens of friendship were highly appreciated by him, but the kindness and sympathy of his friends could not prolong his stay on earth when his Master called him.

He never complained of his afflictions, but looked upon them as messengers of mercy, to hurry him to the better world. When he looked

to the shore of immortality he trembled not ; the thought of death had no terror. All fear of death was removed. He had taken upon him the armor by which saints and martyrs overcome the world. He was enabled to triumph over pain and death. Every wave of affliction only wafted him nearer the shore of immortality, and his home in heaven.

On one occasion he said, " I shall soon be with Jesus, and see my brother George."

A few hours before he died, when asked if he suffered any pain, he replied, " O no, no. I feel comfortable in soul and body." And, when asked by his mother if his hope and confidence in Christ still remained as firm as ever ; though so weak that he could scarcely articulate a word, he replied with emphasis—" Yes, yes, just the same ; tell the people for me." He wished to tell of the boundless love of God, but was too weak to give utterance to his feelings of joy and comfort in prospect of soon entering into the " rest that remaineth for the people of God." His physical energies were nearly exhausted, and he had no power to exult in the raptures of joy that burst upon him as the world receded from his view, and he neared the hills of immortality. But these raptures were

superseded by a sweet composure of mind, and a placid smile upon his brow, such as could be experienced or evinced only by a soul encircled by the arms of the Redeemer, while going down into the stream of death.

Two or three hours before he departed this life, while several friends stood around his bed, he appeared quite insensible to all surrounding objects, but as the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sexsmith were about to leave, he reached forth his hand and said to her, "The Lord bless you, and wash you white in the blood of the Lamb:" and to him he said, in a tone that appeared almost supernal, "The Lord of hosts go with you."

About half an hour before he was released from earth, he appeared a little restless, as if eager to be gone; at which time his sister (Mrs. Freeman) who had visited him almost daily during his protracted illness, began to sing:—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!"

During the time occupied in singing that beau-

tiful hymn, he continued calm, and appeared steadfastly looking up into heaven. She then began to sing that appropriate hymn:—

“ What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.”

While singing this last hymn he appeared anxiously waiting the arrival of the “ messenger,” and as she concluded the last verse of the hymn, ending—

“ He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead ;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.”

Just at that moment the messenger arrived to “ bid him come,” and with the last remains of his wasted strength he exclaimed, “ Hallelujah, praise the Lord !” At that moment the curtain of life dropped, and, without a groan or struggle, on the 30th day of May, 1866, he sweetly slept in Jesus.

The warrior may die like a hero, on the field of

battle, and with firmness storm the gates of death; and the philosopher may stoically submit to the iron stroke of death, without a murmur or a groan, and fall, like the sturdy oak that submits to the axeman's blows; but it is only the Christian who can rejoice in death. It is one thing to submit to death when we can live no longer, but it is quite another thing to triumph in death, and be able to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

On the announcement of his death, the Wesleyan churches throughout the three circuits he had travelled, namely, Exeter, Strathroy and Ingersoll, were draped in mourning; and appropriate sermons were preached in memory of departed worth.

The occasion of his death was improved in Exeter by an excellent sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Holmes. His mortal remains were deposited by the side of his brother George, in the cemetery, near Exeter, where their dust, together, awaits a part in the "first resurrection."

BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF
THE LIFE AND HAPPY DEATH
OF
WILBUR WINANS.

CHAPTER XXI.

Man originally Designed to Bloom in Youth—A Law Violated—Law of Mortality—A Hard Beaten Path-way to the Ocean of Eternity—Journey of Life Brief—A Strange Scene—Wilbur's Health, Agility, &c.—Innocent Amusements—Business Habits—Gained Confidence and Esteem—Outward Walk—Not Under Excitement, but from Sense of Duty, Served the Lord.

WHEN MAN came from the hands of his Creator, he was perfect and immortal; theseeds of eternal life were planted within him. It appears he was designed to bloom in everlasting youth, and flourish in splendor throughout a succession of ages. But when he became a sinner, he then became also an inheritor of mortality. Since that dreadful event of man's violation of a sacred law,

founded upon immutable principles of justice, we no sooner open our eyes upon the light than we come under the law of mortality.

It seems that we are only born to die. The first step we take in life is a step to the grave. At the dawn of our first day in life we set out on our journey for eternity. There is no standing still on this hard and broad beaten path. Day and night we travel on—"Where e'er we are, what e'er we do, we're travelling to the grave." We are forever upon the move. Our descent on the stream of life is so smooth and silent, that, notwithstanding the rapidity of our flight, we scarcely observe our motion. But, whether we mark our speed or not, we must soon arrive at the great ocean of eternity.

We seldom see men grow old, and then fall asleep in death. Very few run the whole period allotted to man; comparatively few number their "three score years and ten," or four score years, and then come to the grave, like a sheaf of corn fully ripe. So brief is the journey of life with many, that they only open their eyes upon the light, then weep and retire from earth. Like the morning cloud, they pass away, leaving others to occupy their narrow space in this sphere of action.

And soon, very soon, they, too, will be gone.

“I no smiling pleasures know ;
I no gay delights could view.
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.”

How strange to see fathers building tombs for their children, or to see the aged and feeble bearing the vigorous youth to the grave. Such were the circumstances connected with Wilbur Winans, the youngest and sole surviving brother of the late Rev. W. H. Winans, and G. E. A. Winans, M.D., of Exeter. These three brothers all died in early manhood, leaving their parents, and an only sister, to mourn their loss.

Wilbur was born on the 28th May, 1852. During his childhood and youth he appeared to enjoy good health. He was unusually muscular and wiry. It is said by his acquaintances and associates, that he performed some of the most astonishing feats they had ever known. These extraordinary exhibitions of agility, suppleness, limber joints, and muscular strength, it may not be necessary here to relate, or to make any allusion, further than to state that his exploits, though extraordinary, were youthful and innocent amusements.

In early youth, he gave indications of a lively

business-like turn of mind ; and, after entering his father's drug store, soon became the sole manager of the establishment, leaving all his father's time to be devoted to the practice of his profession. Having obtained a good business education, and feeling a great interest, and even delight, in compounding and preparing medicines, he made considerable proficiency in that employment. By his consistent walk, affability, and strict attention to business, he gained the confidence and esteem of many

Having been trained up under the paternal roof, and carefully watched over by pious parents, he continued to maintain a strictly moral character, and seldom manifested the least disposition to be wayward, and run with the giddy multitude to do evil. Yet, though his outward walk was such as became a christian, still he made no pretensions to "heart-felt" or experimental religion, until some time in February, 1868, when, in his sixteenth year, under a sense of duty to seek and serve the Lord, he endeavored to consecrate himself a living sacrifice upon the altar of the Most High. It was not under any particular excitement, but under a deep sense of his duty, that he endeavored more than ever. to devote himself to

the service of God. He was resolved to glory in nothing save in the cross of Christ; he attended to the public and private means of grace, but still made no pretensions to having attained to any high state of spiritual enjoyment. But his heart seemed fixed on serving the Lord, and he professed a constant trust in the merits of Christ for salvation. From this period of his life, he turned away from all those frivolous amusements in which he had taken so much delight. There was an evident change in his purpose and walk. He often recognized his obligations to his parents, and his two brothers, (who had before him entered into rest,) for their example and kind admonitions to direct and influence him, in the way in which he should go.

CHAPTER XXII.

Wilbur's Health Declines—Delusive Convalescence—Manifestations of God's Favor—Fear of Death removed—Cleansed from All Sin—Last Conflict with the Adversary—A Flood of Joy—Goodness of God—Resignation to the Will of God—Usefulness During Illness—Happy in midst of Pain and Afflictions.

IN THE latter part of the summer of 1868, he manifested symptoms of a slight indisposition in body, but was able to continue his business, as an apothecary, until in September, when he commenced bleeding at the lungs, by which he was brought very low. After a few days he appeared to revive a little, but still to linger and grow feeble; in the midst of his illness he continued to look for brighter manifestations of God's favor and higher attainments in religion. On the 14th day of the following January, when a few friends were present enjoying a season of prayer, he was wonderfully blessed, the fear of death was taken from him and all his doubts removed; pure light from heaven shone upon him; he received a bright evidence that his heart was cleansed from all sin, for several weeks he could say,—

“ Not a cloud doth arise
To darken *my* skies,
Or hide for a moment
My Lord from my eyes.”

But he had another battle to encounter with the grand adversary who came in like a flood, and though he never lost his confidence and trust in the Lord, yet, he complained of the coldness of his heart, and a gloom that seemed to come over his mind; but his parents prayed with him, and encouraged him to cleave to his Saviour, and expect fresh tokens of his love; they pointed him to Calvary, and reminded him of the love of God, which is as vast as eternity and reaches to every condition of man; soon a flood of joy and comfort enraptured his soul, and again his peace flowed like a river. When his window curtain was raised the next morning, he turned his languishing head to see the rain that was falling, acknowledged the goodness of God and showers of grace descended upon him, and was happy in the Lord; he said he had given himself entirely unto the Lord, and exclaimed, "I am now happy, happy in His love," and then added, "The Lord is so good to me, He has given me all I desire in this world, pious and tender parents, and many kind friends, every blessing is bestowed upon me except health; but I am in the hands of the Lord and He will do right." In this happy state of mind he ever after continued; it appears to have been the last con-

flict with the adversary; his mind was left in constant peace, the path of immortality continued to brighten before him. About this time he was much cheered and comforted by an encouraging letter he received from his friend, the Rev. J. Holmes, whom he had previously requested to preach his funeral sermon.

During the two months before he died, though unable to speak above a whisper, he was so anxious for the salvation of others, that he still continued to invite and urge, in whispers of love, his young friends who visited him to give their hearts to God, and seek and serve the Lord without delay; some of these were influenced by him, and at once set about the work—sought the Lord, and are now happy in His love.

In the latter part of March, on Friday morning, it was thought he was entering the cold stream of death, and appeared to think so himself, and asked to see his only sister Mrs. Freeman, on her approaching his bed side, his first whispers were, "Glory, glory, glory to God;" and then after a little pause, he added, "O how happy I am—the Lord is so good;" and then he added, "With me, all is peace." He suffered much from a severe pain in his side and almost incessant coughing.

He said, "I cough and cough, and am broken with pain, but I have such a sweet, sweet repast with my Saviour, it more than compensates for all my afflictions."

On Saturday he appeared to be still nearing the gate of death, and exclaimed "The Lord is so good to me and has given me many blessings: I asked Him to enable me to bear my pain, and so He did; it seemed His arms encircled me;" and then he exclaimed: "O, what a blessed Saviour I have, for Him I freely give up all the world," and as the world receded from his view, heaven seemed to brighten before him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Expressions of Gratitude—A Happy Day—Class Mates, in a Sabbath School, Influenced to serve the Lord—Whispering Praises of God—Promises fulfilled—Proof of the Excellency of Religion—Cause of Joy in Death—Triumph in Last Moment—Obituary by the Rev. A. Edwards.

ON SATURDAY he expressed his regret that, through his illness, he had caused so much trouble and care. For the kind attention he had received from his parents, and other dear friends, he expressed his gratitude; but continued to rejoice in the prospect of soon entering into rest.

On Sunday morning he said, "I am still very happy. The Lord continues to deal bountifully with me. This is the happiest day I have ever seen." During the day several young friends visited him; some had been his class-mates in Sabbath school, from whom he obtained a promise that they would seek the Lord, and meet him in heaven. Three of these set about the work at once. They left his room weeping, but soon obtained mercy, and were hopefully converted to God.

In the evening he requested his friends to sing:

"I am going home, to die no more," &c.

While his friends sung, he rejoiced, and said to

his father, "Yes, O yes, I am going to a home in heaven—a glorious home, a mansion prepared for me." Though he could not utter a word audibly, he continued for a while to whisper the praises of God. The Lord has promised to make the bed of His people in all their afflictions, and strengthen them on the bed of languishing. The fulfilment of these promises enabled him to rejoice continually. Nothing but the religion of Jesus Christ can make us rejoice in death. This was the fountain from which all his comforts flowed. What a proof we have, in the experience of this youth, of the power and excellency of our holy religion. Though he lay writhing on a bed of languishing, he proclaimed, "This is the happiest day I have ever seen." No philosopher—no warrior—indeed no one but the Christian can say this. When in the presence of "the king of terrors" men appear in their true character. The approach of death will cause the knees of the philosopher to tremble; but that peace and joy obtained through faith in Christ, enables even the tender youth, fighting under the banner of the cross, a brave and valiant soldier, to contend with and triumph over the king of terrors.

That same evening, he requested his mother

to sing the following favorite hymn, often sung by his two brothers, who had gone before him into rest:—

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.”

While his mother, kneeling at his bed-side, sung these verses, he raised his feeble arms, and faintly clasped his hands, and endeavored to join her ; he whispered the words as she sung them, while his countenance seemed to light up with animation and joy. On Monday morning he was still unable to speak a word, but often whispered, “ Glory to God ;” and, on being asked if he felt his Saviour near him, he replied, “ O yes. He is so good to me—He is precious.” His father, approaching his bed-side, said, “ My son, this has been your last night to suffer.” His strength was nearly gone, but he several times whispered, “ Glory, glory, glory ;” then, he exclaimed, “ Lord Jesus receive my spirit,” and opened his eyes wide, which then glowed with a brilliancy such as had never before been witnessed by those who were present. At that moment the curtain of life

dropped, and he sweetly slept in Jesus, at the early age of seventeen years.

His pastor, the Rev. A. Edwards, writes to the Editor of the *Christian Guardian* as follows, in reference to his happy death :—

“ Wilbur Winans, of Exeter, son of Dr. H. B. and Melison A. Winans, entered the ‘house not made with hands,’ on the 4th of May, 1869, aged 17. My acquaintance with Wilbur extends over nearly two years. I knew him, first a stripling of comely presence, a good student, faithful in business, devotedly attached to his parents and sister, and under the influence of the solemn remembrance of the triumphant deaths of two brothers, Dr. G. E. A. and Rev. William H. Winans. Those happy deaths, home piety, and the services of the sanctuary, made efficient by the Comforter, brought Wilbur to say,—‘Thy face, Lord, will I seek.’ He publicly gave himself to God, and to the Church of his intelligent love and choice. Still, the joys of his salvation were not fully obtained until consumption was loosening the ‘silver cord,’ and breaking the ‘golden bowl,’ then ‘the fullness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ’ were vouchsafed to the sufferer. Whilst his strength lasted, he spoke with great power to

his young companions, urging them to enter at once the ' valley of decision ;' and there are some to be found in our ranks to-day who are the fruits of the ministrations of this dying youth.

‘ He sent him, like the beautiful bow,
Across the passing storm to glow,
Then vanish into heaven.’ ”

CHAPTER XXVI.

Strange Mortality--Loss of a Daughter and Three Sons--A Heart Wrung with Bitter Pangs—"My Lambs."

THERE APPEARS to have been something remarkable in the mortality of Dr. Winan's family. They had previously lost an interesting little daughter, at an early age, and now their three only sons who were not far divided in death, all died of an affection of the lungs. While in early youth they appeared to enjoy good health, but in early manhood gave indications of a rapid decline, and suddenly passed away.

George, their second son, who was considered the noblest of the "household band," was first called after the death of their little daughter. His parents had indulged the hope that he would be their support in declining years.

The next that was called from their embrace was William Henry, their oldest son, who had always been so obedient and kind, that he never caused them grief or pain. When writhing under the blighting hand of affliction, forced to leave the ramparts of Zion and return to the paternal home, his parents' hearts were crushed with grief;

but, with calm resignation, confidently submitted to the will of their heavenly Father, knowing he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

They indulged in the hope that the storm of affliction, at least for a while, had passed over, but, as unexpectedly as a peal of thunder in a serene sky, their last, and only son, withered as a leaf, and was no more.

Soon after the death of Wilbur, their last son, while under the impulse of grief, and with a heart wrung with bitter pangs, Mrs. Winans wrote the following pathetic and touching lines, containing sentiments gathered from "the changed cross," arranged and beautifully adapted to the occasion, referring to each of her family, in order, as they had been called away :—

"MY LAMBS."

I loved them so,

That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet,

A little fondling thing, that to my breast,
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest,
I thought, of all my *Lambs*, I loved her best,
And yet, and yet—

I laid her down,
 In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears ;
 But a still voice told that, in after years
 She should know naught of sorrow, grief or fears,
 As I had known.

“Go, Go,” I cried,—
 For once again that Shepherd laid His hand
 Upon the noblest of our household band ;
 Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
 Close by his side.

And yet how sweet
 The look with which he heard my passionate cry.
 “Touch not this *one*, for him O let me die.”
 “A little while,” he said, with smile and sigh,
 Again we’ll meet.

Oh ! how I wept,
 And prayed to have him spared, with such a wild
 And yearning love—my noble son—my child.
 He, too, I gave—our flattered hope ; he smiled,
 And sweetly slept.

And yet again,
 That Elder Shepherd came—my heart grew faint :
 He claimed another one, with sadder plaint,—
 Who, bold for good, yet gentle as a saint,
 Ne’er gave me pain.

Oh ! painful day,
 When to a parent’s home for care he came ;
 His pallid face with sun-lit all a-gleam—
 His dazzling eyes with heaven in their beam,
 I turned to pray.

“Is it Thy will ?
 Oh Father, say ! Must this first son be given ?
 He’s in Thy vineyard here, and when he’s striven
 And done thy work, then take him home to heaven ”
 ’Tis done ! Be still.

He will not take
Another son, I thought, for only one
Of our dear boys is spared to lean upon,
Or be our mourner, when this life is done,
My heart will break.

Oh! what a gloom.
I saw him enter; but I did not know,
Midst prayers and tears, that He would rob me so!
Our only son—Oh, could we let him go
To the cold tomb?

Oft them I miss,
And sit and think, and wonder too, sometimes,
How blest I'll be, when in that happier clime,
To range the plains, with Jesus' friends and *mine*,
In holy bliss.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me.
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see;
But, silence whispers—they do come to me—
Heaven's not far away.

THE END.



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